



Class BV 42.25

Book .B 34
1888

P R E F A C E.

"I WAS glad to hear you give that solemn *personal incident* in your discourse last night. Ministers now-a-days are getting above telling a story in a sermon; but I like to hear it." So said Judge M'Lean to Dr. Cuyler. Christ's teaching was pre-eminently illustrative, imaginative, anecdotal; and it is one of the strange ironies of the situation, that those who profess to follow His doctrines should ignore, or almost ignore, the method He used continually to enforce those doctrines. More especially is this strange, when that method has proved itself so profoundly successful, and so completely adapted to the end in view; and when, moreover, it is as philosophical as it is simple. Lord Bolingbroke well says—"Abstract or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us, very often, *till they are explained by examples.*" And it is to "Truth embodied in a tale" our Poet Laureate has given the palm; "Where truth in closest words shall fail."

Can anything be more dreary than a day's reading of the ordinary sermons of the past generation? Theology violently divorced from human life becomes inevitably dull and acrid, stale and unprofitable. How many hearers have sat in the condition so graphically described by Emerson—the snowstorm without, real and beautiful, the preacher within, "merely spectral;" listening to one who had never learned "the capital secret of his profession, namely, *to convert life into truth!*" It is the wise saying of a great modern preacher, "If a man cannot speak the language of men, he will stand outside of mankind, in spite of all he can do." How these divine verities we preach affect humanity to-day is the great question, and if we are wise advocates for Christ we shall quote precedent and example, we shall illustrate and exemplify; just as the skilled lawyer does, in order that he may prove his case. The whole field of sacred and profane literature is ours, as well as the open pages of that Holy Book whose words have quickening power unto eternal life.

A healthy reaction in this direction is characteristic of the present age.

Carlyle, among historians, Spurgeon, Beecher, Farrar, and many others, among preachers, have led the van; and it is one of the objects of the present volume to gather together these scattered gems, that lie broadcast, and make them more widely available for all. Anecdotes are common property; the setting may be our own; the jewel itself belongs to history, and to mankind. If, in any slight instances, copyrights have been infringed, the compiler here craves indulgence. The state of his health, the claims of other duties, as well as the large number of authors quoted, have made it almost impossible to do more than name the source from which the anecdote or incident has been obtained. He sends forth his book, hoping that it may do something to reflect the many-sidedness of this age in which we live, as well as be helpful to those who have the difficult task of preaching the gospel in so restless, so expectant, and so eventful an era. It is Milton's saying, and it is true in its measure of every effort, however humble, to enlarge or make available the stock of human knowledge—"A good book is the precious life-blood" of its author, "embalmed and treasured up, on purpose to a life beyond life." That this work may be useful to many who speak to their fellow-men on such solemn and momentous topics as are contained in it is the prayer of their well-wisher and brother in the ministry of Jesus Christ,

WALTER BAXENDALE.

October 18, 1887.



DICTIONARY OF ANECDOTE,
INCIDENT,
ILLUSTRATIVE FACT.

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

DICTIONARY
OF
ANECDOTE,
Incident, Illustrative Fact,

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

FOR

The Pulpit and the Platform.

BY THE

REV. WALTER BAXENDALE,

AUTHOR OF "THE PREACHER'S COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF RUTH."

"Give us as many anecdotes as you can."

DR. JOHNSON (to BOSWELL).

"Truth embodied in a tale,
May enter in at open doors."

TENNYSON.

"To make a happy quotation is a thing not easily to be done."

I. DISRAELI.

NEW YORK:
THOMAS WHITTAKER, 2 & 3 BIBLE HOUSE.

1888.

BV 4225
B34
1888

TO

MY DEAR FATHER,

AND TO THE

REV. GEORGE MARTIN,

MY PASTOR WHEN A STUDENT,

This Work

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

12-30577

21

DICTIONARY OF ANECDOTE.

ABASEMENT

1. **ABASEMENT**, must be complete. In the parish where Mr. Hervey preached there resided a ploughman, who usually attended the ministry of Dr. Doddridge, and was well informed in the doctrines of grace. Mr. Hervey being advised by his physician, for the benefit of his health, to follow the plough in order to smell the fresh earth, frequently accompanied this ploughman in his rural employment. Mr. Hervey, understanding the ploughman was a serious person, said to him one morning, "What do you think is the hardest thing in religion?" To which he replied, "I am a poor illiterate man, and you, sir, are a minister; I beg leave to return the question." "Then," said Mr. Hervey, "I think the hardest thing is to deny sinful self," and applauded at some length this instance of self-denial. The ploughman replied, "Mr. Hervey, you have forgot the greatest act of the grace of self-denial, which is to deny ourselves of a proud confidence in our own obedience for justification." In repeating this story to a friend Mr. Hervey observed, "I then hated the righteousness of Christ; I looked at the man with astonishment and disdain, and thought him an old fool. I have since clearly seen who was the fool: not the wise old Christian, but the proud James Hervey."

2. **ABASEMENT**, the sign of a Christian. Bradford, a martyr, yet subscribes himself "A sinner." "If I be righteous, yet will I not lift up my head;" like the violet, a sweet flower, but hangs down the head.—*Thomas Watson*.

3. **ABASEMENT**, to be rejoiced in. When Latimer resigned his bishopric, Foxe tells us that as he put off his rochet from his shoulders he gave a skip on the floor for joy, "feeling his shoulders so light at being discharged of such a burden." To be relieved of our wealth or high position is to be unladen of weighty responsibilities, and should not cause us to fret, but rather to rejoice as those who are lightened of a great load.—*Spurgeon*.

4. **ABILITY** and learning contrasted. Charles I. once expressed his astonishment that such a learned man as Dr. Owen should go so often to hear Bunyan, the ignorant tinker preacher. "Had the tinker's ability, please your Majesty," was the reply, "I would gladly relinquish my learning."—*Talmage*.

ABILITY

5. **ABILITY** cannot be bestowed by man. Buchanan, when asked how he came to make a pedant of his royal pupil (James I.), answered it was the best he could make of him.—*I. D'Israeli*.

6. **ABILITY**, Consciousness of. "I am sure," said he (William Pitt, after his dismissal from office) to the Duke of Devonshire, "I can save this country, and nobody else can." For eleven weeks England was without a Ministry. . . . At last the King and the aristocracy were alike compelled to recognise the ascendancy and yield to the guidance of the man whom the nation trusted and loved.—*Bancroft*.

7. **ABILITY**, Despised, yet victorious. On the day appointed for the grand trial trip of the first steamboat to Albany, by noon a vast crowd had assembled on the wharf to witness the performance of what was popularly called "Fulton's Folly." Fulton himself declares that on that day not thirty persons in the city had the slightest faith in the success of the steamboat, and that as the boat was putting off he heard many "sarcastic remarks." However, she moved from the dock, vomiting smoke and sparks, and casting up clouds of spray from her uncovered paddle-wheels. As her speed increased the jeers of the incredulous were silenced, and soon the departing voyagers caught the sound of cheers.—*Cyclopædia of Biography (condensed)*.

8. **ABILITY** may be discouraged. At Malling, in Kent, one of Queen Mary's justices "laid an archer by the heels" for shooting too near the butts. The magistrate was informed that the poor man "played with a fly" which was evidently his familiar. And because he was certified that the archer "shot better than the common," the said archer was severely punished, and probably thought himself lucky in escaping with his life.—*The Times* [From Reginald Scott's "Discovery of Witchcraft"].

9. **ABILITY** may be misused. A certain probationer once preached a sermon upon the word "but," thus hoping to ingratiate himself with the congregation, who would, he thought, be enraptured with the powers of a brother who could enlarge so marvellously upon a mere conjunction. His subject appears to have been, the fact that whatever there may be of good in a man's character, or admirable

in a man's position, there is sure to be some difficulty, some trial, in connection with us all: "Naaman was a great man with his master, but"—When the orator descended from the pulpit the deacons said, "Well, sir, you have given us a singular sermon, *but*—you are not the man for the place; that we can see very clearly."—*Spurgeon*.

10. **ABILITY**, Utility the test of. If any person were mentioned to Gray the poet as a man of ability, of genius, or of science, he always inquired, "*Is he good for anything?*"—*Life of Gray*.

11. **ABSENT**, Justice towards the. Philip Henry used to remind those who spoke evil of people behind their backs of that law, "Thou shalt not curse the deaf." Those that are absent are deaf; they cannot right themselves; therefore say no ill of them. A friend of his, inquiring of him concerning a matter which tended to reflect upon some people, he began to give him an account of the story, but immediately broke off, and checked himself with these words, "*But our rule is to speak evil of no man;*" and would proceed no further in the story. The week before he died a person requested the loan of a particular book from him. "Truly," said he, "I would lend it to you, but that it takes in the faults of some which should rather be covered with a mantle of love."

12. **ABSOLUTION**, Man's. A Roman Catholic who had filled up the measure of his iniquities as far as he dared went to the priest to confess and obtain absolution. He entered the apartment of the priest, and addressed him thus, "Holy father, I have sinned."

The priest bade him kneel before the penitential chair. The penitent was looking about, and saw the priest's gold watch lying upon the table within his reach; he seized it and put it in his bosom. The priest approached him and requested him to acknowledge the sins for which he wished absolution.

"Father," said the rogue, "I have stolen, and what shall I do?" "Restore," said the priest, "the thing you have stolen to its rightful owner." "Do you take it," said the penitent. "No, I shall not," said the priest; "you must give it to the owner." "But he has refused to take it." "If this be the case you may keep it."

The priest granted him full absolution; and the penitent knelt and kissed his hand, craved his benediction, crossed himself, and departed with a clear conscience, and a very valuable gold watch into the bargain.—*Arvine*.

13. **ABSOLUTION** impossible while clinging to sin. Luther was one day seated in the confessional at Wittenburg. Many of the townspeople came successively and confessed themselves guilty of great excesses. Adultery, licentiousness, usury, ill-gotten gains—such are the crimes acknowledged. . . . He reprimands, corrects, instructs. But what is his astonishment when these individuals reply that they will not abandon their sins! . . . Greatly shocked the pious monk declares that, *since they will not promise to change their lives*, he cannot absolve them. The unhappy creatures then appeal to their letters of indulgence; they show them, and maintain their virtue. But Luther replies that he has nothing to do with these papers, and adds, "*Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*" They cry out and protest; but the doctor is immovable. They must

cease to do evil and learn to do well, or else there is no absolution.—*D'Aubigne*.

14. **ABSOLUTION**, Popish illustration of. In a missal once appertaining to the queen of Louis XII. may be seen a mitred ape, giving its benediction to a man prostrate before it—a keen reproach to the clergy of that day.—*I. D'Israeli*.

15. **ABSORBED**, completely, from the world. Poggius relates of Dante that he indulged his meditations more strongly than any man he knew; whenever he read he was only alive to what was passing in his mind, to all human concerns he was as if they had not been. Dante went one day to a great public procession; he entered the shop of a bookseller to be a spectator of the passing show. He found a book which greatly interested him; he devoured it in silence and plunged into an abyss of thought. On his return he declared that he had neither seen nor heard the slightest occurrence of the public exhibition which passed before him.—*I. D'Israeli*.

16. **ABSTAINERS** and health. Before I became an abstainer I was much subject to fainting fits. I even fainted in the pulpit, and my life was a burden; and when I had made up my mind to abstain my medical man came from London and said, "If you do you will probably die. You want the 'whip' for your constitution." I did not believe him, and I said, "Very well, doctor, then I'll die, and there's an end of it." But I have not died. And when I met that medical man in London three days since I said, "Now doctor, what do you think of it?" He said, "You beat me altogether. I was never more mistaken in any case in my life. And now let me tell you that if there was no such thing as alcohol I should have to put up my shutters. Nearly all the illnesses that come before me have, in one sense or another, come from that; not always from the personal indulgence of the patients, but because this is hereditary."—*Canon Basil Wilberforce*.

17. **ABSTINENCE** a recommendation. When General Grant was in command of the army before Vicksburg, a number of officers were gathered at his headquarters. One of them invited the party to join in a social glass; all but one accepted. He asked to be excused, saying that he "never drank." The hour passed, and each went his way to his respective command. A few days after this the officer who declined to drink received a note from General Grant to report at headquarters. He obeyed the order, and Grant said to him, "You are the officer, I believe, who remarked the other day that you never drank." The officer modestly answered that he was. "Then," continued the General, "you are the man I have been looking for to take charge of the Commissary Department, and I order that you be detailed to that duty." He served all through the war in that responsible department, and afterwards, when General Grant became President, the officer who never drank was again in request. The President, needing a man on whom he could rely for some important business, gave him the appointment.—*Christian Chronicle*.

18. **ABSTINENCE**, Law of. A man of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free-drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner-table than wine and spirits were pro-

duced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water. "No, thank you," said he, "I am not ill." "Take a glass of wine, then," said the host, "or a glass of ale." "No, thank you," said he, "I am not thirsty." These answers produced a loud burst of laughter.

Soon after this the temperate man took a piece of bread from the sideboard, and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn. "Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty."—*Christian Age*.

19. ABSTINENCE, Law of. These men [peasants professing the old heresy of the Manichees] are mere rustics, and utterly contemptible; yet they must not be neglected, for their word spreads like a canker. They abstain from food, that God made to be received with thanksgiving; and are heretics, not because they abstain, but because they abstain heretically. I too sometimes abstain; but for my sins, not for superstition and impiety. St. Paul chastised his body and brought it into subjection. I will abstain from wine, because in wine is luxury; or if I am weak I will use a little, according to the council of St. Paul. I will abstain also from flesh-meat, lest by nourishing my own flesh too much I also nourish its vices. I will endeavour to take even bread in moderation, lest by overloading myself I be unfit for prayer. Nay, I will not flood myself even with water. But it is not thus that heretics act. They make distinctions of food.—*St. Bernard*.

20. ABSTINENCE, Results of. In Sunderland a poor lost man who worked hard all through the week, and on Saturday and Sunday spent all his earnings, left his wife to support herself and the family by washing and other work, leaving them, indeed, in a state of semi-starvation. Well, this poor man signed the pledge; and calling his wife's attention to what was on the card, and to the ribbon, asked her to come with him and take the pledge. "No," she said, in her Northern dialect, "if they mak' a fool o' thee, thee shall not mak' ane o' me." For with all her hard work she had her supper beer, and a wee drop at times. On Saturday night when the husband went home he put into her hands twenty shillings in good English money. The wife couldn't believe it; but when she had counted it, not sure whether it was not all a dream, she exclaimed, "Eh, mon, if the Blue Ribbon 'll do that, I want a bit of it."—*R. T. Booth*.

21. ABSTINENCE, Safety of. "Sir, I can abstain; but I can't be moderate."—*Dr. Johnson*.

22. ABSTINENCE, Wisdom of. When Pomponius Atticus resolved to die by famine, to ease the great pains of his gout, in the abstinence of two days he found his foot at ease.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

23. ABSTRACTION, Instances of. Of Socrates it is said that he would frequently remain an entire day and night in the same attitude, absorbed in meditation; and why should we doubt this when we know that La Fontaine and Thomson, Descartes and Newton, experienced the same abstraction? Mercator, the celebrated geographer, found such delight in the ceaseless progression of his studies

that he would never willingly quit his maps to take the necessary refreshments of life. In Cicero's "Treatise on Old Age" Cato applauds Gallus, who when he sat down to write in the morning was surprised by the evening, and when he took up his pen in the evening was surprised by the appearance of the morning . . . A modern astronomer one summer night withdrew to his chamber; the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it, and when they came to him early in the morning and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been recollecting his thoughts for a few moments, "It must be thus; but I'll go to bed before 'tis late." He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and did not know it.—*I. D'Israeli*.

24. ABSTRACTION, Misunderstood. The monks of the convent in which Leonardo da Vinci was painting his celebrated picture of "The Last Supper," used to complain of him as lazy and dilatory because he would stand whole days with folded arms before some figure in it in overwhelming abstraction, not adding a line or a colour.—*Mary Harrison*.

25. ABUNDANCE, Giving from. In his tours among the churches of Boston to solicit aid for the building of his Bethel, Father Taylor dropped many sentences more golden than the gifts he received in return. Casting his eye at the pillars of a stately church in which he was soliciting help, he said, "I do not want your arches and draperies and columns for my house. Only give me the shavings that fall from your Corinthian pillars." And again: "Drop your gold into this ocean, and it will cast a wave on the shores of Europe which will strike back to the islands of the southern sea, and rebound on the north-west coast, and so make the circuit of the world, and strike this port again."—*Life of Father Taylor*.

26. ABUSE, Right estimate of. When the storm [concerning the slave-trade] was at its highest, one of Mr Buxton's friends asked him, "What shall I say when I hear people abusing you?" "Say!" he replied, snapping his fingers, "say *that*. You good folk think too much of your good name. Do right, and right will be done."—*Life of Fowell Buxton*.

27. ABUSE, Right way of answering. John Wesley one day remarked to Dr. Adam Clarke, "As I was walking through St. Paul's Churchyard I observed two women standing opposite to one another. One was speaking and gesticulating violently, while the other stood perfectly still and in silence. Just as I came up and was about to pass them, the virago, clenching her fist and stamping her foot at her imperturbable neighbour, exclaimed, 'Speak, wretch, that I may have something to say.' Adam," said Wesley: "that was a lesson to me, silence is often the best answer to abuse."

28. ACCEPTANCE with God, Assurance of. An old German saying he no more doubted his acceptance with God than that the sun shone at noonday on a cloudless sky, the old veteran (Father Taylor) exclaimed, "Bring your Harvard learned ones to this man, and let them learn true theology."—*Life of Father Taylor*.

29. ACCEPTANCE with God to be resought. A theological student once called on Archibald

Alexander in great distress of mind, doubting whether he had been converted. The old doctor encouraged him to open his mind. After he was through, the aged disciple, laying his hand on his head, said, "My young brother, you know what repentance is—what faith in Christ is. You think you once repented and once believed. Now don't fight your doubts; go it all over again. Repent now; believe in Christ—that's the way to have a consciousness of acceptance with God. I have to do both very often." Go to your room and give yourself to Christ this very moment, and let doubts go. If you have not been His disciple, be one now. Don't fight the devil on his own ground. Choose the ground of Christ's righteousness and atonement, and then fight him."

30. ACCEPTANCE with God, what it depends on. A lady who was in the habit of close attendance on the Princess Amelia during her last illness described some of the latter interviews which took place between the Princess and her royal father, George III., and which seldom failed to turn on the momentous topic of the future world, as being singularly affecting. "My dear child," said His Majesty to her on one of these occasions, "you have ever been a good child to your parents; we have nothing wherewith to reproach you; but I need not tell you that it is not of yourself alone that you can be saved, and that your acceptance with God must depend on your faith and trust in the merits of the Redeemer." "I know it," replied the Princess mildly but emphatically, "and I could wish for no better trust."

31. ACCESS, Freedom of, to God. The Persian kings took state upon them, and enacted that none should come near to them uncalled, on pain of death. But oh! sirs, the gates of heaven are always open; you have liberty night and day of presenting your petition, in the name of Christ, to the King of the whole earth.—*Ralph Erskine.*

32. ACCIDENTS may be providential. Augustine, going on one occasion to preach at a distant town, took with him a guide to direct him in the way. The man, by some unaccountable means, mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. It afterwards proved that by this means his life had been saved, as some of the Donatists, who were his enemies, had waylaid him, with the design of killing him.

33. ACCIDENTS may be providential. One morning a Christian farmer in Rhode Island put two bushels of rye in his waggon and started to the mill to get it ground. On his way to the mill he had to drive over a bridge that had no railings to the side of it. When he reached the middle of this bridge his horse, a quiet, gentle creature, began all at once to back. In spite of all the farmer could do, he kept on backing till the hinder wheels went over the side of the bridge, and the bag of grain was tipped out and fell into the stream. Then the horse stood still. Some men came to help the farmer. The waggon was lifted back, and the bag of grain was fished up from the water. Of course it could not be taken to the mill in that state. So the farmer had to take it home and dry it. He had prayed that morning that God would protect and help him through the day, and he wondered what this accident had happened for. He found out, however, before long. On spreading out the grain to dry he noticed a great many small pieces of glass mixed up

with it. If this had been ground up with the grain into the flour it might have caused the death of himself and family. But Jehovah-Jireh was on that bridge. He made the horse back and throw the grain into the water, to save the family from the danger that threatened them.—*Henry T. Williams.*

34. ACCIDENTS may be utilised. When William the Conqueror landed, before the battle of Hastings, as he stepped on shore he slipped and fell forward upon his hands, at which misadventure his soldiers raised a loud cry of distress. "An evil sign," said they, "is here." "See, my lords," said he, "by the splendour of God, I have taken possession of England with both my hands. It is now mine, and what is mine is yours."

35. ACCIDENTS used by Providence. A lady, while strolling along the banks of the Tweed, either mislaid or accidentally dropped a new copy of Reid's "Blood of Jesus," bearing her name and address. There, among the grass, the flowers, and the drifting leaves of autumn, it lay until a rainy season flooded the river. The uprising waters swept it out into the current, and carried it downwards for many miles. At last it floated aside towards a mill-dam, where it became fast in the mill heck. Here it was discovered by a working man. He took it home and read it, and at once he became deeply earnest about his soul's salvation. After a while he gave himself to Christ. Several other unconverted persons have also been blessed by reading this precious little volume.

36. ACCIDENTS, Use of, intentional. Turner used to get his ideas for a picture in curious ways. At one time he outlined a sketch on the canvas, and then gave three children a saucer of water-colours in red, blue, and yellow, and told them to dabble on the canvas as much as they pleased. Of course they were delighted with such permission, but in the midst of their play Turner suddenly called out, "Stop!" He then took the drawing in his own hands, and from the accidental colouring of the children made a beautiful landscape.—*Christian Chronicle.*

37. ACCOMPLISHMENTS and principles. Mrs. Campbell, a Scotch lady, was recommended as sub-governess to the Princess Charlotte, and the old King George III. formed a high opinion of her. She felt reluctant to accept the post, urging her deficiency in the necessary accomplishments. "Madam," said the King, "I hope we can afford to purchase accomplishments, but we cannot buy principles."—*Leisure Hour.*

38. ACCOMPLISHMENTS not everything. When Themistocles was laughed at by some persons of greater accomplishments and gentler breeding, he answered, so Plutarch says, "Tis true I never learned how to tune a harp or play upon a lute, but I know how to raise a small and inconsiderable city to glory and greatness."

39. ACCOUNTABILITY a fact. It is related of Daniel Webster, the regality of whose moral endowments no one disputes, that when once asked what was the greatest thought that had ever occupied his mind, he replied, "The fact of my personal accountability to God."—*T. T. Munger.*

40. ACCOUNTABILITY cannot be evaded. A certain King, say the Mohammedans, having a plea-

sant garden in which were ripe fruits, set two persons to keep it, one of whom was blind and the other lame ; the former not being able to see the fruit, nor the latter to gather it. The lame man, however, seeing the fruit, persuaded the blind man to take him upon his shoulders, and by that means he easily gathered the fruit, which they divided between them. The lord of the garden coming some time after and inquiring after his fruit, each began to excuse himself ; the blind man said that he had no eyes to see with, and the lame one that he had no feet to approach the trees ; but the King, ordering the lame man to be set upon the blind, passed sentence on and punished them both.

41. **ACTING** may become real. The chief personage in one of Molière's best plays, "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," is a hypochondriac who pretends to be dead. On the fourth night of the performance of this piece Molière represented that character, and consequently in one of the scenes was obliged to act the part of a dead man. "It has been said," continues Bayle, "that he expired during that part of his play where he is told to make an end of his feint ; but he could neither speak nor arise, for he was dead."—*Theatrical Anecdotes*.

42. **ACTION** is sought by the brave. "You are my vassals, my friends," cried the blind John of Bohemia, at the battle of Crecy, to the German nobles around him ; "I pray and beseech you to lead me so far into the fight that I may strike one good blow with this sword of mine !" Linking their bridles together, the little company plunged into the thick of the combat, to fall as their fellows were falling.—*Little's Historical Lights*.

43. **ACTION** necessary as well as prayer. In our countrymen the devout doth seldom carry it over the active ; but amongst Catholic seamen, who repose such confidence in vows and the number of their prayers, it is most usual in a storm for all hands to betake themselves to their images, when they should betake them to God with their trust, and to their business with their resources. It is so also amongst the Mohammedans, who are such strict Predestinarians as to strike to the fates when they fancy them drawing near. And so also, I believe, with the seamen of the East Indies, who in the midst of a storm can with difficulty be kept to their posts. These are all instances of piety setting action to a side, and becoming ignorant and fatal superstition.—*Edward Irving*.

44. **ACTIONS, Effects of, not confined to ourselves.** A passenger in a vessel from Joppa cut a hole through the ship's side, and when expostulated with calmly replied, "What matters it to you ? The hole I have made lies under my own berth."—*Spurgeon*.

45. **ACTIONS, Judged by.** It is related of the late Hon. Thomas Corwin, formerly Governor of Ohio, that he dropped into a meeting one evening in Lebanon to see what "the brethren" were doing. It was a meeting of the Bible Society, and the business was done in a very lifeless, hum-drum way. The Secretary disclosed in his report the fact that two hundred families in the county were destitute of the Bible, and some brother deplored in suitable phrase the shameful fact, when Mr. Corwin rose and said, "Mr. President, may I be allowed to say something on this subject ?" "Certainly, Mr.

Corwin—we shall be glad to hear you." "Well sir, I want to say that *you are not in earnest*. Your report said that there are two hundred families in this county without the Bible ! This could not be if you were in earnest. In the great contest for the election of Harrison we Whig members of Congress gave our whole salaries to carry that election. We thought the salvation of the country depended upon it. If you want to carry on this work, and really mean that every man shall have the Bible, you must be in earnest. You must go to work and give every man the Bible." The meeting was electrified. Some one immediately rose and moved to make Thomas Corwin President of the Warren County Bible Society. It was unanimously carried, and Mr. Corwin rose again : "Sir, if I accept the presidency of this society, it is on one condition, that you go to work, and that no such report as that is made again. When this society meets three months from to-day, the report must be that no family in Warren County is without the Bible." The work was done, and every family supplied.

46. **ACTIONS, Lasting effects of.** "Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window. "Why not ?" "Because you can't rub it out."—*Christian Age*.

47. **ACTIONS, Scrutiny of.** In the reign of King Charles I. the goldsmiths of London had a custom of weighing several sorts of their precious metals before the Privy Council. On this occasion they made use of scales poised with such exquisite nicety that the beam would turn, the Master of the company affirmed, at the two-hundredth part of a grain. Noy, the famous Attorney-General, standing by, and hearing this, replied, "I shall be loath, then, to have all my actions weighed in these scales."

48. **ACTIONS, Significance of.** Gray, the poet, once made it a particular request to a friend of his, who was going to the Continent, that he would not pay a visit to Voltaire ; and when his friend replied, "What can a visit from a person like me to him signify ?" he rejoined with peculiar earnestness, "Sir, *every tribute to such a man signifies*."—*Life of Gray*.

49. **ACTIONS speak.** When Sextus had sufficiently ingratiated himself with the Gabians, the last of the Latin towns which had defied Tarquin's power, he sent a messenger to his father, for whom he had promised to win the town, asking him what he should further do to make the Gabians submit. Tarquin made no answer, but as he walked up and down his garden, kept cutting off the heads of the tallest poppies with his staff. The messenger, tired with this, went back and told Sextus what had passed. Sextus, understanding what his father meant, began to falsely accuse the chief men of the city ; some he put to death, and some he banished, until at last Gabii was left defenceless, and Sextus was able to hand it over to his father.

50. **ACTIONS weighed.** There is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns as a mill receives grain, for the purpose of determining wholesale whether they are of full weight. As they pass through, the machinery, by unerring laws, throws all that are light to one side, and all that are of full weight to another. That process is a

silent but solemn parable for me. Founded as it is upon the laws of nature, it affords the most vivid similitude of the certainty which characterises the judgment of the great day. There are no mistakes or partialities to which the light may trust; the only hope lies in being of standard weight before they go in.—*Arnot*.

51. ACTIVITY, Christian, Benefit of. A tourist lately, whilst crossing a mountain height alone, over almost untrodden snow, felt a drowsiness stealing over himself, to yield to which he knew would be fatal. As the night closed in the snowflakes fell thick and fast, and the freezing blast grew apace; he tried to reason with himself, and with his utmost energy to free himself from the sleep of death fastening upon him; but all to no purpose. Just, however, when he was about to succumb, and his weary eyelids were closing never again to open, he stumbled against a heap that lay across his path. It was no stone that his foot struck, although no stone could be colder, or apparently more lifeless. On examination it proved to be a human body, buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveller had a brother in his arms; was chafing his hands and wrists, his chest and brow; breathing upon his "cold lips bluely swelling" the warm breath of a living soul; pressing the still, silent heart of his companion to the rapid pulses of his own generous bosom. And what was the result? The effort to stoop down and assist another had removed the ominous pressure upon his brain and eyes, and imparted to him renewed life and vigour. He was himself again. And the record stands: "He saved a brother, and was himself saved."

Is there not here the groundwork of a parable to illustrate the truth, that active Christian work is a necessary and ordained means, not only for benefiting others, but for the sustaining and saving of our own soul and spirit?—*E. Neil, M.A.*

52. ACTIVITY, Effects of. It was a clear, cold, bright winter's day. The crisp untrodden snow which covered the landscape sparkled in the sunlight as if with millions of gems. The little stream that in summer was always dancing and singing by the wayside was now completely frozen over, silent and still under its icy covering; but as we approached the mill, where a little fall was visible in its channel, there it was leaping and sparkling as merrily as in the midst of a summer's day. Cold as it was on every side, and frost-bound as the stream was above and below, here it was too active and busy to freeze.

53. ACTIVITY not always a sign of progress. Two sailors happened to be on a military parade-ground when the soldiers were at drill, going through the evolution of marking time. One sailor, observing the other watching the movement of the company very attentively, with eyes fixed and arms akimbo, asked him what he thought of it. "Well, Jack," replied his comrade, "I am thinking there must be a pretty strong tide running this morning, for these poor fellows have been pulling away this half-hour, and have not got an inch ahead yet."

54. ACTS may belie the words. Dr. Hall tells the story of a Scotchman who sang most piously the hymn—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,"

and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution-box.—*Dr. Antliff*.

55. ADAPTABILITY in nature and grace. In the works of God I know nothing more beautiful than the perfect skill with which He suits His creatures to their condition. He gives wings to birds, fins to the fish, sails to the thistle-seed, a lamp to light the glowworm, great roots to moor the majestic cedar, and to the aspiring ivy a thousand hands to climb the wall. Nor is the wisdom thus conspicuous in nature less remarkable and adorable as exhibited in the arrangements of the Kingdom of Grace. He forms a holy people for a holy state. He fits heaven for the redeemed, and the redeemed for heaven.—*Guthrie*.

56. ADAPTATION in a minister. "We use the language of the market," said Whitfield, and this was much to his honour; yet when he stood in the drawing-room of the Countess of Huntingdon, and his speech entranced the infidel noblemen whom she brought to hear him, he adopted another style. His language was equally plain in each case, because it was equally familiar to the audience: he did not use the *ipissima verba*, or his language would have lost its plainness in the one case or the other, and would either have been slang to the nobility or Greek to the crowd.—*Spurgeon*.

57. ADMIRATION, Restrained. A traveller who was asked whether he did not admire the structure of some stately building made the reply, "No; for I have been at Rome, where better are to be seen every day."

58. ADMONITION, Earnest, Effects of. It is said that, one evening in the autumn of 1776, Mrs. Heck entered a house in New York, where she found a party playing cards. Burning with indignation at their sin and folly, the good woman seized the cards and threw them into the fire, and at the same time administered a scathing rebuke to all concerned. She then went to the residence of Mr. Embury, and told him what she had done, adding, with much earnestness, "Philip, you must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell, and God will require our blood at your hands." The backsliding professor, who had formerly officiated as a local preacher in his own country, was somewhat confused by this startling appeal, and he endeavoured to excuse himself by saying, "How can I preach when I have neither a house to preach in nor a congregation to preach to?" "Preach," said this noble, earnest Christian woman, "in your own house, and to your own company;" and before she left she elicited a promise from Mr. Embury that he would endeavour once more to speak to the people in the name of the Lord.

A few days afterwards Mr. Embury redeemed his pledge by preaching the *first Methodist sermon ever delivered in America*, in his own hired house, to a congregation of five persons. The number attending the services rapidly increased, so that there was not room to accommodate them.

59. ADMONITIONS and ill-timed advice. "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable or keep shouting to him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—

Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south? No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue.”—*President Lincoln*.

60. ADMONITIONS, Objections to. Suppose a number of persons were to call on a minister on the Sabbath-day morning, and being admitted into his study, one of them should say to him, “I hope, sir, you do not mean to-day to be severe against avarice, for I love money, and my heart goes after my covetousness.” Suppose another should say, “I trust you will not be severe against backbiting, for my tongue walketh with slanderers, and I consider scandal to be the seasoning of all conversation.” Suppose another should say, “Do not represent implacability as being inconsistent with divine goodness, for I never did forgive such an one, and I never will.” And so of the rest. What would this minister say to these men? Why, if he were in a proper state of mind he would say, “Oh, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness! wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?”—*Rev. W. Jay*.

61. ADOPTION and its claims. Among the American Indians, when a captive was saved to be adopted in the place of some chieftain who had fallen, his allegiance and his identity were looked upon as changed. If he had left a wife and children behind him, they were to be forgotten and blotted from memory. He stood in the place of the dead warrior, assumed his responsibilities, was supposed to cherish those whom he cherished, and hate those whom he hated; in fact, he was supposed to stand in the same relations of consanguinity to the tribe.—*Bancroft*.

62. ADOPTION and its privileges. After the battle of Austerlitz Napoleon immediately adopted all the children of the soldiers who had fallen. They were supported and educated by the State, and, as belonging to the family of the Emperor, they were permitted to attach the name of Napoleon to their own.—*Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*.

63. ADOPTION, Comfort from. While Mr. Thomas Boston was walking up and down in his closet one evening in heaviness, his little daughter, whom he had laid in bed, suddenly raising up herself, said to him she would tell him a note, and thus expressed herself—“Mary Magdalene went to the sepulchre. She went back again with them to the sepulchre, but they would not believe that Christ was risen till Mary Magdalene met Him; and He said to her, ‘Tell my brethren they are my brethren yet.’” “This,” says Mr. Boston, “she pronounced with a certain air of sweetness. It took me by the heart. ‘His brethren yet,’ thought I; and may I think that Christ will own me as one of His brethren yet? It was to me as life from the dead.”—*Whitcross*.

64. ADOPTION confers honour. It was at Vienna, in the year 1805, that Haydn, then seventy-three years of age, first met Cherubini, who, though not a young man, still must have appeared so to the veteran composer, being thirty years his junior, and not having then composed many of those works which have since made his name so famous. But the very fact of his own seniority was made use of by the old man to utter one of the most graceful compliments which could have been spoken for the

encouragement of a younger worker. Handing to Cherubini one of his latest compositions, Haydn said, “Permit me to style myself your musical father, and to call you my son,” words which made such an impression on Cherubini that he could not keep back the tears when he parted with the aged Haydn.—*Frederick Crouzet*.

65. ADOPTION, Desire for. A Caffre boy, twelve years old, was asked whether he did not repent having come to Gnadenthall, the missionary settlement of the Moravian brethren. On his answering in the negative, the missionary observed, “But in the Caffre country you had meat in plenty, and excellent milk, and here you can get neither.” To this he replied, “It is very true; but I wish to become a child of God, and I hear in this place how I may attain it, whilst in my own country I hear nothing of it. I rejoice, therefore, that I am come hither, and am satisfied with anything.”—*Whitecross*.

66. ADORATION claimed by man. The mode of adoration of falling prostrate on the ground and kissing the feet of the Emperor was borrowed by Diocletian from Persian servitude; but it was continued and aggravated till the last age of the Greek monarchy. Excepting only on Sundays, when it was waived from a motive of religious pride, this humiliating reverence was exacted from all who entered the royal presence.—*Gibbon*.

67. ADORATION, Man’s foolish. A doll, which by a clockwork movement graciously bowed its head, used to be carried through Paris in the King’s carriage, and received the huzzas of the crowd or the shots of an assassin.—*J. Hain Friswell*.

68. ADULATION, Impious. Splendid was that festival at Cesarea at which Herod Agrippa, in the pomp and pride of power, entered the theatre in a robe of silver, which glittered, says the historian, with the morning rays of the sun, so as to dazzle the eyes of the assembly and excite general admiration. Some of his flatterers set up the shout, “A present god!” Agrippa did not repress the impious adulation which spread through the theatre. At that moment he looked up and saw an owl perched over his head on a rope, and Agrippa had been forewarned that when next he saw that bird, “at the height of his fortune,” he would die within five days. The fatal omen, according to Josephus, pierced the heart of the King, who with deep melancholy exclaimed, “Your god will soon suffer the common lot of mortality.” He was immediately struck, in the language of the sacred volume, by an angel. Seized with violent pains, he was carried to his palace, lingered five days in extreme agony, being “eaten of worms,” and so died.—*Francis Jacob*.

69. ADULATION in God’s house. One of the first acts performed by George III., after his accession to the throne, was to issue an order prohibiting any of the clergy who should be called to preach before him from paying him any compliment in their discourses. His Majesty was led to this from the fulsome adulation which Dr. Thomas Wilson, prebendary of Westminster, thought proper to deliver in the Chapel-Royal, and for which, instead of thanks, he received from his royal auditor a pointed reprimand, His Majesty observing “that he came to chapel to hear the praises of God, and not his own.”—*Clerical Anecdotes*.

70. ADULATION, Pulpit. A squire of a parish had given away a number of flaming scarlet cloaks to the oldest matrons of the parish. These resplendent beings were required to attend the parish church on the following Sunday, and to sit in front of the pulpit, from which one of the avowed successors of the apostles edified the saints from the words, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." It is reported that on a subsequent occasion, when the same benefactor of the parish had given a bushel of potatoes to every man who had a family, the topic on the following Sunday was, "And they said, It is manna."—*Spurgeon.*

71. ADVANCE, Unity in. When General Grant was in front of Richmond, and his army had been repulsed in the Wilderness, he called together his co-commanders and held a council, and asked them what they thought he had better do. There were General Sherman and General Howard, now leading generals, and all thought he had better retreat. He heard them through, and then broke up the council of war and sent them back to their headquarters; but before morning an orderly came round with a despatch from the General directing an advance in solid column on the enemy at daylight. That was what took Richmond and broke down the rebellion in our country. Christians, let us advance in solid column against the enemy; let us lift high the standard, and in the name of our God let us lift up our voice, and let us work together, shoulder to shoulder, and keep our eye single to the honour and glory of Christ.—*Moody.*

72. ADVANCE, We must. The Confederate General Longstreet, during the battle of Gettysburg, had one of his generals come to him and report that he was unable to bring up his men again so as to charge the enemy. "Very well," said the General, "just let them remain where they are; the enemy's going to advance, and will spare you the trouble."

73. ADVERSITY a blessing. The springs at the base of the Alpine Mountains are fullest and freshest when the summer sun has dried and parched the verdure in the valleys below. The heat that has burned the arid plains has melted mountain glacier and snow, and increased the volume of the mountain streams. Thus, when adversity has dried the springs of earthly comfort and hope, God's great springs of salvation and love flow freshest and fullest to gladden the heart.—*Irish Congregational Magazine.*

74. ADVERSITY a probation. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked during the exile of his family in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Grieve* (i.e., Reve or Bailiff). "And as he bore the name," says Godscroft, "so did he also execute the office of a grieve or overseer of the lands and rents, the corn and cattle, of him with whom he lived." From the habits of frugality and observation which he acquired in his humble situation, the historian traces that intimate acquaintance with popular character which enabled him to rise so high in the State, and that honourable economy by which he repaired and established the shattered estates of Angus and Morton.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

75. ADVERSITY a purifier. God often uses adversity as a purifier. The wintry snows that lie

before my window here (at Saratoga) this morning will kill the vermin; so God sends wintry seasons upon His children to kill certain species of besetting sins.—*Cuyler.*

76. ADVERSITY a test of friendship. A man being in his travel upon the road, and there being a sun-dial in the way, if the sun shine he will step out of his way to take notice of it; but if the sun do not shine he will go by a hundred times and never regard it. So let but the sun of prosperity shine upon a man, then who but he? he shall have friends more than a good many; but if a cloudy day come and take away the sunshine, he may easily number his acquaintance.—*Spencer.*

77. ADVERSITY, Comfort and joy in. Enemies think themselves satisfied that we are put to wander in mosses and upon mountains, but even amidst the storms of these last two nights I cannot express what sweet times I have had when I had no covering but the dark curtains of night. Yea, in the silent watch my mind was led out to admire the deep and inexpressible ocean of joy wherein the whole family of heaven swim. Each star led me to wonder what He must be who is the Star of Jacob, of whom all stars borrow their shining.—*Renwick* (last of the Scottish martyrs).

78. ADVERSITY, Fidelity in. The Convention, after debate, has granted him [Louis XVI.] legal counsel of his own choosing. Advocate Target feels himself "too old," being turned of fifty-four, and declines. He had gained great honour once, defending Rohan, the Necklace-Cardinal, but will gain none here. Advocate Tronchet, some ten years older, does not decline. Nay, behold, good old Malesherbes steps forward voluntarily; to the last of his fields, the good old hero! He is grey with seventy years; he says, "I was twice called to the council of him who was my master when all the world coveted that honour, and I owe him the same service now when it has become one which many reckon dangerous."—*Carlyle's French Revolution.*

79. ADVERSITY, Friends in. To-day Colonel C. came to dine with us, and in the midst of our meal we were entertained with a most agreeable sight. It was a shark, about the length of a man, which followed our ship, attended with five smaller fishes, called *pilot-fish*, much like our mackerel, but larger. These, I am told, always keep the shark company, and, what is more surprising, though the shark is so ravenous a creature, yet, let it be never so hungry, it will not touch one of them. Nor are they less faithful to him; for, as I am informed, if the shark is hooked, very often these little creatures will cleave close to his fins, and are often taken up with him.—Go to the pilot-fish, thou that forsakest a friend in adversity, consider his ways, and be ashamed.—*Whitefield*, "Journal."

80. ADVERSITY, God's purpose in. A worthy man whom God had prospered in his outward estate, and who lived in ease and plenty on his farm, suffered the world to encroach so much upon his affections as sensibly to diminish the ardour of his piety. The disease was dangerous, and Providence adopted severe measures for its cure. First, his wife was removed by death, but he still remained worldly-minded. Then a beloved son; but, although the remedy operated favourably, it did

not effect a cure. Then his crops failed and his cattle died ; still his grasp on the world was not unloosed. Then God touched his person, and brought on him a lingering, fatal disease ; the world, however, occupied still too much of his thoughts. His house finally took fire, and as he was carried out of the burning building he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, I am cured at last !" He died happily shortly afterwards.—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdote.*

✓ 81. **ADVERSITY, God's purpose in.** The four seasons once determined to try which could quickest reach the heart of a stone. Spring coaxed the stone with its gentle breezes, and made flowers encircle it, and trees to shoot out their branches and embower it, but all to no purpose. The stone remained indifferent to the beauties of the spring, nor would it yield its heart to its gentle caresses.

Summer came next, and caused the sun to shine on the stone, hoping to melt its obdurate heart ; but though the surface of the stone grew warm, it quickly became cold again when not under the influence of the summer sun's rays. Summer thus being unable by any degree of warmth to penetrate the flinty nature of the stone, gave place to autumn.

Believing that the stone had been treated with too much kindness, the autumn withered the flowers and stripped the trees of their leaves, and threatened and blustered, but still the stone remained impassive.

Winter came next. First it sent strong winds, which laid the stone bare, then it sent a cold rain, and next a sharp frost, which cleaved the stone and laid bare its heart.

So many a heart, which neither gentleness, warmth, nor threats can touch, is reached by adversity.—*Freeman.*

82. **ADVERSITY, Growth in the face of.** I have seen a tree proudly crowning the summit of a naked rock, and there, with its roots spread out over the bare stone, and sent down into every cranny in search of food, it stood securely moored to the stormy crag. I have wondered how it could grow up there, starved on the bare, naked rock, and how it had survived the rough nursing of many a winter blast. Yet, like some neglected, ragged child, who from early infancy has been familiar with adversities, it has lived and grown and held itself erect on its weather-beaten crag when the pride of the valley has bent to the storm ; like men who, scorning to yield, bravely nail their colours to the mast, there it maintains its defiant position, and keeps its green flag waving on nature's rugged battlements.—*Guthrie.*

83. **ADVERSITY, How to bear.** But look—look at these books [original manuscripts of several of Scott's novels]. I think that the most precious of all is this. It is "Woodstock." Scott was writing this book when the news of his ruin came upon him. Do you see the beautiful handwriting ? Now look, as I turn towards the end. Is the writing one jot less beautiful ? Or are there more erasures than before ? That shows how a man can and should bear adversity.—*Ruskin* (in a conversation).

84. **ADVERSITY, How to meet.** Some of his friends offered him [Sir Walter Scott], or rather proposed to offer him, enough of money, as was supposed, to enable him to arrange with his creditors. He paused for a moment, and then, recol-

lecting his powers, said proudly, "No ! this right hand shall work it all off !"—*Cockburn*, "Memoirs."

85. **ADVERSITY, Influence of.** I suppose it is adversity that develops the kindly qualities of our nature. I believe the sense of common degradation has a tendency to make the degraded amiable—at least among themselves. I am told it is found so in the plantations in slave-gangs.—*Lord Beaconsfield.*

86. **ADVERSITY must be prepared for.** A certain traveller who had a distance to go, one part of the road leading through green fields, and the other through a tangled road of brambles and thorns, made great preparations for the first part of his journey. He dressed himself in light and gay clothes, and put a nosegay in his bosom, and taking a light, slender cane in his hand, nimbly proceeded on his way along the beaten path across the green meadows. The sun shone in the skies, and on went the traveller, comfortably, pleasantly, and delightfully. After a while the road became rugged, and by the time night drew on the traveller was in a pitiable plight. His provisions were exhausted, his clothes wet through and partly torn from his back by the briars, his flowers were faded, and, weary as he was, his slender cane could not bear his weight ; a stream of water was before him, and darkness was around him. "Alas !" said he, smiting his breast, "I am hungry, and have no food ; wet to the skin, and have no dry clothes ; weary, and have no staff to rest on ; I have a stream to cross, and here is no boat ; I am bewildered, and have no guide ; it is dark, and I have no lantern. Fool that I am ! why did I not provide for the end of my journey as well as the beginning ?" Time is hastening away. We are all travellers. Life is the beginning, death the end of our journey.—*Biblical Museum.*

87. **ADVERSITY, Need of a courageous guide in.** The best commander is the man who has graduated by steps from the capstan, and who by practice knows the use of bowlines, and marlins, and cat-heads, and top-gallants. Said the late Charles Dickens to me, "I am never afraid to cross the ocean when I know the captain to be a man who knew the uses of adversity. Sea-sickness is nothing to heart-sickness. I do not want a man to guide my vessel through the storm, and the tempest, and the midnight, and the fog-night who came down the companion-way without touching a baluster. I want an Ajax who has defied the lightning ; one that can dance when the elements make a giant weep."—*Rev. A. W. Atwood.*

88. **ADVERSITY not always an evil.** Grecian mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron-shod hoof of disaster and calamity.—*Talmage.*

89. **ADVERSITY, Training of.** The Archbishop of Canterbury, on taking leave of Mr. Henson, the original of "Uncle Tom," complimented him on his correctness in speaking the English language, and asked him at what seminary he had been educated. Uncle Tom's reply was pertinent enough under the circumstances—"At the University of Adversity."—*B.*

90. **ADVICE, Good effects of.** In Mr. Gladstone's household at Hawarden was an old woman-servant who had a son inclined to go wrong. The mother remonstrated and advised her boy, but all to no purpose; he seemed determined on a headlong course to ruin. At last the mother, in her desperation, caught the idea that if she could persuade the Premier to take him in hand, perhaps the prodigal might be reclaimed. "Screwing her courage to the sticking-point"—for what will a mother not do for a child?—she approached her master, and in trembling tones preferred her request. Mr. Gladstone responded at once; and though the affairs of the greatest kingdom in the world pressed heavily upon him, with genuine simplicity of character, he had the lad sent to his study, when he spoke tender words of advice and remonstrance, and eventually knelt down and prayed God to help him in the work of reformation and redemption. This kindly action was effectual, and the lad was saved.

91. **ADVICE may not always be taken.** John Sobieski, King of Poland, was accustomed to expose himself in time of war like the meanest soldier. When urged on one occasion to take care of himself, he made the notable reply, "If I follow your advice you will despise me."—*B.*

92. **ADVICE, Necessary.** A young and well-known minister, whose power and usefulness as a preacher manifested itself in the large sphere he occupied, received a letter from a lady offering in marriage her hand, her heart, and her fortune. Our estimable friend, who at that time was a bachelor, returned the letter with another written by himself, in which he strongly advised the lady to "give her heart to the Lord, devote her fortune to His service, and to keep her hand until it was asked for."—*Henry Varley.*

93. **ADVICE, Profiting by.** The late William Jay of Bath read to the Rev. Spencer Pearsall a letter from William Wilberforce, in which the great statesman, whilst doing full justice to the popular young preacher, offered with characteristic delicacy some suggestions, which Mr. Jay acknowledged had been invaluable to him through life.

94. **ADVICE taken if agreeable.** A certain King much addicted to excessive drinking consulted three doctors on the subject of strong drinks, and on the time when it was most wholesome to take them. "Your Majesty should drink *before* a meal," said the first, and his reasoning convinced the monarch. "*During* meals," said the second, and his arguments were found equally cogent. "*After* meals," was the opinion of the third; and the King saw grounds equally solid for acting upon *his* advice. "I am satisfied," said the sovereign. "You are all three sensible men. The arguments you have each brought forward in support of your several opinions have completely convinced me. I will accordingly follow your advice, and will in future drink before, during, and after my meals."—*Christian Family (from the French).*

95. **ADVOCATE, a personal.** An old legionary asked Augustus to assist him in a cause which was about to be tried. Augustus deputed one of his friends to speak for the veteran, who, however, repudiated the vicarious patron, saying, "*It was not by proxy that I fought for you at Actium.*"

Augustus acknowledged the obligation, and pleaded the cause in person.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

96. **ADVOCATE and proof.** "I was myself an advocate so long, that I never mind what advocates say, but what they *prove*."—*Sir William Jones.*

97. **ADVOCATE, Choice of an.** Lord Fitzgerald, being arraigned at Westminster for having set fire to the Cathedral of Cashel during the reign of Henry the Eighth, was told to select a lawyer for his defence. He pleaded guilty, and then boldly went forward and took the King's hand, saying, "*I choose you, my liege, as my best advocate to deliver me.*" On the Lord Chancellor exclaiming, "See, the whole of Ireland cannot govern this man!" "Then," said his regal and despotic patron, "this man must govern the whole of Ireland." And accordingly he created him Lord Deputy of that kingdom.—*History of Ireland.*

98. **ADVOCATE for evil rebuked.** Charles Wesley was very bold in admonishing his hearers, and so often woke up their ire. Preaching once, a scene occurred which shows not only the rudeness of primitive times, but the familiarity of pastoral addresses. Speaking against Sunday revels, one of his auditors contradicted him, and in his anger used blasphemous language. Wesley inquired, "Who is it pleads for the devil?" The blasphemer hotly answered, "I am he that pleads for the devil." Wesley says, "I took occasion to show the revellers their champion, and the whole congregation their state by nature. Then I set myself against his avowed advocate, and drove him out of the Christian assembly."—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdote.*

99. **Advocate, Secret of success of.** I asked him [Sir James Scarlett] what was the secret of his pre-eminent success as an advocate. He replied that he took care to press home *the one principal point of the case*, without paying much regard to the others. He also said that he knew the *secret of being short*. "I find," said he, "that when I exceed half an hour I am always doing mischief to my client; if I drive into the heads of the jury important matter, I drive out matter more important which I had previously lodged there."—*Fowell Buxton.*

100. **Affectation in death.** Gassendi, in his last illness, exclaimed, "I know neither who placed me in the world, nor why I was placed in it, nor why I am taken from it;" and the last words of Hobbes were, "I am going to take a great leap in the dark." Shortly before dying the English sage exhibited his wit; after rejecting various epitaphs suggested by friends, he said he should prefer the inscription, "This is the philosopher's stone." He thus almost realised beforehand the important part of the ideal of Charles Lamb, who hoped that his own last breath would be inhaled through a pipe and exhaled in a pun. So Malherbe—to whose influence over French poetry Boileau has paid a superb compliment—when on his deathbed, rallied his last remains of strength to correct a bystander for an inelegance of diction. Being rebuked by his confessor for this levity, he declared that he could not help himself, for he felt bound "*défendre jusqu'à la mort la pureté de la langue Française.*" This jocularity of moribunds nearly always rings hollow, and has little in common with genuine courage like that of the Normans, who (according to Gibbon) sighed

in the laziness of peace and smiled in the agonies of death. Indeed, in the instance last given the affectation is as evident, if not quite as offensive, as in the case of those who deliberately act a part in the last scene of their lives, and dress up for dying. Thus, when about to expire, Augustus Cæsar, after sending for a mirror and arranging his hair, asked jestingly whether he was not a good comedian; and with a like bravado Buchanan, though strictly forbidden in his fatal illness to drink wine, died, nevertheless, theatrically holding a glass in his hand and reciting verses of "Propertius." Some of these details concerning philosophical deathbeds may be doubtful; but, at any rate, there can be no doubt that death was met with ostentatious indifference by that not very philosophical patroness of philosophers, Madame de Pompadour. She put on a silk dress and painted her face (like Pope's "Narcissa"), and when her confessor was leaving her she stopped him—"Attendez un instant, M. le Curé, nous nous en irons ensemble." Her levity had a fit counterpart in the cynicism of her royal lover, who on seeing her funeral procession shed no tear (he had not the *don des larmes*), but merely exclaimed, "*Madame la Marquise aura aujourd'hui un mauvais temps pour son voyage.*"—*Contemporary Review* (condensed).

101. **AFFECTION and appetite.** When an epicure desired to be admitted into Cato's friendship, he said "he could not live with a man whose palate had quicker sensations than his heart."—*Plutarch*.

102. **AFFECTION, a new, must constrain.** The else unoccupied female, who spends the hours of every evening at some play of hazard, knows as well as you that the pecuniary gain or the honourable triumph of a successful contest are altogether paltry. The habit cannot so be displaced as to leave nothing but a negative and cheerless vacancy behind it, though it may so be supplanted as to be followed up by another habit of employment, to which the power of some new affection has constrained her. It is willingly suspended, for example, on any single evening should the time that is wont to be allotted to gaming require to be spent on the preparations of an approaching assembly.—*Chalmers*.

103. **AFFECTION, Filial.** There is a Hebrew tradition that once the sapphire was missing from its place in the breastplate of the High Priest. Accordingly an elder was sent forth to search for a choice and goodly stone, which might fill again the empty socket. He was told to spare no trouble and no expense to find a sapphire worthy of this place in the service of God Most High. In his travels he came to Ascalon, and found there a gem merchant, a Gentle, yet withal an earnest man and a devout. The elder told him of his quest for a fine sapphire, when the merchant informed him that he had such a stone, unsurpassed for size and colour and brilliancy, and bade the other wait a little until he could get the gem from the place in which it was hidden. Accordingly the merchant went upstairs to an upper chamber, where, in a darkened corner, with closed shutters, lay his aged father, stricken with the palsy, and from whose weary frame sleep seemed utterly to have fled. There beneath his pillow lay the casket containing the sapphire, doubly locked and sealed. The merchant, trading softly in the sick man's chamber, and speaking gently, told his father that he had found at last a purchaser for the

gem. But as he spoke he perceived that his father had fallen asleep through utter weariness, and was slumbering peacefully. He watched his father for a moment with a happy smile, then left the room, feeling that he could not run the risk of waking his father by attempting to get the sapphire. He returned to the elder and told him that he was very sorry, but that he must defer their business for a while. The elder, due at Jerusalem on the morrow, and impatient to start on his return journey, asked what might be the price of the stone; and when the merchant named a price—which he said was high but fair, so great was the beauty of the stone—said that he was quite willing to give the price if the stone came up to his expectations. But he must see the stone itself. "To-morrow thou shalt see it," said the merchant. "No, I must see it to-night," said the elder, "for to-morrow I must be in my place in the temple of the Lord." The merchant thought within himself, "It is a pity to let such an opportunity slip. I want to sell the stone, and he wants to buy it, and will give a good price for it." So upstairs again he went, and, bending over his father, watched him and saw how he was enjoying his sweet refreshing sleep; then he hurried downstairs again to the elder, saying, "If I could I would gladly sell the sapphire, but I cannot let you see it just now." The other, supposing that by all this delay he was trying to get a better price for the stone, and anxious to obtain it and be off, now offered to give exactly double what the merchant asked for it, but said that he must have the gem at once or the chance would be gone, for he would not repeat his offer. The merchant knew that this was a most splendid offer, and determined, if possible, to remove the casket from beneath his father's pillow. Again he went upstairs, stood for a moment watching his father's refreshing sleep, and then thrust his hand underneath the pillow. The sleeper turned uneasily, and wanted but another touch to arouse him. This he would not risk, even for the large sum which he knew full well he would never get offered again. Returning to the elder, he told him once for all he could not see the gem that day. When Joshua the High Priest, in after times, came to know the reason why the Gentile merchant would not sell the stone that day, he declared that there was *no jewel in all the breastplate which might compare with that empty socket*, the token and memorial of that son's filial piety.—*Preacher's Promptuary*.

104. **AFFECTION, Filial.** During the French Revolution, Mademoiselle Sombriul had been eight days with her father in prison when the unhappy massacres of September commenced. After many prisoners had been murdered, and the sight of blood continually flowing seemed only to increase the rage of the assassins, while the wretched inmates of the prison endeavoured to hide themselves from the death that hovered over them, Mademoiselle Sombriul rushed into the presence of the murderers who had seized her father. "Barbarians!" she cried, "hold your hands, he is my father!" She threw herself at their feet. In one moment she seized the hand which was lifted against her father, and in the next she offered her own person to the sword, so placing herself that the parent could not be struck but through the body of his child. So much courage and filial affection in so young a girl for a moment diverted the attention of the assassins. She perceived that they hesitated, and seized on the

favourable opportunity. While she entreated for her father's life one of the monsters proposed the following condition—"Drink," said he, "a glass of blood, and save your father." She shuddered, and retreated some paces; but filial affection gained the ascendancy, and she yielded to the horrible condition. "Innocent or guilty," said one of those who performed the office of judge, "it is unworthy of the people to bathe their hands in the blood of the old man, since they must first destroy this virtuous girl." A cry of "Pardon!" was heard. The daughter, revived by this signal of safety, threw herself into her father's trembling arms, which scarcely had power to press her to his bosom, being overcome by such powerful affection and so providential a deliverance. Even the most outrageous assassins were unable to restrain their tears; and the father and daughter were triumphantly conducted to a place of comfort and safety.

105. AFFECTION, Filial. While Octavius was at Samos after the battle of Actium, which made him master of the universe, he held a council to examine the prisoners who had been engaged in Antony's party. Among the rest there was brought before him an old man, Metellus, oppressed with years and infirmities, disfigured with a long beard, a neglected head of hair, and tattered clothes. The son of this Metellus was one of the judges; but it was with great difficulty he knew his father in the deplorable condition in which he saw him. At last, however, having recollected his features, instead of being ashamed to own him, he ran to embrace him. Then, turning towards the tribunal, he said, "Cæsar, my father has been your enemy, and I your officer; he deserves to be punished, and I to be rewarded. One favour I desire of you; it is, either to save him on my account, or me to be put to death with him." All the judges were touched with compassion at this affecting scene; Octavius himself relented, and granted to old Metellus his life and liberty.

106. AFFECTION, Filial. A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death, as a punishment for certain offences committed by him in the discharge of an important public office, which he had filled for a number of years with an integrity that had never before undergone either suspicion or impeachment. His son, a youth about eighteen years of age, was no sooner apprised of the affecting situation to which his father was reduced than he flew to the judge who had pronounced the fatal decree, and, throwing himself at his feet, prayed that he might be allowed to suffer in the room of a father whom he loved, and whose loss he thought it was impossible for him to survive. The magistrate was amazed at this extraordinary procedure in the son, and would hardly be persuaded that he was sincere in it. Being at length satisfied, however, that the young man actually wished to save his father's life at the expense of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the King; and His Majesty immediately sent orders to grant a free pardon to the father and to confer a title of honour on his son. The last mark of royal favour, however, the youth begged leave with all humility to decline; and the motive for the refusal of it was not less noble than the conduct by which he had deserved it was generous and disinterested. "Of what avail," exclaimed he, "could the most exalted title be to me, humbled as my family already is in the dust? Alas! would it not serve but as a monument to

perpetuate in the minds of my countrymen the remembrance of an unhappy father's shame?" His Majesty the King of Sweden actually shed tears when this magnanimous speech was reported to him; and, sending for the heroic youth to court, he appointed him to a confidential office.

107. AFFECTION, Fraternal. The Emperor Augustus, having taken captive Adiatoriges, a prince of Cappadocia, together with his wife and children, and led them in triumph to Rome, gave orders that the father and the elder of the brothers should be slain. When the executioners entered the place of their confinement, on inquiring which of the brothers was the elder, there arose a vehement contention between the young princes, each of the two affirming himself to be the elder, that by his own death he might preserve the life of his brother. The mother at last prevailed with her son Dyetentus to permit his younger brother to die in his stead. Augustus, afterwards made acquainted with the circumstances, not only lamented this act of severity, but gave an honourable support to the mother and her surviving son.—*John Bruce.*

108. AFFECTION, how tested. About three hundred years ago a rich merchant died, leaving a large fortune. He had but one son, who had been sent when quite a lad to an uncle in India. On his way home, after an absence of some years, the young man had been shipwrecked, and though it was believed he had been saved, still no certain tidings reached his father, who, meanwhile, died rather suddenly, leaving his large fortune to the care of an old friend, with strict injunction not to give it up to any claimant until certain conditions had been complied with. At the end of a year a young man appeared who said he was the heir; then a second, and finally a third. The guardian, who knew that two out of the three claimants must be impostors, made use of the following stratagem:—He gave each rival a bow and arrow, and desired them to use the dead man's picture as the target, and to aim at the heart. The first nearly hit the mark, the second pierced the heart, but the third claimant burst into tears, and refused to dishonour his father's memory by injuring the portrait of one whom he venerated so highly. The guardian was quite satisfied with the result of his device, and at once welcomed him as the rightful heir and his old friend's son.

109. AFFECTION, how tested. A lady friend of Bellini's, anxious to find out which of his compositions he valued the most, after a deal of questioning on one side and hesitation on the other, said, "Supposing you were at sea, and you had all your scores with you, and the ship were sinking, which?"—Before she could say another word Bellini cried, "Mademoiselle, I would risk all to save the 'Norma.'"—*Musical Anecdotes.*

110. AFFECTION, Power of. The embarkation of the people of Athens was a very affecting scene. What admiration of the firmness of those men, who, sending their families to a distant place (Trezeze) unmoved by their cries, their tears, or embraces, had the fortitude to leave the city and embark for Salamis! The distress was greatly heightened by the tame domestic animals which they were obliged to leave behind, and which, running to the shore with lamentable howlings, expressed their affection for the persons that had

fed them. One of the dogs which belonged to Xantippus, unwilling to be left behind, is said to have leaped into the sea, and to have swum by the side of the ship until it reached Salamis, where it died immediately.—*Plutarch's Lives.*

111. AFFECTION, Power of a new. Dr. Chalmers, riding on a stage-coach by the side of the driver, said, "John, why do you hit that off leader such a crack with your lash?" "Away yonder there's a white stone; that off leader is afraid of that stone; so, by the crack of my whip and the pain in his legs, I want to get his idea off from it." Dr. Chalmers went home, elaborated the idea, and wrote, "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection." You must drive off the devil and kill the world by putting a new idea in the mind.—*Rev Dr. Fish.*

112. AFFECTION, True. When the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte was banished to the island of Elba, the ex-Empress Josephine exclaimed, "Napoleon is unfortunate, and I am not permitted to share the sorrow with him."—*Amand's "La Femme du Premier Consul."*

113. AFFECTION, Want of. Fontaine's character was such that it seemed incompatible with strong attachments. He married at the persuasion of his family, and left his wife behind him when he went to live at Paris at the invitation of the Duchess of Bouillon. His only son was adopted by Harley, the Archbishop, at the age of fourteen. Meeting the youth long afterwards, and being pleased with his conversation, he was told that this was his son. "Ah," said he calmly, "I am very glad of it."

114. AFFECTIONS, God's method of dealing with. A friend of mine who had been in Eastern lands told me he saw a shepherd who wanted his flock to cross a river. He went into the water himself and called them; but no, they would not follow him into the water. What did he do? Why, he girded up his loins, and lifted a little lamb under each arm and plunged right into the stream, and crossed it without even looking back. When he lifted the lambs the old sheep looked up into his face and began to bleat for them; but when he plunged into the water the dams plunged after him, and then the whole flock followed. When they got to the other side he put down the lambs, and they were quickly joined by their mothers, and there was a happy meeting. Our great Divine Shepherd does this. Your child which He has taken from the earth is but removed to the green pastures of Canaan, and the Shepherd means to draw your hearts after it, to teach you to "set your affections on things above."—*Moody.*

115. AFFECTIONS the wings of the soul. If you will go to the banks of a little stream and watch the flies that come to bathe in it, you will notice that, while they plunge their bodies in the water, they keep their wings high out of the water; and after swimming about a little while they fly away with their wings unwet through the sunny air. Now that is a lesson for us. Here we are immersed in the cares and business of the world; but let us keep the wings of our soul, our faith, and our love out of the world, that with these unclogged we may be ready to take our flight to heaven.—*Rev. James Inglis.*

116. AFFLICTION a blessing. Dr. Watts, from his early infancy to his dying day, scarcely ever

knew what health was; but however surprising it may appear, he looked on the affliction as the greatest blessing of his life. The reason he assigned for it was, that being naturally of a warm temper and an ambitious disposition, these visitations of Divine Providence weaned his affections from the world and brought every passion into subjection to Christ.—*Whitecross.*

117. AFFLICTIONS and Christ. He "endured the cross," it is written, "despising the shame;" and can we do less? Nay, can we complain in the midst of our troubles? When Guatimozin, the Mexican emperor, was tortured by the Spaniards, he bore the torment with more than human fortitude. One of his fellow-sufferers of weaker constitution turned his eyes upon the prince and uttered a cry of anguish. "Thinkest thou," said Guatimozin, "that I am laid upon a bed of roses?" "Silenced by this reproof," says the historian, "the sufferer stifled his complaints, and expired in an act of obedience to his sovereign."—*B.*

118. AFFLICTION and fruit-bearing. It is said that when Mr. Cecil was once walking, in deep dejection of spirit, in the Botanical Gardens at Oxford, his attention was arrested by a fine pomegranate cut almost through the stem. On asking the gardener the reason, he got an answer which explained the wounds of his own bleeding spirit. "Sir," said he, "this tree used to shoot so strong that it bore nothing but leaves. I was, therefore, obliged to cut it in this manner, and when it was almost cut through then it began to bear plenty of fruit."—*Denton.*

119. AFFLICTION and ridicule. Twenty years ago, in this city of Brooklyn, I knew a man who was particularly skillful in imitating the lameness of a neighbour. Not long ago a son of the skillful mimic had his leg amputated for the very defect which his father had mimicked years before. I do not say it was a judgment of God; I leave you to make your own inference.—*Talmage.*

120. AFFLICTION, Fortunate. When Gilpin was on his way to London to be tried on account of his religion he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was took occasion from this circumstance to retort upon him an observation he used frequently to make, "that nothing happens to the people of God but what is intended for their good;" asking him whether he thought his broken leg was so. He answered meekly, "I make no question but it is." And so it proved; for before he was able to travel Queen Mary died. Being thus providentially preserved from probable death, he returned to Houghton through crowds of people, who expressed the utmost joy, and blessed God for his deliverance.

121. AFFLICTION, Image of. "The sorrowful tree," flourishing only at night, is a singular product of the island of Goa, near Bombay. Half an hour after sunset the tree is full of sweet-smelling flowers, although none are to be seen during the day, as they close up or drop off with the appearance of the sun.—*Family Circle.*

122. AFFLICTION increased with our strength. "I had," said Latimer, describing the way in which his father trained him as a yeoman's son, "my

bows bought me according to my age and strength ; as I increased in them so my bows were made bigger and bigger." Thus boys grew into cross-bowmen, and by a similar increase in the force of their trials Christians become veterans in the Lord's host. The affliction which is suitable for a babe in grace would little serve the young man, and even the well-developed man needs severer trials as his strength increases. God, like a wise father, trains us wisely, and as we are able to bear it He makes our service and our suffering more arduous.—*Spurgeon.*

123. AFFLICTION, Living on in. A military officer, some years since, attempted to shoot himself in Hyde Park. The pistol missing fire, he drew his sword, but his hand was immediately arrested by a poor man near the spot, whom he had not observed. Resenting this obstruction, he attempted to stab his deliverer. "Stab me, sir," said the poor man, "if you think proper to escape ; I fear death as little as you do, but I have more courage. More than twenty years I have lived in affliction and poverty, and yet I trust in God for comfort and support." The officer was struck dumb with this spirited lesson, burst into tears, gave the poor fellow a purse of money, and lived to be his greatest benefactor.

124. AFFLICTION, Remembrance of. Prior to the return of Mr. Henson, the original of "Uncle Tom," to America in 1851, he was invited to a dinner party in the lordly mansion of one of our city merchants ; and when seated at a table covered with the most tempting viands, and surrounded with every comfort and luxury which affluence could provide, he was so overpowered with the remembrance of his former misery and degradation that he rose from the table, feeling that he could not partake of a single morsel of the sumptuous banquet. His generous host went after him, and asked whether he was taken unwell, or whether he would like some other kind of dishes. "Oh no," was the touching and pathetic response of this good old man, "I am well enough ; but, oh ! how could I sit down to such a luxurious feast as this when I think of my poor brother at this moment a wretched, miserable, outcast slave, with perhaps scarcely a crust of bread or a glass of water to appease the cravings of nature?"—*Rev. John Lobb.*

125. AFFLICTION sanctified. Dr. Simpson, who first discovered the use of chloroform in 1862, lost a dearly beloved son. The faith and patience of the dying boy made a deep impression on the father's heart. He felt deeply that true joy and lasting peace could only be found in Christ ; while the joys of this world were fleeting and uncertain, its pleasures, as he expressed it in his poem, but "gilded sadness." The peace which Jesus has purchased by His blood, that is eternal and everlasting as His throne. As the boy was dying he said, "How precious it is to speak for Jesus !" The father, mother, and remaining children knelt around the deathbed, and Dr. Simpson prayed that this affliction might be the means of leading all closer to Christ ; and then in humble thanksgiving he continued, "Yes, dear Jesus, Jamie's God shall be our God, and we will speak for Thee as our dear child has said."

126. AFFLICTION, Uses of. While I was in health I had not the least thought of writing books

or of serving God in any more public way than preaching ; but when I was weakened with great bleeding, and left solitary in my chamber at Sir John Cook's, in Derbyshire, without any acquaintance but my servant about me, and was sentenced to death by the physicians, I began to contemplate most seriously on the everlasting rest which I apprehended myself to be just on the borders of. That my thoughts might not too much scatter in my meditation I began to write something on that subject, intending but the quantity of a sermon or two ; but, being continued long in weakness when I had no books and no better employment, I followed it on till it enlarged to the bulk in which it is published.—*Baxter.*

127. AFFLICTION, Uses of. There is a mountain in Scotland called Cairngorm—literally, "the blue mountain"—and on it are found valuable rock-crystals. The way in which the Highlanders gather the stones called Cairngorms is this : when there is a sun-burst after a violent shower, they go and look along the whole brow of the mountain for certain sparkling spots ; the shower has washed away the loose earth, the sunbeams light upon and are reflected from the stones, and thus they are detected. It is just God's way of bringing forth His own—His "jewels." Affliction lays them bare.—*Dr. Cumming.*

128. AFFLICTION, Uses of. St. Paul was constrained to bear on his body the sting or thorn of the flesh, to preserve him from haughtiness. And if Philip Melancthon were not now and then plagued in such sort as he is he would have strange conceits.—*Luther.*

129. AFFLICTIONS, Benefit of. A minister was recovering from a dangerous illness, when one of his friends addressed him thus : "Sir, though God seems to be bringing you up from the gates of death, yet it will be a long time before you will sufficiently retrieve your strength and regain vigour enough of mind to preach as usual." The good man answered, "You are mistaken, my friend ; for this six weeks' illness has taught me more divinity than all my past studies and all my ten years' ministry put together."

130. AFFLICTIONS, Benefit of. We are told of a merchant who lost his all in a storm, and then went to Athens to study philosophy. He soon discovered that it was better to be wise than to be wealthy, and said, "I should have lost all unless I had lost much."—*Christian Age.*

131. AFFLICTIONS, Comfort in. A friend of mine, says a recent writer, told me of a visit he had paid to a poor woman overwhelmed with trouble in her little room ; but she always seemed cheerful. She knew the Rock. "Why," said she, "Mary, you must have very dark days ; they must overcome you with clouds sometimes." "Yes," she said ; "but then I often find there's comfort in a cloud." "Comfort in a cloud, Mary?" "Yes," she said ; "when I am very low and dark I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud I think of those precious words, 'A cloud received Him out of their sight,' and I look up and see the cloud sure enough, and then I think—well, that may be the cloud that hides Him ; and so you see there is comfort in a cloud."

132. AFFLICTIONS, Comfort in. A great sufferer one day said to me, "I have lately been much struck, under my pain, with the language of Peter when he says, '*Let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.*'" Now why," said he, "am I comanded to commit myself, while suffering, into the hands of the Creator? Why, because He who made this machine knows it; He knows my frame, and remembers that I am but dust."—*Rev. W. Jay.*

133. AFFLICTIONS disguised blessings. A young man who had long been confined with a diseased limb, and was near dissolution, said to a friend, "What a precious treasure this affliction has been to me! It saved me from the folly and vanity of youth; it made me cleave to God as my only portion, and to eternal glory as my only hope; and I think it has now brought me very near my Father's house."

134. AFFLICTIONS, Example amid. When Napoleon led his suffering army across the desert from Alexandria to Cairo he toiled along on foot at the head of the column, sharing the fatigue of the most humble soldiers. Like them, he threw himself upon the sands for a pillow, and, secreting no luxuries for himself, he ate the coarse bread which constituted their only food. It was this which inspired their fainting courage, and helped to sustain them amid their trials. Their leader was as one of themselves.—*B.*

135. AFFLICTIONS, Light. Sir Francis Drake, being in a dangerous storm in the Thames, was heard to say, "Must I, who have escaped the rage of the ocean, be drowned in a ditch?" Will you, experienced saints, who have passed through a world of tribulation, lie down and die of despair, or give up your profession, because you are at the present moment passing through some light affliction?—*Spurgeon.*

136. AFFLICTIONS making us long for heaven. We had traversed the great Aletsch Glacier, and were very hungry when we reached the mountain tarn half-way between the Bel Alp and the hotel at the foot of the Eggischorn; there a peasant undertook to descend the mountain and bring us bread and milk. It was a very Marah to us when he brought us back milk too sour for us to drink, and bread black as a coal, too hard to bite, and sour as the curds. What then? Why, we longed the more eagerly to reach the hotel towards which we were travelling. Thus our disappointments on the road to heaven whet our appetites for the better country, and quickened the pace of our pilgrimage to the celestial city.—*Spurgeon.*

137. AFFLICTIONS outnumbered by our blessings. There is a story of an American scholar of high character and strong mind who finally became eminent, that in early life he went with his bride to a remote and unattractive part of the country to enter on his profession, both of them leaving behind great social advantages, a brilliant group of friends, charming homes, beautiful scenery, and fine libraries. Both of them were home-sick. One calamity after another fell upon them—ill-health, loss of eyesight, the death of a child, poverty. Some months of discouragement and depression had passed, and the courage, patience, and cheerfulness of the delicately bred and

desolate young mother were nearly gone. One evening, after a peculiarly hard day, the husband called his wife into his darkened room, where he was lying with his eyes bandaged, and said to her, as she sat down by him dejected and complaining, "My dear, suppose we try together to make out a complete list of our mercies." They went about it; it lengthened a good deal beyond their expectations, and the result was what everybody sees it must have been. In that family, and in a somewhat wider circle, it has become a maxim repeated in trying times, "Let's count our blessings."

138. AFFLICTIONS, Preparatory nature of. On coming home in the afternoon Dr. Macleod came to see me. We talked of dear Albert's illness, his readiness to go hence at all times, with which Dr. Macleod was much struck, and said what a beautiful state of mind he must always have been in. He spoke of the blessing of living on with those who had gone before. An old woman, he said, whom he knew had lost her husband and several of her children, and had had many sorrows, and he asked her how she had been able to bear them, and she answered, "Ah! when he went awa' it made a great hole, and all the others went through it." I since hear this poor woman was not personally known to Dr. Macleod, but her remark was related to him by Dr. Black. Her words were—"When he was ta'en, it made sic a hole in my heart that a' other sorrows gang lightly through."—*Her Majesty the Queen.*

139. AFFLICTIONS, Refined by. On the morning of May 23, 1816, when I was in my sixth year, my eldest sister (Janet) and I were sleeping in the kitchen bed with Tibbie Meek, our only servant. We were all three awakened by a cry of pain—sharp, insufferable, as of one stung. Years after we two confided to each other, sitting by the bedside, that we thought that great cry which arose at midnight in Egypt must have been like it. We all knew whose voice it was, and in our night-clothes we ran into the passage and into the little parlour to the left hand, in which was a closet bed. We found my father standing before us erect, his hands clenched in his black hair, his eyes full of misery and amazement, his face white as that of the dead. Taking his hands from his head, he said slowly and gently, "Let us give thanks," and turned to a little sofa in the room. There lay our mother—dead. She had long been ailing. . . . Father's love for my mother had been tender, constant, and intense; and when the blow fell the wheels of life in him were for a moment stopped, and then reversed in action. It is wonderful the change it made. He went from the burial and preached subsequently her funeral sermon; every one in the church in tears, himself outwardly unmoved. But from that time dated an entire, though always deepening, alteration in his manner of preaching, because an entire change in his way of dealing with God's Word; not that his abiding religious views and convictions were then originated, or even altered—he not only from a child knew the Holy Scriptures, but was wise unto salvation—but it strengthened and clarified, quickened, and gave permanent direction to his sense of God as revealed in His Word. . . . This incident is related of his altered matter and manner of preaching. He had been preaching when very young at a place called Galashiels, and one woman said to her neighbour, "What do you

think of the young man's talk?" "Oh," was the reply, "it's pretty much—all pretty flowers—no more," neither relishing nor appreciating his fine sentiments and figures. After his wife's death Mr. Brown preached in the same place, and the same woman, running to her friend, said, "*It's a' gowd' (all gold), 'a' gowd now!*"—*Dr. John Brown.*

140. AFFLICTIONS, Resignation in. I have read of a lady who, having lost her husband, comforted herself with the reflection that she had two lovely boys left to cheer her. By a severe accident one of them was soon taken from her. This was a heavy trial, but she still found comfort in her remaining boy, and fixed her affections upon this her only son. Shortly after intelligence was brought that her child was drowned, when she calmly said, "I see God is determined to have all my heart, and so *He shall.*"—*Rev. C. Field.*

141. AFFLICTIONS, Sharing. When Marshal Bazaine was sentenced to banishment to one of the forts of France, his youthful and attractive wife determined to go with him. Her friends attempted to dissuade her from going, but she replied, "When my husband was in honour I shared it with him, and shall I not also share his banishment?"

142. AFFLICTIONS tokens of Divine regard. Lawns which we would keep in the best condition are very frequently mown; the grass has scarcely any respite from the scythe. Out in the meadows there is no such repeated cutting; they are mown but once or twice in the year. Even thus the nearer we are to God, and the more regard He has for us, the more frequent will be our adversities. To be very dear to God involves no small degree of chastisement.—*Spurgeon.*

143. AFFLICTIONS, Universality of. "I will restore thy daughter again to life," said an Eastern sage to a prince who grieved immoderately for the loss of a beloved child, "provided thou art able to engrave on her tomb the names of three persons who have never mourned."

144. AFFLICTIONS, Use of. I remember, some years ago, when I was at Shields, I went into a glass-house; and, standing very attentive, I saw several masses of burning glass of various forms. The workman took a piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I said to him, "Why do you put it through so many fires?" He answered, "Oh, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second; therefore we put it into a third, and that will make it transparent."—*Whitefield.*

145. AFFLICTIONS, Use of. Ignatius, when he went out to be destroyed by the lions, said, "I am the wheat, and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for Jesus Christ."

146. AGE and its rewards. When John Kemble wrote to his youngest brother Charles in reference to the death of their father, and expressed his wishes as to "protecting his remains by a simple stone," he at the same time earnestly enjoined that the old man's advanced age should be mentioned in the inscription; for "long life implies virtuous habits, and they are real honours."

Macaulay tells us of Marshal Schomberg, who

at fourscore "retained a strong relish for innocent pleasures," that in youth his habits had been temperate, "and his temperance had its proper reward—a singularly green and vigorous old age."

Wilhelm von Humboldt, bordering on the close of his sixth decade, professes in one of his letters to have always looked forward to old age with peculiar delight, and now that he is approaching it he finds his expectations surpassed. Telling his tale of years, he adds, "And having been subject to but very few bodily afflictions—having led a very regular life, and indulged in no excitements which injure health—I have not many infirmities."—*Francis Jacox.*

147. AGE a revealer. Did you ever observe how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses, which, having been kept, as it were, in abeyance, while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, comes forth again in age (as in infancy), the features settling into their primary character before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this; a brother and sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear.—*Southey.*

148. AGE, Coming on of. It is said of athletes, boxers, and wrestlers, that they have a *second breath*. After they have gone through what may be said to be their first strength there is a rallying of the system, and then they are said to have come to their second breath. When they are on their second breath they hold out a great while. So it is with our thoughts in respect to growing old. We have a sad feeling to get over which arises from the consciousness that we are becoming aged; but after men have got over that feeling they never feel old, though they are eighty years of age.—*Beecher.*

149. AGE, how to be judged. "I heard of a very old man like myself," said Rowland Hill, "who was asked what age he was. He answered, 'The right side of eighty.' 'I thought you were more than eighty,' said the inquirer. 'Yes, I am beyond it,' he replied; 'and that is the right side, for I am nearer to my eternal rest.'"

150. AGE no cure for sin. According to Æsop, an old woman found an empty jar which had lately been full of prime old wine, and which still retained the fragrant smell of its former contents. She greedily placed it several times to her nose, and drawing it backwards and forwards said, "Oh, most delicious! How nice must the wine itself have been when it leaves behind, in the very vessel which contained it, so sweet a perfume!"

Men often hug their vices when their power to enjoy them is gone.—*Spurgeon.*

151. AGE, Signs of. We are as immortal as the angels until our work is done, and, that finished, the best thing that can happen to us is to be called home to rest at once rather than to be here, weak and worthless, in our tents waiting on the plains of Moab. When Dr. Rees preached last in North Wales a friend said to him—one of those who are always reminding people that they are getting old—"You are whitening fast, Dr. Rees." The old gentleman did not say anything then; but when he got to the pulpit he referred to it, and

said, "There is a wee white flower that comes up through the earth at this season of the year—sometimes it comes up through the snow and frost; but we are all glad to see the snowdrop, because it proclaims that the winter is over and that the summer is at hand. A friend reminded me last night that I was whitening fast. But heed not that, brother; it is to me a proof that my winter will soon be over, that I shall have done presently with the cold east winds and the frosts of earth, and that my summer—my eternal summer—is at hand."—*Heber Evans*.

152. AGE, what it is coming to. I was dining yesterday evening at one of the Boulevard restaurants, and had arrived at the cheese stage of my repast. A delightful piece of Roquefort was set before me, ripe, vivacious, self-mobilising. There is nothing I like better than a lively cheese, and I had just transferred a spoonful of the delicacy in question to my plate, when my neighbour at table sprang to his feet with a cry of horror, clutched my wrist with an iron grasp, and exclaimed, "Hold, monster! Never shall you swallow a mouthful of that cheese in my presence!" "And pray why not?" I inquired in angry amazement. "Because, cruel man, I am a member of the Central Society for the Protection of Animals!"—*Daily Telegraph*.

153. AGE, what men reap in. A young man came to a man of ninety years of age and said to him, "How have you made out to live so long and be so well?" The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and, pointing to some large trees full of apples, said, "I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?" We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. Sow to the wind and we reap the whirlwind. Plant in early life the right kind of a Christian character, and you will eat luscious fruit in old age, and gather these harvest apples in eternity.—*Talmage*.

154. AGED and Christ. A distinguished Oneida chief, named Skenandon, having yielded to the instructions of the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, and lived a reformed man for fifty years, said just before he died, in his hundred and twentieth year, "I am an aged hemlock; the winds of one hundred years have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top" (he was blind); "why I yet live the great good Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus that I may wait with patience my appointed time to die; and when I die, lay me by the side of my minister and father, that I may go up with him at the great resurrection."

155. AGED and death. A lady of ninety said one day to Fontenelle, who was then eighty-five himself, "Death appears to have forgotten us." "Hush!" whispered the witty old man hastily, putting his finger on his lips.—*Henry S. Leigh*.

156. AGED, Conversion of. In a sermon to young men, delivered at the request of the Philadelphia Institute, Dr. Bedell said, "I have now been nearly twenty years in the ministry of the Gospel, and I here publicly state to you, that I do not believe I could enumerate three persons over fifty years of age whom I have ever heard ask the solemn and eternally momentous question, 'What shall I do to be saved?'"—*Arvine*.

157. AGED desire death sometimes. Dr. Dwight's mother lived to be more than a hundred

years of age. When she was a hundred and two some people visited her on a certain day, and while they were with her the bell was heard toll for a funeral. The old lady burst into tears, and said, "When will the bell toll for me? It seems that the bell will never toll for me. I am afraid that I shall never die."

158. AGED, Weakness of. To an acquaintance who inquired about his welfare, he gave this account: "I am but weak; but it is delightful to find one's self weak in everlasting arms: oh, how much do I owe my Lord! What a mercy, that once within the covenant, there is no getting out of it again: now I find my faculties much impaired." His relations answering, that it was only his memory which seemed to be affected with his disease:—"Well," said he, "Oh, how marvellous that God hath continued my judgment, considering how much I have abused it; and continued my hope of eternal life, though I have misimproved it!" . . . Speaking on the same topic afterwards he said very beautifully, "Were I once in heaven, a look of Christ would cure my failing memory, and all my other weaknesses. There I shall not need wine nor spirits to recruit me; no, nor shall I think of them, but as Christ was through them kind to me."—*Life of the Rev. John Brown of Haddington*.

159. AGENCIES, Evangelising. The notorious Canongate is perhaps the raggedest street in Great Britain. In this desert Miss Guthrie had her "Children's Church," herself the pastor of it, with heart as eloquent as that of her father, if her lips were not. "We employ three great evangelising agencies," said one of the workers there—"soap, water, and catechism."

160. AGITATION, Uses of. Dr. Ritchie used to say in the early days of the Voluntary controversy, when he was accused of being an agitator, "Agitation, agitation, you cannot make butter without agitation."—*Dr. Macfadyen*.

161. AGNOSTICISM and faith. Whatever men may scientifically agree to believe in, there is in men of noble nature something which science can neither illumine nor darken. When Tyndall was walking among the clouds during a sunset upon the Alps his companion said to him, "Can you behold such a sublime scene as this and not feel that there is a God?" "Oh," said he, "I feel it. I feel it as much as any man can feel it; and I rejoice in it, if you do not tell me I can prove it." The moment you undertake to bring the evidence with which he dealt with matter to the ineffable and the hereafter, then, he says, "I am agnostic. I don't know. It isn't true;" but the moment you leave the mind under the gracious influence of such a scene it rises above the sphere of doubt or proof, and he says, "I accept it."—*Beecher*.

162. AIM, Accuracy in. The accuracy of modern navigation is truly miraculous. The late Captain Basil Hall once sailed from San Blas, on the Mexican coast, round Cape Horn to Rio Janeiro. He was at sea three months, during which he saw neither land nor sail, yet he struck the harbour's mouth so exactly that he scarcely required to alter his course by a single point in order to enter it.—*G. Chaplin Child, M.D.*

163. AIM in preaching. A minister once had the celebrated Andrew Fuller as a hearer. After

service both were invited to a neighbouring house for refreshment. The preacher, who evidently thought he had made no failure, was desirous to ascertain Mr. Fuller's opinion of his effort. The veteran divine seemed unwilling to be drawn out upon that subject, and for some time took no notice of his younger brother's allusions and hints. At length a remark was made of so inviting a character as that Mr. Fuller could not well avoid making some reply. He said, "I gave close attention to your sermon, and tried to ascertain at what you were aiming it; what was your object?" Several years afterwards that preacher referred to Mr. Fuller's inquiry as a cutting proof which he deeply felt, and which had the effect of changing essentially the character of both his motives and his labours.—*Clerical Library.*

164. AIM, Singleness in. "Mr. A—— often laughs at me," said Professor Henry once in Princeton College Laboratory—"often laughs at me because I have but one idea. He talks about everything, aims to excel in many things, but I have learned that if I ever make a breach, I must play my guns continually upon one point."

165. AIM, Singleness of. Confucius was once addressed by his own son as follows:—"I apply myself with diligence to every kind of study, and neglect nothing that could render me clever and ingenious; but still I do not advance." "Omit some of your pursuits," replied Confucius, "and you will get on better. Among those who travel constantly on foot, have you ever observed any that run? It is essential to do everything in order, and only grasp that which is within the reach of your arm; for otherwise you give yourself useless trouble. Those who, like yourself, desire to do everything in one day do nothing to the end of their lives, while others who steadily adhere to one pursuit find they have accomplished their purpose."

166. AIM, Want of. It has been estimated that at the bloody battle of Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, 6000 shots were fired for every man that was killed.—*The Preacher's Lantern.*

167. ALARM, Duty to. Many years ago the Baschirs revolted. Near Krasno-Ufimske, in the government of Perm, they had cut in pieces some companies of dragoons, and devised to take the fortress of Atschitskaja by stratagem. They dressed themselves in the uniforms of the dragoons, mounted their horses, and marched towards the fortress. To keep up the deception of being really Russians they had spared a drummer, whom they ordered to play the Russian dragoon march. On approaching the fortress the gates were thrown open, when the drummer, instead of the march, *beat the alarm*. The garrison then perceived the treacherous artifice, closed the gates, and prepared for resistance. As the Baschirs could not make a regular attack, they were obliged to retreat, when they cut the poor drummer to pieces. His fate he had foreseen, and therefore his voluntary sacrifice was the more striking and praiseworthy.—*Arvine.*

168. ALARM, False. When the Spanish Armada was hovering on the English coast a company of strolling players were performing a piece called "Sampson" in a booth at Penryn. The enemy, having silently landed a body of men, were making their way to surprise the town, when fortunately at that

instant the players let "Sampson" loose on the Philistines. The sound of drums, trumpets, shouts, and firing of ordnance created such a tremendous hubbub that the Spaniards fancied the whole town were pouring down upon them, and immediately turning tail, scampered off to their ships.—*Theatrical Anecdotes.*

169. ALLY, God our. The English Ambassador to the Court of Prussia sat at a table of Frederick the Great, then meditating a war whose sinews were to be mainly formed of English subsidies. Round the table sat French wits of the infidel sort, and they and the King made merry over decadent superstitions—the follies of the ancient faith. Suddenly the talk changed to war. Said the Ambassador, "England would, by the help of God, stand by Prussia." "Ah," said the infidel Frederick, "I did not know you had an ally of that name;" and the infidel wits smirked applause. "So please your Majesty," was the swift retort, "He is the only ally to whom we do not send subsidies."

170. ALMIGHTY, Defying. It was near the close of one of those storms that deposit a great volume of snow upon the earth that a middle-aged man, in one of the southern counties of Vermont, seated himself at a large fire in a log-house. He was crossing the Green Mountains from the western to the eastern side; he had stopped at the only dwelling [of man in a distance of more than twenty miles, being the width of the parallel ranges of gloomy mountains; he was determined to reach his dwelling on the eastern side that day. In reply to a kind invitation to tarry in the house and not dare the horrors of the increasing storm, he declared that he would go, and that the Almighty was not able to prevent him. His words were heard above the howling of the tempest. He travelled from the mountain valley where he had rested over one ridge, and one more intervened between him and his family. The labour of walking in that deep snow must have been great, as its depth became near the stature of a man; yet he kept on, and arrived within a few yards of the last summit, from whence he could have looked down upon his dwelling. He was near a large tree, partly supported by its trunk; his body bent forward, and his ghastly intent features told the stubbornness of his purpose to overpass that little eminence. But the Almighty had prevented him; the currents of his blood were frozen. For more than thirty years that tree stood by the solitary road, scarred to the branches with names, letters, and hieroglyphics of death, to warn the traveller that he trod over a spot of fearful interest.

171. ALMS are not to be denied to the needy. During King Alfred's retreat at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after his defeat by the Danes, a beggar came to his little castle and requested alms. His Queen informed Alfred that they had but one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone in search of food, though with little hope of success. The King replied, "Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes can certainly make the half-loaf suffice for more than our necessity." The poor man was accordingly relieved, and Alfred's people shortly after returned with a store of fresh provisions.

172. ALMSGIVING, The true. S. Carlo Borromeo, the great patron of idle almsgiving, came hither

[the palace and church buildings of Caprarolo] to see it when it was completed, and complained that so much money had not been given to the poor instead. "I have let them have it all little by little," said Alessandro Farnese, "but I have made them earn it by the sweat of their brows."—*Augustus J. C. Hare*.

173. ALPHABET a wonderful invention. The Semites are unquestionably a great race, for among the few things in this world which appear to be certain, nothing is more sure than that they invented the alphabet.—*Lord Beaconsfield*.

174. AMBASSADOR, Duty of. When the Rev. Thomas Scott was speaking to Mr. Newton on a change of situation with regard to interest, Mr. Newton told him the story of a nobleman who was selected as Ambassador by his King, but excused himself on the grounds of his family and urgent concerns at home; but was answered, "You must go; only do you mind my concerns heartily, and I will take care of yours." "Thus," says Mr. Newton, "God, as it were, says to you."—*Whitcross*.

175. AMBITION, A Christian's. "What would you advise me to aim at?" asked a young man of a Christian friend. "At riches and honours," replied his friend, "if you mean to be satisfied with earth; but at Christian graces if you have any desire ever to enter heaven."—*George Mogridge*.

176. AMBITION, A check to. A man may read a sermon the best and most passionate that ever man preached if he but enter into the sepulchre of kings. In the same Escorial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more; and where our kings have been crowned their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

177. AMBITION a curse. General Fraser, one of Burgoyne's major-generals, fell at the battle of Saratoga. He questioned the surgeon eagerly as to his wound; and when he found that he must go from wife and children, that fame and promotion and life were gliding from before his eyes, he cried out in his agony, "Damned ambition!"—*Historical Lights (Little)*.

178. AMBITION, A laudable. It is remembered as one of the liberal axioms of George III. that "no British subject is by necessity excluded from the peerage." Consistently with this sentiment, he once checked a man of high rank who lamented that a very good speaker in the Court of Aldermen was of a mean trade by saying, "What signifies a man's trade? A man of any honest trade may make himself respectable if he will."—*Arvine*.

179. AMBITION, A noble. I admire what was said by Rev. Dr. Guthrie, the great Scottish preacher. A few years before his death he stood in a public meeting and declared—"When I came to Edinburgh the people sometimes laughed at my blue stockings and at my cotton umbrella, and they said I looked like a common ploughman, and they derided me because I lived in a house for which I paid thirty-five pounds rent a year, and oftentimes I walked when I would have been very glad to have a cab; but, gentlemen, I did all that because I wanted to

pay the premium on a life insurance that would keep my family comfortable if I should die."—*Talmage*.

180. AMBITION a source of dispute. Haxley came to Baltimore to attend a general conference in 1820. A discussion arose on a question of order, whether presiding elders should be elected by preachers or not, and the dispute had waxed warm, not to say hot. Brother Haxley had said not a word through it all, but at the close of the session the Bishop called upon him to make the concluding prayer. He knelt and said, "Now, O Lord, Thou knowest what a time we've had here discussing and arguing about this elder question, and Thou knowest what our feelings are. We do not care what becomes of the ark; it's only who drives the oxen."—*Christian Age*.

181. AMBITION a source of sorrow. On the accession of Claudius, Agrippina was restored to her rank and fortune, and once more undertook the management of her child [Nero]. His beauty made him an object of special pride to his mother. From this time forward it seems to have been her one desire to elevate the boy to the rank of Emperor. In vain did the astrologers warn her that his elevation involved her murder. To such dark hints of the future she had but one reply—"Occidat dum imperet!" "Let him slay me so he do but reign." [He put her to death afterwards].—*Farrar*.

182. AMBITION, An unhappy. The historian of Timour [the Tartar] may remark that after devoting fifty years to the attainment of empire, the only happy period of his life were the two months in which he ceased to exercise his power.—*Gibbon*.

183. AMBITION and emulation. Themistocles, when a very young man, was observed, soon after the famous battle of Marathon, in which Miltiades obtained so much glory, to be often alone, very pensive, unwilling to attend the usual entertainments, and even to watch whole nights. Being asked by one of his friends what was the cause of all this, he answered, "The trophies of Miltiades will not suffer me to sleep." Thus fired with a love of glory, he became one of the most illustrious characters in Greece.—*Bruce*.

184. AMBITION and God. Timour the Tartar desired universal dominion, saying the earth was too small for more than one master. "It is too small to satisfy the ambition of a great soul." "The ambition of a great soul," said the Sheik of Samar-cand to him one day, "is not to be satisfied by the possession of a morsel of earth added to another, but by the possession of God alone sufficiently great to fill up an infinite thought."—*Lamartine (condensed)*.

185. AMBITION and self-indulgence. An infidel writer of the last century observed that the main hope of a destruction of Christianity throughout Europe lay in the prevalence of two vices among the Christian clergy—ambition and self-indulgence. Oh most salutary and precious warning!—*Canon Liddon*.

186. AMBITION and war. Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me carried the day, and I decided for war [the Seven Years' War].—*Frederick the Great*.

187. AMBITION, Attainment of. When Richilda, the widow of Albert, Earl of Ebersberg, had feasted the Emperor Henry III., and petitioned in behalf of her nephew, Whelpho, for some lands formerly possessed by the Earl, her husband, just as the Emperor held out his hand to signify his consent the chamber floor suddenly fell under them, and Richilda, falling upon the edge of a bathing-vessel, was bruised to death, and stayed not to see her nephew sleep in those lands which the Emperor was reaching forth to her, and placed at the door of restitution.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

188. AMBITION, Danger of. I remember hearing of a man's dream in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone; that was left out. He said to the angel, "What is this stone left out for?" The angel replied, "That was left out for you; but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God, and that man always worked faithfully after that.—*Moody.*

189. AMBITION destroys the finer feelings of men. The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him [Napoleon]. Before this duty honour, love, humanity, fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power. He was affectionate, we are told, to his brothers and mother; but his brothers, the moment they ceased to be his tools, were disgraced; and his mother, it is said, was not allowed to sit in the presence of her imperial son. He sometimes softened, we are told, by the sight of the field of battle strewn with the wounded and dead. But if the Moloch of his ambition claimed new heaps of slain to-morrow it was never denied. With all his sensibility he gave millions to the sword with as little compunction as he would have brushed away so many insects which had infested his march.—*Channing.*

190. AMBITION, End of. When the Emperor Severus was dying he made some reflections on the vanity of human ambition, and on the unsatisfactory nature of all earthly greatness. "I have been everything!" he exclaimed; "but what avails it now?" Ordering his golden urn, in which his ashes were to be enclosed, to be brought to him, he took it in his hands, and inspecting it narrowly, addressed it in these words, expressive at once of triumph and disappointment, "Thou shalt soon be the habitation of a man whose ashes the whole world was too narrow to confine."—*Denton.*

191. AMBITION, End of. Gustavus Adolphus, shot through the back, sinking from his horse in the battle storm, died uttering these words, "Brother, I have got enough; save thyself."—*Carlyle.*

192. AMBITION, Folly of. I heard of one—I do not know whether it is true—who had the chance of going to heaven without dying, but when the chariot of fire came he would not go, because he could not go on the box. I think it is a Romish legend. At the same time I have known people of

exactly that kind. Unless they can be top-sawyers they will not touch a saw.—*Spurgeon.*

193. AMBITION, Reward of. When the Romans voted a statue to a pro-Consul they placed it among the statues of the gods in the festival called *Lectisternium*. On that day the gods were invited to a repast, which was, however, spread in various quarters of the city, to satiate mouths more mortal. The gods were taken down from their pedestals, laid on beds ornamented in their temples; pillows were placed under their marble heads; and while they reposed in this easy posture they were served with a magnificent repast. When Cæsar had conquered Rome the servile senate put him to dine with the gods! Fatigued by and ashamed of these honours, he desired the senate to erase from his statue in the capitol the title they had given him of a demigod—I. I. D'Israeli.

194. AMBITION still unsatisfied. Caligula, with the world at his feet, was mad with a longing for the moon, and could he have gained it the imperial lunatic would have coveted the sun.—*Spurgeon.*

195. AMBITION, True. "If you were an ambitious man," said a person one day to a minister of talent and education who was settled in a retired and obscure parish, "you would not stay in such a place as this." "How do you know that I am not an ambitious man?" said the pastor. "You do not act like one." "I have my plans as well as others—the results may not appear as soon, perhaps." "Are you engaged in some great work?" "I am; but the work does not relate to literature or science. I am not ambitious, perhaps, in the ordinary sense of the term. I do not desire to occupy the high places of the earth, but I do desire to get near my Master's throne in glory. I care but little for popular applause, but I desire to secure the approbation of God. The salvation of souls is the work He is most interested in, and to the successful prosecution of which He has promised the largest rewards."—*H. L. Hastings.*

196. AMENDMENT, A practical. The moral of the Eastern tale of Nourjahad is practical and pertinent. He delivers himself up to luxury and riot. He forgets that there are wants and distresses among his fellow-creatures. He lives only for himself, and his heart becomes as hard as the coffers which hold his misapplied treasures. But before it is too late he is awakened to remorse, and looks back with shame and horror on his past life. What shall he do to expiate his offences? One thing at least is within his power, and that will he do at once—expend his riches in the relief of want, nor rest until he has found out every family in Ormuz whom calamity has overtaken, that he may restore them to prosperity. Henceforth he spends his days in the closet laying plans for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.—*Francis Jacox.*

197. AMIABLENESS, A hero's. There is a pleasant little anecdote about the hero of the Boyne—the hard, stern warrior, with his eagle eye and nose—that belongs to Kensington Palace, which we relate in Leigh Hunt's words. "A tap was heard one day at his closet door while his secretary was in attendance. 'Who is there?' said the King. 'Lord Buck,' answered the little voice of a child of four years of age. It was Lord Buck-

hurst, the son of His Majesty's Lord High Chamberlain, the Earl of Dorset. "And what does Lord Buck want?" returned William, opening the door. "You to be a horse to my coach," rejoined the little magnate; "I've wanted you a long time." William smiled upon his little friend with an amiableness which the secretary had never before thought his countenance capable of expressing, and, taking the string of the toy in his hand, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his playfellow was satisfied.—*Leisure Hour*.

198. AMUSEMENTS and duty. I thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad while my fellow citizens were fighting for liberty at home.—*Milton* (returning from Italy).

199. AMUSEMENTS, Dull. "Is not Geneva dull?" asked a friend of Talleyrand. "Especially when they amuse themselves," was the reply.

200. AMUSEMENTS, Foolish. Petrarch reports of him [Dante] that, being at Can della Scala's court, and blamed one day for his gloom and taciturnity, he answered in no courtier-like way. Della Scala stood among his courtiers, with mimes and buffoons (*nebulones ac histriones*) making him heartily merry, when, turning to Dante, he said, "Is it not strange, now, that this poor fool should make himself so entertaining, while you, a wise man, sit there day after day and have nothing to amuse us with at all?" Dante answered bitterly, "No, not strange; your Highness is to recollect the proverb, '*Like to like*.'"—*Carlyle*.

201. AMUSEMENTS, Money-getting. I was travelling in a railway carriage with a most precise-looking, formal person, the Arch-Quaker, if there be such a person. His countenance was very noble, or had been so, before it was frozen up. He said nothing. I felt a great respect for him. At last his mouth opened. I listened with attention. I had hitherto lived with foolish, gad-about, dinner-eating, dancing people; now I was going to hear the words of retired wisdom, when he thus addressed his young daughter sitting opposite, "Hast thee heard how Southamptons went lately?" (in those days South-Western Railway shares were called Southamptons); and she replied with like gravity, giving him some information she had picked up about Southamptons yesterday evening. I leant back rather sickened as I thought what was probably the daily talk and the daily thoughts in that family, from which I conjectured all amusement was banished save that connected with intense money-getting.—*Sir Arthur Helps*.

202. ANATOMY, Lessons from. Galen, the celebrated physician of Rome, when studying anatomy, was so struck with the perfection and exquisite mechanism of the human hand and arm that he composed a hymn to the Deity, expressing his admiration of so excellent a work, and his adoration of the God who made it.—*Charnock*.

203. ANCESTORS, Habits of. Evelyn, dining with the Swedish Ambassador, was obliged to steal away at an early period of the evening lest he should be forced into involuntary drunkenness. No one seems to have thought it an unbecoming thing that a strange preacher, even a bishop, should be welcomed with a gift of sack or brandy, apparently for purposes of conviviality, in the vestry, or that a new

clergyman should initiate his ministry by an official carouse with the parishioners.—*Guardian*.

204. ANCESTORS, Pride in. An aristocrat whose family had rather run down, boasting to a prosperous tradesman of his ancestors, the latter said, "You are proud of your descent. I am on the opposite tack, and feel proud of my ascent."—*Christian Age*.

205. ANCESTORS, Respect for. Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher, among his other good qualities, was early distinguished for the honour he paid to his relations. One day, while he was a child, he heard his grandfather fetch a deep sigh; and going up to him with much reverence, "May I presume," said he, "without losing the respect I owe you, to inquire into the occasion of your grief? Perhaps you fear that your posterity will degenerate from your virtue and dishonour you by their vices." "What put this thought into your head," said the old man to him, "and where have you learned to speak after this manner?" "From yourself," replied Confucius. "I attend diligently to you every time you speak, and I have often heard you say that a son who does not by his virtues support the glory of his ancestors does not deserve to bear their name."—*John Bruce*.

206. ANCESTORS, what men owe to them. Cicero was one day sneered at by one of his opponents, a mean man of noble lineage, on account of his low parentage. "You are the *first* of your line," said the railler. "And you," rejoined Cicero, "are the last of yours."

207. ANCHOR, The test of. When I was on shipboard and a storm was driving us on the rocks, the captain cried, "Let go the anchor!" But the mate shouted back, "There is a broken link in the cable!" Did the captain say when he heard that, "No matter; it's only a link. The rest of the chain is good. Ninety-nine of a hundred links are strong. Its average is high. It only lacks one per cent. of being perfect. Surely the anchor ought to respect so excellent a chain, and not break away from it?" No, indeed! No, indeed! He shouted, "Get another chain!" He knew that a chain with one broken link was no chain at all—that he might as well throw the anchor overboard without any cable as with a defective one. So with the anchor of souls. If there is the least flaw in the cable, it is not safe to trust it; we had better throw it away, and try to get a new one that we know is perfect.—*Moody*.

208. ANECDOTES in the pulpit. It is related that among those who came to hear Whitefield was an old dissenting minister of the name of Cole, who had been for many years minister of one of the chapels in the city. This Mr. Cole, Whitefield, when a boy, had been taught to ridicule; and one day, when some one asked him what business he would be of, Whitefield replied, "I will be a minister; but I will take care never to tell stories (or anecdotes) in the pulpit, like old Cole." This saying was told to Mr. Cole, who remembered it; and on one of these occasions when Whitefield, whose addresses were interspersed with frequent anecdotal illustrations, happened to tell some "story," Cole said to him after the sermon was over, "I find that young Whitefield can now tell stories as well as old Cole." He was much affected by Whitefield's

preaching, and invariably made it a point to be present whenever the opportunity occurred, and was so humble that, said Whitefield, "he used to subscribe himself my curate, and went about preaching after me in the country from place to place; but one evening, whilst preaching, he was struck with death, and then asked for a chair to lean on till he concluded his sermon, when he was carried upstairs and died. O Blessed God! if it be Thy holy will, may my exit be like his."—*J. R. Andrews.*

209. ANGELS ministering spirits. I went once to see a dying girl whom the world had roughly treated. She never had a father, she never knew her mother. Her home had been the poorhouse, her couch a hospital-cot, and yet, as she had staggered in her weakness there, she had picked up a little of the alphabet, enough to spell out the New Testament, and she had touched the hem of the Master's garment, and had learned the new song. And I never trembled in the presence of such majesty as I did in the majesty of her presence, as she came near the crossing. "Oh, sir!" she said, "God sends His angels. I have read in His Word, 'Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?'" And when I am leaning in my cot they stand about me on this floor; and when the heavy darkness comes, and this poor side aches so severely, He comes, for He says, "Lo, I am with you," and He slips His soft hand under my aching side, and I sleep, I rest."—*Dr. Fowler.*

210. ANGELS, Ministry of. The only child of a poor woman one day fell into the fire by accident, and was so badly burned that he died after a few hours' suffering. The clergyman, as soon as he knew, went to see the mother, who was known to be dotingly fond of the child. To his great surprise, he found her calm, patient, and resigned. After a little conversation she told him how she had been weeping bitterly as she knelt beside her child's cot, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Mother, don't you see the beautiful man who is standing there and waiting for me?" Again and again the child persisted in saying that "the beautiful man" was waiting for him, and seemed ready, and even anxious, to go to him. And, as a natural consequence, the mother's heart was strangely cheered.

211. ANGER and forgiveness. The Caliph Hassan, son of Hali, being at table, a slave accidentally dropped a dish of meat, which, being very hot, severely burned him. The slave, affrighted, instantly fell on his knees before his lord and repeated these words of the Alcoran, "Paradise is for those who restrain their anger." "*I am not angry with thee,*" replied the Caliph. "And for those who forgive offences," continued the slave. "*I forgive thee,*" added the Caliph. "But above all for those who return good for evil," said the slave. "*I set thee at liberty,*" rejoined the Caliph, "*and give thee ten dinaras.*"—*From the Persian.*

212. ANGER a sign of being in the wrong. A cobbler at Leyden, who used to attend the public disputations held at the Academy, was once asked if he understood Latin. "No," replied the mechanic, "but I know who is wrong in the argument." "How?" replied his friend. "Why, by seeing who is angry first."

213. ANGER, Compensation for. It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the Duke of Dorset, that

his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer.—*Dr. Johnson.*

214. ANNOYANCES, How to deal with. Dr. Rush used to say, in his valedictory address to the students of the medical college, "Young gentlemen, have two pockets—a small pocket and a big pocket; a small pocket in which to put your fees, a large pocket in which to put your annoyances."—*Talmage.*

215. ANNOYANCES, Record of. A friend of mine explained to me his cure of speculating in stocks. It will not hurt some of you to hear the story. He felt perfectly certain of making money, but he was held back by the influence of a dear friend—though rather impatiently. Having promised that he would not engage in speculation in stocks at all (that being out of his regular business), he thought he would do the next best thing—take a little book and see how it would come out. So every day when stocks were in the market he would watch his chances, and now and then he would say to himself, "There is something to be made in that, sure; and if I could I would buy a hundred shares," and he would put down a hundred shares, with the price; and when he had a chance to sell a certain number of shares to a good advantage he would put them down; and so he went on, charging and crediting himself according as he would have dealt if he had been allowed to, and at the end of four months he summed the whole up and struck a balance, and found that he would have been bankrupt four times over if he had done what he wanted to do! His dry brokerage, his book brokerage, satisfied him, and he attended to his own business with more content afterwards. Now, if you kept a little book I think it would do you good. If you would keep a book, and every day put down the things that pester you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you.—*Beecher.*

216. ANSWER, A humble. How a soft answer can turn away wrath, as well as dissatisfaction, is illustrated in the following anecdote of the late President Wayland. Deacon Moses Pond went to Dr. Wayland once with the complaint that the preaching did not edify him. "I'm sorry," said the pastor; "I know that they are poor sermons. I wish I could make them better. Come, let us pray that I may be able to do so." The deacon, telling the story, used to say, "Dr. Wayland prayed and I prayed; he cried and I cried. But I have thought a hundred times that it was strange that he did not turn me out of the house. I tell you there never was a better man nor a greater preacher than Dr. Wayland."

217. ANSWER, A soft. The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts, North America, happening to stray into the road, a neighbour of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done; "And if I catch him in the road again," said he, "I'll do it again." "Neighbour," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard; and I'll do it again." Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

218. **ANSWER, A soft.** The historian of the conquest of Peru tells us how Gasca was assailed by reproaches and invectives, which, however, had no power to disturb his equanimity; he patiently listened, and replied to all in the mild tone of expostulation best calculated to turn away wrath. "By this victory over himself," says Garcilasso, "he acquired more real glory than by all his victories over his foes."—*Francis Jacox.*

219. **ANTICHRIST, Picture of.** In the frescoes of Signorelli we have "The Teaching of Antichrist"—no repulsive figure, but a grand personage in flowing robes, and with a noble countenance, which at a distance might easily be taken for the Saviour. To him the crowd are eagerly gathering and listening, and it is only when you draw close that you can discover in his harder and cynical expression, and from the evil spirit whispering in his ear, that it is not Christ.—*Augustus J. C. Hare.*

220. **ANTINOMIANISM, Folly of.** One of those commonly called Antinomians one day called on Rowland Hill to call him to account for his too severe and legal gospel. "Do you, sir," asked Rowland, "hold the Ten Commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance he quietly said, "John, show that man to the door, and keep your eye on him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel or other property in the hall!"—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

221. **ANXIETY and sympathy.** One of Kant's biographers dilates upon what he considers a singular feature in the Königsberg philosopher's way of expressing his sympathy with his friends in sickness. So long as the danger was imminent he is said to have testified a restless anxiety, making perpetual inquiries, waiting with impatience for the crisis, and sometimes unable to pursue his customary labours from agitation of mind. "But no sooner was the patient's death announced than he recovered his composure and assumed an air of stern tranquillity, almost of indifference."—*Francis Jacox.*

222. **ANXIETY, Consuming nature of.** I have for these last ten days [after his great victories of 1704] been so troubled by the many disappointments I have had, that I think if it were possible to vex me so for a fortnight longer it would make an end of me. In short, I am weary of my life.—*Marlborough.*

223. **ANXIETY on account of sin.** One day, when at table in the refectory, the young monk [Luther], dejected and silent, scarcely touched his food. Staupitz, who looked earnestly at him, said at last, "Why are you so sad, brother Martin?" "Ah," replied he with a deep sigh, "I do not know what will become of me!" "These temptations," resumed Staupitz, "are more necessary to you than eating and drinking." . . . "It is in vain," said Luther despondingly to Staupitz, "that I make promises to God; sin is ever the strongest."—*D'Aubigne.*

224. **ANXIETY, Parental.** Early in 1784, when his last hour drew on, the father said that there was one of his children of whose future he could not think without fear. Robert, who was in the

room, came up to his bedside and asked, "O father, is it me you mean?" The old man said it was. He had early perceived the genius of his son, and had said to his wife, "Whoever lives to see it, something extraordinary will come from that boy." But he had also noticed the strong passions, with the weak will, which might drive him on the shoals of life.—*Life of Burns.*

225. **ANXIETY, Uses of.** When Melancthon was entreated by his friends to lay aside the natural anxiety and timidity of his temper, he replied, "If I had no anxieties I should lose a powerful incentive to prayer; but when the cares of life impel to devotion, the best mean of consolation, a religious mind cannot do without them. Thus trouble compels me to prayer, and prayer drives away trouble."

226. **APATHY removed at last.** In one of the villages of the Cameroons a missionary every morning went from house to house of the natives, trying by prayer and conversation to reveal the Saviour to their darkened minds. One poor woman, stolid and apathetic, lived alone in a miserable hut. Her ears seemed deaf, her soul dead to the Gospel message; no look of intelligence brightened her face; and at length, wearied out, the missionary one morning passed her door to labour among those who apparently cared to hear. That evening the woman of whom he had despaired came weeping to his house, asking, "Why did you pass me by? Have you been deceiving me? Is it not true that He loves me?"

227. **APOLOGY, Effects of.** One evening a young lady abruptly turned the corner and ran against a boy who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said, "I beg your pardon; indeed, I am very sorry." The small ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant; then, taking off about three-fourths of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered, "You can hev my parding, and welcome, Miss; and yer may run agin me and knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word." After the young lady passed on he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically, "I never had any one ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."

228. **APOLOGY not needed.** George III., when an "Apology for the Bible" was presented to him, exclaimed, "Apology for the Bible, sir! apology for the Bible! The Bible, sir, needs no apology."—*Rev. J. T. Briscoe.*

229. **APOSTASY a moral death.** When one forsook the school of Pythagoras the philosopher, he placed a coffin in his place, as one morally dead.—*Van Doren.*

230. **APOSTASY, how avoided.** "I well remember, says an eminent minister in North Wales, "that when the Spirit of God first convinced me of my sin, guilt, and danger, and of the many difficulties and enemies I must encounter if ever I intended setting out for heaven, I was often to the last degree frightened; the prospect of those many strong temptations and vain allurements to which my youthful years would unavoidably expose me greatly discouraged me. And I often used to tell an aged soldier of Christ—the first and only Christian friend

I had any acquaintance with for several years—that I wished I had borne the burden and heat of the day like *him*. His usual reply was, that so long as I feared and was *humbly dependent upon God* I should *never fall*, but certainly prevail. I have found it so. Oh! blessed be the Lord that I can now raise up my Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord upheld me."—*Cyclopaedia of Religious Anecdote*.

231. APOSTASY, how it begins. In the Life of Philip Henry it is said, "He and his wife constantly prayed together, morning and evening." He made conscience of closet worship, and abounded in it. It was the caution and advice which he frequently gave to his children and friends, "Be sure you look to your secret duty; keep that up, whatever you do; the soul cannot prosper in the neglect of it. Apostasy generally begins at the closet door." Besides these, he was uniform, steady, and constant in family worship from the time he was first called to the charge of a family to his dying day. He would say, "If the worship of God be not in the house, write, 'Lord, have mercy on us,' on the door; for there is a plague, a curse in it."

232. APOSTASY, to whom impossible. Anne Askew, when asked to avoid the flames, answered, "I came not here to deny my Lord and Master."

233. APOSTATE, After-life of. After poor Sabat, an Arabian, who had professed faith in Christ by means of the labours of the Rev. Henry Martyn, had apostatised from Christianity, and written a book in favour of Mohammedanism, he was met at Malacca by the late Rev. Dr. Milne, who proposed to him some very pointed questions, in reply to which he said, "I am unhappy! I have a mountain of burning sand on my head! When I go about I know not what I am doing." It is indeed "an evil thing and bitter to forsake the Lord our God."

334. APOSTATE, End of. A smith in King Edward the Sixth's time, called Richard Denon, was a zealous professor of religion, and by his Christian instructions the happy instrument of converting a young man to the faith. Afterwards, in the reign of Queen Mary, this young man was cast into prison for his religion, who, remembering his old friend the smith, to whom he always carried a reverent respect for the good that he had received by him, sent to know whether he was not imprisoned also; and finding that he was not, desired to speak with him; and when he came, asked his advice whether he thought it comfortable for him to remain in prison, and whether he would encourage him to burn at a stake for his religion. To whom the smith answered that his cause was good, and he might with comfort suffer for it; "But, for my part," said he, "I cannot burn." But he that could not burn for his religion, by God's just judgment, was burned for his apostasy; for shortly after, his shop and house being set on fire, whilst he over-earnestly endeavoured to save his goods, himself was burned.—*Burton*.

235. APOSTATE, Fate of. Albert, Bishop of Mayence, had a physician attached to his person, who, being a Protestant, did not enjoy the prelate's favour. The man, seeing this, and being an avaricious, ambitious, world-seeker, denied his God, and turned back to Popery, saying to his associates,

"I'll put Jesus Christ by for a while till I've made my fortune, and then bring Him out again." This horrible blasphemy met with its just reward; for next day the miserable hypocrite was found dead in his bed, his tongue hanging from his mouth, his face as black as a coal, and his neck twisted half round. I was myself an ocular witness of this merited chastisement of impiety.—*Luther*.

236. APOSTATE reclaimed by a look. Urthazanes, a Persian courtier, who had apostatised from the Christian faith, saw Simeon, a holy bishop, led past him to martyrdom, and saluted him as he passed, but the bishop frowned upon him. Urthazanes' heart was broken, and he cried, "Ah! how shall I appear before the great God of heaven, whom I have denied, when Simeon, but a man, will not endure to look upon me? If he frown, how will God behold me when I come before His tribunal?" This led to his reclamation, and he afterwards died a martyr.

237. APOSTATES, Scandal from. In the long line of portraits of the Doges, in the palace at Venice, one space is empty, and the semblance of a black curtain remains as a melancholy record of glory forfeited. Found guilty of treason against the state, Marino Falieri was beheaded, and his image, as far as possible, blotted from remembrance.

Every one's eye rests longer upon the one dark vacancy than upon any one of the fine portraits of the merchant monarchs; and so the apostates of the Church are far more frequently the theme of the world's talk than the thousands of good men and true who adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.—*Spurgeon*.

238. APOSTLES, Imitation of. We are to imitate the apostles; but the imitation is to be, not in doing what they did, but in doing, like them, that which is fit in every case.

A doctor is called to prescribe for a fever, and he gives a cooling draught. His young Esculapius, coming after him, is called to prescribe for congestive chills. He says, "My teacher gave a cooling draught, and I will give a cooling draught." He imitates his preacher exactly, like a fool. And there is no greater fool than a man who imitates just what the apostles did, instead of imitating the principle on which they did it. It is the inside that is to be followed, and not the outside.

One of my boys comes in crying, and says, "Father, I ran against a lamp-post and bruised my face." I say, "My son, do not run against lamp-posts." The next day he comes in again with another bruise on his face, and says, "I did not run against a lamp-post; I ran against a tree." "Well," I say, "do not run against lamp-posts nor trees." The next day he comes in, having had another whack, and says, "I did not run against a lamp-post nor a tree; I ran against an iron railing." He had obeyed me, and yet he was hurt. But the spirit of my order was that he should not run against anything that would hurt him.—*Beecher*.

239. APOSTLES, Successors of. It was a witty answer of a certain painter who, when he was asked by a Cardinal why he coloured the visages of Peter and Paul so red, tartly replied, "I paint them so as blushing at the lives of their successors."—*Trapp*.

240. APPARATUS in the Church. Six years ago I went to the Adirondacks with a hunting and fishing apparatus loaned me by a friend. The apparatus was worth about £100. If the trout and the deer of Saranac Lake and John Brown's Tract could have understood my baggage, they would have been very apprehensive. Such reels! Such bait-boxes! Such cartridges! Such Bradford flies! Such pocket-flasks for soda water and lemonade! Suffice it to say, I did not interfere with the happiness of the piscatory or zoological world. While I was laboriously getting ready, a mountaineer with an old blunderbuss shot three deer. I found that splendid apparatus did not imply great execution. What is true in the woods is true in the Church. All our elaborate and costly theological apparatus is a failure if we cannot catch souls.—*Talmage*.

241. APPEAL, Effects of a personal. On once dining at a friend's house in the country I met a gentleman and his wife who came to join us. Before dinner I was requested by the lady to accompany her to a little distance. I was conducted to a mound near the front of the house, out of which rose a large tree with seats around its trunk. She pointed to one which she wished me to occupy for a few moments with herself. I complied, wondering what might be her intention. She then informed me that, several years before, on that very seat, I had discoursed to her, when the inmate of a boarding-school which I had visited, on the love of Christ, and His being willing to save all who yielded themselves to Him. This casual conversation led her to surrender to that Saviour whose disciple she became. She had not felt emboldened to make this known to me in any formal way, but could not resist the desire to do so on the very spot which had become endeared to her, and was to me ever afterwards an object of interest.—*Leif-child (abridged)*.

242. APPEARANCES, Care for. The great Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician has been found leaping over tables and chairs. Once perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said, "Now we must desist, for a fool is coming in."—*I. D'Israeli*.

243. APPEARANCES, Deceptive. I have heard of one who felt convinced that there must be something in the Roman Catholic religion, from the extremely starved and pinched appearance of a certain ecclesiastic. "Look," said he, "how the man is worn to a skeleton by his daily fastings and nightly vigils! How he must mortify his flesh!" Now, the probabilities are that the emaciated priest was labouring under some internal disease, which he would have been heartily glad to be rid of, and it was not conquest of appetite, but failure in digestion, which had so reduced him; or possibly a troubled conscience, which made him fret himself down to the light weights. Certainly I have never met with a text which mentions prominence of bone as an evidence of grace. If so, "the Living Skeleton" should have been exhibited, not merely as a natural curiosity, but as the standard of virtue. Some of the biggest rogues in the world have been as mortified in appearance as if they had lived on locusts and wild honey. It is a very vulgar error to suppose that a melancholy countenance is the index of a gracious heart.—*Spurgeon*.

244. APPEARANCES, Deceptive. I stood a little while ago in a cheesemonger's shop, and being in a fidgety humour, and having a stick in my hand, I did what most Englishmen are sure to do—I was not content with seeing, but must needs touch as well. My stick came gently upon a fine cheese in the window, and to my surprise a most metallic sound emanated from it. The sound was rather hollow, or one might have surmised that all the taste-holes had been filled up with sovereigns, and thus the cheese had been greatly enriched and the merchant had been his own banker. There was, however, a sort of crockery jingle in the sound, like the ring of a huge bread or milk pan, such as our country friends use so abundantly, and I came to the very correct conclusion that I had found a very well-got-up hypocrite in the shop window. Mark, from this time, when I pass by, I mentally whisper, "Pottery;" and the shams may even be exchanged for realities, but I shall be long in believing it.—*Spurgeon*.

245. APPEARANCES, Deceptive. Rabbi Joshua, the son of Chananiah, was a very learned and very wise man, but he was ugly. His complexion was so dark that he was nicknamed "The Blacksmith," and little children ran away from him. Yet his wisdom and learning caused him to be esteemed by every one, and even the Emperor Trajan treated him with much consideration. One day, when the Rabbi went to court, the Emperor's daughter laughed at his ugliness, and said with a smile, "Rabbi, I wonder how it is that such great wisdom as yours should be contained in such an ugly head." Rabbi Joshua kept his temper, and, instead of replying, asked, "Princess, in what vessels does your august father keep his wine?" "In earthen jars, to be sure," replied she. "Indeed!" exclaimed the Rabbi, feigning surprise. "Why, all the common people keep their wine in earthen jars; the Emperor's wine should be kept in handsome vessels." The Princess thought that Rabbi Joshua, who always said such clever things, was really in earnest; so off she went to the chief butler, and ordered him to pour all the Emperor's wine out of the earthen jars into gold and silver vessels, earthen jars being unworthy of such precious drink. The butler followed these orders; but when the wine came to the royal table it had turned sour, and tasted quite flat. The next time the Princess met the Rabbi Joshua she expressed her astonishment at his having given her such a strange piece of advice, and said, "Do you know, Rabbi, that all that fine wine that I poured into the gold and silver vessels turned sour?" "Then you have learned a simple lesson, Princess," was the Rabbi's reply; "wine is best kept in common vessels: so is wisdom." The next time the Princess met the clever Rabbi she did not laugh at his ugly face.

246. APPEARANCES, Deceptive. The second man to whom I gave a copy of the Testament was a Brahmin and a family priest. The first thing I heard about him afterwards was from the teacher who saw him standing in front of the village idol. At such a sight his heart sank within him. Here is the man who reads the Testament worshipping that stone, he thought. He hesitated whether he should wait to speak to him or not. He did wait; and what was his joy when the man returned from the idol to find that he had been there to read his Testament undisturbed, and that there it was concealed under his arm!—*Rev. J. Stone*.

247. APPEARANCES, Deceptive. It is written in one of the Eastern legends that somewhere in the deserts of Arabia there stood a mass of jagged rock, the surface of which was seamed and scarred by the elements; but whenever any one came to the rock in the right way he saw a door shape itself in the sides of the barren stone, through which he could enter in and find a store of rich and precious treasures which he could carry away with him. There are some things in God's universe that seem as barren and unattractive as bare and fissured rocks, but which contain an inwardness of warmth and sweetness inconceivable. The inner holies of God are fast concealed from those who will not come aright, with a heart of love and trust, but open to all who are willing to see and to hear.—*Christian Age*.

248. APPEARANCES, Judge not by. At one of the annual Waterloo banquets the Duke of Wellington after dinner handed round for inspection a very valuable presentation snuff-box set with diamonds. After a time it disappeared, and could nowhere be found. The Duke was much annoyed. The guests (there being no servants in the room at the time) were more so, and they all agreed to turn out their pockets. To this one old officer most vehemently objected, and on their pressing the point left the room, notwithstanding that the Duke begged that nothing more might be said about the matter. Of course suspicion fell on the old officer; nobody seemed to know much about him or where he lived. The next year the Duke at the annual banquet put his hand in the pocket of his coat, which he had not worn since the last dinner, and there was the missing snuff-box! The Duke was dreadfully distressed, found out the old officer, who was living in a wretched garret, and apologised. "But why," said His Grace, "did you not consent to what the other officers proposed, and thus have saved yourself from the terrible suspicion?" "Because, sir, my pockets were full of broken meat, which I had contrived to put there to save my wife and family, who were at that time literally dying of starvation." The Duke, it is said, sobbed like a child; and it need not be added that the old officer and his family suffered no more from want from that day. Appearances are often deceptive. We don't know all. Therefore "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

249. APPEARANCES, Judging by. A traveller showed Lavater two portraits—the one a highwayman who had been broken upon the wheel, the other was a portrait of Kant the philosopher. He was desired to distinguish between them. Lavater took up the portrait of the highwayman, and, after attentively considering it for some time, "Here," said he, "we have the true philosopher. Here is penetration in the eye and reflection in the forehead; here is cause, and there is effect; here is combination, there is distinction; synthetic lips and analytic nose!" Then, turning to the portrait of the philosopher, he exclaimed, "The calm-thinking villain is so well expressed and so strongly marked in this countenance that it needs no comment." This anecdote Kant used to tell with great glee.

250. APPEARANCES, Meaning of. A preacher out West, Mr. H—, was a good man, but very rough in his ways, and very much given to chewing tobacco. One time he was riding on horseback through the country, when there came on a shower.

Riding up to a cabin, he hastily hitched his horse and knocked at the door. A sharp-looking old lady answered the summons. The preacher asked for shelter. "I don't take in strangers; I don't know you," replied the old lady suspiciously. "But you know what the Bible says," said the preacher. "'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'" "You needn't quote Bible," said the old lady quickly; "no angel would come down from heaven with a quid of tobacco in his mouth as you have!" The door was shut, and the preacher unhitched his horse and rode away in the rain.—*Christian Register*.

251. APPEARANCES, Never be discouraged by. A minister in America was once called from home to officiate for a Sabbath in a cold and dreary church. When he entered it the wind howled and windows clattered. There was no stove; a few persons in the church were beating their hands and feet to keep them from freezing. He asked himself, "Can I preach? Of what use can it be? Can any of these few people sing the words if I read a hymn?" He concluded to make a trial, and read, "Jesus, lover of my soul." "They commenced," remarks he in narration, "and the sound of a single female voice has followed me with an indescribably pleasing sensation ever since, and probably will while I live. The voice, intonation, articulation, and expression seemed to me perfect. I was warmed inside and out, and for the time was lost in rapture. I had heard of the individual and voice before; but hearing it in this dreary situation made it doubly grateful. Never did I preach with more satisfaction to myself; and from this incident I learned two lessons—first, the importance of the voice and heart speaking together; and second, never to be discouraged from unfavourable appearances, but where duty calls go to work cheerfully without wavering."—*Preacher's Lantern*.

252. APPETITE, Conflict with. A lawyer in Iowa said, "I have not tasted drink for five years; but when I take up a newspaper and simply read that a man has drunk a glass of whisky, I want it. I have to lock the door, and for twenty-four hours with grinding teeth battle with the desire to get drink that has crept all over me in every nerve and fibre of my frame; I shall have to fight that appetite as long as I live, and, by God's help, I mean to fight it through."—*J. B. Gough*.

253. APPETITE for Divine things wanted. The Reverend Mr. Walker, of Muthil, was preaching in a neighbouring parish. Next day he was met by one of the resident landowners, who explained to the reverend gentleman that he had not been hearing him on the Sabbath afternoon, as he felt he could not *digest* more than one sermon. "I rather think," said Mr. Walker, "the appetite is more at fault than the digestion."—*Rev. C. Rogers, LL.D.*

254. APPETITE grows by eating. One day, when Jacques Amyot was soliciting a valuable abbey of Charles IX., the King said to him, "What! you said if you had a thousand crowns a year you should be satisfied—and I think you have as much, and more." "Ah, sire," replied Amyot, "a man's appetite grows by eating."—*Christian Age*.

255. APPETITE, Master of. No man whose appetites are his masters can perform his duties with strictness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influences must first become superior to his own passions. When the Roman General, sitting at supper with a plate of turnips before him, was solicited by a large promise to betray his trust, he asked the messengers whether he that could sup on turnips was a man likely to sell his country.—*Dr. Johnson.*

256. APPETITE, Perils of. Cato the Censor, rebuking the Romans for their luxury, said, "It is hard, fellow-citizens, to address the stomach, because it has no ears." Pointing to a man who had squandered an estate near the sea, he pretended to admire him, saying, "What the sea could not swallow without great difficulty this man has gulped down with perfect ease."—*Cyclopædia of Biography.*

257. APPETITE, Ungovernable. William Collins, the painter, notes in his diary a certain dinner where he sat next to H—, who took some highly-seasoned omelet. "I asked him how he could venture on such stuff; he said he could not resist it, though he knew how he should suffer from it. He took a great deal of wine to overcome the effects of the omelet, and assured me he should be ill for four days after such a dinner, and that he always suffered in the same way. How absurd such weakness appears, and yet how common it is!"—*Francis Jacox.*

258. APPETITE, Unrestrained, cause of death. The lampreys that were one too many for Henry the king were one too many for Thrale the brewer. He begged some of an old friend, and the old friend complied, despite the frowns and negative signals of the ladies of the house, whom, following out of the room, the too compliant visitor thus made his apology to Mrs. Thrale—"I understand you, madam, but *must* disobey. A friend who has known me thirty-six years shall not ask a favour of me in his last stage of life and be refused." "What difference can it make?" Tears stood in his eyes and Mrs. Thrale's own—*les larmes dans la voix*—prevented all reply. What difference did it make? That day was Mr. Thrale's last.—*Francis Jacox.*

259. APPLAUSE, Danger of. Mr. Hervey, being in company with a person who was paying him some compliments on account of his writings, replied, laying his hand to his heart, "Oh, sir, you would not strike the sparks of applause if you knew how much corrupt tinder I have within."

260. APPLAUSE, Worth of. When Napoleon was returning from his successful wars in Austria and Italy, amid the huzzas of the people, Bourrienne remarked to him that "it must be delightful to be greeted with such demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration." "Bah!" replied Napoleon, "this same unthinking crowd, under a slight change of circumstances, would follow me just as eagerly to the scaffold."

261. APPLICATION, Fruits of. Cruden, the author of the "Concordance," received a liberal education, being destined for the ministry. In consequence of a calamity which overtook him when about the age of nineteen, he was never ordained, and throughout the whole of his after life he was subject to an intellectual infirmity and overclouding

of the mind, which left him little respite. And yet what a legacy for the thoughtful students of God's Word he has left behind him! How many hundreds of highly gifted men who never knew what a day's illness or mental aberration was have gone without leaving the world under one tithe of the obligation it ought to feel to poor, much-afflicted Cruden.—*B.*

262. APPLICATION in preaching, Objection to. A farmer went to hear John Wesley preach. The farmer was not a converted man; he cared little about religion; on the other hand, he was not what we call a bad man. His attention was soon excited and riveted. John said he should take up three topics of thought—he was speaking greatly about money. His first head was, "*Get all you can.*" The farmer nudged a neighbour and said, "This is strange preaching. I never heard the like of this before. This is very good. Yon man has got things in him; it is admirable preaching." John discoursed of "Industry," "Activity," "Living to purpose," and reached his second division, which was, "*Save all you can.*" The farmer became more excited. "Was there ever anything like this?" he said. Wesley denounced thriftlessness and waste, and he satirised the wilful wickedness which lavishes in luxury; and the farmer rubbed his hands, and he thought, "All this have I been from my youth up;" and what with getting, and what with hoarding, it seemed to him that "salvation had come to his house." But Wesley advanced to his third head, which was, "*Give all you can.*" "Ay dear, ay dear," said the farmer; "he has gone and spoilt it all." There was now no further point of contact, no interest in the farmer's mind.—*Preacher's Lantern.*

263. APPLICATION, Want of. An eminent Frenchman hit off in a single phrase the characteristic quality of the inhabitants of a particular district, in which a friend of his proposed to settle and buy land. "Beware," said he, "of making a purchase there; I know the men of that department; the pupils who come from it to our veterinary school at Paris *do not strike hard upon the anvil*; they want energy, and you will not get a satisfactory return on any capital you may invest there."—*Smiles.*

264. APPROPRIATENESS, Want of. A good story is told of a lady who, during the Crimean War, was distributing tracts to the occupants of a ward in a hospital, and was excessively shocked to hear one poor fellow laugh at her. She then stopped to reprove the wretched patient. "Why, ma'am," said he, "you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing when I have got both my legs shot off."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

265. APPRECIATION and happiness, A Christian's. Robert Hall was gifted with an eloquence which has rarely been equalled, and endowed with a loftiness of intellect that enabled him to grapple with the mightiest themes; but all through life he was a martyr to the most distressing physical anguish, so that he had scarcely a moment that was free from excruciating pain. Yet amid all this he contrived to put into his career some of the noblest work which his generation saw, and he had a quiet happiness and sometimes even a brimming humour that were quite remarkable. Returning in his later days from spending the evening with some friends,

his daughter said to him, "Father, you did not enjoy yourself much to-night, I fear." "Yes," was the reply, "I enjoy everything; I enjoy everything;" and no man who knew Robert Hall could doubt that he spoke the truth.—*Taylor*.

266. APPRECIATION, Law of. A few years ago a Chinese professor of music was in London, and after he had attentively listened to our very best concerts, and had heard the most delightful music in Europe, his frank opinion was thus expressed—"Your music is carefully performed and with great execution, and it is interesting to hear; but I fail altogether to find in it any rhythm, any theme, or thread of design, for it appears to be a mere jingle of sounds." As a complement of this, on our part, it may be remembered that the Japanese band which performed many times in London some years ago was found by most Englishmen to have just the same "unmeaning language" for our Western ears.—*Sunday Magazine*.

267. APPRECIATION, Spiritual, Want of. Jedediah Buxton, the famous peasant, who could multiply nine figures by nine in his head, was once taken to see Garrick act. When he went back to his own village he was asked what he thought of the great actor and his doings. "Oh!" he said, "he did not know; he had only seen a little man strut about the stage and repeat 7956 words." Here was a want of the ability to appreciate what he saw, and the exercise of the reigning faculty to the exclusion of every other. Similarly our hearers, if destitute of the spiritual powers by which the Gospel is discerned, fix their thoughts on our words, tones, gestures, or countenance, and make remarks upon us which, from a spiritual point of view, are utterly absurd. How futile are our endeavours without the Holy Spirit!—*Spurgeon*.

268. APPRECIATION, Want of. A mathematician was taken by a musician to an extraordinary violin performance. The man of music was entranced, but when he turned to the mathematician and asked him whether the performance was not exquisite, the man of figures replied that it was indeed a wonderful performance; the violinist had drawn his elbow up and down 2900 times!—*Dr. Green*.

269. APPRECIATION, Want of. When the Duke of Liancourt came to announce to Louis XVI. the fall of the Bastille, the King exclaimed, "This is a revolt!" "Sire," replied the Duke, "it is a Revolution."—*Student's France*.

270. APPRECIATION, Want of. We may illustrate the differing measures in which natural objects convey knowledge to men of differing mental and spiritual capacity by the story of our great English artist. He is said to have been engaged upon one of his immortal works, and a lady of rank looking on remarked, "But, Mr. Turner, I do not see in nature all that you describe there." "Ah, madam," answered the painter, "do you not wish you could?"—*Spurgeon*.

271. APPREHENSION, Morbid. That great though morbid man, John Foster, could not heartily enjoy the summer weather for thinking how every sunny day that shone upon him was a downward step towards the winter gloom—each indication that the season was advancing, though only to

greater beauty, filling him with a sort of forecast regret. "I have seen a fearful sight to-day," he would say; "I have seen a buttercup." And we know, of course, that in his case there was nothing like affectation; it was only that, unhappily for himself, the bent of his mind was so onward looking that he saw only a premonition of December in the roses of June.—*A. K. H. B. (condensed)*.

272. APPROBATION a reward. In Herder's recollections of his father, as related by his widow, it is said—"When he was satisfied with me his face grew bright, and he laid his hand softly on my head and called me *Gottesfriede* [*God's peace*; his name was *Gottfried*]. This was my greatest, sweetest reward."—*Julius C. Hare*.

273. APPROPRIATENESS in Christian life. Peter de Dreux, cousin-german to the King of France and Bishop of Beauvais, being taken in arms by Richard I. of England, was imprisoned and fettered by him for personal injuries during his own captivity. Pope Celestine III. wrote to the King a gently remonstrating letter in favour of the prelate, which the King answered by sending the Bishop's helmet and armour to Rome, with this text, "Know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." This answer, so just and so appropriate, put a stop to the Pope's intercession, and he replied "that the coat the King had sent him did not belong to a son of the Church, but of the camp; and the prisoner, therefore, was at Richard's mercy."—*Clerical Anecdotes*.

274. APPROPRIATION, A child's. I once heard a father tell that when he removed his family to a new residence, where the accommodation was much more ample and the substance much more rich and varied than that to which they had previously been accustomed, his youngest son, yet a lisping infant, ran round every room and scanned every article with ecstacy, calling out, in childish wonder at every new sight, "Is this ours, father? and is this ours?" The child did not say "yours," and I observed that the father, while he told the story, was not offended with the freedom. You could read in his glistening eye that the infant's confidence in appropriating as his own all that his father had was an important element in his satisfaction. Such, I suppose, will be the surprise and joy and appropriating confidence with which the child of our Father's family will count all his own when he is removed from the comparatively mean condition of things present, and enters the infinite of things to come. When the glories of heaven burst upon his view he does not stand at a distance, like a stranger, saying, "O God, these are thine." He bounds forward to touch and taste every provision which those blessed mansions contain, exclaiming, as he looks in the Father's face, "Father, this and this is ours." The dear child is glad of all the Father's riches, and the Father is gladder of his dear child.—*W. Arnot*.

275. APPROVAL, The master's. One winter's day I was at the railway station at New York. There was a large crowd of persons desiring to go from New York to Boston, and we all had to pass through a narrow way by the gatekeeper. Everybody had to show his ticket, and, as usual, there were many who could not conveniently find them. They said they had them, but the gatekeeper was inexorable. "You must show your ticket," he said,

"if you please." There was both grumbling and swearing on the part of the passengers. After most of them had passed through a gentleman said to the ticket-collector, "You don't seem to be very popular with this crowd." He just cast his eyes upwards to the ceiling on the floor above, where the superintendent's office was, and said, "I don't care anything about being popular with this crowd; all I care for is to be popular with the man up there."
—*Dr. Pentecost.*

276. **APTNESS in teaching.** I heard one say the other day that a certain preacher had no more gifts for the ministry than an oyster, and in my own judgment this was a slander on the oyster, for that worthy bivalve shows great discretion in his openings, and knows when to close. If some men were sentenced to hear their own sermons it would be a righteous judgment upon them, and they would soon cry out with Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."
—*Spurgeon.*

277. **ARDOUR, Necessity of, in spiritual warfare.** Adam, the author of "Private Thoughts," once observed that "a poor country parson, fighting against the devil in his parish, has nobler ideas than Alexander the Great ever had;" and I will add, that he needs more than Alexander's ardour to enable him to continue victorious in his holy warfare.
—*Spurgeon.*

278. **ARGUMENT and conviction.** A certain disputant was once arguing a point, and finding his antagonist hard to be convinced, he reversed the nature of his argument; and lifting up a dreadful club stick which he had in his hand, says he, "If you won't believe it, I'll make you believe it."

279. **ARGUMENT and its dangers.** Madame de Staël hath published an essay against suicide, which, I presume, will make somebody shoot himself; as a sermon by Blenkinsop, in proof of Christianity, sent a hitherto most orthodox acquaintance of mine out of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist.
—*Byron.*

280. **ARGUMENT, Calmness in.** When Dr. Swift was arguing one day with great calmness, with a gentleman who had become exceedingly warm in the dispute, one of the company asked him how he could keep his temper so well. "The reason is," replied the dean, "I have truth on my side."
—*Clerical Library.*

281. **ARGUMENT, Heat in.** Dr. Johnson and Dr. Parr occasionally met, but never without some noisy argument. Once in a particularly hot contest on the liberty of the press, Johnson leaped up and remained standing, while he talked stamping loudly with his foot. Parr at once imitated his adversary. "Why do you get up and stamp, Dr. Parr?" inquired the other. "I get up and stamp," replied the little doctor, "because you got up and stamped, and I am resolved not to give you the advantage of a stamp in the argument."

282. **ARGUMENT, Heat in.** It is said that the Rev. Robert Hall, in the earlier part of his ministry, was impetuous and sometimes overbearing in argument; but if he lost his temper he was deeply humbled, and would often acknowledge himself to blame. On one of these occasions, when a discussion had become warm, and he had evinced unusual

agitation, he suddenly closed the debate, quitted his seat, and retiring to a remote part of the room, was overheard to ejaculate with deep feeling, "Lamb of God, Lamb of God, calm my perturbed spirit."

283. **ARGUMENT, Personalities in.** His Majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth, and asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, "Warburton has most general, most scholastic learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best." The King was pleased to say he was of the same opinion, adding, "You do not think then, Dr. Johnson, there was much argument in the case." Johnson said he did not think there was. "Why, truly," said the King, "*when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty much at an end.*"
—*Boswell.*

284. **ARISTOCRACY and the people.** At the commencement of the first revolution in France a gentleman of Dauphenay, anxious to support the interests of the aristocracy, said, "Think of all the blood the nobles of France have shed in battle!" A commoner replied, "And what of the blood of the people poured forth at the same time? Was that water?"

285. **ARRANGEMENT in preaching.** In a private party one evening, at which the late Andrew Fuller was present, the conversation turned on the subject of preaching, when one of the party said preaching without notes was the hardest work in the world. Mr. Fuller said it was easy enough if they went to work in the right way. "Now," he said, "if I was to tell my servant girl to go to the shop and get some sugar and blue, some coffee and starch, some cakes, some soap and some almonds, some candles and spice, some nuts and some tea, some potash and butter, she would say, 'Oh dear, sir, I never can think of all that.' Well, look here, Betty, you know to-morrow your mistress is going to have a large wash, and she will want some blue and soap, candles and potash; the next day she will have company, and will want some tea and coffee, sugar, spice, nuts, cakes, butter, and almonds. 'Thank you, sir; now I can think of them all.' So it is in preaching with good arrangement."

286. **ARROGANCE, Man's.** His Majesty of Ava is called *God*: when he writes to a foreign sovereign he calls himself the king of kings, whom all others should obey, as he is the cause of the preservation of all animals, the regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four and twenty umbrellas. These umbrellas are always carried before him as a mark of his dignity.
—*I. D'Israeli.*

287. **ARROGANCE, Man's.** The petty sovereign of an insignificant tribe in North America every morning stalks out of his hovel, bids the sun good-morrow, and points out to him with his finger the course he is to take for the day. Is this arrogance more contemptible than ours when we would dictate to God the course of His providence, and summon Him to our bar for His dealings with us? How ridiculous does man appear when he attempts to argue with his God!
—*Spurgeon.*

288. **ARROGANCE, Papal.** "You tell me I ought to submit to the civil power, that I am the subject of the King of Italy, and from him I am to

receive instructions as to the way I should exercise the civil power. I say I am liberated from all civil subjection, that my Lord made me the subject of no one on earth, king or otherwise; that in His right I am Sovereign. I acknowledge no civil superior. I am the subject of no prince, and I claim to be more than this. I claim to be the Supreme Judge and director of the consciences of men; of the peasant that tills the field, and the prince that sits on the throne; of the household that lives in the shade of privacy, and the Legislature that makes laws for kingdoms. I am the sole, last Supreme Judge of what is right and wrong."—*Cardinal Manning (quoted by G. Guinness).*

289. **ART and religion.** The Rev. A. J. Robinson of Whitechapel, speaking at the Church Congress on the subject of Art and Religion, reported that a working-man had said to him, "Well, sir! I don't know that I ever met any man who ceased to black his wife's eyes by looking at a picture."—*Nonconformist.*

290. **ART and self, Love of.** A young artist had produced an exquisite picture, the most successful of all his efforts, and even his master found nothing in it to criticise. But the young artist was so enraptured with it that he incessantly gazed at his work of art, and really believed that he would never be able to excel what he had already produced. One morning, as he was about to enjoy anew the contemplation of his picture, he found his master had entirely erased his work of art. Angry, and in tears, he ran to his master and asked the cause of this cruel treatment. The master answered, "I did it with wise forethought. The painting was good, but it was at the same time your ruin." "How so?" asked the young artist. "My beloved pupil," replied the master, "you love no longer your art in your picture, but only *yourself*. Believe me, it was not perfect, even if it did appear so; it was only a study, an attempt. Take your pencil and see what your new creation will be, and do not repent of the sacrifice." The student seized his pencil and produced his masterpiece, "The Sacrifice of Iphigenia." His name was Timanthes.—*Christian Age.*

291. **ART cannot elevate the masses.** Picture-galleries and museums have been open on Sunday for years and years to the working population of Paris, and yet the very men to whom these places are accessible for the cultivation of their minds, the training of the heart, and the elevation of the human being, are the men who burnt the Hôtel de Ville and the Tuileries, and committed many other excesses.—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*

292. **ART, Consecration of.** On one occasion only did I hear Jenny Lind express her joy in her talent and self-consciousness. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or at concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were misused and compelled either to beg or steal. "Let me," said she, "give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices." Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she was informed of this, and that

by this means a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes. "Is it not beautiful," said she, "that I can sing so?" Through her I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget one's self in the service of the Supreme."—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

293. **ART, Corruption of.** Greek statues of the days of Phidias were ruthlessly decapitated that their heads might be replaced by the scowling or imbecile features of a Gaius or a Claudius. Nero, professing to be a connoisseur, thought that he improved the Alexander of Lysimachus by gilding it from head to foot.—*Farrar.*

294. **ART, Ideal nature of.** In painting the Galatea, Raphael says himself in one of his letters that, unable to find amongst the most beautiful women that excellence which he aimed at, he made use of a certain divine form or idea which presented itself to his imagination.—*Tytler.*

295. **ART in preaching.** Two clergymen were settled in their youth in contiguous parishes. The congregation of the one had become very much broken and scattered, while that of the other remained large and strong. At a ministerial gathering Dr. A. said to Dr. B., "Brother, how has it happened that, while I have laboured as diligently as you have, and preached better sermons and more of them, my parish has been scattered to the winds, and yours remains strong and unbroken?" Dr. B. facetiously replied, "Oh, I'll tell you, brother. When you go fishing you first get a great rough pole for a handle, to which you attach a large cod line and a great hook, and twice as much bait as the fish can swallow. With these accoutrements you dash up to the brook and throw in your hook, with, 'There; bite, you dogs!' Thus you scare away all the fish. When I go fishing I get a little switching pole, a small line, and just such a hook and bait as the fish can swallow. Then I creep up to the brook and gently slip them in, and I twitch 'em out and twitch 'em out till my basket is full."—*Preacher's Lantern.*

296. **ART, Law of.** "Nothing can be true which is either complete or vacant," says Ruskin, in his comments on art; "every touch is false which does not suggest more than it represents, and every space is false which represents nothing." And William M. Hunt once gave as a reason for the "charming" and "poetic" character of a painting by Corot, "It is because it's not what people call a finished painting. There is room for imagination in it. It is poetic. Finish up, as they call it, make everything clear and distinct, and anybody sees all there is in about a minute. A minute is long enough for a picture of that sort, and you never want to look at it again."—*Christian Age.*

297. **ART, Worth of.** The victorious Napoleon demanded twenty of the choicest pictures of the Duke of Parma to be sent to the Museum of Paris. To save one of these works of art—the celebrated picture of St. Jerome—the Duke offered two hundred thousand dollars. Napoleon declined the sum, stating to the army, "The sum which he offers will soon be spent, but the possession of such a masterpiece at Paris will adorn that capital for ages, and give birth to similar exertions of genius."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

298. **ARTICLES, Estimate of.** A young gentleman, applying to a modern bishop for orders, and appearing in conversation to be an honest, hearty fellow, his lordship put to him the following plain question: "Pray, sir, did you ever read the Articles?" "Why, faith, my lord," said he, "to speak the truth, I cannot say I ever did." The reply of the right reverend father in God was. "So much the better; I wish I had never read them myself."—*Buck.*

299. **ARTICLES, Futility of.** Xerxes, we are told, ordered the non-conforming waves of the ocean to be scourged with rods and confined within certain boundaries, in imitation of which sapient example, our Church has provided a cat-o'-thirty-nine-tails to lash back the tide of human thought, and circumscribe the illimitable range of opinion. In both instances the success has been worthy of the attempt.—*Horace Smith.*

300. **ASCETICISM and consecration.** John Wesley, before his conversion, anxiously seeking rest for his soul, proposed to himself a solitary life in one of the Yorkshire dales. His wise mother interposed, admonishing him prophetically "that God had better work for him to do." He travelled some miles to consult "a serious man." "The Bible knows nothing of a solitary religion," says this good man, and Wesley turned about his face toward that great career which was to make his history a part of the history of his country and of the world.—*Stevens (condensed).*

301. **ASSENT, what it is worth sometimes.** A gentleman being at the point of death, a monk from the next convent came to see what he could pick up, and said to the gentleman, "Sir, will you give so and so to our monastery?" The dying man, unable to speak, replied by a nod of the head, whereupon the monk, turning to the gentleman's son, said, "You see, your father makes us this bequest." The son said to the father, "Sir, is it your pleasure that I kick this monk downstairs?" The dying man nodded as before, and the son forthwith drove the monk out of doors.—*Luther.*

302. **ASSOCIATION, Power of.** It is recorded of the Highland emigrants to Canada that they wept because the heather, a few plants of which they had brought from their native moors, would not grow in their newly-adopted soil.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

303. **ASSOCIATION, Power of.** I saw, behind a hotel in Switzerland, a fine garden, and I unexpectedly found there American flowers; and being far away from home, and half homesick, they afforded me great pleasure, and I went into ecstasy over them. Every one of them seemed like a message to me full of affection, by association; and I did not need anything to help me love and praise them.—*Beecher.*

304. **ASSOCIATIONS, Early influence of.** The negro mothers are very careful who first carries the baby, because they say, "The child is sure to take after the first person who carries it abroad."—*Family Circle.*

305. **ASSOCIATIONS, Impure, to be avoided.** Sir Isaac Newton's most intimate friend at the university was a foreign chemist of much note and skill. Newton enjoyed his conversation exceedingly, until one day the Italian told a loose story of

a nun. This so much offended his sense of decency that he would never associate with him again.—*Life of Newton.*

306. **ASSUMPTION, Priestly.** Look now to this holy house in which we are assembled [Sarsfield Rock Church]. This morning it was but an ordinary edifice. It may have served, to be sure, the ends of a church, but it was in reality nothing more than a profane building employed for sacred purposes. The priests and people of this parish did not wish that it should continue so any longer, but desired that an offering of it should be made to God. They intimated to me this, their laudable desire; and hence, brethren, I am here to-day as an envoy from the Court of Heaven unto you. On the part of God, my Master, I have officially accepted this present at your hands, and with prayers, and psalmody, and mystic rites, have dedicated it irrevocably to religion. It is no longer yours. It is now a sacred edifice. It is now God's own house, and "His eyes and His heart shall be there for ever."—*R. C. Archbishop of Cashel.*

307. **ASSURANCE and Christ.** When Antigonus was ready to engage in a sea-fight with Ptolemy's armada, the pilot cried out, "How many they are more than we!" "Tis true," said the courageous king, "if you count their numbers, they surpass us; but for how many do you value me?" And so the ground of our assurance rests not in ourselves, or anything that is ours,—if it did it would be presumption—it rests in Christ and what He has done.—*B.*

308. **ASSURANCE and hope.** Archbishop Leighton was conversing one day, in his wonted strain of holy animation, of the blessedness of being fixed as a pillar in the heavenly Jerusalem to go no more out, when he was interrupted by a near relation exclaiming, "Ah! but you have assurance." "No, truly," he replied, "only a good hope, and a great desire to see what they are doing on the other side, for of this world I am heartily weary."—*Whitecross.*

309. **ASSURANCE, Christian.** The celebrated Philip de Morney, Prime Minister of Henry IV. of France, one of the greatest statesmen and the most exemplary Christian of his age, being asked, a little before his death, if he still retained the same assured hope of future bliss which he had so comfortably enjoyed during his illness, he made this memorable reply, "I am as confident of it from the incontestable evidence of the Spirit of God, as I ever was of any mathematical truth from all the demonstrations of Euclid."

310. **ASSURANCE, Christian.** Two men were riding in a street car together. One was a skilled infidel and controversialist, the other was a simple-hearted Christian layman. The infidel sought to provoke an argument as to the Bible and its truths. The believer's response was, "I cannot argue the case with you. I am not competent for that. But this I do know, with all my heart I trust the Lord Jesus as my Saviour. I only wish you had the joy in Him I have." The infidel's unexpected answer came promptly, "There you have got me. I can't answer that."

311. **ASSURANCE, Christian, lost and found.** The Bishop of Exeter in the course of a conversa-

tion mentioned that, many years since, while walking by a river he lost his watch and chain, which he supposed had been pulled from his pocket by the bough of a tree. Some time afterwards, when staying in the same neighbourhood, he took a stroll by the side of the river and came to the secluded spot where he had lost his valuables, and there, to his surprise and delight, he found them. So with Christians who have lost their first love. They have only to retrace their steps like Bunyan's pilgrim when he had slept in the bowers of ease. Assurance comes again, as it came at first by prayer, and penitence, by diligent and conscientious search for it Godward and Christward.—*B.*

312. ASSURANCE, Christian, realised. Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, eminent for learning and for consecration, when asked by one of his students at Princeton whether he always had full assurance of faith, replied, "Yes, except when the wind blows from the east!"—*Talmage.*

313. ASSURANCE, Christian, unrealised. Job Throgmorton, a Puritan minister, who was described by his contemporaries "as being as holy and choice a preacher as any in England," is said to have lived thirty-seven years without any comfortable assurance as to his spiritual condition. When dying he addressed the venerable John Dod—"What will you say of him who is going out of the world and can find no comfort?" "What will you say of Him," replied Mr. Dod, "who, when He was going out of the world, found no comfort, but cried, 'My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?'"—*Christian Age.*

314. ASSURANCE, Modest. "You have your feet upon the Rock," said a friend to Wilberforce. "I do not venture to speak so positively," said the modest philanthropist, "but I hope I have."

315. ASSURANCE to be sought. In fencing the communion-table, according to the Scotch method, Mr. Gregor of Bowhill once said, "If you cannot come *with* assurance, come *for* assurance."—*Dr. Wilson.*

316. ASSURANCE, Trust in. Two men were at work in a mine near Liskeard, blasting in a level. Not till the fuse was lit for effecting their purpose did they discover that the "riddle," or basket, which was let down to carry them out of danger, was only large enough for one. The elder man, a class-leader, it is said, insisted on his younger companion mounting without him, as, he said, he had himself assurance of salvation, while his comrade might risk soul as well as body. He crouched down in a corner, and the explosion passed safely over his head.—*Merivale's Historical Studies.*

317. ASSURANCE, Results of. William Gurnall, writing his famous and delightful lectures at a time when London Bridge was covered with houses, says—"It is commonly known that those who live on London Bridge sleep as soundly as those who live at Whitehall or Cheapside, well knowing that the waves which roar under them cannot hurt them." "David," he continued, "sang a merry song in the cave of Adullam. 'My heart is fixed, O God; my heart is fixed.' Thus a man persuaded and assured of God's love unto him sings as merry as a nightingale; though the sharp thorn be in his breast, lies at ease on a hard bed, and sleeps quietly

over the floods of trouble and sorrow."—*Preacher's Lantern.*

318. ATHEISM and death. "I may as well tell you I don't believe in God Almighty," said a working man one day, plainly, when asked to use the prayer on the back of a pledge he had just taken. "You won't object to my using it here then, though you don't believe in it?" "Oh no, not if you think it'll do any good," he replied civilly. One day he said, "I've a cousin an infidel. He lectures in the street. I daresay you've seen him. He says he shall live and die an infidel." "We have not seen his deathbed yet, have we?" I said. Our friend's manner changed at the word, "deathbed." "Ah, *that's it!*" he said gravely, "*that's the great test.*"—*C. C. Liddell.*

319. ATHEISM, Answer to. To demand evidence of moral truths, which is inconsistent with the nature of such truth, is uncandid and absurd. The method of the Quaker in dealing with the Atheist is a good one. Said the latter, "Did you ever see God?" "No." "Did you ever feel God?" "No." "Did you ever smell God?" "No." "Do you believe there is any God?" The Quaker then asked the infidel, "Friend, did thee ever see thy brains?" "No." "Did thee ever feel thy brains?" "No." "Did thee ever smell thy brains?" "No." "*Dost thee think thee has any brains?*"

320. ATHEISM, Blasphemy of. During the days of the Commune in Paris, Chaplains were prohibited from offering their last services to the dying. An exception was made on one occasion. The permit allowing a priest to be passed into a prison concluded thus, "He says he is a servant of somebody called God" [*le nommé Dieu*].—*Samuel Smiles.*

321. ATHEISM, Effects of. A servant, upon whom the irreligious conversation continually passing at his master's table had produced its natural effect, took an opportunity to rob him. Being apprehended, and urged to give a reason for his misconduct, he said, "Sir, I had heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, no punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well, but had you no fear," asked the master, "of the death which the law of your country inflicts upon the crime?" "Sir," rejoined the servant, looking sternly at his master, "what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the less?"

322. ATHEISM, Expression of. "I have swept the heavens with my telescope and have found no God."—*Lalande.*

323. ATHEISM, Folly of. Amid these scenes—surrounded by the sublimest demonstrations of the eternal power and Godhead of the Almighty—a wretch has had the hardihood to avow and record his Atheism, having written over against his name in the Album at Montanvert, "An Atheist." It seems as if some emotions of shame touched him at the time, for he has written it in Greek. It caught the eye of a divine who succeeded him, and he very properly wrote underneath, in the same language, "*If an Atheist, a fool; if not, a liar.*"—*Raffles (Alpine Tour).*

324. ATHEISM, Folly of. During the Reign of Terror the French were declared to be a nation of Atheists by the National Assembly; but a brief experience convinced them that a nation of Atheists could not long exist. Robespierre then proclaimed in the Convention that belief in the existence of a God was necessary to those principles of virtue and morality upon which the republic was founded, and on the 7th of May the national representatives, who had so lately prostrated themselves before the Goddess of Reason, voted by acclamation that "the French people acknowledged the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

325. ATHEISM, Impiety of. When a bishop of Paris, in 1871, was brought before Raoul Rigault, one of the boldest of the communists, the venerable ecclesiastic, addressing his accusers, said, "Children, what do you wish to do with me?" "We are your betters," said Rigault, who was hardly thirty years of age. "Speak as if to your superiors. Who are you?" The bishop, whose charities had been known in Paris for a generation, replied, "I am the servant of God." "Where does He live?" asked Rigault. "Everywhere," was the answer. "Very well," said the communist; "send this bishop to prison, and issue an order for the arrest of one God, who lives everywhere." That order was never executed; but until God can be arrested communism (or any sin) cannot succeed.—*Joseph Cook.*

326. ATHEISM in high places. John Francis Pico, nephew of Pico of Mirandola, speaks of one Pico who did not believe in God, and of another who, having acknowledged to a friend his disbelief in the immortality of the soul, appeared to him one night after death and said, "Alas! the eternal fire that is now consuming me makes me feel but too sensibly the immortality of that soul which I had thought would die with the body."—*D'Aubigne.*

327. ATHEISM rebuked. Sir Isaac Newton had among his acquaintances a philosopher who was an Atheist. It is well known that the illustrious man, who takes the first rank as a mathematician, natural philosopher, and astronomer, was at the same time a Christian. He had in his study a celestial globe, on which was an excellent representation of the constellations and the stars which compose them. His Atheist friend, having come to visit him one day, was struck with the beauty of this globe. He approached it, examined it, and, admiring the work, he turned to Newton and said to him, "Who made it?" "No one!" replied the celebrated philosopher. The Atheist understood, and was silent.—*Christian Age.*

328. ATHEISM, Recovery from. Francis Junius, whom, at his death, it was remarked by Scaliger, the whole world lamented as its instructor, was recovered from Atheism by simply perusing John i. 1-5. Persuaded by his father to read the New Testament, "At first sight," he says, "I fell unexpectedly on that august chapter of St. John the Evangelist, 'In the beginning was the Word,' &c. I read part of the chapter, and was so struck with what I read that I instantly perceived the divinity of the subject and the authority and majesty of the Scripture to surpass greatly all human eloquence."—*R. Turnbull.*

329. ATHEISM refuted. That champion of the truth dealt the Atheist a crushing blow who told him that the very feather with which he penned his words, "There is no God," refuted the audacious lie.—*Guthrie.*

330. ATHEISM, Results of. One day that D'Alembert and Condorcet were dining with Voltaire, they proposed to converse of Atheism, but Voltaire stopped them at once. "Wait," said he, "till my servants have withdrawn; I do not wish to have my throat cut to-night."

331. ATHEIST a fool. Dr. Marshall, a lecturer on human anatomy, had deeply studied the construction and laws of man, and was never happier than when explaining them. He once devoted a whole lecture to display the profound science that was visible in the formation of the double hinges of our joints. Such was the effect of his demonstrations that an inquisitive friend, who had accompanied Dr. Turner to the lecture, with sceptical inclinations, suddenly exclaimed with great emphasis, "A man must be a fool indeed who, after duly studying his own body, can remain an Atheist." I felt, says the doctor, as he did, but had not been aware that his objecting mind was spontaneously working itself into so important a conviction.

332. ATHEISTS in part. St. Cyril speaks of a certain people that chose to worship the sun because he was a day god; for, believing that he was quenched every night in the sea, or that he had no influence upon them that light up candles and lived by the light of fire, they were confident they might be Atheists all night and live as they list.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

333. ATONEMENT, Accepted. There is a legend that on that night of the Exodus a young Jewish maiden—the first-born of the family—was so troubled on her sick-bed that she could not sleep. "Father," she anxiously inquired, "are you sure that the blood is there?" He replied that he had ordered it to be sprinkled on the lintel. The restless girl will not be satisfied until her father has taken her up and carried her to the door to see for herself; and lo! the blood is not there! The order had been neglected, and before midnight the father makes haste to put on his door the sacred token of protection. The legend may be false; but it teaches a very weighty and solemn admonition to every sinful soul who may be near eternity and is not yet sheltered under the Atonement of Jesus Christ.—*Cuyler.*

334. ATONEMENT a necessity. A lady, being visited with a violent disorder, was under the necessity of applying for medical assistance. Her doctor, being a gentleman of great latitude in his religious sentiments, endeavoured in the course of his attendance to persuade his patient to adopt his creed, as well as to take his medicines. He frequently insisted, with a considerable degree of dogmatism, that repentance and reformation were all that either God or man could require of us, and that consequently there was no necessity for an Atonement by the sufferings of the Son of God. As this was a doctrine the lady did not believe, she contented herself with following his medical prescriptions, without embracing his creed. On her recovery she forwarded a note to the doctor, desiring the favour of his company to

tea when it suited his convenience, and requesting him to make out his bill. In a short time he made his visit, and the tea-table being removed, she addressed him as follows:—"My long illness has occasioned you a number of journeys; and I suppose, doctor, you have procured my medicines at considerable expense." The doctor acknowledged that "good drugs were not to be obtained but at a very high price." Upon which she replied, "I am extremely sorry that I have put you to so much labour and expense, and also promise that, on any future indisposition, I will never trouble you again. So you see I both repent and reform." The doctor, immediately shrugging up his shoulders, exclaimed, "That will not do for me." "*The words of the wise are as goods.*"—*Whitcross.*

335. ATONEMENT a necessity. In a conversation which the Rev. Mr. Innes had with an infidel on his sick-bed, he told him that when he was taken ill he thought he would rely on the general mercy of God; that as he had never done anything very bad, he hoped all would be well. "But as my weakness increased," he added, "I began to think, Is not God a just Being, as well as merciful? Now what reason have I to think He will treat me with mercy, and not with justice? And if I am treated with justice," he said, with much emotion, "WHERE AM I?"

"I showed him," says Mr. Innes, "that this was the *very difficulty* the gospel was sent to remove, as it showed how mercy could be exercised in perfect consistency with the strictest demands of justice, while it was bestowed through the Atonement made by Jesus Christ. After explaining this doctrine, and pressing it on his attention and acceptance, one of the last things he said to me before leaving him was, 'Well, I believe it must come to this. I confess I see here a solid footing to rest on, which, on my former principles, I could never find.'"—*Arvine.*

336. ATONEMENT a refuge. Out in our Western country, in the autumn, when men go hunting, and there has not been any rain for months, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire, and when the wind is strong the flames may be seen rolling along, twenty feet high, destroying man and beast in the onward rush. When the frontiersmen see what is coming, what do they do to escape? They know they cannot run as fast as that fire can run. Not the fleetest horse can escape it. They just take a match and light the grass around them. The flames sweep onwards; they take their stand in the burnt district and are safe. They hear the flames roar as they come along; they see death bearing down upon them with resistless fury, but they do not fear. They do not even tremble as the ocean of flame surges around them, for over the place where they stand the fire has already passed, and there is no danger. There is nothing for the fire to burn. And there is one spot on earth that God has swept over. Eighteen hundred years ago the storm burst on Calvary, and the Son of God took it into His own bosom; and now, if we take our stand by the Cross, we are safe for time and for eternity.—*Moody.*

337. ATONEMENT and preaching. As to finding in my system and teaching very little place for the Atonement and for the Saviour, I have to say that but for my belief in the Atonement and in the Saviour I should not preach at all. I have

literally nothing else to preach. Everything else is incidental to that one great central and controlling fact. There are two things that are fundamental to me. One is the helplessness of the human race. As I grow older, and take a wider view, and look more discriminatingly at things, my sense of the piteousness of the human race augments. On some days it is a burden greater than I can bear; the problem is sometimes intolerable; and if it were not for my faith that over against this condition of things in creation there is the revelation of a God who administers a government that is precisely adapted to this state of facts I should die. But I hold that God has in Himself all that is necessary for weakness, for ignorance, for forgetfulness, for weariness, for falling under every one of the great temptations, all the way through life, in pleasure and in business, on the part of men.—*Beecher.*

338. ATONEMENT and preaching. When I was in one of your cities a gentleman came to me and said, "If you are right, I am wrong; and if I am right, you are wrong." I saw he was a minister, and I said, "Well I never heard you preach; if you have heard me you can tell what the difference is. Where do we differ?" "Well, you preach that it is the death of Christ; I preach His life. I tell people His death has nothing to do with it; you tell them His life has nothing to do with their salvation, and that His death only will save them. I do not believe a word of it." "Well," I said, "what do you do with this passage, 'Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree'?" "Well, I never preached on that text." "What do you do with this, then, 'Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ'?" I never preached on that text either," was the reply. "Well, what do you do with this, 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission'?" "I never spoke on that," he said. "What do you do with this, 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, and the chastisement of our peace was upon Him'?" "I never preached on that either." "What do you preach, then?" I asked. He hesitated for a little, and then said, "I preach moral essays." "You leave out the Atonement?" "Yes." "Well," I said, "it would all be a sham to me if I did that; I could not understand it. I would be away home to-morrow. I would not know what to preach. Moral essays on Christ without His death!" The young man said, "Well, it does seem a sham sometimes." He was honest enough to confess that. Why, the whole thing is a myth without the at-onement. The crucifixion of Christ is the foundation of the whole matter.—*Moody.*

339. ATONEMENT and revelation, Necessity for. Men are the subjects of three very ancient evils—sin, ignorance, and death. When I survey all the religions which have appeared in the world, all the sects of philosophers, all the arts which have been invented against these three evils, I seem to behold human nature in the situation of those diseased persons who, amongst certain nations, used to be placed at the door of their houses, that every passer-by might contribute his advice or medicine for their cure. For want of skilful physicians and a solid and regular practice, to which they were strangers, all were in the habit of prescribing for their neighbours, and each individual

communicated the result of his own experience.—*Daniel de Superville.*

340. ATONEMENT applied. Luther once imagined Satan coming to him with a long catalogue of sins, and saying, "These are your sins: how dare you hope for heaven?" But Luther answered, "Those sins are mine, as you say; but over them is written, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

341. ATONEMENT, Difficulty of defining. I can only just draw out the Scripture statements and leave them. As to the Atonement, I am like the man who was required to explain what God is—"I know if I am not asked."—*Thomas Binney.*

342. ATONEMENT essential. Dr. Rogers, of Albany, gives an account of the conversion of a moralist by a dream. The man thought he died, and, coming to the door of heaven, saw over it, "None can enter here but those who have led a strictly moral life." He felt perfectly able on that condition, but was stopped by one and another whom in some way he had wronged. He was in despair, till the words over the door gradually faded away, and in their place came, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." He awoke, and realised that without forgiveness through an Atonement there was no hope for man.—*From "Seeds and Sheaves."*

343. ATONEMENT, Extent of. Rev. Mr. H—— was for many years co-pastor with the Rev. Matthew Wilks, of the congregations at the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Chapel, London. His venerable colleague, who called upon him a few hours before his death, in a characteristic conversation, said, "Is all right for another world?" "I am very happy," said Mr. H——. "Have you made your will?" Mistaking the question, "The will of the Lord be done," said the dying Christian. "Shall I pray with you?" "Yes, if you can;" alluding to Mr. Wilks's feelings, at that moment considerably excited. After prayer, "Well, my brother, if you had a hundred souls, could you commit them all to Christ now?" alluding to an expression Mr. H—— frequently used in the pulpit. With a mighty and convulsive effort he replied, "A million!"

344. ATONEMENT, Extent of. Des Barreaux, a foreigner of eminent station, had been a great profligate, and afterwards became a great penitent. He composed a piece of poetry after his conversion, the leading sentiment of which was to the following effect:—"Great God, Thy judgments are full of righteousness; Thou takest pleasure in the exercise of mercy; but I have sinned to such a height that justice demands my destruction, and mercy itself seems to solicit my perdition. Disdain my tears, strike the blow, and execute Thy judgments. I am willing, even in perishing, to submit, and adore the equity of Thy procedure. But on what place will the stroke fall that is not covered with the blood of Christ?"

345. ATONEMENT illustrated. Some 350 years before the birth of Christ a great chasm opened in the Forum at Rome, which the soothsayers declared could only be filled up by throwing into it Rome's greatest treasure. Thereupon Mettus Curtius, a young and noble Roman knight, arrayed himself in full armour, and mounted his

charger, and, declaring that Rome possessed no greater treasure than a brave and gallant citizen, leaped into the chasm, upon which the earth closed over him.

346. ATONEMENT, Infidel attack of. What would you think if there were to be an insurrection in a hospital, and sick man should conspire with sick man, and on a certain day they should rise up and reject the doctors and nurses? There they would be—sickness and disease within, and all the help without! Yet what is a hospital compared to this fever-ridden world, which goes swinging in pain and anguish through the centuries, where men say, "We have got rid of the Atonement, and we are rid of the Bible"? Yes, and you have rid yourselves of salvation.—*Becher.*

347. ATONEMENT in nature. A young man came to me (it was so many years ago that nobody present will recognise the case) and said, "I have been the confidential clerk in a business house, and through my hands have passed large sums of money; and by a single act I have done wrong." He was sent to sell bonds. It was on Wednesday. The price had gone up. He turned over to his employer the price of Tuesday, and put into his own pocket the balance of the price of Wednesday. His conscience was keen, and reproached him, and he instantly told his employer what he had done. The employer was going to turn the young man out of his office. After he came to me I went to the employer, and said, "Do not have two fools in one shop. This young man has been fool enough; he has committed a fault; he has slid into it without seeing its measure; and when he shows repentance, and comes right back to you with a statement of his wrong-doing, trust him again. He is not going to fail in the same spot twice. You never had so safe a man in your employ as he will be to you." He believed it, and has kept the man to this day; and it has been just as I told him it would be. A man can go a certain way, if he choose to take the chances; and to a limited extent nature and society are remedial. A man that breaks his leg does not necessarily break it for ever. A man may go through a season of debauch and recover from it if he attend to it speedily. There is a limited amount of atonement in nature.—*Becher.*

348. ATONEMENT, Power of. Christmas Evans, a Welsh minister, preaching on the depravity of man by sin, and of his recovery by the death of Christ, said—"Brethren, if I should compare the natural state of man, I should conceive of an immense graveyard, filled with yawning sepulchres and dying men. All around are lofty walls and massive iron gates. At the gate stands Mercy, sad spectatress of the melancholy scene. An angel flying through the midst of heaven, attracted by the awful sight, exclaims, 'Mercy, why do you not enter and apply to these objects of compassion the restoring balm?' Mercy replies, 'Alas! I dare not enter; Justice bars the way.' By her side a form appeared like unto the Son of Man. 'Justice,' He cried, 'what are thy demands that Mercy may enter and stay the carnival of death?' 'I demand,' said Justice, 'pain for their ease; degradation for their dignity; shame for their honour; death for their life.' 'I accept the terms: now Mercy, enter.' 'What pledge do you give for the performance of these conditions?' 'My word,

my oath.' 'When will you fulfil them?' 'Four thousand years hence, on the hill of Calvary.' The bond was sealed in the presence of attendant angels, and committed to patriarchs and prophets. A long series of rites and ceremonies, sacrifices and oblations, was instituted, to preserve the memory of that solemn deed; and at the close of the four thousandth year behold at the foot of Calvary the incarnate Son of God! Justice too was there, presenting the dreadful bond to the Redeemer, and demanding the fulfilment of its awful terms. He accepted the deed, and together they ascended to the summit of the mount. Mercy was seen attendant at His side, and the weeping Church followed in His train. When He had reached the top, what did He with the bond? Did He tear it in pieces, and scatter it to the winds of heaven? Oh! no, He nailed it to His cross. And when the wood was prepared, and the devoted willing sacrifice stretched on the tree, Justice sternly cried, 'Holy fire, come down from heaven and burn this sacrifice.' Holy fire replied, 'I come, I come; and when I have consumed this sacrifice, I will burn the universe.' The fire descended, rapidly consumed His humanity, but when it touched His Deity, expired! Then did the heavenly hosts break forth in rapturous strains, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and goodwill toward men.'"

349. ATONEMENT, Resting in. Some time ago a vessel named the *William and Ann* was wrecked near Dunbar. The night was terribly tempestuous with wind and snow, and the crew had to take refuge at the mast-heads from the sea that was breaking over the ship. Here, with difficulty, from the rolling of the vessel and the coldness of the night, did the poor seamen hold on, with no eye upon them but the eye of God. All were expecting death every moment. The men were in the greatest state of alarm, amid the roar of the tempest, begging the captain to pray for them, the hardest sinner crying the loudest for mercy. But while the captain did what he could to direct them to the Saviour, he felt that he had enough to do in trimming his own lamp in that awful hour. He was absorbed with thoughts of his own safety; his mind ran from one thing to another; he looked first to his feelings, but these afforded him no comfort; he looked next to his practice, but with so much evil and shortcoming attached to everything he did that his works would not bear inspection. He next thought on his labours for the salvation of his fellow-men—preaching in every port he entered; but these furnished no solid ground of hope or peace; imperfection marked all his doings; and his heart was ready to sink within him, when a happy thought, doubtless from the Spirit of God, entered his mind. It was as if these words had been whispered in his ear, "Look to Jesus; you have His Atonement. What more would you have?"

Immediately, as if a load had been removed from his shoulders, his soul bounded into light and liberty. Just after this the ship was thrown over a large rock, and captain and crew eventually reached the shore, to give thanks to God for their most marvellous deliverance.—*H. L. Hastings.*

350. ATONEMENT, Resting in. A friend of mine had been told that the word of life was contained in his Bible. He went quietly home, and he said, "If it is there I will find it." He began with

Genesis; he could not see anything about salvation in the first chapter; he went to the second chapter, to the third, and all through Genesis, and then got into Exodus, but he could not understand it a bit; then when he came to Leviticus and all the beasts of sacrifice, he thought, "I cannot see what is meant by it." But he was not to be beaten. He was wanting *salvation*, and he was told it was there. He went on further, until in due course of time he reached that good Evangelical chapter, Isaiah liii. He read carefully until he came to the words, "By His stripes we are healed." "That is it," said he; "I have it now; we *are* healed; I am healed; there is no hoping or wishing, or 'perhaps,' or 'but,' or 'if,' we *are* healed."—*Dr. Mackay.*

351. ATONEMENT, Sufficiency of. "After five months' continual expectation that the Divine vengeance would plunge me into the bottomless pit," Cowper says, "I became so familiar with despair as to have contracted a sort of hardness and indifference as to the event. I began to persuade myself that while the execution of the sentence was suspended it would be for my interest to indulge a less horrible train of ideas than I had been accustomed to muse upon. 'Eat and drink, for to-morrow thou shalt be in hell,' was the maxim on which I proceeded. By this means I entered into conversation with the Doctor, laughed at his stories, and told him some of my own to match them; still, however, carrying a sentence of irrevocable doom in my heart."

The Word of God at last brought to him relief. He had long neglected it as in his case useless. Chancing to find a Bible in a garden, he opened it, and read the story of the raising of Lazarus from the dead. The Redeemer's character seemed to him most lovely, and he wept to think that he had sinned against so beneficent a Being. Thus penitence succeeded despair. The effect upon his mind was soothing and hopeful, and he again sought consolation in the Scriptures. The first passage at which he opened was, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." "Immediately," he says, "I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the Atonement He had made, my pardon sealed in His blood, and all the fulness and completeness of His justification. In a moment I believed, and received the Gospel."

352. ATONEMENT suited to all. The first sermon which he [Robert Hall] delivered at Cambridge, after he had assumed the office of pastor, was on the doctrine of the Atonement, and its practical tendencies. Immediately after the conclusion of the service one of the congregation, who had followed poor Mr. Robinson [his predecessor] through all his changes of sentiment, went into the vestry and said, "Mr. Hall, this preaching won't do for us; it will only suit a congregation of old women." "Do you mean my sermon, sir, or the doctrine?" "Your doctrine." "Why is it that the doctrine is fit only for old women?" "Because it may suit the musings of people tottering upon the brink of the grave, and who are eagerly seeking comfort." "Thank you, sir, for your concession. The doctrine will not *suit* people of *any* age, unless

it be true; and if it *be true*, it is not fitted for old women alone, but is equally important at *every* age."—*Dr. Olinthus Gregory.*

353. ATONEMENT the doctrine of the true Church. It is an error to believe that Christianity did not exist before the Reformation save under the Roman Catholic form. . . . Anselm of Canterbury laid down as the *very essence of Christianity* the doctrines of the Incarnation and Atonement; and in a work in which he teaches us how to die he says to the departing soul, "Look only to the merits of Jesus Christ." St. Bernard proclaimed with a powerful voice the mysteries of Redemption. "If my sin cometh from another," says he, "why should not my righteousness be granted me in the same way?" . . . Reflect above all on the thousands of souls obscure and unknown to the world who have nevertheless been partakers of the real life of Christ.

A monk named Arnoldi every day offered up this fervent prayer in his quiet cell—"O Lord Jesus Christ! I believe that Thou alone art my redemption and my righteousness." Christopher of Utenheim, a pious bishop of Basle, had his name inscribed on a picture painted on glass, which is still in that city, and surrounded it with this motto, which he desired to have continually before his eyes—"My hope is in the cross of Christ; *I seek grace and not works.*" A poor Carthusian friar named Martin wrote a touching confession, in which he says—"O most merciful God! I know that I cannot be saved and satisfy Thy righteousness than by the merits, by the most innocent passion, and by the death of Thy dearly beloved Son. Holy Jesus! all my salvation is in Thy hands." Then the good Carthusian placed his confession in a wooden box, and enclosed it in a hole he made in the walls of his cell. The piety of brother Martin *would never have been known* if the box had not been discovered in 1776 as some workmen were pulling down an old building that had formed part of the Carthusian convent at Basle.—*D'Aubigne (condensed).*

354. ATONEMENT, why not found in Scripture. Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, once said to the excellent Mr. Newton, "Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times; and it is very strange if the doctrine of Atonement, which you hold, should not have been found by me." Mr. Newton replied, "I am not surprised at this: I once went to light my candle with the extinguisher on it. Prejudices, from education, learning, &c., often form an extinguisher. It is not enough that you bring the candle; you must remove the extinguisher."

355. ATONEMENT, why offered and how. Lewis II. of France died of vexation, occasioned by the revolt of his son Lewis of Bavaria. The broken-hearted father said as he expired, "I forgive Lewis; but let him know he has been the cause of my death." The sins of men were the cause of the Messiah's death; yet in dying He declared, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

356. ATONEMENT, Worth of. A deaf and dumb scholar once wrote on the slate to his teacher, "I cannot see how Jesus Christ alone should be able to die for all men." The teacher (Charlotte Elizabeth) thought for a while how she should open his mind to the blessed truth; and then she went out and brought in a whole apronful of dead leaves,

which she put on one end of her desk; then she took off a diamond ring, and put it on the other end. The countenance of the mute scholar lighted up in a moment. "I see it now," he wrote, "Jesus is a diamond worth more than all the leaves of a dead world."

357. ATTACK in Christian warfare. Old Suwarrow's idea of war is mine—"Forward and strike! No theory! Attack! Form column! Charge bayonets! Plunge into the centre of the enemy." Our one aim is to save sinners, and this we are not to talk about, but to do in the power of God.—*Spurgeon.*

358. ATTACK must be kept up. At the battle of Meance an officer who had been doing good service came up and said, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard." The general looked at him, but made no reply, and, turning round, began speaking to some one else; upon which the engineer, thinking he had not been heard, repeated, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard." Sir Charles turned sharp round upon him, with a thundering voice, and said, "Then go and take another!"

359. ATTAINMENT, Disappointment in. The Turkish Prince Alp Arslan, dying of Joseph's dagger-stroke, bequeathed an admonition to the pride of kings which Gibbon has preserved. "Yesterday as, from an eminence, I beheld the numbers, the discipline, and the spirit of my armies, the earth seemed to tremble under my feet, and I said in my heart, 'Surely thou art the king of the world, the greatest and most invincible of warriors.' These armies are no longer mine, and in the confidence of my personal strength I now fall by the hand of an assassin." The inscription on his tomb invited those who had seen the glory of Alp Arslan exalted to the heavens to meditate upon its present burial in the dust.—*Francis Jacox.*

360. ATTAINMENTS, Christian. A story is told of a traveller in Vienna who was not a little startled at seeing the Danube water-mark on the upper story of a house far above his head. To have reached that height the river must have overflowed the entire city and drowned the people. On inquiry he was told, "Oh no! the river never rose to that height; but when the memorial was below the children used to deface it, and so the mark had been removed beyond their reach." Do not men do something like this with the high-water-mark of Christian attainments—put it beyond the reach of ordinary mortals and outside the rude jostlings of this everyday world around us? Their notion of piety is transcendental and utterly unreal—so much so that they never expect to attain to it themselves or to see any one else attaining to it.—*B.*

361. ATTAINMENTS, Christian. "It's true, Paul, you have learned this, and attained to this measure of grace; but what shall I do? Ah, poor creature! it is a hard lesson for me" [Cromwell on his deathbed] "to take out. I find it so?" But reading on to the thirteenth verse (Phil. iv.), where Paul saith, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me," then faith began to work and his heart to find support and comfort, and he said thus to himself, "He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ too," and so he drew water out of the wells of salvation.—*Paxton Hood.*

362. **ATTAINMENTS** not always to our credit. An Austrian lady once said to an English gentleman, "What miserable French you English people speak!" "You must make some allowance for us," replied the gentleman; "we never had the estimable advantage of having our capital occupied by French troops."—*Dr. Wayland.*

363. **ATTENDANCE** at worship. Change in. While the Rev. R. Watson was preaching, one Sabbath morning, at Wakefield, in York-shire, he observed a man rise from his seat to look at the clock in the front of the gallery, as though he wished to give the preacher a hint to approach to a conclusion. Mr. Watson observed, in a very significant manner, "A remarkable change has taken place among the people of this country in regard to the public services of religion. Our forefathers put their clocks on the outside of their places of worship, that they might not be too late in their attendance. We have transferred them to the inside of the house of God, lest we should stay too long in His service. A sad and ominous change!" And then, addressing the man whose rude behaviour had called forth the remark, he said, "You need be under no alarm this morning: I shall not keep you beyond the usual time."

364. **ATTENTION** and memory. There is nothing more strange than the way in which, some period of my life that I supposed to be an entire blank—if I will think about it for a little while—begins to glimmer into form. As the developing solution brings out the image on the photographic plate, so the mind has the strange power, by fixing the attention, as we say (a short word which means a long mysterious thing), upon that past that is half remembered and half forgotten, of bringing it into clear consciousness and perfect recollection. And there are instances, too, of a still more striking kind, familiar to some of us—how in what people call morbid states, men remember their childhood, which they had forgotten for long years. You may remember the old story of the dying woman beginning to speak in a tongue unknown to all that stood around her bed. When a child she had learned some Northern language, in a far-off land. Long before she had learned to shape any definite remembrance of the place she had been taken away, and not having used, had forgotten the speech. But at last there rushed up again all the old memories, and the tongue of the dumb was loosed, and she spoke!—*Maclaren.*

365. **ATTENTION** gained by that which astonishes. I sat last year about this time on the beach at Mentone by the Mediterranean Sea. The waves were very gently rising and falling, for there was little or no tide and the wind was still. The waves crept up languidly one after another, and I took little heed of them, though they were just at my feet. Suddenly, as if seized with a new passion, the sea sent up one far-reaching billow, which drenched me thoroughly. Quiet as I had been before, you can readily conceive how quickly I was on my feet, and how speedily my day-dreaming ended. I observed to a ministering brother at my side, "This shows us how to preach; to wake people up we must astonish them with something they were not looking for."—*Spurgeon.*

366. **ATTENTION**, how obtained. On one

occasion Cecil was preaching a charity sermon, one Sunday afternoon, to a large congregation, chiefly composed of the lower orders, who had probably just got up from their dinners; for they appeared heavy and sleepy. Some lounged, some turned their backs on him, until he almost felt it useless to go on. But he would not be disheartened. "I must have attention," I said to myself; "I *will* be heard. The case was desperate, and in despair I sought a desperate remedy. I exclaimed aloud, 'Last Monday morning a man was hanged at Tyburn!' Instantly the face of things was changed. All was silence and expectation. I caught their ear, and retained it throughout the sermon."

367. **ATTENTION**, Personal. Our Henry the Second is said to have always known again those he once saw. Michelet says of Lewis the Eleventh that he seemed to know every one—to know the whole kingdom, man by man. Montezuma, monarch of unhappy renown, knew the name of every man in the army, and was careful to discriminate his proper rank.—*Francis Jacoe.*

368. **ATTENTION**, Proper direction of. A nurseryman about to plant a number of young saplings, some straight and some crooked, thus reasoned with himself—"These straight saplings will no doubt grow up to be fine trees without much attention on my part; but I will see if, by proper training, I cannot make something of the crooked ones also. There will be more trouble with them, no doubt, than with the others; but for that very reason I shall be the better satisfied should I succeed."—*New Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes.*

369. **ATTENTION** secured. The Rev. John Ride often had recourse to some very novel things whereby to draw a congregation and secure attention. On one occasion he went into a very low, ignorant neighbourhood. He stood like one bewildered. With strange gestures and loud bawling the people rushed around him. He began by asking if any of them could tell him what was the current year of our Lord, and suitably remarked thereon. He then asked what was the month of the year, and then what was that day, the meaning, &c., of the Sabbath-day. Then followed an impressive sermon against Sabbath-breaking.—*J. Guest.*

370. **ATTENTION** secured. The poet Pope on one occasion said he would address a field of corn. The people wondered what he would say; when Mr. Pope, taking off his hat, and bowing to the nodding corn, said, "Gentlemen, give us your ears, and we shall never want bread."—*Guthrie.*

371. **AUDIENCE**, a polite. John Wesley always preferred the middling and lower classes to the wealthy. He said, "If I might choose, I should still, as I have done hitherto, *preach the gospel to the poor.*" Preaching in Monkton church, a large old ruinous building, he says, "I suppose it has scarce had such a congregation during this century. Many of them were gay, genteel people, so I spoke on the first elements of the gospel; but I was still out of their depth. Oh how hard it is to be *shallow* enough for a polite audience!"—*Anecdotes of the Wesleys.*

372. **AUDIENCE**, A sufficient. Parmenides, upon reading a philosophical discourse before a public assembly at Athens, and observing that,

except Plato, the whole company had left him, continued, notwithstanding, to read on, and said that Plato alone was audience sufficient for him.

373. AUDIENCE, Treatment of. When a man first comes into the pulpit he is much perplexed to see so many heads before him. When I stand there I look upon none, but imagine they are all blocks that are before me.—*Luther*.

374. AUSTERITIES, No comfort in. A person who had long practised many austerities, without finding any comfort or change of heart, was once complaining to the Bishop of Alst of his state. "Alas!" said he, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me everywhere. Only tell me when you think I shall learn to leave self. Will it be by study, or prayer, or good works?" "I think," replied the bishop, "that the place where you lose self will be that where you find your Saviour."

375. AUSTERITIES, Religious. Baron Palet contributed a strange history to the *Paris Figaro*, under the heading of "An Hour among the Dead." The dead in this case are living women who regard themselves as "dead to the world." They are, in fact, the little-known order of the Barefooted Nuns. These ladies possess a cloister in Paris, in which there are eighteen nuns and a few lay sisters who act as their servants. Fourteen of the present staff of nuns are under twenty-three years of age. The reason of this, according to Baron Palet, is terrible enough to justify the intervention of the State. The rule of the Clares is so excessively severe that nearly all the professed inmates die young. They wear a rough woollen dress, with a rope as girdle; they go barefoot on the cold stone flooring; they never warm themselves at a fire—even the kitchen fire is placed beyond their access; they eat meat only once a year; they sleep on a narrow board; they must spend ten hours every day upon their knees; they live entirely upon alms; they are only allowed to speak to one another upon rare occasions. One of the nuns, through cultivation of this grace of silence, has, it is said, actually lost the power of forming a sentence.

376. AUTHORITY, Human and Divine. Bishop Latimer having one day preached before King Henry VIII. a sermon which displeased His Majesty, he was ordered to preach again on the next Sabbath, and to make an apology for the offence he had given. After reading his text, the bishop thus began his sermon:—"Hugh Latimer, dost thou know before whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch, the King's Most Excellent Majesty, who can take away thy life if thou offendest; therefore, take heed that thou speakest not a word that may displease. But then consider well, Hugh, dost thou not know from whence thou comest—upon whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God! who is all-present! and who beholdeth all thy ways! and who is able to cast thy soul into hell! Therefore, take care that thou deliverest thy message faithfully." He then proceeded with the same sermon he had preached the preceding Sabbath, but with considerably more energy. The sermon ended, the Court were full of expectation to know what would be the fate of this honest and plain-dealing bishop. After dinner the king called for

Latimer, and, with a stern countenance, asked him how he dared to be so bold as to preach in such a manner. He, falling on his knees, replied, his duty to his God and his prince had enforced him thereto, and that he had merely discharged his duty and his conscience in what he had spoken. Upon which the king, rising from his seat, and taking the good man by the hand, embraced him, saying, "Blessed be God I have so honest a servant!"

377. AUTHORITY of the Church, False. When the Assembly met at Edinburgh in 1582, Andrew Melville inveighed against the absolute authority which was making its way into the Church, whereby he said they intended to pull the crown from Christ's head and wrest the sceptre out of His hand; and when several articles of the same tenor with his speech were presented by the Commission of the Assembly to the king and Council, craving redress, the Earl of Arran cried out, "Is there any here that dare subscribe these articles?" Upon which Melville went forward and said, "We dare, and will render our lives in the cause;" and then took up the pen and subscribed.

378. AVARICE, Greed of. A poor man, in great distress, upon one occasion called upon a wealthy old miser, and said, "I am come to ask you a very great favour." "Sit down," said the miser; "but before you ask your favour let me ask you another." "What is it?" said the poor man. "My favour," said the miser, "is, that you will ask me for nothing." "Ah!" said the poor man, "if that is the case I may as well go;" and he left the miser chuckling over his bags of gold.

379. AVARICE, Illustration of. A beggar was once met by Fortune, who promised to fill his wallet with gold, as much as he might please, on condition that whatever touched the ground should turn at once to dust. The beggar opens his wallet, asks for more and yet more, until the bag bursts, the gold has fallen to the ground, and all is lost.—*From the Russian*.

380. AVARICE overcomes affection. After service one Sunday a lady who belonged to my congregation asked me to accompany her to her father's sick chamber, and soothe and prepare him for his last hour. We found the dying man propped up in bed, perplexed and anxious, though relieved by my presence and by his recollection of my office. His other married daughter, when I entered the room, was warmly entreating him to cancel a bond for a considerable amount which he had lent to her husband. Upon hearing this his other daughter as earnestly besought him not to comply with her sister's petition, and thus to deprive her family of what they thought themselves entitled to. Hesitating and trembling, he looked first to one and then to the other, and finally to me, and entreated me to persuade his daughters to leave him in quiet, and afterwards to administer to him some religious instruction and comfort. One of them, on the contrary, now appeared to have brought me as an advocate on her behalf, and wished me to use my influence on her side. I more than once attempted to ascertain the state of his mind, but was interrupted by the renewed entreaties of his daughters and their altercations with one another. It was not his approaching death that troubled them so much as the approaching decision by death in the

affair of the lent money. Scarcely any scene could be more powerfully illustrative of the accursed passion of avarice.—*Leifchild (abridged)*.

381. AVARICE, Priestly. A young man, a Roman Catholic, had lost a daughter whom he loved intensely. After the child's death he went to the priest concerning her condition. Masses were suggested to bring the child's soul out of purgatory. Thirty shillings in English money value was asked by the priest. The father was unable to furnish this amount. He offered the priest some shillings—all, indeed, that he possessed. "No," said the priest, "I cannot offer masses for such a trifling sum." After some further words this hireling said, "I saw a young pig at your house. If you will give me I will offer high mass for the child." The bargain was struck, and the creature delivered to the priest. This man had invited me with some other priests to his house to dinner. I knew the circumstances; judge my astonishment and indignation when the uncovered dish revealed the roasted pig which had been taken from the poor and suffering father.—*Pastor Chiniquy*.

382. AVARICE, Punishment of. The Parthians, having conquered the Roman general, Crassus, who invaded their country, the Parthian king is said to have poured into his mouth melted gold, saying, "Now be satiated with what thou covetedst through life."—*Little's Historical Lights*.

383. AWAKENING, Song the means of. A gay, thoughtless young woman in Scotland was one day invited by an acquaintance to accompany her to a Moody and Sankey meeting. She declined to go, but on being further pressed, consented and went. She was not impressed by anything she heard in the course of the meeting. Indeed, she thought there was "nothing in it," and wondered why they should make so much ado about what seemed so commonplace. The last hymn, "Yet there is room," was being sung by Mr. Bonar alone. He had reached the last stanza—

"Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom,
Then the last long cry, 'No room, no room!'
'No room, no room!' oh, woe! cry, 'No room!'"

These last words of Dr. Bonar's hymn fell upon the ears of the young woman like a sudden thunder-clap. She left the meeting, but the words went with her. "No room, no room!" still rang in her ears. Conscience awoke at the sound of this warning bell. Nor could she rest until, as she trusts, she found rest in the great Redeemer.—*Dr. Pentecost*.

384. AWE, Insensible to. Sapor, as he passed under the walls of Amida, resolved to try whether the majesty of his presence would not awe the garrison into immediate submission. The sacrilegious result of a random dart, which glanced against the royal tiara, convinced him of his error.—*Gibbon*.

385. BACKSLIDER, A word in season to. A Christian young man, who had fallen into the neglect of God's house and ways of worldly and fashionable conformity, called on a deacon of the church, who was a watchmaker, and asked him to repair his watch. "What is the difficulty?" said the elder of the two. "It has lost time lately," said the young man. The deacon looked at him

with a steady and significant look, and said, "And haven't you lost time lately?" The words were the means of bringing the backslider back again to repentance and to duty.

386. BACKSLIDER and prayer. At family prayer little Mary, one evening when all was silent, looked anxiously in the face of her backsliding father, who had ceased to pray in his family, and said to him with quivering lips, "Pa, is God dead?" "No, my child—why do you ask that?" "Why, Pa, you never talk to Him now as you used to do," she replied. These words haunted the father until he was mercifully reclaimed.—*Henry T. Williams*.

387. BACKSLIDER, Death of. Francis Spira, an Italian lawyer, embraced Christianity, discovered great zeal in its diffusion, and was distinguished for his extensive knowledge of the gospel. When he found that he was likely to suffer for the sake of Christ he publicly recanted; and soon after being seized with illness, and having the prospect of death before him, he was visited by several eminent Christians, who conversed and prayed with him, but without avail. He died in a state of the most awful despair, declaring the impossibility of his finding mercy at the hands of God.—*Cyclopædia of Religious Anecdote*.

388. BACKSLIDER, Repentance of. In the reign of Queen Mary, Archbishop Cranmer became obnoxious to her persecuting spirit. She was determined to bring him to the stake; but previously employed emissaries to persuade him, by means of flattery and false promises, to renounce his faith. The good man, overcome, subscribed to the Church of Rome. His conscience smote him, however, and he returned to his former persuasion. When brought to the stake he stretched forth the hand that had made the unhappy signature, and held it in the flames till it was entirely consumed, frequently exclaiming, "That unworthy hand!" after which he patiently suffered martyrdom.

389. BACKSLIDERS, a difference in. Elder Knapp was once showing, in a sermon, the difference between a mere professor and a genuine Christian. By the way of illustration he said that if you should turn the former out of the church he would act like a *hog*, that turns round and tries to root the pen down; but that the other would be like a *lamb*, that looks wistfully towards the fold, and longs to be within it again.—*Christian Age*.

390. BACKSLIDERS, Prayer a test of. A pastor related in our hearing how he once had under his care a church blessed with many innocent women. One of the best of these, who had overworked herself, suddenly became, as she supposed, "a cast-away." She sent for her pastor, and confided to him her deplorable condition. She could not pray. To read the Bible was a hated task; she must be a castaway. The pastor considered for a while; then he said, "Have you confidence enough in me to do exactly what I tell you?" "Certainly," she replied; she had full confidence in her pastor's judgment. "Put your hand in mine," he said. She obeyed. "Now give me your solemn promise never to open a Bible or attempt to pray until I give you leave." After a moment's hesitation she made the required promise, and the minister took his leave. I think it was that very day—perhaps the day after—that a messenger came in hot haste

for the minister to hurry to the good sister's house. With a quiet smile the pastor turned to that errand. As he showed his face at the door the sister rushed to him, crying, "Release me! release me quick, or I shall pray! I must pray, I will pray!—you shall not hinder me!" "Do pray," said her pastor; and that was the last of her being "a castaway."
—*Christian Age*.

391. BACKSLIDING, Cause of. Mr. Moody says that on coming back to this country, after an absence of eight years, he found that nineteen out of twenty backsliders from the ranks of his former converts had been drawn away by the public-house.

392. BACKSLIDING, Excuses in. Numbers of the Greenlanders, who for a time adhered to the Moravian missionaries, and promised well, drew back, and walked no more with them; while the greater part of those who were wavering, seduced by the concourse of their heathen countrymen, again joined the multitude. One being asked why he could not stay, answered, "I have bought a great deal of powder and shot, which I must first spend in the south in shooting reindeer;" another, "I must first have my fill of bears' flesh;" and a third, "I must have a good boat, and then I will believe."

393. BACKSLIDING, Hindrance in the way of. Disheartened by the extraordinary dangers and difficulties of their enterprise, a Roman army lost courage, and resolved on a retreat. The general reasoned with his soldiers. Expostulating with them, he appealed to their love of country, to their honour, and to their oaths. By all that could revive a fainting heart he sought to animate their courage and shake their resolution. Much they trusted, they admired, they loved him, but his appeals were all in vain. They were not to be moved; and carried away, as by panic, they faced round to retreat. At this juncture they were forcing a mountain pass, and had just cleared a gorge where the road, between two stupendous rocks on one side and the foaming river on the other, was but a foot-path, broad enough for the step of a single man. As a last resort he laid himself down there, saying, "If you will retreat, it is over this body you go, trampling me to death beneath your feet." No foot advanced. The flight was arrested. His soldiers could face the foe, but could not mangle beneath their feet one who loved them, and had often led their ranks to victory—sharing like a common soldier all the hardships of the campaign, and ever foremost in the fight. The sight was one to inspire them with decision. Hesitating no longer to advance, they wheeled round to resume their march, deeming it better to meet sufferings, and endure even death itself, than trample under foot their devoted and patriot leader. Their hearts recoiled from such an outrage. . . . A more touching spectacle bars our return. Jesus, as it were, lays Himself down on our path; nor can any become backsliders, and return to the practice and pleasure of sin, without trampling Him under their feet. These, Paul's very words, call up a spectacle from which every lover of Christ should recoil with horror: "He," says that Apostle, "who despised Moses' law died without mercy; . . . of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God?"—*Dr. Guthrie*.

394. BACKSLIDING, One secret of. "They did

run well;" but the fable of Atlanta became their history—a golden bait was cast in their path; they stopped to take it, and lost the race.—*Harris*.

395. BACKSLIDING, Way open for. About the time of the Reformation a certain bishop who had embraced the new doctrines, and to whom it was therefore of no use, presented a relic (a dead man's toe) to the Church at St. Nicholas, Switzerland. He made the present conditionally with the power of resuming it if he should return to his old ways.—*Sir John Forbes*.

396. BANISHMENT does not separate from God. A noble and a tender man was this Gregory [Nazianzen], and so tender because so noble—a man to lose no cubit of his stature for being looked at steadfastly or struck at reproachfully. "You may cast me down," he said, "from my bishop's throne, but you cannot banish me from before God's."—*Mrs. Browning*.

397. BANISHMENT, Sharing. When M. Barthelemy was sent, with several others, into banishment at Cayenne, his servant, Le Tellier, came running up, as he was getting into the carriage, with an order from the Directory permitting him to accompany his master. He delivered it to Augereau, who, having read it, said, "You are determined, then, to share the fate of these men, who are lost for ever. Whatever events await them, be assured they will never return." "My mind is made up," answered Le Tellier; "I shall be happy to share the misfortunes of my master." "Well, then," replied Augereau, "go, fanatic, and perish with him;" adding at the same time, "Soldiers, let this man be watched as closely as these miscreants."

Le Tellier threw himself on his knees before his master, who felt exquisite pleasure at such a moment to press so affectionate a friend to his bosom. This valuable servant continued to show the same courage and attachment during the voyage, and after they arrived at Cayenne; and he was treated as an equal and companion, not only by his master, but by the companions of his exile.

398. BANKRUPTCY sometimes a blessing. I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the cradle and the crib and the piano went tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but they have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty than any harmony of chorded instruments. Oh how blessed is bankruptcy when it saves a man's children! I see many men who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if, when they were ten years old, I should lay them on a dissecting table and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fitted for nothing at twenty-five but to drink deep and squander wide; and the father must be a slave all his life, in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of Poverty, who says to them, "Work!" And working makes them men.—*Beecher*.

399. **BANQUET, An extravagant.** At a banquet given by Napoleon's ambassadors a plate of five pears cost five hundred and fifty dollars. Napoleon said, when he heard of it, "Such extravagances are only to be expected of fools or madmen."

400. **BAPTISMAL regeneration.** A French Jesuit once visited a tribe of singular people (American Indians), and taught, as usual, the efficacy of baptism. But a chief, when he heard of the power of the regenerating Word and Spirit of the living God from a Protestant missionary, contrasted the teaching of the two in a few plain but unanswerable words of broken language:—"That goes right here to my heart, not like that other nonsense talk. The Great Spirit wants clean here"—(pointing to his heart)—"never mind face. What have *bad men* to do with baptism? Water on face all go for nothing to bad man. Jim Beech-tree mad as ever with strong water. Baptize on face do him no good: he *old Jim* still."—*Sidney's Life of Sir Richard Hill.*

401. **BAPTISM and its delay misunderstood.** Among the proselytes of Christianity there were many who judged it imprudent to precipitate a salutary rite which could not be repeated; to throw away an inestimable privilege which could never be recovered. By the delay of their baptism they could venture freely to indulge their passions in the enjoyment of this world, while they still retained in their own hands the means of a sure and easy absolution.—*Gibbon.*

402. **BAPTISM and the Visible Church.** One of the parish ministers preaching at Whitwell Chapel, Mr. Philip Henry and his family and many of his friends being present, was earnestly cautioning people not to go to conventicles, and used this as an argument against it, "that they were baptized into the Church of England." Mr. Henry's catholic charity could not well digest this monopolising of the great ordinance of baptism, and thought it time to bear his testimony against such narrow principles, of which he ever expressed his dislike in all parties and persuasions. Accordingly, he took the next opportunity that offered itself publicly to baptize a child, and desired the congregation to bear witness "that he did not baptize that child into the Church of England, nor into the Church of Scotland, nor into the Church of the Dissenters, nor into the church at Broad Oak, but into the *Visible Catholic Church of Jesus Christ.*"—*Whitecross.*

403. **BAPTISM and the Visible Church.** When I was in San Francisco a few summers ago, at the close of the preaching service a young man came up on the steps of the pulpit and said, "You don't know me, do you?" I replied, "No, I do not remember you." Said he, "I am James Parrish. Don't you know James Parrish?" "Oh, yes," I said, "I do know you; I remember." Then the scene all flashed back upon me of a small room in Syracuse, New York, and a dying mother who sent for me and an elder of the church to come and baptize her children; and again I saw her lying there as she turned to me and said, "Mr. Talmage, I sent for you; I am going to die, but I can't die until my children are in the Church of God. Will you please to baptize them?" And "in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," I baptized them. Then she folded her

hands and said, "It is enough. Lord Jesus, come quickly." What was the use of having her children in the Church? I said to the young man standing on the pulpit-stairs in San Francisco, "Oh, yes; I suppose you yourself have become a Christian, haven't you?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I have." "I knew you would," I said. "Any young man who had a mother like you had could not help but be a Christian."

A father said to his son, "You are too young to connect yourself with the Church of God;" and the next day, while they were out in the fields, there was a lamb that had strayed away, and it was bleating for its mother, and the father said to the son, "Take that lamb over to the fold to its mother." The boy said, "Father, I guess not; you had better let it stay out here six months, and see whether it lives or not; and if it lives, then we can take it in." The father felt the truth at his heart, and said, "My son, take that lamb in, and you go yourself the next time the Lord's fold opens." "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Talmage.*

404. **BAPTISM and union.** Under my platform in Brooklyn I have a baptistery, and if anybody's son or daughter brought up in Baptist ideas wants to be immersed, you won't catch me reasoning with them; I baptize them. So it is that I immerse, I sprinkle, and I have in some instances poured, and I never saw there was any difference in the Christianity that was made.—*Beecher.*

405. **BAPTISM, Charity in connection with.** The Rev. John Clayton being told by a young man, in a rather off-hand way, that he was about to join the Baptist denomination, "because half an hour's examination of the New Testament was enough to make any one a Baptist," quietly answered that "perhaps such might be the result of *half an hour's examination*; but that a little further thought and inquiry would at least discover that *all* the proofs and reasons were not on ONE side of the question."—*Samuel M'All.*

406. **BAPTISM, Desire for infant's.** Summoned once, and in haste, to the dying bed of a mother who was anxious to see her child baptized ere she herself expired, I found myself able to sympathise with her. The last desire of her life, the last effort of her sinking heart, was to give the infant to God. With her dying arms she laid the new-born lamb on the Shepherd's bosom, and ere the water was sprinkled on its face the mother had breathed her last. Unconscious of the affecting scene, the infant received a double baptism—at once baptized by the water that fell from our agitated hand and by the bitter tears that rolled down on its sweet face from a father's cheeks. There was sorrow and anguish there. Beside that dead mother there was deep solemnity, but no superstition; and if the wish to see her child baptized ere she left it to the care of others expressed a mother's weakness, it was one with which we felt it no sin to sympathise.—*Guthrie.*

407. **BAPTISM, Infant.** An assembly of sixty-six pastors—men who had stood the trial of a grievous persecution, and sound in the faith—was called by Cyprian, in the year 253 of the Christian era to decide, not whether infants should be bap-

tized at all, but whether it should be done immediately or on the eighth day. If infant baptism had been an innovation, it must have been now of considerable standing. The disputes about Easter show that such an innovation must have formed a remarkable era in the Church. It is impossible to account for the silence of all antiquity but on the footing that it had once been allowed, and that infant baptism was the practice of the first Churches.—*Milner*.

408. BAPTISM, Not too young for. In a Chinese Christian family at Amoy a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young. To this he made the touching reply, "Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me."

409. BAPTISM of children. Father Taylor, speaking of the objection some preachers had to baptizing the children of unconverted parents, took a beautiful infant in his arms, and raising it as he raised his voice, with an inimitable gesture, exclaimed with volcanic vehemence, "Why, if the old Devil himself would bring me a child to baptize I would baptize it, and say, 'Devil, go to your own place! Angels, take the baby!'"—*Life of Father Taylor*.

410. BAPTISM, Water in. Some one sent to know whether it was permissible to use warm water in baptism? The Doctor replied, "Tell the block-head that water, warm or cold, is water."—*Luther's Table Talk*.

411. BARGAIN, A foolish. On one occasion [during Columbus' first voyage] an Indian gave half a handful of gold-dust in exchange for one of their toys, and no sooner was he in possession of it than he bounded to the woods, looking often behind him, fearing the Spaniards might repent of having parted so cheaply with such an inestimable jewel.—*Washington Irving*.

412. BASENESS an instinct with some men. What the planters of Carolina and Louisiana say, or used to say, of black men with flat noses and woolly hair was, Macaulay affirms, strictly true of Barère: the curse of Canaan was upon him; he was born a slave; baseness was an instinct in him. The impulse which drove him from a party in adversity to a party in prosperity was "as irresistible as that which drives the cuckoo and the swallow towards the sun when the dark and cold months are approaching." Those who had to do with him are accordingly said to have felt no more hatred to him than they felt to the horses which dragged the cannon of the foe. The horses had only done according to their kind. So it was with Barère. He was of a nature so low that it might be doubted whether he could properly be an object of the hostility of reasonable beings.—*Francis Jacox*.

413. BATTLE, Dreadfulness of. The Duke of Wellington said after Waterloo, "There is only one thing more dreadful than a battle lost, and that is a victory won;" and everybody remembers how the stern soldier sat with clenched hands and compressed lips in his tent after that famous battle of Waterloo, with the tears rolling down his cheeks as the list of the British slain was read out to him.

414. BEATITUDES, Comfort from. I made him (his son) read over slowly the Beatitudes, and tried to fix my mind and heart upon them and believe them; explaining them to him afterwards, and to myself as I went on. "Blessed are," not the successful, but "the poor in spirit." "Blessed," not the rich, nor the admired, nor the fashionable, nor the happy, but "the meek, and the pure in heart, and the merciful." That fell upon my heart like music.—*Robertson (during his last illness)*.

415. BEAUTIFUL, Strange conception of. When I was on the Lake of Zug, which lies bosomed among such grand mountains, the boatman, after telling some stories about Suwarrow's march through the neighbourhood, asked me, "Is it true that he came from a country where there is not a mountain to be seen?" "Yes," I replied; "you may go hundreds of miles without coming to one." "That must be beautiful!" he exclaimed; "that must be beautiful!"—*Julius C. Hare*.

416. BEAUTY and its fading nature. You showed me a beautiful leaf in the summer-time, its colour rich, its veins exquisitely pencilled, its tints matchless in their prettiness and delicacy. But where is its beauty now? It is commingled with the dust, and is trodden under foot of men. And that beautiful flower that you gave me? I tended it with scrupulous care, I protected it from every blast; I suffered not the sun to scorch it by day, nor the frost by night; but I could not save it from decay. One morning I found it faded, and, a little later, the petals scattered upon the floor. Is it not so with all mortal beauty? The bloom on the cheek, the roseate hue, the human face divine flushed with beautiful fire. How soon that bloom fades! One night's deep grief suffices to destroy it for ever. How soon the eye loses its youthful lustre! How soon the forehead has lines cut right across it! How soon the cheeks fall back! And, when we are not thinking of it, old Father Time passes by and sprinkles on our heads a handful of snow, to tell us that the autumn has come and that winter is nigh.—*Rev. E. D. Solomon*.

417. BEAUTY and the Divine Mind. It is among the mosses of the wall, however, that the richest harvest of beauty and interest may be gathered. . . . Well do I remember the bright July afternoon when their wonderful structure and peculiarities were first unveiled to me by one long since dead, whose cultured eye saw strange loveliness in things which others idly passed, and whose simple warm heart was ever alive to the mute appeals of humblest wild flower or tiniest moss. There was opened up to me that day a new world of hitherto undreamt-of beauty and intellectual delight; in the structural details of the moss which illustrated the lesson I got a glimpse of some deeper aspect of the Divine character than mere intelligence. Methought I saw Him, not as the mere contriver or designer, but in His own loving nature, having His tender mercies over all His works—displaying care for helplessness and minuteness—care for beauty in the works of nature. Small as the object before me was, I was impressed—in the wonder of its structure, at once a means and an end, beautiful in itself and performing its beautiful uses in nature—not with the limited ingenuity of a finite, but with the wisdom and love of an Infinite Spirit. To that one forgotten lesson, improved by much study of these

little objects alike in the closet and in the field, I owe many moments of pure happiness.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

418. BEAUTY and virtue. A gentleman had two children—one a daughter, who was considered plain in her person; the other a son, who was reckoned handsome. One day, as they were playing together, they saw their faces in a looking-glass. The boy was charmed with his beauty, and spoke of it to his sister, who considered his remarks as so many reflections on her want of it. She told her father of the affair, complaining of her brother's rudeness to her. The father, instead of appearing angry, took them both on his knees, and with much affection gave them the following advice:—"I would have you both look in the glass every day: you, my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonour the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your person by the superior lustre of your virtuous and amiable conduct."

419. BEAUTY common. An entertainment given at Bruges was especially distinguished by the radiant beauty and rich attire of the female nobility. "I thought I was the only queen here," exclaimed the envious Jeanne of Navarre; "but I find myself surrounded on all sides by queens."—*Student's France.*

420. BEAUTY, Corruption claims it. "At Bologna they showed us the skeleton of a celebrated beauty who died at a period of life when she was still the object of universal admiration. By way of making atonement for her own vanity, she bequeathed herself as a monument to curb the vanity of others. Recollecting on her deathbed the great adulation that had been paid to her charms, and the fatal change they were soon to undergo, she ordered that her body should be dissected, and her bones hung up for the inspection of all young maidens who are inclined to be vain of their beauty."—*Brydone.*

421. BEAUTY in all. Sheridan, when shown a single volume entitled "The Beauties of Shakespeare," read it for some time with apparent satisfaction, and then exclaimed, "This is all very well, but where are the other seven volumes?"—*Horace Smith.*

422. BEAUTY no excuse for sin. Byron's countenance is a thing to dream of. A certain fair lady, whose name has been too often mentioned in connection with his, told a friend of mine that when she first saw Byron it was in a crowded room, and she did not know who it was; but her eyes were instantly nailed, and she said to herself, "*That pale face is my fate.*" And if a godlike face and godlike powers could have made any excuse for devilry, to be sure she had one.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

423. BEAUTY, Perishable nature of. We have seen an ancient mirror from the sepulchres of Egypt, in which, some three thousand years ago, the swathed and mummied form beside whose dust it lay looked on her face to admire its beauty; or while lamenting them, to conceal, if possible, the ravages of time.—*Guthrie.*

424. BEAUTY, Sense of, innate. The wife of a

Quaker availed herself of her husband's absence to embellish the house. When he came back he was much struck with the alterations, and remonstrated. "Thou'st got those rooms papered; and I observe thou'st got roses in a paper—red roses." "Well," said she, "thou wouldst not have *drab roses.*"—*Denton.*

425. BEAUTY, what it comes to. When at Bologna, Byron used to visit the Campo Sancto, the sexton of which was a favourite of his, and the "beautiful and innocent face" of whose daughter of fifteen he used to contrast with the skulls that peopled several cells there, and particularly with that of one skull dated 1766, "which was once covered (the tradition goes) by the most lovely features of Bologna—noble and rich."

The good King René had painted on the walls of one of the rooms in the Celestine Monastery at Avignon a skeleton—it was that of a once surpassing beauty who had won his heart.—*Francis Jacox.*

426. BEGINNINGS, Insignificant. It is remarkable how insignificant incidents at the first blush have appeared which have proved to be pregnant with momentous consequences. A street riot at Boston and at Paris turned out to be the two great revolutions of modern times.—*Lord Beaconsfield.*

427. BEGINNINGS, Result of small. The story is an old one, but good, for all that. Said the camel, "It is cold out here; may I put my head within your door?" The merchant could not find it in his heart to refuse. Before long the camel's neck, as well as his head, was within the little room; then his shoulders; then his whole body. So the merchant was crowded out entirely, for the room was not big enough for both of them.

428. BEGINNINGS, Small. A man in Tolland, Ct., found a very small potato in one of his pockets when he came in from his work. "Here," said he, laughingly, to a boy twelve years old who lived with him, "plant that, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are of age."

The bright little boy cut the potato into as many pieces as there were "eyes" in it, and planted it. In the autumn he dug and laid by the increase of it, and planted that in the following spring. Next year he planted the larger crop gathered the previous autumn. The potatoes grew healthily and did well, and his fourth year's harvest amounted to four hundred bushels. The farmer asked to be released from his bargain, for he saw that the boy's planting would cover all his land. And yet it is quite common to despise "the day of small things!"

429. BEGINNINGS, Small. A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of the last sermon. The child gave no answer; she only wept. He found out that she had no Bible in which to look out for the text; and this led him to inquire whether her parents or neighbours had a Bible. He was from that circumstance induced to begin a Bible Society for Wales. Some good people in London said, "Why should not we have a Bible Society for England too?" And others said, "And for France, and the nations of Europe?" And then another said, "Why not have a Bible Society for the whole world?" The tears of that little girl led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

430. BELIEF, A general, comes first. As the condemned man believeth first the king's favour to all humble suppliants before he believes it to himself, so the order is, not to look to God's intention in a personal way, but to His complacency and tenderness to all repentant sinners. This was St. Paul's method, embracing by all means that great and faithful saying, "Jesus Christ came to save sinners" before He ranked himself in front of those sinners (1 Tim. i. 15).—*Rutherford*.

431. BELIEF and knowledge. About the year 1742 Mr. Drachart, the Danish missionary in Greenland, baptized nine persons. Among these was an old man who, when he heard that his two daughters were to be baptized, went to the missionary and asked if he might not be baptized too. "It is true," said he, "I can say but little, and very probably I shall never learn so much as my children; for thou canst see that my hairs are quite grey, and that I am a very old man; but I believe with all my heart in Jesus Christ, and that all thou sayest of Him is true." So moving a petition could not be refused, though the aged suppliant was unable to retain the usual questions and answers in his memory. He was much affected while the ordinance was performed, and moistened the place where he was baptized with his tears.

432. BELIEF in God. Not long ago a man said to me, "I cannot believe." "*Whom?*" I asked. He stammered, and said again, "I cannot believe." I said, "*Whom?*" "Well," he said, "I *can't* believe." "*Whom?*" I asked again. At last he said, "I cannot believe myself." "Well, you don't need to. You do not need to put any confidence in yourself. The less you believe in yourself the better. But if you tell me you can't believe God, that is another thing; and I would like to ask you why!"—*Moody*.

433. BELIEF, Influence of. Carlyle tells of a conversation at which he was once present more than fifty-six years ago. Some one was talking of the mischief which beliefs had produced in the world. "Yes," Carlyle said, "belief has done much evil, but it has done all the good. We do not, we cannot, certainly know what we are, or where we are going. But if we believe nobly about ourselves, we have a chance of living nobly. If we believe basely, base we shall certainly become."—*Froude*.

434. BELIEF, Uncertainty of. Some men's uncertainty and haziness in the matter of religious beliefs remind us of the story of a celebrated legal notability of Edinburgh. Coming home after a night spent in convivialities, he was so confused as to be unable to tell his way to his own house in Picardy Place. He saw an industrious housemaid cleaning a doorstep, and went up to her saying, "Eh, my girl, can you tell me where John Clerk lives?" "Dinna speer at me," says the girl, "with your nonsense, when you're John Clerk himself!" "Ay, ay," said he, "I ken that vera well; but John Clerk wants to know where John Clerk lives."—*B.*

435. BELIEF, Unity of. Where there is a transit of Venus, or of some other planet, and twenty men look at it, the sensitiveness of some of them is such that they will see it quicker than the others, so that there will be an appreciable point of time between the seeing of one and the seeing of another. One

being quick, and another slower, and another still slower, there are differences of seconds in the times when the contact reports itself to the different persons; and seconds are of great importance in such matters. Distinguished observers have "personal" equations, as they are called, by which they measure each other in this matter of swiftness and accuracy. One is at the top of the list, another is lower down on the list, and another is still lower down; and in comparing the results of their observations, allowance has to be made for the personal equation of each. And that which is true of the nervous system in regard to sight is a thousand times more true with respect to the higher functions. For example, take a person who is a roaring, jolly, coarse-fibred man. He loves his friend. Yes, a kind of love he has—that sort of love which he shows by coming up and slapping you on the back so hard as to knock you half across the sidewalk, and saying, "You are my friend; I like you!" Not far off, just over the way, is another nature, to whom love is as an atmosphere of coming and going elements, full, delicate, sweet, and fine, opening and expanding in every direction. And how different those two natures are! How different to them the sound of the word "love" is! To one it is a rude shout of good-nature; to the other it is like the music of the spheres. Now to the great realm of religious truths belong the social and spiritual elements in man. They cannot be learned by the senses, nor by arguments, nor by demonstrations; and the idea of a unity of belief is simply absurd. Each truth will be to every man what his own receiving nature makes it.—*Beecher*.

436. BELIEF, Value of. Sir Humphry Davy, at a time when he had everything that wealth and gay society and worldly distinction and literature could supply to make him happy, said with a sigh, "There is no man I envy so much as the man who has a firm religious belief."—*Dr. Thain Davidson*.

437. BELIEVERS, Want of consecration in. In hundreds of cases I have put the question pointedly, "Do you know that you have been instrumental in leading one soul to Christ?" only to hear the sad confession that there has been no effort made in that direction.—*A. G. Pearson, D.D.*

438. BELIEVING and doing. A gentleman, talking about two brothers, said he could not understand the difference between them. "Oh," replied his friend, "the religion of one is DO; that of the other is DONE. The elder works and toils to get favour with God; the other believes that Jesus 'paid all the debt' for him, and now he works so cheerfully and well because it is all a 'labour of love' and gratitude."

439. BELIEVING, Firm foundation of. Mr. Lyford, a Puritan divine, a few days previous to his dissolution, being desired by his friends to give them some account of his hopes and comforts, he replied, "I will let you know how it is with me, and on what ground I stand. Here is the grave, the wrath of God, and devouring flames, the great punishment of sin on the one hand; and here am I, a poor sinful creature, on the other; but this is my comfort—the covenant of grace, established upon so many sure promises, hath satisfied all. The act of oblivion passed in heaven is, 'I will forgive their iniquities, and their sins will I remember no more,

saith the Lord.' This is the blessed privilege of all within the covenant, of whom I am one. For I find the Spirit which is promised bestowed upon me, in the blessed effects of it upon my soul, as the pledge of God's eternal love. By this I know my interest in Christ, who is the foundation of the covenant; and therefore my sins, being laid on Him, shall never be charged on me."—*Arvine*.

440. BELIEVING, What is. "Mark you," said a pious sailor, when explaining to a shipmate at the wheel, "mark you, it isn't breaking off swearing and the like; it isn't reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being good; it is none of these; for even if they would answer for the time to come, there's still the old score; and how are you to get over that? It isn't anything that you have done or can do; it's taking hold of what Jesus did for you; it's forsaking your sins, and expecting the pardon and salvation of your soul, because Christ let the waves and billows go over Him on Calvary. This is believing, and believing is nothing else."—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdotes*.

441. BENEFACTOR, Seeming avarice of. A man of the name of Guyot lived and died in the town of Marseilles, in France. He amassed a large fortune by laborious industry and severe habits of abstinence and privation. His neighbours considered him a miser, and thought that he was hoarding up money from mean and avaricious motives. The populace pursued him, whenever he appeared, with hootings and execrations, and the boys sometimes threw stones at him. He at length died, and in his will were found the following words:—"Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully laboured the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing; and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

442. BENEVOLENCE and conscientiousness. When the Commissions of Excise wrote Wesley, "We cannot doubt that you have plate for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry," his laconic reply was, "I have two silver teaspoons at London, and two at Bristol; this is all the plate which I have at present, and I shall not buy any more *while so many around me want bread*." It is estimated that he gave away more than £30,000.—*Life of Wesley*.

443. BENEVOLENCE and imposture. Dr. Fothergill, who was undoubtedly a most liberal and enlightened philanthropist, was frequently imposed upon, and as frequently told of it. His constant reply was, "that he would rather relieve two undeserving objects than that one deserving person should escape his notice."—*Percy Anecdotes*.

444. BENEVOLENCE and inhumanity. What a contrast is here presented between that picture of Jerome which portrays the gladiatorial fight in the crowded amphitheatre, and that other, by an English artist, which depicts the nurse in the hospital of Scutari! In the former you have in the sickening foreground the two combatants. One has overcome the other, and with his uplifted sword is waiting for directions. The wounded slave has turned his eye, with agonising earnestness, upon the emperor, pleading for his life, and even his

conqueror seems almost to join in his mute appeal. But the vestal virgins, each with her thumb turned downward, are voting for his destruction, and he on whose nod a human destiny is at the moment hanging has so little concern upon the matter that his whole attention seems to be given to the fresh fig that he is eating; while on the benches round and round the multitudes are enjoying the spectacle as the great feature at their holiday festivities. Let that stand for a specimen of man's inhumanity to man!

And now look on this other scene. A hospital ward, with sick and wounded men lying on comfortable couches; a clock upon the wall whose fingers point to an hour past midnight; and in the forefront a gentle woman, with a lamp in her hand, passing from bed to bed, all unconscious that the rough soldier behind her has risen on his elbow to kiss her shadow on the wall as she goes by. Let that stand for a specimen of holiest benevolence!—*Dr. Taylor*.

445. BENEVOLENCE and selfishness. The king read out to him [Mencius, a Chinese philosopher] admiringly two lines from the sacred books—"We may be rich and powerful, but we ought to have compassion on the widows and orphans." "O king," exclaimed Mencius, "*if you admire that doctrine, why do you not practise it!*" "My Insignificance," replied the king, "has a certain defect. My Insignificance loves riches." Said Mencius respectfully, "King Neon loved riches; so he shared them with the people." "But," went on the king, "my Insignificance loves pleasure." "So did Tai Wang; so he contrived that every one should have recreation, and be able to keep a wife." The king was silent.—*Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. (from the Chinese)*.

446. BENEVOLENCE and self-restraint. One of our clergy asked his heathen host how he managed his affairs so as to give such sums to the service of his religion, and he answered by telling him that the god whom he and his ancient family had chosen to invoke was called the great bright god of self-restraint. All that they could spare as individuals and as a family went to the great bright god of self-restraint—the one-fifth part of their income went away by that channel. "And yet," said he, "you see we are living in comfort, peace, and happiness." So it was that the great bright god of self-restraint became the banker and paymaster for every high and noble purpose that a heathen man knew of. Is it not a parable, and something much nearer than a parable? In days when, as Dr. Westcott writes, "ease and self-pleasure are regarded as the obvious ends of exertion, and luxury the object of open competition," what answer does the figure of the great bright god of self-restraint make in comparison with that?—*Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury*.

447. BENEVOLENCE and self-sacrifice. For after-times the memory of Oswald's [the Northumbrian king] greatness was lost in the memory of his piety. "By reason of his constant habit of praying or giving thanks to the Lord, he was wont, wherever he sat, to hold his hands upturned on his knees." As he feasted with Bishop Aidan by his side, the thegn or noble of his war-band whom he had sent to give alms at his gate told him of a multitude that still waited fasting without. The king

at once bade the untasted meat before him to be carried to the poor, and his silver dish be parted piecemeal among them. Aidan seized the royal hand and blessed it. "May this hand," he cried, "never grow old!"—*History of English People.*

448. BENEVOLENCE and self-sacrifice. A Parisian paying a visit to a curate in the middle of winter, remarked that he was living in a house with naked walls, and inquired why he had not got hangings to protect him from the rigour of the cold. The good pastor showed him two little children that he had taken care of, and replied, "I had rather clothe these poor children than my walls."—*Percy Anecdotes.*

449. BENEVOLENCE and zeal for the public good. The footway from Hampton Wick through Bushey Park to Kingston-upon-Thames had been for many years shut up to the public. An honest shoemaker, Timothy Bennett, of the former place, consulted an attorney upon the practicability of recovering this road for the public good. "I do not mean to cobble the job," said Timothy; "for I have seven hundred pounds, and I should be willing to give up the awl that great folks might not keep the upper leather wrongfully." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to try the right. "Then," said the shoemaker, "as sure as soles are soles, I'll stick to them to the last." Lord Halifax, the then Ranger of Bushey Park, was immediately served with notice of action; upon which his lordship sent for Timothy, and said, with some warmth, "And who are you that has the assurance to meddle in this affair?" "My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton Wick. I remember, an't please your lordship, to have seen the people pass by my shop to Kingston market; but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot sandy road, and I am unwilling to leave the world worse than I found it. This, my lord, is the reason why I have taken this work in hand." "Begone!" replied his lordship; "you are an impertinent fellow." However, upon reflection, his lordship desisted from his opposition, and reopened the road.

450. BENEVOLENCE, Beauty of. There was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water and held it up, another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old haggard woman, passing by, asked, "Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?" All three denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift, and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute; and they told her, and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beautiful indeed!" said she when she saw them. But when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said, "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook, it is not the hand that is dipped in red, it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers, but the hand that gives to the poor, that is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven, with authority to decide this question

in dispute. And that decision has stood the test of all time.

451. BENEVOLENCE, Cheap. Dr. Guthrie, in his autobiography, describes an odd character among his Scotch country parishioners at Arbirlot "who died as he lived, a curious mixture of benevolence and folly." The lawyer who drew his will, after writing down several legacies of five hundred pounds to one person, a thousand to another, and so on, at last said, "But, Mr. —, I don't believe you have all that money to leave." "Oh!" was the reply, "I ken that as well as you; but I just want to show them my goodwill."—*Christian Age.*

452. BENEVOLENCE, Conscientiousness in. A very characteristic story is told of Franz Liszt, the celebrated Hungarian pianist. A crossing-sweeper in miserable plight craved aid of him. Franz had only one coin of value in his pocket. It was not convenient to part with all of it, nor would his sense of duty and charity allow him to pass by. He asked the lad to go and get change, and he stood there holding the broom and waited till the change was safely brought to him—an odd sight in the centre of Paris certainly.

453. BENEVOLENCE, Delicacy in. Wellington, we are told, though his name so rarely figured on subscription lists, was very liberal in his charities, and was not unfrequently victimised by impostors. During the Irish famine he is said to have distributed at least £10,000 among the relief committees; but "he never said a word about it at Exeter Hall."—*Francis Jacox.*

454. BENEVOLENCE, Delicacy in. A poor woman, understanding that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking in sickness and poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label—"These must be used as necessities require. Be patient, and of good heart."

455. BENEVOLENCE, Denial impossible in. Once, at the beginning of a year, Father Taylor was sent out with a bank-note of fifty dollars to pay a bill, which he was to bring back receipted. In due time he returned, but with such an expression of anxiety, and such an evident desire to escape observation, that I was convinced he had been "naughty." "Where's the bill, father?" said mother. "Here, my dear." The pucker in his forehead became so tremendous that the truth flashed upon me at once, and I was fully prepared for mother's astonished cry of "It isn't receipted! Father, you've given away the money!" I held him so tightly that he couldn't run; so at last he stammered, "Well, wife, just round the corner I met a poor brother—a superannuated brother—and—and"—with a tone of conviction calculated to prove to us all the utter impropriety of his doing anything else—"and of course, my dear, I couldn't ask him to change it!"—*Mrs. Judge Russell.*

456. **BENEVOLENCE, Gain of.** There is truth and instruction in the inscription on an Italian tombstone, "What I gave away I saved; what I spent I used; what I kept I lost." "Giving to the Lord," says one, "is but transporting our goods to a higher floor."—*Henry T. Williams.*

457. **BENEVOLENCE, Gain of.** Tiberius II. was so liberal to the poor that his wife blamed him for it. Speaking to him once of his wasting his treasure by this means, he told her "he should never want money so long as, in obedience to Christ's command, he supplied the necessities of the poor." Shortly after this he found a great treasure under a marble table which had been taken up; and news was also brought him of the death of a very rich man who had left his whole estate to him.—*Denton.*

458. **BENEVOLENCE, Human and Divine.** A poor Italian chorus-singer, having lost his voice by a severe cold, applied to Madame Malibran for assistance, to enable him to return to his native country. Having made inquiries, she gave the Italian five pounds, and, moreover, told him that his passage was paid to his native land. The poor man, on hearing this glad news, exclaimed, "Ah, madame, you have saved me for ever!" "No, no!" she replied, with a benevolent smile; "the Almighty alone can do that. Pray tell nobody."—*Frederick Crovett.*

459. **BENEVOLENCE known to God.** A poor Irishwoman went to a venerable priest in Boston, and asked him to forward to Ireland her help for the famine sufferers. "How much can you spare?" asked the priest. "I have a hundred dollars saved," she said, "and I can spare that." The priest reasoned with her, saying that her gift was too great for her means, but she was firm in her purpose. It would do her good to know that she had helped; she could rest happier thinking of the poor families she had saved from hunger and death. The priest received her money with moistened eyes. "Now, what is your name?" he asked, "that I may have it published." "My name?" said the brave soul counting over her money; "don't mind that, sir. Just send them the help—and GOD WILL KNOW MY NAME."

460. **BENEVOLENCE, Large-hearted.** The little interesting village of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, was half consumed by a terrible conflagration. A great number of poor families were made houseless in a single night, and a large amount of property destroyed. An appeal was sent out through the *London Times* and other journals on behalf of the destitute. Immediately the floodgates of benevolence were opened, and it ran with such a rush and overflow upon the little burnt-out town that the good clergyman in a few days—I believe in less than a week—had to cry out in the same journals, "Hold! enough!"—*Elihu Burritt.*

461. **BENEVOLENCE, Modern methods of.** On rising to address the assembly (at a public dinner of one of our charitable institutions) a gentleman once began his speech in these very appropriate words—"Now, gentlemen, that we have eaten and drunk the cost of three orphans, we may proceed to the business which has brought us together."—*Rev. T. E. Bridgett.*

462. **BENEVOLENCE not lost.** Mark Antony, when depressed and at the ebb of fortune, cried out "that he had lost all, except what he had given away."

463. **BENEVOLENCE, Plea for.** On one occasion, a few years ago, on my return from the field at evening, I was told that a foreigner had asked for lodgings during the night, but that, influenced by his dark repulsive appearance, my mother had very reluctantly refused his request. I found her by no means satisfied with her decision. "What if a son of mine was in a strange land?" she inquired, self-reproachfully. Greatly to her relief, I volunteered to go in pursuit of the wanderer, and, taking a cross-path over the fields, soon overtook him. He had just been rejected at the house of our nearest neighbour, and was standing in a state of dubious perplexity in the street. His looks quite justified my mother's suspicions. He was an olive complexioned, black-bearded Italian, with an eye like a live coal—such a face as, perchance, looks out on the traveller in the passes of the Abruzzi—one of those bandit-visages which Salvator has painted. With some difficulty I gave him to understand my errand, when he overwhelmed me with thanks, and joyfully followed me back. He took his seat with us at the supper-table; and when we were all gathered around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfortunes, amused us with descriptions of the grape-gatherings and festivals of his sunny clime, edified my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts; and in the morning, when, after breakfast, his dark sullen face lighted up and his fierce eye moistened with grateful emotion as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marvelled at the fears which had so nearly closed our doors against him; and as he departed we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor.—*J. Whittier.*

464. **BENEVOLENCE recompensed of God.** A poor man came one day to Michael Feneberg, the pastor of Seeg, in Bavaria, and begged three crowns, that he might finish his journey. It was all that Feneberg had; but as he besought him earnestly in the name of Jesus, in the name of Jesus he gave it. Immediately afterwards he found himself in great outward need, and seeing no way of relief, he prayed, "Lord, I lent Thee three crowns; Thou has not yet returned them, and Thou knowest how I need them. Lord, I pray Thee give them back." The same day brought a messenger with a money-letter, which Gosner, his assistant, reached over to him, saying, "Here, father, is what you expended." It contained two hundred thalers, or about one hundred and fifty dollars, which the poor traveller had begged from a rich man for the vicar; and the child-like old man, in joyful amazement, cried out, "Ah, Lord, one dare ask nothing of Thee, for straightway Thou makest one feel so much ashamed."—*Henry T. Williams (abridged).*

465. **BENEVOLENCE, Reward of.** A pretty story is told about the Princess Eugenie, sister of the King of Sweden. She recently sold her diamonds to raise funds in order to complete a hospital in which she was interested. When visiting this hospital, after its completion, a suffering inmate wept tears of gratitude as she stood by his side, and

the princess exclaimed, "Ah, now I see my diamonds again!"

466. BENEVOLENCE, Tolerance in. A late Archbishop of Bordeaux was remarkable for his tolerance and enlightened benevolence. The following anecdote is illustrative of this trait in his character:—"My lord," said a person to him one day, "here is a poor woman come to ask charity; what do you wish me to do for her?" "How old is she?" "Seventy." "Is she in great distress?" "She says so." "She must be relieved; give her *twenty-five francs*." "Twenty-five francs! My lord, it is too much, especially as she is a Jewess." "A Jewess!" "Yes, my lord." "Oh, that makes a great difference. Give her *fifty francs*, then, and thank her for coming."—*Rev. C. Field.*

467. BENEVOLENCE, with carefulness. Dining one evening at Monboddo House with the late excellent Captain Burnett, previous to his addressing the Free Church congregation of which his gallant host was an elder, Dr. Guthrie was somewhat disconcerted by the evident flurry and annoyance into which Captain Burnett was thrown by the disappearance of a pair of spectacles. "Too bad! Too bad!" he exclaimed more than once; "those glasses cost me fourteen shillings last year in London, and now the money's gone!" "This don't look well for my subscription-book to-night," was my mental reflection," added Dr. Guthrie in telling the story. "'If the loss of a pair of spectacles be counted so serious, how am I to look for £50?' But what was my surprise and delight when Captain Burnett headed the list, after my speech, with a subscription of £200 to the Manse Fund."—*Memoir of Dr. Guthrie.*

468. BENEVOLENCE, with culture and religion. The celebrated philanthropist, Howard, who spent the best part of his life in travelling over all the countries of Europe—"to plunge into the infection of hospitals—to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain—to remember the forgotten, and to visit the forsaken, under all climes"—was not unhappy amidst its toils. In a letter from Riga, during his last journey, he says—"I hope I have sources of enjoyment that depend not on the particular spot I inhabit; a rightly cultivated mind, under the power of religion and the exercise of beneficent dispositions, affords a ground of satisfaction little affected by *heres* and *theres*."—*Whitcross.*

469. BEREAVEMENT, A minister's. I have seen many a man learn more at the cradle than he ever did from the pulpit. I have seen many a brave, strong man, who could face theology, and who, if you flashed arguments on him, was not hurt by them, any more than a house is damaged by the lightning which strikes the lightning-rod and runs into the ground. But there came into his home a stealthy preacher, without notes. A little flower that he has cherished begins to wither—and you never know how much you love anything till it begins to go out of your hand. And this strong man, this wise man, this man that you could not reason with, nor do anything with, deliquesced like a cluster of grapes that lies under the vintner's crushing foot. All his spirit was like the juice that runs out. And at last the little bird ceased to sing. And the flowers lay around only to be rebuked as not so sweet nor so beautiful as the one little pale

face among them. And he took his little child down to say farewell to it, and came back home saying, all the way, inwardly, "O God! O God! O God!"—*Beecher.*

470. BEREAVEMENT, Comfort in. During the periods between the paroxysm of the fever he (Cromwell) occupied the time with listening to passages from the sacred volume, or by a resigned or despairing reference to the death of his daughter. "Read to me," he said to his wife in one of those intervals, "the Epistle of Paul to the Philippians." She read these words—"I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." The reader paused. "That verse," said Cromwell, "once saved my life when the death of my eldest born, the infant Oliver, pierced my heart like the sharp blade of a poniard."—*Lamartine.*

471. BEREAVEMENT from God. I heard lately a simple but significant story. A gardener had a rare and beautiful flower in his charge. He had bestowed great care on it, and it was approaching perfection. One day it was missing; some hand had cut it from the stem. He was troubled and anxious, but was calmed and satisfied at once when the *Master* came round and said, "I took it."—*Dr. Raleigh.*

472. BEREAVEMENT, Ill effects of. After the death of Stella, Swift's benevolence was contracted, and his severity exasperated; he drove his acquaintance from his table, and wondered why he was deserted.—*Dr. Johnson.*

473. BEREAVEMENT, Influence of. It is said that gardeners sometimes, when they would bring a rose to richer flowering, deprive it for a season of light and moisture. Silent and dark it stands, dropping one fading leaf after another, and seeming to go down patiently to death. But when every leaf is dropped, and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds, from which shall spring a tender foliage and a brighter wealth of flowers. So, often, in celestial gardening, every leaf of earthly joy must drop before a new and divine bloom visits the soul.—*Mrs. Beecher Stowe.*

474. BEREAVEMENT, Rebuke in. One day, when Lady Raffles, while in India, was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children or the light of day, and humbled on her couch with a feeling of misery, she was addressed by a poor ignorant native woman, of the lowest class, who had been employed about the nursery, in terms not to be forgotten:—"I am come because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did any one ever see him or speak of him without admiring him? And instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty!"

For shame ! Leave off weeping, and let me open a window."—*Arvine*.

475. BEREAVEMENT, Resignation in. "Peace, Mary, peace," said a godly woman, who had lost all her family, to a godless neighbour who was rebelling against the Providence that had taken one child of many ; "Peace, Mary ; while I have six pairs of empty shoes to look on, you have but one."—*Guthrie*.

476. BEREAVEMENT, resignation in. Want of. The Duchess of Beaufort, on the death of the Duke, shut herself up in a room hung with black, and refused all comfort. A Quaker, who found her thus disconsolate, in the deepest mourning, ejaculated, "What ! hast thou not forgiven God Almighty yet ?" The rebuke had such an effect that she immediately rose and went about her usual and necessary business.—*Madame D'Arblay*.

477. BEREAVEMENT, Severity of. Three times in his life it is said Daniel Webster wept convulsively. One of these occasions was when he laid upon the bed his darling girl, who had died in his arms, and turned away from the sight of her lifeless body.—*Cyclopædia of Biography*.

478. BEREAVEMENT, Sympathy in. When Professor Wilson resumed his duties after the loss of his wife, he met his class with a depressed and solemn spirit. Unable at first to give utterance to words, he saw he had with him the sympathy and tender respect of his students. After a short pause, his voice tremulous with emotion, he said, "Gentlemen, pardon me ; but since we last met I have been in the valley of the shadow of death."—*Memoirs of Christopher North*.

479. BEREAVEMENTS, Support in. Dr. Grosvenor's first wife was a most devout and amiable woman. On the Sabbath after her death the Doctor expressed himself from the pulpit in the following manner :—"I have had an irreparable loss ; and no man can feel a loss of this consequence more sensibly than myself ; but the cross of a dying Jesus is my support : I fly from one death for refuge to another." How much superior was the comfort of the Christian divine to that of the heathen philosopher, Pliny the younger, who says that in similar distresses study was his only relief !—*Arvine*.

480. BEREAVEMENT, Triumph in. Luther was called to part with his daughter Magdalen at the age of fourteen. She was a most endearing child, and united the firmness and perseverance of the father with the gentleness and delicacy of the mother. When she grew very ill Luther said, "Dearly do I love her ; but, O my God, if it be Thy will to take her hence, I resign her to Thee without a murmur." He then approached the bed, saying to her, "My dear little daughter, my beloved Magdalen, you would willingly remain with your earthly father ; but if God calls you, you will also willingly go to your Heavenly Father." She replied, "Yes, dear father, it is as God pleases." "Dear little girl !" he exclaimed ; "oh how I love her ! The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." He then took the Bible, and read to her the following passage :—"Thy dead men shall live ; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for the earth shall cast

out the dead." He then said, "My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace." She turned her dying eyes toward him, and said, with touching simplicity, "Yes, father." When her last moments were near, she raised her eyes tenderly to her parents, and begged them not to weep for her. "I go," said she, "to my Father in heaven," and a sweet smile irradiated her dying countenance. Luther threw himself upon his knees, weeping bitterly, and fervently prayed God to spare her to them. In a few moments she expired in the arms of her father. Catherine, unequal to repressing the agony of her sorrow, was at a little distance, perhaps unable to witness the last long-drawn breath. When the scene was closed Luther repeated fervently, "The will of God be done ! Yes, she has gone to her Father in heaven." Philip Melancthon, who, with his wife, was present, said, "Parental love is an image of the Divine love, impressed on the hearts of men ; God does not love the beings He has created less than parents love their children." When they were about putting the child into the coffin the father said, "Dear little Magdalen, I see thee now lifeless, but thou wilt shine in the heavens as a star. I am joyous in spirit, but in the flesh most sorrowful. It is wonderful to realise that she is happy, better taken care of, and yet to be so sad." Then turning to her mother, who was bitterly weeping, he said, "Dear Catherine, remember where she has gone. Ah ! she has made a blessed exchange. The heart bleeds, without doubt ; it is natural that it should ; but the spirit, the immortal spirit, rejoices. Happy are those who die young. Children do not doubt, they believe ; with them all is trust ; they fall asleep." When the funeral took place, and the people were assembled to convey the body to its last home, some friends said they sympathised for him in his affliction. "Be not sorrowful for me," he replied ; "I have sent a saint to heaven. Oh, may we all die such a death ! Gladly would I accept it now."

481. BIBLE a blank, Suppose. I thought I was at home, and that, on taking up my Bible one morning, I found, to my surprise, what seemed to be the old familiar book was a total blank ; not a character was inscribed in or upon it. On going into the street I found every one complaining in similar perplexity of the same loss ; and before night it became evident that a great and wonderful miracle had been wrought in the world : the Hand which had written its awful menace on the walls of Belshazzar's palace had reversed the miracle, and expunged from our Bibles every syllable they contained—thus reclaiming the most precious gift Heaven had bestowed and ungrateful man had abused. I was curious to watch the effects of this calamity on the varied characters of mankind. There was, however, universally an interest in the Bible, now it was lost, such as had never attached to it while it was possessed. Some to whom the sacred book had been a blank for twenty years, and who never would have known of their loss but for the lamentations of their neighbours, were not the less vehement in their expressions of sorrow. The calamity not only stirred the feelings of men, but it immediately stimulated their ingenuity to repair their loss. It was very early suggested that the whole Bible had again and again been quoted piecemeal in one book or another ; that it had

impressed its image on human literature, and had been reflected on its surface as the stars on a stream. But, alas ! on inspection it was found that every text, every phrase which had been quoted, whether in books of theology, poetry, or fiction, had been remorselessly obliterated.

It was with trembling hand that some made the attempt to transcribe the erased texts from memory. They feared that the writing would surely fade away ; but, to their unspeakable joy, they found the impression durable ; and people at length came to the conclusion that God left them at liberty, if they could, to reconstruct the Bible for themselves, out of their collective remembrances of its contents. Some obscure individuals who had studied nothing else but the Bible, but who had well studied that, came to be the objects of reverence among Christians and booksellers ; but he who could fill up a chasm by the restoration of words which were only partially remembered was regarded as a public benefactor.

At length a great movement was projected amongst the divines of all denominations to collate the results of these partial recoveries of the sacred text. But here it was curious to see the variety of different readings of the same passages insisted on by conflicting theologians. No doubt the worthy men were generally unconscious of the influence of prejudice ; yet somehow the memory was seldom so clear in relation to texts which told against as in relation to those which told for their several theories.

It was curious, too, to see by what odd associations of contrast, or sometimes of resemblance, obscure texts were recovered. A miser contributed a maxim of prudence which he recollected principally from having systematically abused. All the ethical maxims were soon collected ; for though, as usual, no one recollected his own peculiar duties or infirmities, every one kindly remembered those of his neighbours. As for Solomon's "times for everything," few could recall the whole, but everybody remembered some. Undertakers said there was "a time to mourn," and comedians said there was "a time to laugh ;" young ladies innumerable remembered there was "a time to love," and people of all kinds that there was "a time to hate ;" everybody knew that there was "a time to speak," but a worthy Quaker added that there was also "a time to keep silence."

But the most amusing thing of all was to see the variety of speculations which were entertained concerning the object and design of this strange event. Many gravely questioned whether it could be right to attempt the reconstruction of a Book of which God Himself had so manifestly deprived the world ; and some, who were secretly glad to be relieved of so troublesome a monitor, were particularly pious on this head, and exclaimed bitterly against this rash attempt to counteract the decrees of Heaven. Some even maintained that the visitation was not in judgment but in mercy ; that God in compassion, and not in indignation, had taken away a Book which men had regarded with an extravagant admiration and idolatry ; and that, if a rebuke at all was intended, it was a rebuke to a rampant Bibliolatry. This last reason, which assigned as the cause of God's resumption of His own gift an extravagant admiration and reverence of it on the part of mankind—it being so notorious that even the best of those who professed belief in its Divine origin and authority had so grievously neglected it

—struck me as so exquisitely ludicrous that I broke into a fit of laughter, which awoke me.

The morning sun was streaming in at the window and shining upon the open Bible which lay on the table ; and it was with joy that my eyes rested upon those words, which I read with grateful tears—"The gifts of God are without repentance."—*Rogers's Eclipse of Faith (condensed).*

482. BIBLE a chart. Here is a roll of charts of a difficult harbour. They were drawn, it may be, by Robert Small. They are handed by him to Admiral Dupont. The Admiral, the moment he sees them, laughs right out, and says, "Do you call this a chart ?" It was made with a burnt stick. Robert Small, you know, was a slave ; and he had to get his knowledge as other slaves get theirs. He was a pilot in Charlestown Harbour, however, and he knows where the shallow places are, where the deep places are, where the obstructions are, and where it is clear sailing ; and he makes a rough sketch of the whole vicinity, and puts it into Admiral Dupont's hands. . . . Under such circumstances what would Admiral Dupont do ? He would say to those under him, "Take a cutter, man it, and go out and sound, and see if the chart is correct ;" and they would find the shoals and channels to be just as they were represented to be. And after they had put the chart to proof, and found it to correspond to the fact, they would report to him, and he would say, "That is a good chart, if a black man did make it. It is true, and that is the reason why it is good." Now the Bible is a chart. It teaches men how to steer where the sandbank of temptation is ; where that rock of danger is ; where that whirling vortex of passion is. The Bible is a chart of salvation ; and if a man only knows his course by this, he will go through life, with all its storms, and come safely into the port of heaven.—*Beecher.*

483. BIBLE a comfort in death. When old Bishop Latimer went to the stake he took the Bible with him ; he clung to it with holy affection ; it had led him to the Saviour—it had taught him how to live in comfort, and it was now to teach him how to die in triumph.—*Denton.*

484. BIBLE a comfort in death. In one of the coal-mines in England a youth about fifteen years of age was working by the side of his father, who was a pious man, and governed and educated his family according to the Word of God. The father was in the habit of carrying with him a small pocket Bible ; and the son, who had received one at the Sabbath-school, imitated his father in this. Thus he always had the sacred volume with him, and whenever enjoying a season of rest from labour he read it by the light of his lamp. They worked together in a newly-opened section of the mine, and the father had just stepped aside to procure a tool when the arch above suddenly fell between them, so that the father supposed his child to be crushed. He ran towards the place and called to his son, who at length responded from under a dense mass of earth and coal. "My son," cried the father, "are you living ?" "Yes, father ; but my legs are under a rock." "Where is your lamp, my son ?" "It is still burning, father." "What are you doing, my dear son ?" "I am reading my Bible, father, and the Lord strengthens me." These were the last words of that Sabbath-school scholar ; he was suffocated.

485. **BIBLE a comfort in death.** After the battle before Richmond had been over several days a man was found dead with his hand on the open Bible. The summer insects had taken the flesh from the hand, and there was nothing but the skeleton left; but the skeleton fingers lay on the open page, and on this passage—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Well, the time will come when all the fine novels we have on our bedroom shelf will not interest us, and all the good histories and all the exquisite essays will do us no good. There will be one Book, perhaps its cover worn out and its leaf yellow with age, under whose flash we shall behold the opening gates of heaven.—*Talmage.*

486. **BIBLE a deliverer.** The Rev. Henry Townley stated, at the anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1827, that when he was at Calcutta he took into his hand a portion of the New Testament translated into the Bengalee language, and, accompanied by an assistant, went into a village. They proceeded to the centre of it, and were soon surrounded by Brahmins and Hindoos. They began to speak to the people from the Word of God. Their attention was arrested by an individual of a very singular appearance; his head and neck were encircled with the backbones of snakes, his raiment was dirty and disordered, his hair clotted and uncombed, and his whole appearance altogether strange and revolting. They addressed him at the close, and said, "Do you understand what you have heard of the Word of God?" He ran to a short distance, brought a pen and ink, and wrote upon a plantain leaf, "I have made a vow never to speak again; I can hear what you say, and I will answer you in writing." We reasoned with him in the way proposed, and gave him a part of the Word of God; and for some time this conversation went on; till one day he tore off his bones of snakes, and said, "I will be dumb no longer; the Bible is the book of God: that book I will read, and read it to all around me."—*Religious Tract Society Anecdotes.*

487. **BIBLE a gift.** I was once called to visit a dying lady, in the city of Philadelphia, of an English family. She and her husband were in a boarding-house there. I spent much time with her, knelt often in prayer with her, and with great delight. Her husband was an Atheist, an English Atheist—a cold-hearted English Atheist. There is no such being beside him on the face of the globe. That was her husband. On the day in which that sweet Christian woman died she put her hand under the pillow and pulled out a little beautiful well-worn English Bible. She brought out that sweet little Bible, worn and thumbed and moistened with tears. She called her husband, and he came; and she said, "Do you know this little book?" and he answered, "It is your Bible." Replied she, "It is my Bible; it has been everything to me. It has converted, strengthened, cheered, and saved me. Now I am going to Him that gave it to me, and I shall want it no more; open your hands"—and she put it in between his hands and pressed his two hands together. "My dear husband, do you know what I am doing?" "Yes, dear; you are giving me your Bible." "No, darling, I am giving you *your* Bible, and God has sent me to give you this sweet book before I die. Put it in your hands; now put it in

your bosom—will you keep it there? Will you read it for me?" "I will, my dear."

I placed this dear lady, dead, in the tomb behind my church. Perhaps three weeks afterward that big Englishman came to my study weeping profusely. "Oh, my friend," said he, "my friend, I have found what she meant—I have found what she meant!—it is *my* Bible; oh! it is *my* Bible; every word in it was written for me. I read it over day by day; I read it over night by night; I bless God it is *my* Bible. Will you take me into your church where she was?" "With all my heart"—and that proud, worldly, hostile man, hating this blessed Bible, came, with no arguments, with no objection, with no difficulties suggested, with no questions to unravel, but binding it upon his heart of memory and love. It was God's message of direct salvation to his soul, as if there were not another Bible in Philadelphia, and an angel from heaven had brought him this.—*Dr. Tynng.*

488. **BIBLE a legacy.** The Rev. Dr. Harris, in several successive wills which he made, always renewed this legacy:—"Item: I bequeath to all my children, and children's children, to each of them, a Bible, with this inscription, 'None but Christ.'" A noble legacy, truly!

489. **BIBLE a mirror.** In the fabulous records of pagan antiquity we read of a mirror endowed with properties so rare that, by looking into it its possessor could discover any object which he wished to see, however remote, and discover with equal ease persons and things above, below, behind, before him. Such a mirror, but infinitely more valuable than this fictitious glass, do we possess in the Bible.

490. **BIBLE a sealed book.** Father Fulgentio, the friend and biographer of the celebrated Paul Sarpi, both of them secret friends to the progress of religious reformation, was once preaching upon Pilate's question, "What is truth?" when he told the audience that he had at last, after many searches, found it out, and holding forth a New Testament, said, "Here it is, my friends;" but added sorrowfully, as he returned it to his pocket, "It is a sealed book!"

491. **BIBLE a stay in affliction.** There was once a man who pledged his dearest faith to a maiden, beautiful and true. For a time all passed pleasantly, and the maiden lived in happiness. But then the man was called from her side; he left her. Long she waited, but he did not return. Friends pitied her and rivals mocked her; tauntingly they pointed at her and said, "He has left thee; he will never come back." The maiden sought her chamber, and read in secret the letters which her lover had written to her—the letters in which he promised to be ever faithful, ever true. Weeping she read them, but they brought comfort to her heart; she dried her eyes and doubted not. A joyous day dawned for her; the man she loved returned; and when he learned that others had doubted, and asked her how she had preserved her faith, she showed his letters to him, declaring her eternal trust. Israel, in misery and captivity, was mocked by the nations; her hopes of redemption were made a laughing-stock, her sages scoffed at, her holy men derided. Into her synagogues, into her schools went Israel; she read the letters which her God had written, and believed in the holy

promises which they contained. God will in time redeem her; and when He says, "How could you alone be faithful of all the mocking nations?" she will point to the law, and answer, "Had not Thy law been my delight, I should long since have perished in my affliction."—*Talmud*.

492. BIBLE a study of language. Lord Erskine used to say that whatever command of language he possessed, whatever might be the flow of his ideas, he derived all from an unremitting and constant study of the Bible.

493. BIBLE a support. "I have led but a lonely life," said David Saunders (the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain"), "and often have had but little to eat; but my Bible has been meat, drink, and company to me; and when want and trouble have come upon me, I don't know what I should have done, indeed, if I had not had the promises of this book for my stay and support."

494. BIBLE a test of company. A good woman once asked her minister what she ought to do, there were so many worthless characters came in to sit with her husband of an evening. "Put the open Family Bible on the table," said he, "and that will drive them off." And so it was; she was not troubled with them any more.—*Dr. Thain Davidson*.

495. BIBLE an organic whole. If the Bible were like a collection of stones, we might select some and put aside others, as less valuable and beautiful; and although in such selection we might make great mistakes, we should still be in possession of something more or less complete. But the Bible is like a plant and all its parts are not mechanically or accidentally connected, but organically united, and hence a law of life rules here; and he who reveres life will neither add nor take away from the beautiful plant which the Father hath planted in and through Christ by the Spirit. . . . Nobody asserts that a man would be killed if you cut off his hair and his nails. But there is a vital union of all his members. If you cut off my little finger I shall survive it; but it is *my* little finger you cut off, and it is a loss, a disfigurement. So with the Bible. It is not like a piece of cloth that you can clip and cut. It is a body, animated by one Spirit.—*Adolph Saphir, B.A.*

496. BIBLE and commentators. When I was young I read the Bible over and over and over again, and was so perfectly acquainted with it that I could, in an instant, have pointed to any verse that might have been mentioned. I then read the commentators; but I soon threw them aside, for I found therein many things my conscience could not approve, as being contrary to the sacred text. 'Tis always better to see with one's own eyes than with those of other people.—*Luther's Table Talk*.

497. BIBLE and its critics. Voltaire brought an argument to show that the Bible story of the golden calf being dissolved was an impossibility—a chemical impossibility. While Voltaire was proving that gold could not be held in solution, all the gilders and coiners and metallurgists of the earth were holding gold in solution, and there were fifty shops in Paris at that time where Voltaire might have seen the very process which he pronounced an impossibility.—*Talmage*.

498. BIBLE and its uses in life. Queen Elizabeth spent much of her time in reading the best writings of her own and former ages, yet she by no means neglected that best of books, the Bible; for proof of which take her own words. "I walk," says she, "many times in the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodly herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, digest them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory by gathering them together; so that, having tasted their sweetness, I may less perceive the bitterness of life."—*Buck*.

499. BIBLE and newspaper. A story is told of a minister who taught an old man in his parish to read. He proved a proficient scholar. After the teaching had come to an end the minister was not able to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he only found the wife at home. "How's John?" said he. "He's canny, sir," said the wife. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Nicely, sir." "Ah! I suppose he will read his Bible very comfortably now." "Bible, sir! Bless you! he was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago." There are many other persons who, like this old man, have long been out of the Bible and into the newspaper. They have forsaken the fountain of Living Waters, and have gone about among muddy pools and stagnant morasses to seek something which might slake their thirst.—*Clerical Library*.

500. BIBLE and priestcraft. A young Savoyard, a poor little chimney-sweep, one day purchased a Testament, for which he paid ten sous (rather less than fivepence of English money), and set himself immediately to read it. Delighted to possess the Word of God, he, in his simplicity, ran to the priest to show him the good bargain he had made with his savings. The priest looked at the book, and told the young Savoyard that it came from the hands of heretics, and that it was a book forbidden to be read. The poor boy replied that everything he had read in the book told him about Christ; "And besides," said he, "it is so BEAUTIFUL!" "You shall see how beautiful it is," said the priest, seizing it and casting it into the fire. The young Savoyard went away weeping.—*Denton*.

501. BIBLE and religious systems. If every man was left to get up his own system of astronomy, geology, medicine, and architecture, things would go on but slowly. The Bible is, at all events, *something to begin with*.—*Dr. Parker*.

502. BIBLE and sceptics. "Whosoever falls on this stone shall be broken," is the whole history of the heresies of the Church and the assaults of unbelief. Man after man, rich in gifts, endowed often with far larger and nobler faculties than the people that oppose him, with indomitable perseverance, a martyr to his error, sets himself up against the truth that is sphered in Jesus Christ; and the great Divine message simply goes on its way, and all the babblement and noise is like so many bats flying against a light, or the wild sea-birds that come sweeping up in the tempest and the night against the hospitable Pharos that is upon the rock, and smite themselves dead against it. Sceptics well known in their generation, who made people's hearts tremble for the ark of God, what has become of them? Their books lie dusty and undisturbed

on the top shelf of libraries; whilst there the Bible stands, with all the scribblings wiped off the pages, as though they had never been! Opponents fire their small shot against the great Rock of Ages, and the little pellets fall flattened, and only scale off a bit of the moss that has gathered there!—*MacLaren*.

503. BIBLE and the Sabbath. Some years ago a motion was made in the House of Commons for raising and embodying the Militia, and, for the purpose of saving time, to exercise them on the Sabbath. When the resolution was about to pass an old gentleman stood up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have one objection to make to this; I believe in an old book called the Bible." The members looked at one another, and the motion was dropped.

504. BIBLE, Appeal to. I reduced the study of divinity into as narrow a compass as possible, for I determined to study nothing but my Bible, being much unconcerned about the opinions of Councils, fathers, Churches, bishops, and other men as little inspired as myself. . . . I never troubled myself with answering any arguments which the opponents in the divinity schools brought against the Articles of the Church, nor ever admitted their authority as decisive of a difficulty; but I used, on such occasions, to say to them, holding the New Testament in my hand, "*En sacrum codicem*."—*Bishop, Watson*.

505. BIBLE, Appeal to. "You interpret the Scriptures in one way," said Mary to Knox, "and the Pope and the cardinals in another; whom shall I believe, and who shall be judge?" "You shall believe," replied Knox, "God, who plainly speaketh in His Word; and further than the Word teacheth you, you shall believe neither the one nor the other—neither the Pope nor the Reformers—neither the Papists nor the Protestants. The Word of God is plain in itself; if there be any obscurity in one place, the Holy Ghost, who is never contrary to Himself, explains it more clearly in other places, so that there can remain no doubt but unto such as are obstinately ignorant."—*Stewart's Collections and Recollections*.

506. BIBLE, Argument for. Naimbanna, a black prince, arrived in England, from the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, in 1791. The gentlemen to whose care he was intrusted took great pains to convince him that the Bible was the Word of God, and he received it as such, with great reverence and simplicity. Do we ask what it was that satisfied him on this subject, let us listen to his artless words. "When I found," said he, "all good men minding the Bible, and calling it the Word of God, and all bad men disregarding it, I then was sure that the Bible must be what good men call it—the Word of God."

507. BIBLE, Argument for. A poor Italian woman, a fruit-seller, had received the Word of God in her heart, and become persuaded of the truth of it. Seated at her modest stall at the head of a bridge, she made use of every moment in which she was unoccupied with her small traffic in order to study the sacred volume. "What are you reading there, my good woman?" said a gentleman one day as he came up to the stall to purchase some fruit. "It is the Word of God," replied the fruit-vender. "The Word of God! Who told you that?" "He told me so Himself." "Have you

ever spoken with Him, then?" The poor woman felt a little embarrassed, more especially as the gentleman insisted on her giving him some proof of what she believed. Unused to discussion, and feeling greatly at a loss for arguments, she at length exclaimed, looking upward, "Can you prove to me, sir, that there is a sun up in the sky?" "Prove it!" he replied. "Why, the best proof is that it warms me, and that I can see its light." "So it is with me," she replied joyously; "the proof of this book's being the Word of God is, that it warms and lights my soul."—*Christian Age*.

508. BIBLE, Argument for. About twenty years ago, says one, passing the house where Thomas Paine boarded, the low window was open, and seeing him sitting close by, I stepped in. Seven or eight of his friends were present, whose doubts and his own he was labouring to remove by a long talk about the story of Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still; and he concluded by denouncing the Bible as the worst of books, and said that it had occasioned more mischief and bloodshed than any book ever printed, and was believed only by fools and knaves. Here he paused; and while he was replenishing his tumbler with his favourite brandy and water, a person asked Mr. Paine if he ever was in Scotland. The answer was, "Yes." "So have I," continued the speaker; "and the Scotch are the greatest bigots about the Bible I ever met. It is their schoolbook; their houses and churches are furnished with Bibles, and if they travel but a few miles from home, their Bible is always their companion; yet in no other country where I have travelled have I seen the people so comfortable and happy. Their poor are not in such abject poverty as I have seen in other countries. By their bigoted custom of going to church on Sundays they save the wages which they earn through the week, which in other countries that I have visited are generally spent by mechanics and other young men in taverns and frolics on Sundays; and of all the foreigners who land on our shores, none are so much sought after for servants, and to fill places where trust is reposed, as the Scotch. You rarely find them in taverns, the watchhouse, almshouse, bridewell, or prison. Now, if the Bible is so bad a book, those who use it most would be the worst of people; but the reverse is the case." This was a sort of argument Paine was not prepared to answer, and an historical fact which could not be denied; so, without saying a word, he lifted a candle from the table and walked upstairs. His disciples slipped out one by one, and left the speaker and myself to enjoy the scene.—*Christian Age*.

509. BIBLE, Asking for. The following is an extract from a petition which was signed by 146 Roman Catholics in the vicinity of Tralee, the parents and representatives of more than 1300 children, and presented to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry in 1826:—

"May it please your reverence,—We, the undersigned, being members of the Roman Catholic Church in your bishopric, beg leave to approach you with all the respect and deference due to our spiritual father, and to implore your pastoral indulgence on a subject of much anxiety to us, and of great importance to the bodies and souls of our dear children.

"We approach your paternal feet, holy father, humbly imploring that you will instruct the clergy

to relax that hostility which many of them direct against the Scripture schools, and to suspend those denunciations and penalties which are dealt to us merely because we love our children, and wish to see them honest men, loyal subjects, good Christians, and faithful Catholics. In short, *permit us to know something of the Word of God*, so much spoken of in these days."—*Religious Tract Society Anecdotes.*

510. BIBLE, Belief in. The son of Selina, the Countess of Huntingdon, whose zeal in the extension of the gospel is well known, was unhappily an unbeliever, but revered his pious and venerable mother. "I wish," said a peer to him, "you would speak to Lady Huntingdon; she has just erected a preaching-place close to my residence." His lordship replied, "Gladly, my lord; but you will do me the favour to inform me what plea to urge, for my mother really believes the Bible."

511. BIBLE, Comfort from, sought. Bishop Burnet relates that when Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who was cruelly condemned to be beheaded by Henry VIII., came out of the Tower of London and saw the scaffold, he took out of his pocket a Greek Testament, and looking up to heaven, he exclaimed, "Now, O Lord, direct me to some passage which may support me through this awful scene." He opened the book, and his eye glanced on the text, "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." The bishop instantly closed the book, and said, "Praised be the Lord! this is sufficient both for me and for eternity."

512. BIBLE, circulated by its enemies. The New Testament began first to be translated by William Tyndale, and so came forth in print about A.D. 1529 (1525?), wherewith Cuthbert Tonstal, Bishop of London, with Sir Thomas More, being sore aggrieved, devised how to destroy that false, erroneous translation, as he called it. It happened that one Augustine Packington, a mercer, was then at Antwerp, where the bishop was. This man favoured Tyndale, but showed the contrary unto the bishop. The bishop, being desirous to bring his purpose to pass, communed how that he would gladly buy the New Testaments. Packington, hearing him say so, said, "My lord, I can do more in this matter than most merchants that be here, if it be your pleasure; for I know the Dutchmen and strangers that have bought them of Tyndale, and have them here to sell; so that if it be your lordship's pleasure, I must disburse money to pay for them, or else I cannot have them; and so I will assure you to have every book of them that is printed and unsold." The bishop, thinking he had God "by the toe," said, "Do your diligence, gentle Master Packington! Get them for me, and I will pay whatsoever they cost; for I intend to burn and destroy them all at Paul's Cross." This Augustine Packington went unto William Tyndale, and declared the whole matter; and so, upon compact made between them, the Bishop of London had the books, Packington had the thanks, and Tyndale had the money. After this Tyndale corrected the same New Testament again, and caused them to be newly imprinted, so that they came thick and threefold over into England. When the bishop perceived that he sent for Packington, and said to him, "How cometh this, that there are so many New Testaments abroad? You promised me

that you would buy them all." Then answered Packington, "Surely I bought all that were to be had; but I perceive they have printed more since. I see it will never be better so long as they have letters and stamps; wherefore you were best to buy the stamps too, and so you shall be sure;" at which answer the bishop smiled, and so the matter ended.—*Acts and Monuments.*

513. BIBLE doing missionary work. You will be interested to know how the truth first found its way into that mountain village, Hazark. I will tell the story as I heard it from the lips of an old man in whom we became much interested, and who may be regarded as the first preacher of the gospel in that region. Twenty-five years ago he was learning a trade somewhere near Broosa, and accidentally got hold of a Turkish New Testament, which he read secretly for a long time. After a while he returned to his native village, and began to preach the truth as he understood it. Then several others, who were trading in different parts of Western Turkey, also became partially persuaded. Finally three young men were received into one of the Protestant churches near Broosa, and on their return to their village five families separated from the old Church and formed themselves into a Protestant community. No missionary teacher or preacher had ever visited them, but they had the Bible and hymn-book, and the Holy Spirit was their teacher.—*Rev. Mr. Pierce.*

514. BIBLE, Effects of. A dealer in low publications taunted me about the Bible. I begged her to take a copy and read it. She said, "I shall sell it." "That is your affair," I replied. I lost sight of her for three weeks. When I returned to her kiosk all her immoral publications had disappeared. "Oh!" she cried, on seeing me, "I am delivered; this book has saved me from dishonour. No, no, I will not sell it. I and my husband now read it together, and with our children." This morning this dear old woman told me that in two neighbouring families the Holy Bible is read, "And," said she, "it has absolutely had the same effect with them as with us."—*Pasteur Hirsch.*

515. BIBLE, Enforcing. When the Rev. Mr. Charles, of Bala, in Wales, met a poor man or woman on the road he used to stop his horse and make the inquiry, "Can you read the Bible?" He was so much in the habit of doing this that he became everywhere known from this practice. "The gentleman who kindly asked the poor people about the Bible and their souls" was Mr. Charles. Meeting one day with an old man on one of the mountains, he said to him, "You are an old man, and very near another world." "Yes," said he; "and I hope I am going to heaven." "Do you know the road there,—do you know the Word of God?" "Pray, are you Mr. Charles?" said the old man. He suspected who he was from his questions. He was frequently thus accosted when asking the poor people he met with about their eternal concerns. "Pray, are you Mr. Charles?" was often the inquiry. When he had time he scarcely ever passed by a poor man on the road without talking to him about his soul and his knowledge of the Bible. When he found any ignorant of the Word of God, and not able to read it, he represented to them, in a kind and simple manner, the duty and necessity of becoming

acquainted with it, and feelingly and compassionately set before them the awful state of those who leave the world without knowing the Word of God and the way of saving the soul. He sometimes succeeded in persuading them to learn to read; and the good he thus did was no doubt very great.—*Whitcross.*

516. BIBLE, fear it is true. "There is one thing," said Mr. S——, a professed infidel, to one of his companions in sin, "which mars all the pleasures of my life." "Ah," replied his companion, "what is that?" "Why, I am afraid the Bible is true. If I could but certainly know that death is an eternal sleep, I should be happy; my joy would be complete. But here is the thorn that stings me! This is the sword that pierces my very soul. If the Bible *be true* I am lost for ever—every prospect is gone, and I am lost for ever!" This unhappy man soon afterwards undertook a voyage, was shipwrecked, and drowned.

517. BIBLE, Freshness of. The learned Dr. Charles Elliot was through a long life a close Bible student. When in his seventy-seventh year, and just a month before his death, he read the Old Testament through in three weeks. His daughter asked him what he was reading. He replied, "I'm reading news."

518. BIBLE, Fruits of reading. A Roman Catholic priest in Belgium rebuked a young woman and her brother for reading that "bad book," pointing to the Bible. "Sir," she replied, "a little while ago my brother was an idler, a gambler, and a drunkard. Since he began to study the Bible he works with industry, goes no longer to the tavern, no longer touches cards, brings home money to his poor old mother, and our life at home is quiet and delightful. How comes it, sir, that a bad book produces such good fruits?"

519. BIBLE, God in. In the diamond-fields of South Africa a diamond was found, celebrated lately under the title of fly-stone; placed under a magnifying-glass, you see enclosed in all its brilliancy a little fly, with body, wings, and eyes, in the most perfect state of preservation. How it came there no one knows, but no human skill can take it out. So in Holy Scripture the Spirit of God is found in a place from which no power of man can remove it.—*Dr. M'Ewan.*

520. BIBLE God's book. That the Bible is God's word and book I prove thus: All things that have been, and are, in the world, and the manner of their being, are described in the first book of Moses on the creation; even as God made and shaped the world, so does it stand to this day. Infinite potentates have raged against this book, and sought to destroy and uproot it—King Alexander the Great, the princes of Egypt and of Babylon, the monarchs of Persia, of Greece, and of Rome, the Emperors Julius and Augustus—but they nothing prevailed; they are all gone and vanished, while the book remains, and will remain for ever and ever, perfect and entire, as it was declared at the first. Who has thus helped it—who has thus protected it against such mighty forces? No one, surely, but God Himself, who is the Master of all things. And 'tis no small miracle how God has so long preserved and protected this

book; for the devil and the world are sore foes to it.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

521. BIBLE Heaven sent. The ancient Greeks had one sentence which they believed, though without foundation, to have descended from heaven; and to evince their gratitude and veneration for this gift, they caused it to be engraved in letters of gold on the front of their most sacred and magnificent temple. We, more favoured, have not one sentence only, but a volume, which really descended from heaven, and which, whether we consider its contents or its Author, ought to be indelibly impressed on the heart of every child of Adam.—*Payson.*

522. BIBLE, how it affects men. "However the Holy Scriptures may have been composed," says Monod, "they are literally heaven speaking upon earth." And the proof of this, if seen nowhere else, is seen in the lives of men who come truly under their influence. A sea captain, who had been in the habit of reading the Bible with his crew, had his ship dismasted and all the boats washed away off Cape Clear. Writing afterwards of the contrast between his men, he says, "I had then an opportunity of seeing who were trustworthy, and I found the most unprincipled men the most useless and the greatest cowards in this awful gale, and the Bible men altogether the reverse, most useful and courageous."

523. BIBLE, how men deal with it. Rica, having been to visit the library of a French convent, wrote thus to his friend in Persia concerning what had passed—"Father," said I to the librarian, "what are these huge volumes which fill the whole side of the library?" "These," said he, "are the interpreters of the Scriptures." "There is a prodigious number of them," replied I; "the Scriptures must have been very dark formerly, and very clear at present. Do there remain still any doubts? Are there now any points contested?" "Are there?" answered he, with surprise; "are there? There are almost as many as there are lines." "You astonish me," said I. "What, then, have all these authors been doing?" "These authors," returned he, "never searched the Scriptures for what ought to be believed, but for what they did believe themselves. They did not consider them as a book wherein were contained the doctrines which they ought to receive, but as a work which might be made to authorise their own ideas."

524. BIBLE, How men read. Some years ago two gentlemen were riding together, and as they were about to separate, one addressed the other thus—"Do you ever read your Bible?" "Yes; but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God." "Neither did I," replied the other; "but God loved me."

525. BIBLE, How to read. It is well for me here to say that the divisions of chapters and verse did not originate with the authors of the Bible, but were arranged at a much later period, and by a venerable Bible-reader, as he was travelling by post. The worst of it is that they actually appear so much like the post. The sense is so often broken up by chapters and verses that it is very much to be feared that where the custom prevails of offering unto God daily a chapter or a few verses God is often put off with half an offering. Therefore let us read less frequently and with understanding. Read, my dear honest Christian brother, read an entire

sacred book through at once, for there is none too long. Then wilt thou enter into the connection and tone of the writer, and, as it were, into the current thoughts of his soul. Then wilt thou be quickened by his spirit and read as he wrote.—*Herder*.

526. BIBLE, Ignorance of. Luther attained his twentieth year before he even saw a Bible; and, though a university student versed in the learning of those days, he was not aware that the Gospels and Epistles extended further than the portions used in the service.—*Anecdotes of the Reformation*.

527. BIBLE, Imperilled by. Richard Hunne, charged with heresy before the Bishop of London, was terrified into an admission of some of the crimes of which he was accused, one of which was that he had in his possession the Epistles and Gospels in English and "Wycliffe's damnable works." He was sent back to prison, and two days afterward was found hanging in his cell.—*Little's Historical Lights*.

528. BIBLE improved(?) Sebastian Castillion took a very extraordinary liberty with the sacred writings. He fancied he could give the world a more classical version of the Bible, and for this purpose introduced phrases and entire sentences from profane writers into the text of Holy Writ. . . . But an attempt by Père Berruyer is more extraordinary; in his "*Historie du Peuple*" he has recomposed the Bible as he would have written a fashionable novel. . . . When he has narrated an "Adventure of the Patriarchs" he proceeds, "After such an extraordinary, or curious, or interesting adventure," &c. This good father had caught the language of the *beau monde*, but with such perfect simplicity that in employing it on sacred history he was not aware of the ludicrous he was writing.—*I. D'Israeli*.

529. BIBLE inexhaustible. It is said of some of the mines of Cornwall, that the deeper they are sunk the richer they prove; and though some lodes have been followed a thousand and even fifteen hundred feet, they have not come to an end. Such is the Book of God. It is a mine of wealth which can never be exhausted. The deeper we sink into it the richer it becomes.—*Rev. Charles Graham*.

530. BIBLE, Influence of. In 1885 a colporteur came to Toulon while the soldiers were embarking for the Crimea. He offered a Testament to a soldier, who asked him what book it might be. "The Word of God," was the answer. "Let me have it then," said the man. But when he had received it he added, laughing, "Now it will do very well to light my pipe." The colporteur felt sorry, but said to himself, "Well, as I have given it, it must go." The following year that same colporteur found himself in the centre of France; he sought lodgings at an inn, the people who kept it being in great distress at the death of their son. The poor mother explained that her son had gone to the Crimea, and returned to die of his wounds. "But I have such consolation," she said; "he was so peaceful and happy, and he brought comfort to me and his father." "How was this?" asked the colporteur. "Oh," said she, "he found all his comfort in one little book which he had always with him." The colporteur begged to see the book, and they brought him a copy of the New Testament, of

which the first fifteen or twenty pages had been torn out; but on the inside of the cover was written, "Received at Toulon (with the date), despised—neglected—read—believed—and found salvation." The place and date were recognised by the colporteur, and thus he reaped the seed he had sown.—*Book and its Missions*.

531. BIBLE, Influence of. The mother of the brilliant Gardiner, whose monument I passed the other day at Prestonpans, put a Bible in his trunk; and when he opened it that Bible faced him and looked him down. It was his mother's Bible. He could not get over it. It converted him in the British army, and turned him from a scoffer, profligate, and rake into a follower of Christ.—*Talmage*.

532. BIBLE, Internal evidence of. Coleridge, in giving one of the grand internal evidences of the inspiration of the Bible, as derived from his own experience, used the idiomatic and significant expression, "*It finds me*."—*Christian Age*.

533. BIBLE in the household. An eminent physician once said that he could almost invariably tell, when he entered a house, whether the Bible was there as an educator or not.

534. BIBLE its own witness. Conspicuous in John Randolph's library was a Family Bible. Surrounding it were many books, some for and others against its truthfulness as an inspired revelation. One day Mr. Randolph had a clergyman as his guest, and the Family Bible became a topic of conversation. The eccentric orator said, "I was raised by a pious mother (God bless her memory!), who taught me the Christian religion in all its requirements. But, alas! I grew up an infidel—if not an infidel complete, yet a decided deist. But when I became a man, in this as well as in political and all other matters, I resolved to examine for myself, and never to pin my faith to any other man's sleeve. So I bought that Bible; I pored over it; I examined it carefully. I sought and procured those books for and against it; and when my labours were ended I came to this irresistible conclusion: The Bible is true. It would have been as easy for a mole to have written Sir Isaac Newton's treatise on Optics as for uninspired men to have written the Bible."—*Christian Age*.

535. BIBLE, Life from the. A young shopman once took up a leaf of the Bible, and was about to tear it in pieces and use it for packing up some small parcel in the shop, when a pious friend said, "Do not tear that; it contains the word of eternal life." The young man, though he did not relish the reproof, folded up the leaf and put it in his pocket. Shortly after this he said within himself, "Now I will see what kind of life it is of which this leaf speaks." On unfolding the leaf the first words that caught his eye were the last in the book of Daniel—"But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." He began immediately to inquire what his lot would be at the end of the days, and the train of thought thus awakened led to the formation of a religious character.—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdote*.

536. BIBLE, Living by. When Atterbury presented Mr. Pope, the poet, with a Bible—"Does

your lordship abide by it yourself?" said he. "We have not time to talk now," replied the bishop; "but I do certainly, and ever will, abide by it."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

537. BIBLE, Love of. The Psalms were the favourite book of Hooker, of Horne, and of Luther, who regarded them as the choicest trees in the garden of the Lord. The epistles of Paul were seldom out of the hands of Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed orator of the early Church. The martyr Ridley tells us incidentally, in his farewell to his friends, that he had learned nearly the whole of them in the course of his solitary walks at Oxford. Boyle could quote in the original Greek any passage of the New Testament that might happen to be named. On Daniel and Revelation Sir Isaac Newton spent some of the ripest hours of his life. Locke devoted twelve years to the study of the epistles and of the whole Bible, which he has carefully analysed. It is a proof of the esteem in which Leighton held the whole book, that his French Bible, preserved in the library at Dunblane, is filled with manuscript extracts from ancient commentators; while in an English copy he was accustomed to use there is hardly a line unmarked by his pencil.—*H. L. Hastings.*

538. BIBLE, Love of. At a meeting of the Aberdeen Auxiliary Bible Society the following pleasing anecdote was related by an eye-witness of the scene. "Last year," said he, "a vessel from Stockholm was driven upon our coast in a tremendous gale, and became a total wreck. Her condition was such that no human aid could possibly preserve the crew. In a short while after the vessel struck she went to pieces. The persons on shore beheld with grief the awful state of those on board, but could render them no aid. They all perished except one lad, and he was driven by the waves upon a piece of the wreck entwined among the ropes attached to the mast. Half naked and half drowned, he reached the shore. As soon as they rescued him they saw a small parcel tied firmly round his waist with a handkerchief. Some thought it was his money, others the ship's papers, and others said it was his watch. The handkerchief was unloosed, and to their surprise it was his Bible—a Bible given to the lad's father by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Upon the blank leaf was a prayer written, that the Lord might make the present gift the means of saving his son's soul. Upon the other blank leaf was an account how the Bible came into the father's hands, with expressions of gratitude to the Society from which he received it. To this was added a request to his son that he would make it the man of his counsel, and that he could not allow him to depart from home without giving him the best pledge of his love—a Bible; although that gift deprived the other parts of the family. The Bible bore evident marks of having been often read with tears."—*Whitecross.*

539. BIBLE, Love of. A blind girl had been in the habit of reading her Bible by means of raised letters such as are prepared for the use of the blind; but after a while, by working in a factory, the tips of her fingers became so calloused that she could no more by her hands read the precious promises. She cut off the tips of her fingers that her touch might be more sensitive; but still she failed with her hands to read the raised letters. In

her sorrow she took the Bible and said, "Farewell, my dear Bible. You have been the joy of my heart!" Then she pressed the open page to her lips and kissed it, and as she did so she felt with her mouth the letters, "*The Gospel according to St. Mark.*" "Thank God!" she said; "if I cannot read the Bible with my fingers, I can read it with my lips."—*Talmage.*

540. BIBLE, Love of. It is related of Dr. Kennicott, who spent thirty years in collating the Hebrew Scriptures, and resigned a valuable living because his studies prevented his residing on it, that his wife was accustomed to assist him in his preparations of his Polyglot Bible by reading to him, as they drove out for an airing, the portions to which his attention was called.

When preparing for a drive the day after the great work was completed she asked him what book she should now take. "Oh," exclaimed he, "*let us begin the Bible.*"—*Christian Age.*

541. BIBLE, Love of. During the war with Russia, a soldier who was wounded at Inkerman managed to crawl away from the place where he fell and ultimately reached his tent. When he was found he was on his face. Beneath him was the sacred volume, and on its open pages his hand rested. When his hand was lifted, it was found to be glued by his life's blood to the book. The letters of the page were printed upon his hand and read thus:—"I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." It was with this verse still inscribed on his hand that he was laid in a soldier's grave.—*New Handbook of Illustration.*

542. BIBLE, Love of. A manuscript Bible, written under interesting circumstances, was referred to at a recent Bible meeting at Colchester. It was written by an apprentice boy named Newman, in the time of James II., and was in the library of Dr. Williams. The boy, having a presentiment that all Bibles were to be collected and destroyed, sat up many nights, and made a copy in manuscript of the entire Scriptures, hoping that when called upon to give up his Bible he might secretly retain his written copy.—*The Church Standard.*

543. BIBLE, Love of. During the persecution of the Nonconformists, in the reign of James II., one of them copied out the whole Bible in shorthand for his own use, fearing the re-establishment of Popery and the suppression of the Holy Scriptures.

544. BIBLE, Love of. Dr. Franklin, in his own Life, has preserved a singular anecdote of the Bible being prohibited in England in the time of our true Catholic Mary. His family had then early embraced the Reformation. "They had an English Bible, and to conceal it the more securely they conceived the project of fastening it open with packthreads across the leaves, on the inside of the lid of a close-stool. When my great-grandfather wished to read to his family he reversed the lid of the close-stool upon his knees, and passed the leaves from one side to the other, which were held down on each by the packthread. One of the children was stationed at the door to give notice if he saw an officer of the Spiritual Court make his appearance; in that case the lid was restored to its place, with the Bible concealed under it as before."—*I. D'Israeli.*

545. BIBLE, memory of contents. In the absence of his father, a little boy attended the Sabbath-school of a Dutch Reformed minister. On the father's return he went upstairs, and finding his son reading the Word of God, he asked him, "What book are you reading?" He replied, "The Bible." "Where did you get it?" "In yonder Sabbath-school." He then took the Bible from him and committed it to the flames, saying, "If you ever go to the Sabbath-school again I'll give you such a thrashing as you never had." Having ascertained that the Bible was burned, his son said to him, "Father, you have burned my Bible; but I can tell you what it is, you cannot burn out of me those pretty little chapters I have committed to memory out of the Gospel of John."

546. BIBLE, Morals of. The morals of the Bible are the morals of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. I once heard of a chieftain who, passing by a mission-house, was arrested by a hum; he listened and went in, and heard them reading that same chapter; and when they had done he said, "If you will only live that chapter as well as you have read it, I will never say another word against Christianity."—*Dr. Beaumont.*

547. BIBLE neglected. The Rev. Philip Henry was a native of Virginia, of which state he became governor. He was eminent through life as a statesman and an orator. A little before his death he remarked to a friend, who found him reading his Bible, "Here is a book worth more than all the other books which ever were printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have, until lately, found time to read it with proper attention and feeling."

548. BIBLE, Neglect of. When Dr. Goodwin was a youth, and a student at Cambridge, having heard much of Mr. Rogers, of Dedham, he took a journey to hear him preach one of his week-day lectures, which were very numerously attended. Mr. Rogers was at that time discussing the subject of the Scriptures, and on this occasion expostulated with his hearers on the neglect of the Bible. He represented God as addressing them—"I have trusted you so long with my Bible; you have slighted it; it lies in your houses covered with dust and cobwebs; you care not to look into it. Do you use my Bible so? Well, you shall have my Bible no longer." He then took up the Bible from the cushion, and seemed as if he were going away with it, and carrying it from them, but immediately turned again, and, personating the people answering God, fell down on his knees, wept, and pleaded most earnestly—"O Lord, whatever Thou dost to us, take not Thy Bible from us! Kill our children—burn our houses—destroy our goods—only spare us Thy Bible." Then he addressed the people as from God—"Say you so? Well, I will try you a little longer; here is my Bible for you. I will yet see how you will use it—whether you will love it more, whether you will observe it more, whether you will practise it more, and live more according to it." By these actions he produced among his congregation a general weeping. Dr. Goodwin himself, when he retired to take his horse again, hung on his neck and wept for a considerable time before he had power to mount, so great was the impression produced on his mind by having been thus expostulated with for the neglect of the Bible.

549. BIBLE, Neglect of. A person in Birmingham,

who lived in the neglect of the worship of God and of reading the Bible, was on a Lord's Day sitting at the fire with his family; he said that he thought he would read a chapter in the Bible, not having read one for a long time. But, alas! he was disappointed; it was too late, for in the very act of reaching it from the shelf he sank down and immediately expired.—*Whitecross.*

550. BIBLE, Neglect of. The committee of a local Bible Society in Scotland, some time ago, resolved that a house-to-house visitation should be made by some of the members, to ascertain if possible whether every family in the village possessed a copy of the Scriptures, and if not, to supply the want where they found it necessary. Among others visited was an elderly woman who, on being informed what object the visitors had in view, asked them indignantly if they had come to her thinking she was a heathen who hadn't the Word of God in her house. She assured them that she had, and to convince them of the truth of her statement she called to her granddaughter, who was in the room, "Bring the Bible frae the press, lassie, and let the gentlemen see that I ha'e a Bible, and a guid Bible; mony a yen hasna the like." The girl did as she was bid, brought the Bible, and laid it on the table. It was observed that the book was kept partly open by something placed between the leaves. On finding what it was the manner of the old woman immediately changed. Instead of upbraiding, she now thanked the gentlemen for their visit, saying, "It's really a guid thing you've come, gentlemen; for there, ye see, I've found my spectacles, that I havena seen for the last three years: though I've looked for them every place I could think o', I ne'er could find them, an' there they are."

It is one thing to have a Bible, and another thing to make a good use of it.—*James Douglas, Ph. D.*

551. BIBLE, Neglect of. A well-known philanthropist, some years ago, passing through Dorchester during [the sceptic] Carlisle's confinement there, went to see him in prison, and endeavoured to engage him in a conversation upon the Scriptures; but he refused. He said he had made up his mind, and did not wish to be perplexed again; and, pointing to the Bible in the hands of his visitor, he said, in an awful manner, "How, sir, can you suppose that I can like that book, *for if it be true, I am undone for ever!*" "No," said the pious philanthropist, "this is not the necessary consequence, and it need not be; that book excludes none from hope who will seek salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."

552. BIBLE, Nothing but. Mr. Cecil, during a severe illness, said to a person who spoke of it, "It is all Christ. I keep death in view. If God does not please to raise me up, He intends me better. 'I know whom I have believed.' How little do we think of improving the time while we have opportunity! I find everything but religion only vanity. To recollect a promise of the Bible: *this* is substance! Nothing will do but the Bible. If I read authors and hear different opinions I cannot say, '*This is truth.*' I cannot grasp it as substance; but the Bible gives me something to hold. I have learned more within these curtains than from all the books I ever read."

553. BIBLE, Opposition to. An elderly woman, a Roman Catholic, residing near Montreal, having

obtained a Bible, was visited by her priest, who earnestly endeavoured to prevail on her to give it up. Finding he could not persuade her to relinquish her treasure, he attempted to induce her to sell it, offering first five, then ten, fifteen, and at last twenty dollars. The good woman, after refusing these offers, at length consented to sell it for twenty-five dollars. The priest agreed, the money was paid, the obnoxious volume was given up, and he departed in triumph. But the old woman set off immediately to Montreal, and with the priest's twenty-five dollars purchased twenty-five new Bibles, for herself and her neighbours.—*R. T. S.*

554. BIBLE points to heaven. Just as the sun, which God created to give light, never pours forth darkness, even so the Bible, which God gave to point the way to heaven, never leads to hell; nay, is never content to leave on earth. It always and invariably, like the needle to the North Pole, points to heaven, and offers wings to waft the weary wanderer home.—*R. B. Nichol.*

555. BIBLE, Power of. Many years ago a sailor went to a certain shop in a native part of the town. He bought some articles, but had no money to give for them; but he had a Bible with him, and this he asked the man to take for what he had bought instead of money. The shopkeeper began to read the Book of Proverbs, and the words struck him as being very wonderful, and quite different from, and greatly superior to, what he had been accustomed to read. For fourteen years the teaching of Scripture worked upon his heart. At last he came out and publicly confessed Christ as the Saviour of his soul. I shall never forget the night when he was baptized; the hall was crowded by Hindoos. The people were greatly opposed to his becoming a Christian, but he stood firm, and confessed Christ among shouts and screams, laughter and groans, clapping of hands, and stamping of feet.—*Rev. W. R. James.*

556. BIBLE, Praise of. Petrarch said, "If all other books were destroyed, this one retained would be a greater treasure than all the millions ever published by mortal man." Sir Matthew Hale deems it "full of light and wisdom." Milton "admired and loved to dwell upon it for its clearness and truth." Steele saw "something more than human" even in its style. Addison recommends the frequent perusal of it as the surest way to make life happy. Sir William Jones finds in it "more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books that were ever composed in any age or in any idiom." When Mrs. Hemans lay on her deathbed she repeated whole chapters of Isaiah with rejoicing lips; and the friends of Sir Walter Scott, as his life was closing, caught the sound of broken verses of Isaiah, and now and then the simple lines of some Scottish psalm which were themselves suggested by its truths.—*H. L. Hastings.*

557. BIBLE, Praise of. Locke spent the last fourteen years of his life in the study of the Bible; and he wrote "The Commonplace Book of the Scriptures," which is an invaluable fruit of his Scripture studies. These facts of themselves give the strongest proof of the high estimation in which

this profound thinker and acute metaphysician held the Christian writings. He admired the wisdom and goodness of God in the method of salvation they reveal; and it is said that when he thought upon it he could not forbear crying out, "Oh the depths of the riches of the goodness and the knowledge of God!" He was persuaded that men would be convinced of this by reading the Scriptures without prejudice, and he frequently exhorted those with whom he conversed to a serious study of these sacred writings.

A relative inquired of him what was the shortest and surest way for a young gentleman to attain a true knowledge of the Christian religion. "LET HIM STUDY," said the philosopher, "THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, ESPECIALLY IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. THEREIN ARE CONTAINED THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE. IT HAS GOD FOR ITS AUTHOR, SALVATION FOR ITS END, AND TRUTH WITHOUT ANY MIXTURE OF ERROR FOR ITS MATTER."—*Cyclopædia of Religious Anecdote.*

558. BIBLE, Protected by. The young queen (Mary Stuart), feeling the necessity of securing the goodwill of such a man, succeeded in attracting him to the palace. He (John Knox) appeared in his Calvinistic dress, a short cloak thrown over his shoulders, the Bible under his arm. "Satan," said he, "cannot prevail against a man whose left hand bears a light to illumine his sight, when he searches the Holy Scriptures in the hours of night."—*Lamartine.*

559. BIBLE, Reading and taking. In the spring of the year 372 a young man, in the thirty-first year of his age, in evident distress of mind, entered his garden near Milan. This was no other than the afterwards eminent Augustine. The sins of his youth—a youth spent in sensuality and impiety—weighed heavily on his soul. Lying under a fig-tree, moaning and pouring out abundant tears, he heard from a neighbouring house a young voice saying and repeating in rapid succession, "*Tolle, lege! Tolle, lege!*" ("Take and read! Take and read!") Receiving this as a Divine admonition, he returned to the place where he left his friend Alypius, to procure the roll of St. Paul's Epistles, which he had a short time before left with him. "I seized the roll," says he, in describing this scene; "I opened it, and read in silence the chapter on which my eyes first alighted." It was the thirteenth of Romans—"Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." All was decided by a word. "I did not want to read any more," says he; "nor was there any need; every doubt was banished." The morning star had risen in his heart.—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdote.*

560. Bible, Reading of. "Mamma," said little Emily to her mother, who was earnestly reading her Bible, "why do you read the Bible so often?" "I need to do so, my child. Why do you drink milk and eat bread so often?" "But, mamma, you know quite well I must have food; otherwise I should die." "What has God given us besides the body?" "Our souls, mamma." "What would die without food?" "Our bodies, mamma." "You see, my child, I have felt that my soul even more than my body must have food; where shall I find that

food?" "Ah! now I understand. We must read the Bible daily to find food for our souls, just as we eat and drink to sustain our bodies." "Quite right. And if to-morrow you went without breakfast, and again at dinner could not eat, what must I think?" "That I was sick." "Yes, truly; and this is a sign of our soul sickness, when we neglect to study God's Word. Other books can nourish our minds, but only God's Word can feed our souls."

561. BIBLE, Reading of. Prince Charles of Württemberg used in his earlier years often to go in spring to a village called Funfbronn, and lived in the house of a certain farmer. In the bookshelf the prince remarked a Bible, and so he asked the farmer if he read the Bible diligently. "Yes, your grace; a chapter every day." The prince took occasion, when the man was out of the way, to put a piece of gold in a certain chapter; and at parting he again exhorted the man to read his Bible, as he would find a treasure therein. After a year the prince returned, and one of his first questions was, "Well, did you continue to read your Bible?" "Yes, truly," said the farmer; "each day a chapter." "Give me your Bible for a minute," said the prince, and he opened it where he had hidden the gold. There it was; so he put it in his pocket, saying, "Why hast thou told me so many lies? If thy Bible had been read, surely thou wouldest have found my mark."—*Der Glaubensbote*.

562. BIBLE, Reading of. John Wesley once said to a preacher of his who was boasting that he only read the Bible, "If a man read only his Bible he would soon cease to read that."—*Urijah R. Thomas, D.D.*

563. BIBLE, Respect for. On one occasion an eminent Member of Parliament happened to be staying in the same house with Mr. Carlyle, and assuming that Carlyle was, like himself, a Free-thinker, ventured to address to him some flippant and disparaging remarks on the orthodox beliefs in regard to the contents of the Bible. Mr. Carlyle was at last roused to reply, and spoke with earnestness to this effect—"Young man, I recommend you to retire to your chamber without delay, there to open your Bible, to go upon your knees before God, to ask for a better understanding of these matters, and not to rise till your prayer is answered. I believe you will then find yourself a happier and a wiser man."—*The Record*.

564. BIBLE, Saved by. A gentleman at Portsea had tried many ways to turn his son-in-law from a dreadful career of vice, but in vain; for he became the more enraged against the venerable man, because he would not relieve him from the difficulties into which he had brought himself. He formed the dreadful resolution of shooting his father, and for that purpose he one day waylaid him. As the old gentleman stepped out of a boat his son-in-law fired a loaded pistol at him. But the father, who could have no pleasure in his son, had a treasure which he generally carried about with him. His Bible being at this time in his breast-pocket, the ball lodged in the book, and thus his life was saved; but his son-in-law was hanged.

565. BIBLE, Scarce, how made up for. The pilgrims who returned from Jerusalem and other places esteemed holy, composed songs on their

adventures, intermixing recitals of passages in the life of Christ, descriptions of His crucifixion, of the day of judgment, of miracles and martyrdoms. . . . At length professed practitioners in the histrionic art were hired to perform these solemn mockeries of religion. To those accustomed to contemplate the great picture of human follies, which the unpolished ages of Europe hold up to our view, it will not be surprising that the people, who were forbidden to read the events of the sacred history in the Bible, in which they were faithfully and beautifully related, should be permitted to see them represented on the stage, disgraced with the greatest improprieties.—*Warton (abridged)*.

566. BIBLE, Scarcity of. Just after the Revolution, France showed such a dearth of Bibles that people sent over for the purpose searched for four days among the booksellers of Paris without coming upon a single copy.

567. BIBLE, Scarcity of. In 1299 the Bishop of Winchester borrowed a Bible, in two volumes folio, from a convent in that city, giving a bond, drawn up in a most formal and solemn manner, for its due return. This Bible had been given to the convent by a former bishop, and in consideration of this gift and one hundred marks the monks founded a daily mass for the soul of the donor.

568. BIBLE, Scarcity of. In the east of Iceland I fell in with a clergyman who has been seeking in vain to obtain a Bible for the long period of seventeen years! His joy on my arrival was inexpressible. —I passed through a parish lately in which were only two Bibles, and another, considerably more populous, in which there are none at all!—*Dr. Henderson*.

569. BIBLE, Search for. The Indians of Oregon, having heard that the white man had a Book, and that it was the Book of God, the Great Spirit, determined to send a deputation—two of the chief Sacems and two young braves—to St. Louis to ask for a copy. They travelled 3000 miles on their remarkable mission only to meet with disappointment, the two old men dying in that city; the two younger nowhere meeting among its Catholic population any one who would further the great object of their journey, although treated everywhere with great kindness and courtesy. The farewell speech of one of the survivors, made in the Council-room of the American Fur Company, is one of the most touching pieces of Indian eloquence on record. "I came to you," he said, "over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came, with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with us—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave asleep here by your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where they worship

the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me the images of good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long, sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make me feel heavy with burdens of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor blind people, after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to the other hunting ground. No white man will go with them, and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

The poor Indians never saw the result of their mission, yet the destiny of Oregon turned upon it. The mournful refrain, "The Book was not there," found a sympathetic hearer in a young clerk in the office, who told the story in a letter to friends at Pittsburg. This letter was shown to Catlin, the Indian traveller and explorer, who said, "Give it to the world;" and as the result of publishing this letter a mission was formed, and two missionaries, with their wives, sent out to carry the white man's Book to the heart of the American wilderness.—*William Burrows (condensed).*

570. BIBLE Society, Argument for. A peasant in Saxony having asked Mr. Fabricius how he could afford to sell Bibles so cheap, the latter replied by giving him an account of the rise and progress of Bible Societies. "What!" exclaimed the peasant, "have I lived to see this? I thought the whole world was like our village, where no one cares for another unless he can gain something by him; but now I find there are many true Christians, who give their money that we may read the Word of God!"

571. BIBLE sold for drink. "During my residence in India," writes a Christian missionary, "I frequently visited a British soldier who was under sentence of death for having, when half intoxicated, wantonly shot a black man.

"In some of my visits to the jail a number of other prisoners came and sat down with this man, to listen to a word of exhortation. In one instance I spoke to them particularly on the desirableness of studying the Bible! 'Have any of you a Bible?' I inquired. They answered, 'No.' 'Have any of you ever possessed a Bible?' A pause ensued. At last the murderer broke silence, and amidst sobs and tears confessed that he once had a Bible. 'But, oh,' said he, 'I sold it for drink! It was the companion of my youth. I brought it with me from my native land, and have since sold it for drink! Oh, if I had listened to my Bible, I should not have been here.'

572. BIBLE, Spirit of, and letter. You women of England are all now shrieking with one voice—you and your clergymen together—because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bible you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfil a single downright precept of the book that you are so careful of its credit; and just because you don't care to obey its whole words that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to

dress plainly—and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor—and you crush them under your carriage-wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice; you do not know, nor care to know, so much as what the Bible word "justice" means. Do but learn so much of God's truth as that comes to; know what He means when He tells you to be just, and teach your sons that their bravery is but a fool's boast, and that their deeds but a firebrand's tossing, unless they are indeed just men, and perfect in the fear of God; and you will soon have no more war, unless it is indeed such as is willed of Him of whom, though Prince of peace, it is also written, "In righteousness doth He judge, and make war."—*Ruskin.*

573. BIBLE, Spread of. The following interesting story was told by Mr. Bruce, agent for the Bible Society:—In the year 1852 a man named Innocenti found a Bible while bathing in the Arno. The binding was damaged, but not the leaves, as it had been tied together. The fact that it was a forbidden book caused many persons to read it secretly. The Prince of Tuscany was a bitter persecutor at that time, and it was supposed that the tide had brought it down from Florence, where some one had been forced to fling it into the river. Among others who read the Bible was a joiner, who not only read for himself, but also read aloud to others. One of his hearers was a mason named Georgi, in whose soul a longing desire for peace was awakened, which for twenty years he could not get rid of. In his ignorance he once attended a meeting of the Freethinkers, but came away more unhappy than ever. The Good Shepherd led him to the shop of one of the Bible Society's agents, where he told his story to Signor Fabbroni, who gave him a New Testament. He read it carefully, and became a diligent and earnest worker for the salvation of others. Dr. Mazzinghi, Rosa, Francesco Madiari, and others were imprisoned or banished in 1852. The Bible was distributed under circumstances of great danger. The Arno did, without doubt, what no colporteur would have dared to do. He carried the Word to Signa, and after twenty years we rejoice over its fruits.—*Der Glaubensbote.*

574. BIBLE, Sticking to. When Bishop Warburton projected his edition of Shakespeare, the matter was mentioned in the greenroom. "He had better," growled Quin, "stick to his own Bible, and leave ours to us."—*Timbs.*

575. BIBLE, Study of. Passing from Bonn to Coblenz, on the Rhine, the scenery is comparatively tame. But from Coblenz to Mayence it is enchanting. You sit on deck, and feel as if this last flash of beauty must exhaust the scene; but in a moment there is a turn of the river, which covers up the former view with more luxuriant vineyards, and more defiant castles, and bolder bluffs, vine-wreathed, and grapes so ripe that if the hills be touched they would bleed, their rich life away into the bowels of Bingen and Hockheimer. Here and there there are streams of water melting into the river, like smaller joys swallowed in the bosom of a great gladness. And when night begins to throw its black mantle over the shoulder of the hills, and you are approaching disembarkation at Mayence, the lights along the shore fairly bewitch the scene with their beauty, giving one a thrill that he feels but once, yet that lasts him for ever. So this river

of God's Word is not a straight stream, but a winding splendour—at every turn new wonders to attract, still riper vintage pressing to the brink, and crowded with castles of strength—Stolzenfels and Johannisberger as nothing compared with the strong tower into which the righteous run and are saved—and our disembarkation at last, in the evening, amid the lights that gleam from the shore of heaven. The trouble is, that the vast majority of Bible voyagers stop at Coblenz, where the chief glories begin.—*Christian Age*.

576. BIBLE, Study of. Some Bibles have been given to Moslems, who came in the night asking and carrying the precious book away with them. One very learned Sheikh came to us one night and asked for a Bible, which, of course, was at once handed to him. He sat down in a corner of the room, opened the book, and began reading it. After a while he began asking my husband questions about what he read. They kept on conversing and reading the Word until very late in the night. The man did not go, but asked to be permitted to remain, as he wanted to read more. He remained the whole of the next day and the next night. He could hardly be persuaded to rest and take food.

Another Moslem who was a frequent visitor at our house, to whom we offered a Bible to read and convince himself, is now, we trust, a thorough believer in Christ. The Moslems began to suspect him, and attempted to kill him. He had to flee with his family to Gaza. Lately he has returned, but has to be very cautious in his visits to us. He comes, but always when it is quite dark. My husband reads and prays with him, and then he has to go, so as to avoid exciting suspicion. He often asks whether we could not help him to go away to a place where he might confess Christ and earn bread for his five children.—*Mrs. Schapira*.

577. BIBLE, Study of. The learned Prince of Granada, heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the Crown for fear he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old prison at the Place of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb death came to his release, and the following remarkable researches taken from the Bible, and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how the brain sought employment through the weary years:—

"In the Bible the word Lord is found 1853 times; the word Jehovah 6855 times, and the word Reverend but once, and that in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The 8th verse of the 117th Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther is the longest verse; 35th verse, 11th chapter of St. John, is the shortest. In the 107th Psalm four verses are alike—the 8th, 15th, 21st, and 31st. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The 37th chapter of Isaiah and 19th chapter of 2nd Kings are alike. The word Girl occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the 3rd verse and 3rd chapter of Joel. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters, 778,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1179 chapters, and 66 books."

578. BIBLE, Study of. The first word of the Bible Luther ever read, out of the Bible itself, at Erfurt, his biography tells us, was the story of Hannah and "her child lent to the Lord for ever;"

and the beautiful narrative, so full of fresh, prophetic meaning to his ritual-laden spirit, drew him on to the study of the whole Holy Word, till, through the text, "The just shall live by faith," as through the gates of the morning, the full, clear light of the new day broke in upon his soul.—*Huntington*.

579. BIBLE, Study of. The celebrated Dr. Johnson said to a young gentleman who visited him on his deathbed, "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who is about to appear before his Maker: READ THE BIBLE EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE."

580. BIBLE, Study of. In order to understand the Bible we shall have to study it carefully. I was told in California that the purest and best gold that they get they have to dig the deepest for; and so in studying the Bible, we must dig deep.—*Moody*.

581. BIBLE, Sufficiency of. A former acquaintance of the Hon. and Rev. W. Cadogan wished to lend him the works of Paine and Voltaire; he wrote him word in reply that he had not yet done with Moses and the prophets.—*Rev. W. Marsh, D.D.*

582. BIBLE, Superiority of. Sir William Jones's opinion of the Bible was written on the last leaf of one belonging to him in these strong words:—"I have regularly and attentively read these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this Volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more sublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be found in all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."

583. BIBLE, the best book. A society of gentlemen, most of whom had enjoyed a liberal education and were persons of polished manners, but had unhappily imbibed infidel principles, used to assemble at each other's houses for the purpose of ridiculing the Scriptures, and of hardening one another in their unbelief. At last they unanimously formed a resolution solemnly to burn the Bible, and so to be troubled no more with a book which was so hostile to their principles and disquieting to their consciences. The day fixed upon arrived; a large fire was prepared, a Bible was laid on the table, and a flowing bowl ready to drink its dirge. For the execution of their plan they fixed upon a young gentleman of high birth, brilliant vivacity, and elegance of manners. He undertook the task, and after a few enlivening glasses, amidst the applause of his jovial compeers, he approached the table, took up the Bible, and was walking leisurely forward to put it into the fire; but, happening to give it a look, he was seized with trembling, paleness overspread his countenance, and he seemed convulsed. He returned to the table, and, laying down the Bible, said, with a strong asseveration, "We will not burn that book till we get a better."

Soon after this the same gay and lively young gentleman died, and on his deathbed was led to true repentance, deriving unshaken hopes of forgiveness and of future blessedness from that book which he was once going to burn. He found it, indeed, the best book not only for a living but a dying hour.

584. BIBLE the best book. The celebrated

John Selden, who is sometimes denominated the learned Selden, was one of the greatest men of his day. Being visited on his dying bed by some intimate friends, he is said to have discoursed to them substantially as follows:—"I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men; I have my study full of books and papers on most subjects in the world; yet at this time I cannot recollect any passage, out of innumerable books and manuscripts I am possessed of, wherein I can rest my soul save out of the Holy Scriptures."

585. BIBLE the final appeal. When Haller was done Ecolampadius entered the lists and pressed Dr. Esk so closely that he was reduced to the necessity of appealing to the mere usage of the Church. "Usage," replied Ecolampadius, "depends entirely for its force, in our Switzerland, on its consistency with the Constitution. Now in matters of faith THE BIBLE IS THE CONSTITUTION."—*Merle D'Aubigne*.

586. BIBLE the foundation of laws. Macklin, the actor, told a company that he at first designed his son for the law, and for this purpose entered him in the Temple. "And what book, sir," said the veteran actor, "do you think I made him begin with? Why, sir, I'll tell you—the Bible—the Holy Bible." "The Bible, Macklin, for a lawyer!" exclaimed a friend. "Yes, sir; the properest and most scientific book for an honest lawyer, as there you will find the foundation of all law as well as of all morality."

587. BIBLE the guide to heaven. A little girl on her dying bed gave her Bible to her brother, saying, "Take this, Georgie, and keep it for my sake, but most of all because it is God's book; I am sure of it, for it has taught me the way to heaven. It has been a lovely light to me on earth, but I am going where I shall not need it any more. Read it, Georgie, and let us meet in heaven."

588. BIBLE the interpreter of truth. If a man in the night, by the light of a lamp, is trying to make out his chart, and there is storm in the heavens and storm upon the sea, and some one knocks that lamp out of his hand, what is done? The storm is above and the storm is below, and the chart lies dark, so that he cannot find it out—that is all. If it were daylight he could see the chart well enough; but there being no light, and the lamp on which he depended for light being knocked out of his hand, he cannot avail himself of that which is before him.

And the same is true concerning much of the Bible. It is an interpreter. It is a lamp to our feet and a light to our path. And those truths which have their exposition in the Bible, and which are a revelation of the structure of the world and of the Divine nature and government, do not depend for their truth upon the Bible itself. They are only interpreted and made plain by it.—*Beecher*.

589. BIBLE, the honest man's trust. An honest peasant surprised an infidel, who was jeering him for believing the Bible, by the reply, "We country people like to have two strings to our bow." "What do you mean?" inquired the infidel. "Only this," rejoined the poor man, "that believing the Bible, and acting up to it, is like having two strings to one's bow; for if it is not true, I shall be a better man for living according to it, and so it will be for my good in this life,—that is one string to my bow; and if it should be true, it will be better for me in the

next life,—that is another string, and a pretty strong one it is. But, sir, if you do not believe in the Bible, and, on that account, do not live as it requires, you have not one string to your bow. And oh, sir, if its tremendous threatenings prove true—oh, think what then will become of you!"—*Caughey*.

590. BIBLE the one Book. A rest was made, and a Bible in English, richly covered, was let down unto her (Queen Elizabeth during her Coronation pageant) by a silken lace by a child that represented Truth. With both her hands she received it; then she kissed it, afterwards applied it to her breast, and lastly held it up, thanking the city especially for that gift, and promising to be a diligent reader thereof.—*Knight*.

591. BIBLE the one Book. Sir Walter Scott, during his last illness, asked his son-in-law to read to him out of the Book. "What book?" was the question; and the great man's reply was, "There is only one Book—the Bible. In the whole world it is called 'The Book.' All other books are mere leaves, fragments. The Bible is the only complete, perfect Book. Its light sheds brightness over the grave and into eternity. It is the only Book."—*Mallet*.

592. BIBLE the one Book. Collins is well known as a celebrated English poet. In the latter part of his life he withdrew from his general studies, and travelled with no other book than an English New Testament, such as children carry to school. A friend was anxious to know what companion a man of letters had chosen; the poet said, "I have only one Book, but that Book is the best."—*Cyclopædia of Religious Anecdotes*.

593. BIBLE the one Book for ministers. You know the old proverb, "*Cave ad homine unius libri*"—*Beware of the man of one book*. He is a terrible antagonist. A man who has his Bible at his fingers' ends and in his heart's core is a champion in our Israel; you cannot compete with him; you may have an armoury of weapons, but his Scriptural knowledge will overcome you; for it is a sword like that of Goliath, of which David said, "There is none like it." The gracious William Romaine, I believe, in the latter part of his life, put away all his books and read nothing at all but his Bible. He was a scholarly man, yet he was monopolised by the one Book, and was made mighty by it. If we are driven to do the same by necessity, let us recollect that some have done it by choice, and let us not bemoan our lot, for the Scriptures will be sweeter than honey to our taste, and will make us "wiser than the ancients."—*Spurgeon*.

594. BIBLE the one support in life. It is stated by the celebrated William Penn that Count Oxenstein, Chancellor of Sweden, being visited, in his retreat from public business, by Commissioner Whitlock, ambassador from England to Queen Christina, on the conclusion of their discourse he said to the ambassador, "I have seen much and enjoyed much of this world; but I never knew how to live till now. I thank my good God, who has given me time to know Him, and likewise myself. All the comfort I have, and all the comfort I take, and which is more than the whole world can give, is the knowledge of God's love in my heart, and the reading in this blessed Book," laying his hand

on the Bible. "You are now," he continued, "in the prime of your age and vigour, and in great favour and business; but this will all leave you, and you will one day better understand and relish what I say to you: then you will find that there is more wisdom, truth, comfort, and pleasure in retiring and turning your heart from the world, in the good Spirit of God, and in reading His sacred Word, than in all the courts and favours of princes."

595. BIBLE the sword of the Spirit. Edward the Sixth had a high esteem for the Scriptures. When, therefore, at his coronation, the swords were delivered to him, as King of England, France, and Ireland, having received them, he said, "There is yet another sword to be delivered to me;" at which the lords wondering, "I mean," said he, "the sacred Bible, which is the sword of the Spirit, and without which we are nothing, neither can we do anything."

596. BIBLE to be followed. An old hunter in Michigan, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket compass, which he did, and a friend explained to him its use; he soon got lost, and lay out as usual. When found, he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He said he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he "tried hard to make the thing point north, but it wasn't no use; 'twould shake, shake, shake right round, and point south-east every time." A great many people fail of the right direction in life for the same reason of the mishap which befell our Michigan friend—they are afraid to take the Bible and follow just as it points.

597. BIBLE to be used. Some years ago I had occasion to send a parcel to an honest, hard-working bricklayer who lived in the country. It contained, besides sundry little presents for his wife and children, a trowel for his own use, made in a superior way, with a mahogany handle; and often did I fancy that I saw him hard at work with the trowel in his hand. Last summer, being in the neighbourhood, I called at the cottage of the honest bricklayer, when, to my surprise, I saw the trowel which I had sent him exhibited over the chimney-piece as a curiosity. It had been considered too good to use, and consequently had never been of the slightest use to its owner.—*George Mogridge.*

598. BIBLE, Treasure in. A nobleman once gave a celebrated actress a Bible, telling her at the same time that there was a treasure in it. She, thinking he meant religion, laid the Bible aside. She died, and all she had was sold. The person who bought the Bible, on turning over its leaves, found a £500 note in it. Poor creature! had she read that book she might not only have found the note, but the "pearl of great price."

599. BIBLE true to human nature. A street preacher in Germany was one day assailed by some opponents, and one person remarked that the Bible was full of fables. The brawler referred to Paul having forgotten his mantle. Pastor B.—"That is a passage quite suitable for me; perhaps also for you. I am very forgetful. I see here that the great Apostle could forget; and this comforts me, and admonishes me also that I should endeavour to make good what I forget. I thought once like you, and forgot the one thing needful; but I now endea-

vour not to forget the goodness of God. Have you, brother, forgotten this?"

600. BIBLE, Unvarnished manner of. I admonish every pious Christian that he take not offence at the plain unvarnished manner of speech of the Bible. Let him reflect that what may seem trivial and vulgar to him emanates from the high majesty, power, and wisdom of God. The Bible is the book that makes fools of the wise of this world; it is understood only of the plain and simple-hearted. Esteem this book as the precious fountain that can never be exhausted. In it thou findest the swaddling-clothes and the manger whither the angels directed the poor simple shepherds; they seem poor and mean, but dear and precious is the treasure that lies therein.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

601. BIBLE valued. When copies of the Bible were taken to Mangaia (South Sea Islands) the joy of the people was very great. At a subsequent missionary prayer-meeting an aged disciple, after addressing the people from a text in the book of Job (ch. v. 17-19), lifted up his Bible before the whole congregation and said, "My brethren and sisters, this is my resolve: the dust shall never cover my Bible, the moth shall never eat it, the mildew shall never rot it. My light! my joy!"—*Gill's Gems from the Coral Islands.*

602. BIBLE, way it is read. My father read the Bible through three times after he was eighty years of age, and without spectacles; not for the mere purpose of saying he had been through it so often, but for his eternal profit. John Colby, the brother-in-law of Daniel Webster, learned to read after he was eighty-four years of age, in order that he might become acquainted with the Scriptures. There is no book in the world that demands so much of our attention as the Bible. Yet nine-tenths of Christian men get no more than ankle-deep. They think it is a good sign not to venture too far.—*Talmage.*

603. BIBLE, Writing a (?). Heraud, Leigh Hunt describes as "wavering in the most astonishing manner between being Something and Nothing." To me he is chiefly remarkable as being still—with his entirely enormous vanity and very small stock of faculty—out of Bedlam. He picked up a notion or two from Coleridge many years ago; and he has ever since been rattling them in his head, like peas in an empty bladder, and calling on the world to "List the music of the spheres." John Mill said, "I forgive him freely for interpreting the Universe, now when I find he cannot pronounce the h's!" I mentioned to him once that Novalis had said, "The highest problem of authorship is the writing of a Bible." "That is precisely what I am doing!" answered the aspiring, unaspiring.—*Carlyle (to Emerson), condensed.*

604. Bigotry and Christian life. Jenny Lind once went to hear Father Taylor preach in Boston; but the preacher, ignorant of her presence, paid a glowing tribute to her powers of song. As the Swedish nightingale leaned forward with delight, drinking in this unexpected praise, a tall man who sat on the pulpit-stairs rose and wanted to know whether any one who had died at Miss Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Father Taylor said, "Sir, a Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies; but a fool will be a fool, even though he be on the pulpit-stairs."—*Life of Father Taylor.*

605. **BIGOTRY** disclaimed. In the Continental Congress, Mr. Jay, a member from New York, spoke against opening the proceedings with prayer, on the ground that, as there were in that body Episcopalians, Quakers, Anabaptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, they would hardly be able to join in the same act of worship. Thereupon Mr. Samuel Adams, a strict Congregationalist, arose and said he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from a gentleman of piety who was at the same time a friend to his country. He then moved that Mr. Duché, an Episcopalian clergyman, read prayers to the Congress. The motion was carried, and the prayers were read.—*Little's Historical Lights*.

606. **BIGOTRY** illustrated. Some men magnify the importance of their own little clique of believers by denying the godliness of all who differ from them. They remind one of Bishop Hacket's story. "At Wimbledon," says he, "not far from me, a warrener promised Thomas, Earl of Exeter, that he should have a burrow of rabbits, all of them of what colour he pleased. 'Let them be all white,' said that good Earl. Whereupon the warrener *killed up all the rest but the white rabbits, and sold them away, and left not enough to serve the Earl's table.*" A sorry few would be left to serve the Lord and preserve the name of Christ upon earth if some men's judgments could be final. Blessed be God, the Judge of saints is not the rabbi of any of the rival synagogues.—*Spurgeon*.

607. **BIGOTRY** is only concealed selfishness. Sir Humphry Davy, when he introduced his "safety-lamp," which has saved so many valuable lives, declined to take out a patent for it, saying that his sole object was to serve the cause of humanity. What of men who claim prescriptive rights to the Gospel of Jesus Christ—men who inherit the spirit which breathed in the apostles at first, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in Thy name, and we forbade him?"—*B*.

608. **BIGOTRY**, Narrowness of. What a circumstance is that, that in 1624, at the request of the University of Paris, and especially of the Sorbonne, persons were forbidden by an *arret* of Parliament, on pain of death, to hold or teach any maxim contrary to ancient or approved authors, or to enter into any debate but such as should be approved by the doctors of the faculty of theology. So, again, after the telescope had been invented, many of the followers of Aristotle positively refused to look through the instrument because it threatened the overthrow of their master's doctrines and authority; and so, when Galileo had discovered the satellites of Jupiter, some persons were infatuated enough to attempt to write down these unwelcome additions to the solar system.—*Paxton Hood*.

609. **BIGOTS**, Zeal of. Quintilian justly observes that the obscurity of an author is generally in proportion to his incapacity; and we might add that the ferocity of a bigot is frequently in proportion to the absurdity of his belief. Some are zealots for a certain theory of 666, and the two witnesses, and the little horn, who would be far better employed in training up their children in the fear of God, or listening for their instruction to a sober preacher of the Word of God.—*Spurgeon*.

610. **BIRTH**, Accident of. Bonaparte was born on the 15th of August 1769 at Ajaccio, Corsica,

recently won to France by arms. Had the young Napoleon seen the light two months earlier, he would have been by birth an Italian, not a Frenchman.—*Little's Historical Lights*.

611. **BIRTH**, A humble. Esprit Flechier, who became one of the most celebrated French preachers, was of humble origin, of which he was never ashamed. In his youth he assisted his father in his business as a tallow-chandler. A country prelate on one occasion taunted him with this, and expressed his surprise that he should have been placed on the episcopal bench, when Flechier replied, "If you had been placed in the same sphere of life that I was, I fear that you would have been a candlemaker all your life."

612. **BIRTH** does not ensure pardon. When a prince of the blood-royal of France disgraced himself by committing robbery and murder in the streets of Paris, Louis XV. would not grant a pardon, though eagerly solicited to do so by a deputation from the Parliament of Paris, who tried him, and suspended their sentence until the royal pleasure should be known. "My lords and counsellors," said the king, "return to your chambers of justice and promulgate your decree." "Consider," said the first president, "that the unhappy prince has your Majesty's blood in his veins." "Yes," said the king, "but the blood has become impure, and justice demands that it should be let out; nor would I spare my own son for a crime for which I should be bound to condemn the meanest of my subjects." The prince was executed on the scaffold in the court of the grand Châtelet on the 12th of August 1729.—*Arrive*.

613. **BIRTH** does not make the Christian. In the inquiry-room a person came in, and I said, "Are you a Christian?" "Why," says she, "of course I am." "Well," I said, "how long have you been one?" "Oh, sir, I was born one!" "Oh, indeed! Then I am very glad to take you by the hand; I congratulate you; you are the first woman I ever met who was born a Christian. You are more fortunate than others; they are born children of Adam." She hesitated a little, and then tried to make out that because she was born in England she was a Christian.—*Moody*.

614. **BIRTH**, Illustrious. The conversation turning upon the antiquity of different Italian houses in the presence of Sextus V. when Pope, he maintained that his was the most illustrious of any; for, being half unroofed, the light entered on all sides—a circumstance to which he attributed his having been enabled to exchange it for the Vatican.—*Horace Smith*.

615. **BIRTH**, Obscurity of. The obscurity of Lord Tenterdon's birth is well known, but he had too much good sense to feel any false shame on that account. We have heard it related of him that when, in an early period of his professional career, a brother barrister, with whom he happened to have a quarrel, had the bad taste to twit him on his origin, his manly and severe answer was, "Yes, sir, I am the son of a barber; if you had been the son of a barber, you would have been a barber yourself."

616. **BIRTH**, The new. Thorwaldsen, who is said to have been born in Copenhagen, when questioned as to his birthplace, replied, "I don't know;

but I arrived at Rome on the 8th March 1797," dating his birth, as it were, from the commencement of his career as an artist.

617. BIRTH, The new. Shortly after the celebrated Summerfield came to that country, the young and beautiful preacher on some public occasion met a distinguished doctor of theology, who said to him, "Mr. Summerfield, where were you born, sir?" "I was born," said he, "in Dublin and in Liverpool." "Ah! how can that be?" inquired the Doctor. The boy-preacher paused a moment, and answered, "Art thou a master in Israel, and understandest not these things?"—*Dr. Tying.*

618. BISHOPS, Change in. It is related of Bunyan, that, in the height of his usefulness as a preacher in and about London, the bishop of the metropolis had a curiosity to see him. The coachman of the bishop was a frequent hearer of Bunyan, and the bishop had told him that whenever, in riding out of town, he should chance to meet Mr. Bunyan, he wished to see and speak with him. One day, as John was driving his lordship in a portion of the suburbs sufficiently retired for the bishop to gratify his curiosity, Bunyan was seen plodding his way on foot, with his bundle under his arm, going to preach somewhere in the outskirts. "Your grace," said John, "here comes Mr. Bunyan." "Ah!" said the bishop, "pull up the horses when you get near him, and let me speak to him." They were soon side by side, the horses were checked, and the bishop bowed, saying, "Mr. Bunyan, I believe?" "Yes, your grace," courteously responded Bunyan. "Mr. Bunyan," said the bishop, "I am told that you are very ingenious as an interpreter of the Scriptures; and I have a difficult passage in mind, about which critics are in dispute, and of which I should be glad to have your view. It is St. Paul's message to Timothy—'The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee; and the books, especially the parchments.'" "Well, your grace," replied Bunyan, "it is allowed, I believe, by all that Timothy was a bishop of the primitive Church, and Paul, as all agree, was a travelling preacher. It appears to me that this may have been designed in future days to teach that in primitive times the bishops were accustomed to wait on the travelling preachers; whereas in our days the bishops ride in their coaches, and the travelling preachers, like Paul, are obliged to go on foot."

619. BLESSINGS, God the source of. The religious temperament of the [Lancashire] people came out strongly and was well illustrated by an incident which happened towards the close of the cotton famine. The mills in one village had been stopped for months, and the first waggon-load of cotton which arrived before they recommenced seemed to the people like the olive branch, "newly plucked off," which told of the abating waters of the Deluge. The waggon was met by the women, who hysterically laughed and cried and hugged the cotton-bales as if they were dear old friends, and then ended by singing that grand old hymn—a great favourite with Lancashire people—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."—*J. E. Taylor, Ph.D.*

620. BLOODSHED, Man's love of. The Roman gladiators were fed on a succulent diet for some weeks previous to their exhibition, in order that

their veins, being full, might bleed more freely, for the greater gratification of the spectators!—*Newman Hall.*

621. BOASTER, Danger of. Two geese, when about to start southwards on their annual autumn migration, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese expressing their willingness to do so if a means of conveyance could be devised, the frog produced a stalk of long grass, got the two geese to take it one by each end, while he clung to it by his mouth in the middle. In this manner the three were making their journey successfully when they were noticed from below by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the device, and wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. The vainglorious frog, opening his mouth to say "It was me," lost his hold, fell to the earth and was dashed to pieces.—*Rev. J. Gilmour, M.A. (from the Mongolian).*

622. BOASTER reproved. The late Pastor Harms of Hermannsburg once travelled in a train with a manufacturer of lucifer matches. The latter, who did not know Harms, began to boast of the money he had made in business. "Yes! look at me," he said; "now I am a rich man, and have become so by my own untiring industry and the development of my own powers. Do you understand anything of the making of lucifer matches?" said he, turning to Harms. "Not much, sir, for I am a minister," said Harms quietly. "Ah so! I am glad we have met, for I have long had a weighty question on my mind, and I shall be glad to ask a question. So much to-day is spoken about an old and a new religion. Can you tell me, sir, what the old religion differs from the new in?" Harms expressed his willingness, but asked that he might give his answer in the form of a parable. "You see, sir," said Harms, "when the good God crowns any earthly calling with blessing and gives each year an increase, but the man remains thereby humble and grateful, thinking, 'I have not deserved this; how is it God is so good towards me?' the dear Lord continues to send blessings on this humble servant, until at last he becomes a very rich man. But the man is ever more and more humble, and, as if overwhelmed, he cries out 'I am unworthy of all this faithfulness and mercy.' That is a picture of the old religion."

"Now for the new. When the Lord sends riches and honour, but the receiver does not even remark the source from whence they come, or that the Lord makes trial of his humility and faithfulness thereby; and instead of each day finding him more humble and thankful, the man becomes each day more and more boastful, and forgets entirely the heavenly Giver, then it comes to pass that on each journey he makes in a train he tells his fellow passengers to 'look at me! and see what I have become!' Such is the picture of the new religion."—*Pilgrim out of Saxony.*

623. BOASTING, Danger of. I heard of a large meeting in which people were giving their Christian experience, and a very pompous man arose in the meeting and said, "Brethren, I am on board the old ship *Zion*, and I am sailing heavenward, and I am going at the rate of sixteen knots the hour, and I shall soon sail up the harbour of the blessed," and he sat down; and another man, with more pomposity, rose and said, "I too am on

board the old ship *Zion*, and I am sailing heavenward, and I am going at the rate of thirty knots the hour, and I shall soon sail up the harbour of the blessed," and he sat down; and another man, with more pomposity still, got up and said, "I, brethren, too am on board the old ship *Zion*, and it is a steamship, and it is a steamship of 400 horse-power, and on this steamship I shall soon sail up the harbour of the blessed," and he sat down. Then a plain Christian woman rose and said, "Well, brethren, I have been going to heaven seventy years, and I have been going a-foot; and I suppose, from the look of things, I shall have to go a-foot the most of the way; and if some of you people that are going by steam don't look out you'll burst your boilers."—*Talmage*.

624. BOASTING, Ridiculousness of. Once, when checking my boasting too frequently of myself in company, he (Dr. Johnson) said to me, "Boswell, you often vaunt so much as to provoke ridicule. You put me in mind of a man who was standing in the kitchen of an inn with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next him—'Do you know, sir, who I am?' 'No, sir,' said the other, 'I have not that advantage.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I am the great *Twalmley*, who invented the new Floodgate Iron'" (a kind of box-iron for smoothing linen).—*Boswell*.

625. BOASTING, Vanity of. Menecrates, the physician, having succeeded in some desperate cases, got the surname of Jupiter. And he was so vain of the appellation that he made use of it in a letter to the king—"Menecrates Jupiter to King Agesilaus—health." The answer began thus—"King Agesilaus to Menecrates—his senses."—*Plutarch*.

626. BOASTING, Vanity of. When Bonaparte was about to invade Russia, a person who had endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, finding he could not prevail, quoted to him the proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes;" to which he indignantly replied, "I dispose as well as propose." A Christian lady, on hearing the impious boast, remarked, "I set that down as the turning-point of Bonaparte's fortunes. God will not suffer a creature with impunity thus to usurp His prerogative." It happened to Bonaparte just as the lady predicted. His invasion of Russia was the commencement of his fall.—*Whitcross*.

627. BODY and soul, Concern for. It would not be easy to calculate the good that might be done were true religion more prevalent among our medical men, who have constant access to bedsides, which the pious minister, however anxious and willing, is sometimes not permitted to approach.

Dr. — was visiting a gentleman who appeared very much agitated on being informed by him of the nature of his complaint, which Dr. — observing, he said to him, "Sir, you seem very much distressed about your body; do you feel the same anxiety about your soul?" The gentleman was extremely irritated at the question, and the more so as he was a clergyman; but he subsequently thought of it, and told Dr. — that he dated the origin of his anxious concern for salvation to that remark.

628. BODY not vile. Archbishop Whately, shortly before he died, hearing the passage read, "Who shall change our vile body," remarked that our version did not in this case do justice to the sense

of the original, and that it should be, "This body of our humiliation;" adding, "Nothing that He made is vile."—*Clerical Library*.

629. BODY, Resurrection of. And so paper—that article so useful in human life, that repository of all the arts and sciences, that minister of all governments, that broker in all trade and commerce, that second memory of the human mind, that stable pillar of an immortal name—takes its origin from vile rags! The rag-dealer trudges on foot or drives his cart through the towns and villages, and his arrival is the signal for searching every corner and gathering every old and useless shred. These he takes to the mill, and there they are picked, washed, mashed, shaped, and sized—in short, formed into a fabric beautiful enough to venture unabashed even into the presence of monarchs and princes. This reminds me of the resurrection of my mortal body. When deserted by the soul, I know not what better the body is than a worn and rejected rag. Accordingly, it is buried in the earth, and there gnawed by worms and reduced to dust and ashes. If, however, man's art and device can produce so pure and white a fabric as paper from filthy rags, what should hinder God by His mighty power to raise this vile body of mine from the grave, and refine and fashion it like unto the glorious body of the Lord Jesus Christ?—*Gotthold*.

630. BODY, Victory over. The fame of Timour the Tartar has pervaded the East and West; his posterity is still invested with the imperial title, and the admiration of his subjects, who revered him almost as a deity, may be justified in some degree by the praise or confession of his bitterest enemies. Although he was lame of a hand or foot, his form and stature were not unworthy of his rank, and his vigorous health, so essential to himself and to the world, was corroborated by temperance and exercise.—*Gibbon*.

631. BONDAGE, The spirit's. Let me tell you again my old story of the eagle. For many months it pined and drooped in its cage, and seemed to have forgotten that it was of the lineage of the old plumed kings of the forest and the mountain; and its bright eye faded, and its strong wings drooped, and its kingly crest was bowed, and its plumes were torn and soiled amid the bars and dust of its prison-house. So, in pity of its forlorn life, we carried its cage out to the open air, and broke the iron wire and flung wide the lowly door; and slowly, falteringly, despondingly, it crept forth to the sultry air of that cloudy summer noon and looked listlessly about it. But just then, from a rift in an overhanging cloud, a golden sunbeam flashed upon the scene. And it was enough. Then it lifted its loyal crest, the dim eye blazed again, the soiled plumes unfolded and rustled, the strong wings moved themselves, with a rapturous cry it sprang heavenward. Higher, higher, in broader, braver circles it mounted toward the firmament, and we saw it no more as it rushed through the storm-clouds and soared to the sun. And would, O ye winged spirits! who dream and pine in this poor earthly bondage, that only one ray from the blessed Sun of Righteousness might fall on you this hour! for then would there be the flash of a glorious eye and a cry of rapture, and a sway of exulting wings, as another redeemed and risen spirit sprang heavenward unto God!—*Rev. C. Wadsworth, D.D.*

632. BONDS, A Christian's. Guy de Brez, a French minister, was prisoner in the castle of Tournay. A lady who visited him said she wondered how he could eat, or drink, or sleep in quiet. "Madam," said he, "my chains do not terrify me or break my sleep; on the contrary, I glory and take delight therein, esteeming them at a higher rate than chains and rings of gold, or jewels of any price whatever. The rattling of my chains is like the effect of an instrument of music in my ears—not that such an effect comes merely from my chains, but it is because I am bound therewith for maintaining the truth of the Gospel."

633. BONDS, Christ's. Leonard Keyser, a friend and disciple of Luther, having been condemned by the bishop, had his head shaved, and being dressed in a smock-frock, was placed on horseback. As the executioners were cursing and swearing because they could not disentangle the ropes with which his limbs were to be tied, he said to them mildly, "Dear friends, your bonds are not necessary; my Lord Christ has already bound me." When he drew near the stake, Keyser looked at the crowd and exclaimed, "Behold the harvest! O Master, send forth Thy labourers!" And then ascending the scaffold, he cried, "O Jesus, save me!" These were his last words. "What am I, a wordy preacher," said Luther when he received the news of his death, "in comparison with this great doer of the Word?"—*D'Aubigne*.

634. BOOK, A dangerous. A letter addressed to one of our religious periodicals records that a young neighbour, visiting Paine in his illness, was asked by him if she had ever read "The Age of Reason;" and on her saying that she had, and thought it the most dangerous, insinuating book she had ever read, and that, from a conviction of its evil tendency, she had burned it, Paine said that he wished all who had ever read that book had been as wise as she; adding, "If ever the devil had an agent on earth, I have been one!"—*Life's Last Hours*.

635. BOOK, A useful. Wilberforce set off for a tour on the Continent, choosing Isaac Milner, afterwards Dean of Carlisle, as his travelling companion. Just before he started his eye glanced casually upon a little book, "Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." "What is that?" he asked. "One of the best books ever written," was the reply of Milner; "let us take it with us and read it on the journey." The reading of that book led him to the study of the Bible, and the study of the Bible was blessed by the Divine Spirit to the enlightenment of his mind and to the renewal of his heart.—*Punshon*.

636. BOOKS, Danger from. Robert Hall was asked, "Was not Dr. Kippis a clever man?" His reply was—"He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move."—*Dr. Olinthus Gregory*.

637. BOOKS, Influence of. Benjamin Franklin said that the reading of "Cotton Mather's Essay on Doing Good" moulded his entire life. The assassin of Lord Russell declared that he was led into crime by reading one vicious romance. The consecrated John Angell James, than whom England never produced a better man, declared in his old

days that he had never yet got over the evil effects of having for fifteen minutes once read a bad book. But I need not go so far off. I could come nearer home and tell you of something that occurred in my college days. I could tell you of a comrade who was great-hearted, noble, and generous. He was studying for an honourable profession, but he had an infidel book in his trunk, and he said to me one day, "De Witt, would you like to read it?" I said, "Yes, I would." I took the book and read it only for a few minutes. I was really startled with what I saw there, and I handed the book back to him, and said, "You had better destroy that book." No, he kept it. He read it. He re-read it. After a while he gave up religion as a myth.—*Talmage*.

638. BOOKS, Lifelong influence of. Loyola when a soldier, serving at the siege of Pampeluna and laid up by a dangerous wound in his leg, asked for a book to divert his thoughts. The "Lives of the Saints" was brought to him, and its perusal so inflamed his mind that he determined thenceforth to devote himself to the founding of a religious order.—*Denton*.

639. BOOKS, Lifelong influence of bad. Twenty-five years ago, when I was a boy, a schoolfellow gave me an infamous book, which he lent me for only fifteen minutes. At the end of that time it was returned to him, but that book has haunted me like a spectre ever since. I have asked God on my knees to obliterate that book from my mind, but I believe that I shall carry down with me to the grave the spiritual damage I received during those fifteen minutes.—*Rev. John Angell James*.

640. BOOKS, Love of. I learnt one evening in London that a friend of mine was lying dangerously ill in his chambers in the Temple. That friend was the late Sir David Dundas, who was for many years in Parliament. I went down the next morning to see him. We had some little conversation, and in the course of it he said—I remember his words very well—"I have never pretended to be a learned man or a scholar, but God has given me a great love for books." He then referred to the writings of Lord Bacon, and turned to me and said, "May God lead you by the hand." That was one of the passages fixed in his mind from his reading of the words of Lord Bacon. At that solemn hour, reviewing his past life, reviewing the enjoyment he had partaken of, he thanked God for having given him "a great love of books." Two days after, that "dying taper" was extinguished, and my friend passed into the unseen world.—*John Bright (condensed)*.

641. BOOKS, Love of. No wonder Cicero says that he would part with all he was worth so he might live and die among his books. . . . No wonder Petrarch was among them to the last, and was found dead in their company. It seems natural that Bede should have died dictating, and that Leibnitz should have died with a book in his hand, and Lord Clarendon at his desk. Buckle's last words, "My poor book!" tell a passion that forgot death; and it seemed only a fitting farewell when the tear stole down the manly cheeks of Scott as they wheeled him into his library, when he had come back to Abbotsford to die. Southey, white-haired, a living shadow, sitting stroking and

kissing the books he could no longer open or read, is altogether pathetic.—*Cunningham Geikie, D.D.*

642. BOOKS, Power of. Dr. Watts' hymn-book for children arrested the attention of Scott, the commentator, at the time when he was tempted to lay violent hands upon himself, and aroused him to enter upon a new and useful life. Rowland Hill's first religious impressions were from the same source; and J. V. Hall said, "Had I not received so much benefit to my own soul by the study of Scott's Commentary, 'The Sinner's Friend' in all probability would never have made its appearance."

643. BOOKS, Power of. During the fight at Edgehill, at the commencement of the Revolution, Dr. Harvey, physician to Charles the First, withdrew under a hedge, took a book out of his pocket and began to read; but he had not read long before a bullet grazed the ground near him and caused him to remove.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

644. BOOKS, Profit from. A literary man whose library was destroyed by fire has been deservedly admired for saying, "I should have profited but little by my books if they had not taught me how to bear the loss of them." The remark of Fénelon, who lost his in a similar way, is still more simple and touching—"I would much rather they were burned than the cottage of a poor peasant."—*Channing.*

645. BOOKS, Profit from. William Carey got the first idea of entering upon his sublime labours as a missionary from a perusal of the "Voyages of Captain Cook." It was from reading Carey's letters that Henry Martyn first thought of the claims of India. Buchanan's "Star in the East" first called the attention of Dr. Judson to the missionary work, and sent him an apostle to Burmah. Dr. Livingstone, in a speech delivered at Dundee, when the freedom of the burgh was presented to him, stated that he had been led to devote himself to the missionary cause by reading the work of Dr. Thomas Dick, of Broughty Ferry, on "The Philosophy of a Future State."—*Denton.*

646. BOOKS, Religious. When at Oxford I took up Law's "Serious Call to a Holy Life," expecting to find it a dull book (as such books generally are), and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an overmatch for me; and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion, after I became capable of rational inquiry.—*Dr. Johnson.*

647. BOOKS their own interpreter. It has often been remarked that, like the Bible, its great model, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, to a religious mind, its own best interpreter. It was said of a late eminent clergyman and commentator, who published an edition of it with numerous expository notes, that, having freely distributed copies amongst his parishioners, he some time afterwards inquired of one of them if he had read the "Pilgrim's Progress." "Oh yes, sir." "And do you think you understand it?" "Yes, sir, I understand it; and I hope before long I shall understand the notes as well."—*Punshon.*

648. BOOKS, Soul of, in heaven. A lady told me about her son, I should think a very extraordinary lad. He was very young; he was dying; he had been a great student—at any rate a great

devourer of books. He was a good lad—a Christian; but in dying he was haunted by a singular distress: dying he should be *immortal*, but he should *read no more books*. Mr. Binney was in the habit of going to see him, so on the next visit the lady told him of this singular sorrow. Holding the lad's hand, he said, "Ah, my dear boy, they tell me that you are only sorry to die because you will be able to read no more books; but, you know, you are going amongst the *souls of books*—amongst the souls of the men who thought the books."—*Paxton Hood.*

649. BOOKS will not secure learning. In D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" there is an invective of Lucian upon those men who boast of possessing large libraries, which they either never read or never profit by. He begins by comparing such a person to a pilot who has never learned the art of navigation, or a cripple who wears embroidered slippers but cannot stand upright in them. Then he exclaims, "Why do you buy so many books? You have no hair, and you purchase a comb; you are blind, and you must need buy a fine mirror; you are deaf, and you will have the best musical instrument!"—a very well-deserved rebuke to those who think that the possession of books will secure them learning.—*Spurgeon.*

650. BOOKS, Worthless. Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, a very learned and pious man, who lived early in the seventeenth century, on the third day before his death summoned all his family around him, and then desired his brother to go and mark out a place for his grave, according to the particular directions he then gave. When his brother returned, saying it was done as he had wished, he desired them all, in presence of each other, to take out of his study three large hampers full of books, which had been locked up for many years—"They are comedies, tragedies, heroic poems, and romances; let them be immediately burned upon the place marked out for my grave, and when you have so done come back and inform me." When information was brought him that they were all consumed, he desired that this might be considered as the testimony of his disapprobation of such books, as tending to corrupt the mind of man and improper for the perusal of every serious and sincere Christian.

651. BORROWING, Evil of. That money of R—'s hangs like a millstone about my neck. If I had it paid, I would never borrow again from mortal man."—*Nicoll, the poet (to his mother).*

652. BORROWING, Fatal habit of. Scott bought Abbotsford for £4000, half of which, according to his bad and sanguine habit, was borrowed from his brother, and half raised on the security of a poem at the moment of sale wholly unwritten, and not completed even when he removed to the place.—*Little's Historical Lights (condensed).*

653. BRAND plucked from the burning. A plain countryman, who was effectually called by Divine grace under a sermon from Zech. iii. 2, was some time afterwards accosted by a quondam companion of his drunken fits, and strongly solicited to accompany him to the ale-house. But the good man strongly resisted all his arguments, saying, "I am a brand plucked out of the fire." His old companion not understanding this, he explained it thus—"Look ye," said he, "there is a great difference between a brand and a green stick; if a spark

flies upon a brand that has been partly burned, it will soon catch fire again ; but it is not so with a green stick. I tell you I am that brand plucked out of the fire, and I dare not venture into the way of temptation, for fear of being set on fire.”—*Whitcross*.

654. BRAND plucked from the fire. While labouring at Waterbeach I had preached on the Sunday morning, and gone home to dinner, as was my wont, with one of the congregation. Unfortunately there were three services, and the afternoon sermon came so close upon the back of the morning that it was difficult to prepare the soul, especially as the dinner is a necessary but serious inconvenience where a clear brain is required. Alas ! for those afternoon services in our English villages, they are usually a doleful waste of effort. Roast beef and pudding lie heavy on the hearers' souls, and the preacher himself is deadened in his mental processes while digestion claims the mastery of the hour. By a careful measuring of diet I remained, on that occasion, in an earnest, lively condition ; but, to my dismay, I found that the pre-arranged line of thought was gone from me. I could not find the trail of my prepared sermon, and press my forehead as I might, the missing topic would not come. Time was brief, the hour was striking, and in some alarm I told the honest farmer that I could not for the life of me recollect what I had intended to preach about. “Oh,” he said, “never mind ; you will be sure to have a good word for us.” Just at that moment a blazing block of wood fell out of the fire upon the hearth at my feet, smoking into one's eyes and nose at a great rate. “There,” said the farmer, “there's a text for you, sir—‘Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?’” No, I thought, it was not plucked out, for it fell out of itself. Here was a text, an illustration, and a leading thought as a nest egg for more. Further light came, and the sermon was certainly not worse than my more prepared effusions ; it was better in the best sense, for one or two came forward declaring themselves to have been aroused and converted through that afternoon's sermon. I have always considered that it was a happy circumstance that I had forgotten the text from which I had intended to preach.—*Spurgeon*.

655. BRAVADO in death. The Earl of Ferrers, who was condemned to the gallows for killing his steward, employed the last hours of his imprisonment in playing at piquet. The night before his execution he made one of his keepers read “Hamlet” while he was in bed ; and half an hour before he was carried to the gallows he was employed in correcting verses which he had composed in the Tower. Dressed in his wedding-clothes, decked with silver embroidery, he rode to the gallows in his carriage, drawn by six horses, and accompanied by troops and a hearse-and-six, which was to convey his corpse to the Surgeons' Hall. He died apparently without fear.—*Denton*.

656. BRAVE and duty. One of their ancient kings said, “The Lacedæmonians seldom inquire the number of their enemies, but the place where they could be found.”—*Plutarch*.

657. BRAVE and fear. In 1099 William I. was hunting in the New Forest, when he received a message that Helie had defeated the Normans and surprised the city of Mans. Without drawing bit he galloped to the coast and jumped into a

vessel lying at anchor. The day was stormy, and the sailors were unwilling to embark. “Sail instantly !” cried the bold man ; “kings are never drowned.”—*Knights*.

658. BRAVE and judgment. One of the proscribed Covenanters, overcome by sickness, had found shelter in the house of a respectable widow and had died there. The corpse was discovered by the laird of Westerhall, a petty tyrant. . . . This man pulled down the house of the poor woman, carried away her furniture, and leaving her and her younger children to wander in the fields, dragged her son Andrew, who was still a lad, before Claverhouse, who happened to be marching through that part of the country. Claverhouse was that day strangely lenient ; but Westerhall was eager to signalise his loyalty, and extorted a sullen consent. The guns were loaded, and the youth was told to pull his bonnet over his face. He refused, and stood confronting his murderers with the Bible in his hand. “I can look you in the face,” he said ; “I have done nothing of which I need be ashamed. But how will you look in that day when you shall be judged by what is written in this book ?” He fell dead, and was buried in the moor.—*Macaulay (condensed)*.

659. BRAVE, Humiliation of. Jolibois, a veteran, having learnt that his son had deserted the first battalion of Paris, felt so indignant at this disgrace to his name that he instantly resolved to go and supply the recrent's place. He joined the army just before the battle of Jemappe, in which he fought with great gallantry, exclaiming at every shot he fired, “O my son ! why should the painful remembrance of thy fault embitter moments so glorious ?”—*Percy Anecdotes*.

660. BRAVE true to the last. A Scotch corsair of the name of Le Breton, having been attacked by some English vessels in 1512, defended himself with extraordinary courage ; but being at last mortally wounded, and no longer able to contend with the enemy, he made one of his men bring him his hautboy, on which he played for their encouragement, as long as his breath would permit him.—*Percy Anecdotes*.

661. BRAVERY and compassion. In the Life of Lessing we are told that when Kleist, the German poet, who was a brave officer, was discontented at being placed over a hospital after the battle of Rossbach, Lessing used to comfort him with the passage in Xenophon's “Cyropædia” which says that the bravest men are always the most compassionate ; adding that the eight pilgrims from Bremen and Lubeck who went out to war against the enemy on their first arrival in the Holy Land took charge of the sick and wounded.—*Julius C. Hare*.

662. BREAD of Life near in death. Some food being brought to him (Dr. Raleigh on his deathbed), of which he tried in vain to partake, he put it gently aside, saying, “The Bread of Life is near.”—*Mrs. Raleigh*.

663. BREAD, Urgent need of. During the French Revolution hundreds of market-women, attended by an armed mob of men, went to Versailles to demand bread of the National Assembly, there being great destitution in Paris. They entered the hall. There was a discussion upon

the criminal laws going on. A fishwoman cried out, "Stop that babbler! That is not the question; the question is about bread."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

664. BRETHREN, Generous feeling towards. One incident gives high proof of the native generosity of Turner's nature. He was one of the Hanging Committee, as the phrase goes, of the Royal Academy. The walls were full when Turner's attention was attracted by a picture sent in by an unknown provincial artist by the name of Bird. "A good picture!" he exclaimed; "it must be hung up and exhibited." "Impossible!" responded the committee of academicians. "The arrangement cannot be disturbed. Quite impossible!" "A good picture," iterated Turner; "it must be hung up;" and finding his colleagues to be as obstinate as himself, he hitched down one of his own pictures, and hung up Bird's in its place. Would to God that in far more instances the like spirit ruled among servants of the Lord Jesus. The desire to honour others and to give others a fair opportunity to rise should lead ministers of distinction to give place to less eminent men to whom it may be of essential service to become better known. We are not to look every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.—*Spurgeon.*

665. BRETHREN, Reconciliation between. My worthy grandfather was a very affectionate but passionate man. He had a brother for whom he felt a tender love. They had once fallen into a dispute with each other, and had returned to their respective homes in a rage. This happened on a Friday. At the close of the day, when it began to grow dark, my good grandmother, like another Martha, began to make all things ready for the Sabbath. She called out, "My beloved Joseph, it is already dark; come and light up the Sabbath lamp." But he, sunk in profound sadness, paced the room backwards and forwards, to the increasing anxiety of the good old woman, who exclaimed, "See! the stars are already in the firmament, and our Sabbath lamp is still dark." My grandfather then took his hat and staff, and with visible perturbation hurried out of the house; but in a few minutes he returned with tears of joy in his eyes. "Now, my beloved Rebecca," cries he, "now I am ready." He offered up the prayer, and with evident feelings of delight kindled the lamp. He afterwards made known his dispute, adding, "It was not possible for me to offer up the prayer and light the lamp before I was reconciled with Isaac."

"But how came it to pass that you returned so quickly?"

"Why," said he, "Isaac, like me, could not rest—it was with him as it was with me—he also could not enter upon his Sabbath without being reconciled. We met each other in the street—he was coming to me, I was going to him—we fell into each other's arms weeping."

When, many years after, I first read in the Gospel of our Lord the words, "Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift," this event, which had affected me when a child, presented itself anew to my mind, and I thanked God that He had still left such in-

dications of life amid so much death in that people who are my flesh and bones.—*Dr. Capercosc.*

666. BREVITY in preaching. After a brother minister had occupied his full share of time in preaching, Mr. Gregor, of Bonhill, reminded the audience that they all knew of "the great difference between the *length* of a sermon and the *strength* of a sermon."—*Dr. Wilson.*

667. BREVITY, Necessity of. Dr. Cotton Mather wrote over his study-door in large letters, BE SHORT. Callers upon ministers will please make a note of this; as also brethren who are lengthy at the prayer-meeting; Sunday-school teachers, in all their devotional exercises and addresses; speakers at public meetings who have nothing to say; and ministers who are given to prosianness.—*Spurgeon.*

668. BREVITY, Wisdom of. When Queen Anne told Dr. South that his sermon had only one fault—that of being too short—he replied that he should have made it shorter if he had had more time.—*Horace Smith.*

669. BREVITY, Wisdom of. Very wisely does an American writer say, "There is a mighty difference between preaching the everlasting Gospel and preaching the Gospel everlastingly." There is no end to the truth, but there should be an end to the sermon, or else it will answer no end but that of wearying the hearer. A friend who occasionally visits the Continent always prefers the passage from Dover to Calais, for a reason which we commend to the notice of certain prosy speakers—it is short. If you speak well, you *will not* be long; if you speak ill, you *ought not* to be so. We commend to the verbose brother the counsel of a costermonger to an open-air preacher—it was rather rude, but peculiarly sensible—"I say, old fellow, cut it short."—*Spurgeon.*

670. BRIBERY resisted. Persuaded that Marvell would be theirs (the Administration's) for properly asking, they sent his old schoolfellow, the Lord Treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the Lord Treasurer, out of pure affection, slipped into his hand an order upon the Treasury for £1000, and then went to his chariot. Marvell, looking at the paper, called after the Treasurer, "My lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant-boy, was called. "Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, sir? You had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from the woman in the market." "Very right, child. What have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, sir, that you bade me lay by the blade-bone to broil?" "'Tis so; very right, child; go away. My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided. There's your piece of paper—I want it not. I know the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents. The Ministry may seek men for their purpose. I am not one."—*Coleridge.*

671. BRIBES declined. "Why," asked one of the English Tories of the Tory Governor of Massachusetts—"why hath not Mr. Adams been taken off from his opposition by an office?" To which the Governor replied, "Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man, that he never

would be conciliated by any office whatever." His daughter used to say that her father refused a pension from the British Government of £2000 a year. Once, when a secret messenger from General Gage threatened him with a trial for treason if he persisted in his opposition to the Government, and promised him honours and wealth if he would desist, Adams rose to his feet and gave him this answer—"Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country."—*Lit. le's Historical Lights (condensed)*.

672. BRIBES, Responding to. A captain, observing that one of the drums did not beat, sent his lieutenant to inquire the reason. "Tell the captain," whispered the drummer, "that my drum is loaded with turkeys, and one of them is for him." "Well, well," said the captain, "he needn't do duty if he isn't able."—*Christian Age*.

673. BRILLIANCY often without lasting effects. "There'll be more stars up there after these fireworks, won't there, papa?" said my little boy after a famous pyrotechnic display. Very good for a child, but I haven't noticed the heavens improved in that direction.—*B*.

674. BROAD and narrow Christianity. Norinan Macleod said in his last speech, he desired to be as broad as the charity of Almighty God, and as narrow as God's righteousness, which is a sharp sword that separates between eternal right and wrong.—*Christian Age*.

675. BROAD views, Danger of. "Broad views," I have observed, are but the gilded gateway to the "broad road." They remind me of the young man of whom I have somewhere read, who would no longer read the Bible, which he had been taught to revere, "because," he said, "it has such a mess of Presbyterian bigotry in it."—*Prof. Phelps*.

676. BROAD views misunderstood. At London, where he (Dr. Arnold) wished religious, not sectarian, examination to be introduced into the University, he was regarded as a bigot, while at Oxford he was regarded as an extreme latitudinarian. "If I had two necks," said he, "I think I had a very good chance of being hanged by both sides."—*Smiles*.

677. BROTHER, A just and generous. Sergeant Glanvil's father, indignant at the vices of his eldest son, bequeathed the family estate to the second; but the young man becoming convinced that, subsequently to that will being made, the rightful heir had reformed, he called him, with many of his friends, together to a feast, and after other dishes had been served up to the dinner Sergeant Glanvil ordered one that was covered to be set before his brother, and desired him to uncover it, which he doing, the company was surprised to find it full of writings. So he said, "I am now to do what I am sure my father would have done if he had lived to see that happy change which you now all see in my brother, and therefore I freely restore to him the whole estate."—*Bishop Burnet*.

678. BROTHER, Claims of. I remember when, nine years ago, in Boston, a great tabernacle, holding 8000 people, was built for Mr. Moody. He held a month's services in it, during which the building was full; but at the last meeting it was so

crowded that it was overfilled an hour before the service. Every door was shut, except the private door behind, by which only the workers had access. Many people crowded round pressing to get in, but were restrained by a chain of policemen. There were members of the State Council, ladies in their silks and jewels, and aldermen of the City Council; but to the entreaties of each and all the uniform reply was given that they could not be admitted. One gentleman came up, and the policeman said, "No, sir; you cannot come in." He said, "I came here for half a day only; I have finished my business, and have come to hear Mr. Moody." He gave his card—he was a governor of a New England state; but the policeman was unable to let him in, and said, "Even were you allowed to pass, there is no room for you inside; but my orders are strict." Just then I saw another man come up. He was a countryman. Neither his hair nor beard had been trimmed by a city barber. His hands were callous with toil. He was a small man. Here, thought I, a governor has been refused, and he tries to get in. "I must come in," he said. The policeman pushed him aside. "But," he said, "would you go and tell my brother William that his brother George wants to come in?" I went in; they were singing the hymn before the address when I told Mr. Moody. Quick as a flash he said, "My brother George! Let him in at once. Make way there for my brother George." And as there was no seat for him, Mr. Moody took him into the pulpit and placed him in his own seat. And so at the last great day, when the kings and great ones of the earth come there, but are not allowed to enter, when one of the least of God's children comes up, he will just say, "Will you tell my Brother that one of His brethren is outside and wants to come in?" And then he is let in at once and seated on the throne.—*Dr. Pentecost*.

679. BROTHER, Love of. Mr. H—, an ingenious artist, being destitute of employment and reduced to great distress, had no other resource than to solicit the aid of an elder brother, who was in good circumstances. To him, therefore, he applied, and begged some little hovel to live in and some provision for his support. The brother was melted into tears, and said, "You, my dear brother! you live in a hovel! You are a man; you are an honour to the family. I am nothing. You shall take this house and the estate, and I will be your guest, if you please." The brothers thus affectionately lived together, as if it were common property, till the death of the elder put the artist in possession of the whole.

680. BROTHER, Love of. Timoleon, the Corinthian, was, in the early part of his life, a noble pattern of fraternal love. Being in battle with the Argives, and seeing his brother fall by the wounds he had received, he instantly leaped over his dead body, and with his shield protected it from insult and plunder; and though severely wounded in the generous enterprise, he would not on any account retreat to a place of safety till he had seen the corpse carried off the field by his friends.

681. BROTHERS, Meeting of. Ricards, a friend of Mozley, was once, in the remote days of the old stage-coach, detained for a night in some out-of-the-way inn. He ordered his dinner. He was told another gentleman was also detained in the

house—would he have any objection to dine with him? No; it was a pleasant man, much older than himself, he met. As they talked the conversation narrowed. They knew the same places, the same names, but they had talked on for a long time into the evening before they discovered that they were brothers, who had never before met each other. The elder brother had gone out into the world and got into the highway of his life before Ricards, the Oriel man, was even born.—*Mozley's Reminiscences of the Oxford and Oriel Movement.*

682. BUILDING for God. The story of Rowland Hill preaching against the first Surrey Theatre is very characteristic. The building of Surrey Chapel was going on simultaneously with that of the theatre. In his sermon he addressed his audience as follows:—"You have a race to run now between God and the devil; the children of the last are making all possible haste in building him a temple, where he may receive the donations and worship of the children of vanity and sin! Now is your time, therefore, to bestir yourselves in the cause of righteousness, and never let it be said but what God can outrun the devil!"—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

683. BUILDING, Fruitless. King Vortigern is said to have attempted to build a fortress upon Salisbury Plain; but as he built, every day's work was overthrown in the night by an earthquake.—*Vaughan.*

684. BURDEN suited to the life. A lady who lost the use of her arm by a fall in winter said to a friend, smiling, that she had just been considering the circumstances of all her acquaintances, but had not been able to fix upon one who could with less inconvenience sustain such a loss than she could. She therefore admired the Divine wisdom and goodness in appointing her to bear that affliction rather than any other person.—*Arrive.*

685. BURIAL, Teaching of. The Egyptians, among whom Abraham dwelt, entertaining, as they did, the foolish superstition that the existence of the soul depended on the preservation of the lifeless clay, took every possible precaution to guard the body against decay by embalming it and wrapping it in sheets of linen and gold. And these mummies they sometimes kept in their homes, and sometimes placed in gigantic edifices intended to defy the hand of time. But Abraham, by burying his dead out of his sight, taught practically the great principle of Judaism, that when the body has been severed from the immortal soul it has lost the sacredness and value which belonged to it in life. "The dust returneth to the earth as it was; and the spirit returneth unto God who gave it."—*Dr. Hermann Adler.*

686. BUSINESS, Dangers of. I said one day to a respectable tradesman, "When are you going to begin to think of eternity and come to the House of God?" His reply I shall never forget. "I know, sir, that I ought to come; but it's no use; my mind is so full of business, I can think of nothing else."—*Dr. Thain Davidson.*

687. BUSINESS, Dangers of. Astronomers will tell you that it is very difficult to establish an observatory in a great city. Why? Because the thunder of the vehicles upon the pavements is such that there are oscillations going on all the time, slight trembles, so that you cannot measure with

absolute accuracy. Thus it is when men are so whirled in business that they cannot make clear and critical observations of things that require calmness of heart and of mind.—*Beecher.*

688. BUSINESS, God's, stands first. Dr. Parr, in his Life of Archbishop Ussher, relates that while that prelate was once preaching in the church at Covent Garden a message arrived from the Court that the king wished immediately to see him. He descended from the pulpit, listened to the command, and told the messenger that he was then, as he saw, employed in God's business, but as soon as he had done he would attend upon the king to understand his pleasure, and then continued his sermon.

689. BUSINESS, God's, stands first. Your business—you cannot neglect that! Call to mind the story of the rich English merchant to whom Elizabeth gave some commission of importance, and he demurred to undertake it, saying, "Please your Majesty, if I obey your behests, what will become of these affairs of mine?" And his monarch answered, "Leave those things to me; when you are employed in my service, I will take charge of your business." So will it be with you. Do but surrender yourself to Christ, and He, of His own free will, takes in hand all your affairs.—*Spurgeon.*

690. BUSINESS, Unchristian principles in. Some time ago, in the city of New York, a young man in a jeweller's store stood behind the counter offering gold rings to a customer. He said, "Those rings are fourteen carats." The lady replied, "I want a ring of sixteen carats;" and not getting what she wanted, went away. The head man of the firm came and said to the clerk, "Why did you not tell her that these rings were sixteen carats?" He replied, "I cannot deceive anybody." The head man of the firm severely reprimanded him, and said, "You never can get along in this way. It is lawful in business to make these little misrepresentations." Who was the young man? A hero. Who was the gentleman representing the firm? A deacon in a Brooklyn church.—*Talmage.*

691. BUSINESS, Unchristian principles in. A young man stood behind the counter selling goods to a lady. As he was putting up the parcel, he said to the customer, "Madam, I notice a slight flaw in that piece of silk." The lady perceived it, and the piece was left unsold. The manager of that department observed what was going on, and immediately wrote to the lad's father in the country, "Your son is not sharp enough for business, he will never make a merchant." The father, who was a Christian man, came up to town to make inquiry, and when he found out what the facts were, said to the head of the establishment, "I am proud of my boy, and would never wish him to act otherwise than he has done; God will provide another opening for him."—*Dr. Thain Davidson.*

692. BUSINESS, Unfair rules of. A young man in Philadelphia was turned out from his employ because of inebriation gotten in the service of the merchant who employed him; and here is the letter he wrote to his employer:—"Sir: I came into your service uncorrupt in principles and in morals; but the rules of your house required me to spend my evenings at places of public entertainment and amusement in search of customers. To accomplish my work in your service, I was obliged

to drink with them, and join them in their pursuits of pleasure. It was not my choice, but the rule of the house. I went with them to the theatre and the billiard table; but it was not my choice. I did not wish to go. I went in your service. It was not my pleasure so to do; but I was the conductor and companion of the simple ones, void alike of understanding and of principle, in their sinful pleasures and deeds of deeper darkness, that I might retain them as your customers. Your interest required it. I have added thousands of dollars to the profits of your trade, but at what expense you now see, and I know too well. You have become wealthy, but I am poor indeed; and now this cruel dismissal from your employ is the recompense I receive for a character ruined and prospects blasted in helping to make you a rich man!"—*Talmage*.

693. BUSYBODIES, Lesson for. A man who had become rich by his own exertions, was asked by a friend the secret of his success. "I have accumulated," replied he, "about one half of my property by attending strictly to my own business, and the other half by letting other people's alone."
—*Clerical Library*.

694. BUSYBODY, Reproof of. A certain woman once called upon her minister to tell him how much her mind had been hurt. Her pastor received her with all tenderness, and inquired into the cause of her distress. She went on to say, "She could assure him that her mind was very much hurt indeed, but she did not know how to tell him." The minister, judging it must be something serious, urged her to be explicit upon the subject of her distress. At last she said, "It is the length of your bands, sir, when in the pulpit." "Oh," said the minister, "the length of my bands!—is it that so distresses you? I will take care that that shall be a source of distress to you no more." So fetching his bands, he said, "Here is a pair of scissors, cut them to your wish." After she had done this, she thanked him, and professed to feel her mind relieved. "Well, my friend," said the minister, "I may tell you that my mind has also been very much hurt, perhaps even more than yours." "Oh, sir, I am sorry for that: what, sir, has hurt your mind so?" He replied, "It is the length of your tongue. And now, as one good turn deserves another, you will allow as much to be cut off as will reduce it to about its proper length." It need not be remarked that she was speechless, and it is hoped, learnt an important lesson with respect to that unruly member.—*Denton*.

695. CALL, Influence in accepting. Of Scotland's great preacher, the late Rev. Dr. Macleod, the following is told. In visiting his Dalkeith parishioners to say farewell, he called on one of those sharp-tongued old ladies whose privileged gibes have added so much to the treasury of Scottish humour. To her he expressed his regret at leaving his friends at Dalkeith, but stated that he considered his invitation to Glasgow in the light of "a call from the Lord." "Ay, ay," was the sharp response; "but if the Lord hadna called you to a better steepend, it might hae been lang gin ye had heard Him!"

¶ **696. CALL of Christ, Mistaken.** In the second century, Celsus, a celebrated adversary of Christi-

anity, distorting our Lord's expression, complained, "Jesus Christ came into the world to make the most horrible and dreadful society; for He calls sinners, and not the righteous, so that the body He came to assemble is a body of profligates, separated from good people, among whom they before were mixed. He has rejected all the good, and collected all the bad." "True," says Origen, in reply, "our Jesus came to call sinners—but to repentance. He assembled the wicked—but to convert them into new men, or rather to change them into angels. We come to Him covetous, He makes us liberal; lascivious, He makes us chaste; violent, He makes us meek; impious, He makes us religious."

697. CALL of Christ responded to. "No, my lord," wrote Whitefield to the bishop [of Bristol], "being, as I think, without cause denied admission into the Church, I am content to take the fields, and when the weather will permit, with a table for my pulpit and the heavens for my sounding board, I desire to proclaim to all the unsearchable riches of Christ."—*J. R. Andrews*.

698. CALL of God, Secret of. The following beautiful tradition about Moses is handed down to posterity:—He led the flock of his father-in-law. One day while he was contemplating his flock in the desert, he saw a lamb leave the herd, and run further and further away. The tender shepherd not only followed it with his eyes, but went after it. The lamb quickened his step, hopped over hill, sprang over ditches, hastening through valley and plain; the shepherd unweariedly followed its track. At last the lamb stopped by a spring at which it eagerly quenched its thirst. Moses hastened to the spot, looked sadly at the drinking lamb, and said: "It was thirst, then, my poor beast, which tormented thee, and drove thee from me, and I didn't understand; now thou art faint and weary from the long, hard way, thy powers are exhausted; how then couldst thou return to thy comrades?" After the lamb had quenched his thirst and seemed undecided what course to take Moses lifted it to his shoulder, and, bending under the heavy burden, strode back to the flock. Then he heard the voice of God calling to him, saying: "Thou hast a tender heart for my creatures, thou art a kind, gentle shepherd to the flocks of man—thou art now called to feed the flocks of God."—*Jewish Messenger*.

699. CALMNESS amid excitement. "Traveling in the West of England, I was very much surprised at one of the stations to see the guard of the train surrounded by seven passengers, each one of whom was plying him with questions which seemed to me difficult to answer. I was amazed at his quietness and self-possession. One after another he dealt with, and satisfied them all. When it was over I said to him, 'Well, you must be a wonderful man to keep yourself so calm amidst all this excitement.' 'Not at all, madam,' he answered. 'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeps my heart and mind, and I can manage easily enough.' What a testimony! Truly this railway guard knew the secret of quiet amid the whirl of business. Verily it is the peace of God which passeth understanding."—*Lady Hope*.

700. CALMNESS a presage of victory. A great naval hero, the Earl of Dundonald, fought on one occasion, with his solitary ship, a line of formidable

forts in South America, whose fire proved so raking that his men could not be got to stand to their guns. Calling his wife, who was below, to come on deck, he asked her to fire one of the guns, and show these men how to do their duty. She did so. Instantly they returned, burning with shame, to their posts, and soon the victory was theirs. The lady, in rehearsing the circumstance, said that the thing of all others in that exciting scene that was felt by her to be the most terrible, was not the din of battle, not the raking fire, *but the awful calmness* that sat, fixed as fate, on her husband's countenance, as it seemed to carry in itself the sure presage of victory.—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

701. CALMNESS, Christian, Influence of. The excellent Isaac Ambrose, in his "Treatise on Angels," gives an account of a profane persecutor, who was brought to seek the mercy of God in a remarkable manner. He was out on a journey, with his pious wife, when they were overtaken with a storm of thunder and lightning. He was seized with great terror, and his wife inquired into its cause. "Why," asked he, "are not you afraid?" She replied, "No, not at all; for I know it *is the voice of my heavenly Father*; and shall a child be afraid of a kind father's voice?" The man began to reflect, that Christians must have within them a divine principle, of which the world is ignorant, or they could not enjoy such calmness when the rest of the world were filled with horror. He went to Mr. Bolton, an eminent minister, to whom he had been opposed, acknowledged and lamented his sins, and furnished good evidence of a change of heart.

702. CALMNESS, Secret of. An officer being in a storm, his lady, filled with alarm, cried out, "My dear, how is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose and drew his sword. Pointing it at his wife's breast, he said, "Are you not afraid?" She instantly replied, "No, certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband; *and he loves me too well to hurt me.*" "Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I have believed, and that He holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand."

703. CALUMNIES, Take no notice of. The celebrated Boerhaave, who had many enemies, used to say, that he never thought it necessary to repeat their calumnies. "They are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves."

704. CALUMNY utilised. Tillotson collected a number of libels against himself, got them richly bound, gilt, and lettered; and to a friend who once inquired what favourite authors they were, the archbishop replied, "These are my own personal friends; and what is more, I have made them such (for they were avowedly my enemies) by the use I have made of those hints which their malice had suggested to me."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

705. CALVINISM and the Bible. Mr. Angell James said to me once, with great energy—raising his arm and clenching his hand as he said it—"I hold the doctrines of Calvinism with a firm grasp." "But," said I, "you never preach about them." "Well," he replied—with that *naïveté* which was one of the chief charms of his character—"you

know that there is not much about them in the Bible."—*Dr. Dale.*

706. CAPACITY, lost by disuse. A race of men long occupied in ferocious wars, grow sharp in the hearing, keen as the beasts of prey in pursuit, sensitively shy of death when it can be avoided, and when it cannot, equally stoical in regard to it; but while these talents of blood are unfolding so remarkably, they lose out utterly the sense of order, the instinct of prudence and providence, all the sweet charities, all the finer powers of thought, and become a savage race. Having lost a full half of their nature, and sunk below the possibility of progress, we for that reason call them savages. By a little different process the Christian monks were turned to fiends of blood without being savages. Exercised day and night, in a devotion that was aided by no outward social duties, waiting only on the dreams and visions of a cloistered religion, all the gentle humanities and social charities were absorbed or taken away. And then their very prayers would draw blood, and they would go out from the real Presence itself to bless the knife or kindle the fire.—*Bushnell.*

707. CARE, Divine, minuteness of. In visiting the United States Mint at Philadelphia, we saw the floor of one room, where were the furnaces for melting the gold, covered with an iron grating; and were told that that grating saved 80,000 dollars' worth of gold every year from the minute particles of gold dust that floated invisibly in the air. Such is the minute care which God takes of His children. He cares for the smallest particles and portions of their lives; not a hair of their head shall fall without their Father's permission.—*Anon.*

708. CARE, God's, of His people. A meeting of the Covenanters was being held on the hill-side, when the alarm was given that the troopers were near. The men were stout and strong but unarmed, whilst the greater number consisted of women and children, besides an aged minister. Defence and flight were alike impossible. What should they do? They cried unto God, that He would save and deliver them, that He would hide them under His wings. And their cry was heard. Whilst the dragons were yet at a distance, there came rolling over the hills a thick, white, blinding mist, which shrouded everything, and enfolded the little company in its embrace and hid them. They themselves kept silent, and soon discovered, from the noise and shouting of the troopers, that they had lost their way. The commander now thought only of the safety of his men; and when they at length found the track, the word was given, and they rode off. No sooner were they out of sight than the mist rolled off, the sun shone forth, and those who had been kept by God, hid under the shadow of His Hand, sang praises unto Him for their great deliverance.

709. CARELESSNESS, a habit. Two gentlemen sat near the door of a railway-carriage on a cold morning. A young man went out leaving the door ajar. One of the gentlemen rose and shut it, and then said: "This makes twice that I have shut this door after that man during the last few minutes. Somebody will probably have to do it for him as long as he lives." What an amount of work just in shutting doors will this young man impose on others during his life.

710. **CARES, Torment of little.** One of the most cruel torments of the Inquisition was to place the poor victim beneath a trap, and let the cold water fall upon the head drop by drop. This was not felt at first, but at last the monotony of the water dropping always on one spot became almost unendurable; the agony was too great to be expressed. It is just so with little cares. When they keep constantly falling drop by drop upon one individual they tend to produce irritation, calculated to make life well-nigh insupportable.—*Clerical Library.*

711. **CASTAWAY, the Devil's.** Some ladies called one Saturday morning to pay a visit to Lady Huntingdon, and during the visit her ladyship inquired of them if they had ever heard Mr. Whitefield preach. Upon being answered in the negative, she said: "I wish you would hear him; he is to preach to-morrow evening." They promised to go; and afterwards, being asked how they liked him, they said: "Of all the preachers we ever heard, Mr. Whitefield is the most strange and unaccountable. Among other preposterous things, he declared that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that He did not object to receive the devil's castaways! Now, my lady, did you ever hear of such a thing?" Upon Mr. Whitefield's entering the drawing-room, Lady Huntingdon said: "These ladies have been preferring a very heavy charge against you. They say that in your sermon last night you made use of this expression: 'So ready is Christ to receive sinners who come to Him, that He is willing to receive the devil's castaways.' Mr. Whitefield pleaded guilty to the charge, and told them of the following circumstance. 'A wretched woman came to me this morning, and said: 'Sir, I was passing the door of your chapel, and hearing the voice of some one preaching, I did what I have never been in the habit of doing, I went in! and one of the first things I heard you say was that Jesus would receive willingly the devil's castaways. Sir, I have been on the town for many years, and am so worn out in his service that I may with truth be called one of the devil's castaways. Do you think that Jesus would receive me?' 'I," said Mr. Whitefield, "assured her that there was not a doubt of it, if she was willing to go to Him." From the sequel it appeared that this was a case of true conversion.

712. **CATHEDRAL, Significance of.** Coleridge said of an old cathedral that it always appeared to him like a *petrified religion*.—*Timb's Century of Anecdote.*

713. **CAUSE won at the expense of life.** The last martyr of the Colosseum was the good monk Telemachus. So inveterate was the passion for blood, that after three centuries, notwithstanding the spread of Christianity, gladiatorial combats continued to be the favourite pastime of a large proportion of the citizens. Constantine prohibited them. The populace persisted. To avoid an insurrection they were suffered to have their will. Honorious re-enacted the prohibition. It was equally in vain. One day, as the gladiatorial fight was about to commence, Telemachus rushed down into the arena and separated the combatants. Then the spectators, indignant at this interruption, tore up the marble benches and hurled them down upon him "from the amphitheatre, which seemed

crowded with so many demons raging for human blood." But in his death the benevolent monk was victorious—rage yielded to admiration—and gladiatorial combats ceased for ever.—*Newman Hall.*

714. **CAUTION, a sign of character.** Cowper was once consulted by his friend, Mr. Unwin, about some man's character. "All I know," he wrote, "about him is this, that I saw him once clap his two hands upon a rail, meaning to leap over it; but he did not think the attempt a safe one, and so took them off again."

715. **CAVILLING, a hindrance to grace.** Father Taylor was preaching once when a company of young men, vacant and volatile looking, entered a pew, near the door. Said Father Taylor, in a gasping whisper that might have been heard half across the church, "There's the cavillers in this house: I must get a hook in their jaws!" And the first thing he said after giving out his text (Ps. xxiv. 3, 4, 5) was, turning to the aforesaid corner, "Of all the stumbling-blocks in the way of religion, the worst is—a cavilling spirit."—*Life of Father Taylor.*

716. **CENSORIOUSNESS illustrated.** She [a German] was much shocked with the impiety of an English lady, who was knitting a stocking on Christmas-day, while she herself, good, pious soul, regularly sat down every Sunday evening to a quiet rubber of whist.—*S. J. Capper.*

717. **CEREMONY, dislike to.** After Napoleon I. had been crowned with gorgeous display and grand ceremony, he hastened to his room and exclaimed to an attendant as he entered, "Off, off with these trappings." He threw the mantle into one corner of the room, the gorgeous robe into another, declaring that hours of such mortal tediousness he had never passed before.—*Little's Historical Lights (condensed).*

718. **CERTAINTIES, in life.** John Newton, on being asked his opinion on some subject, replied, "When I was young I was sure of many things; there are only two things of which I am sure now: one is, that I am a miserable sinner; and the other, that Jesus Christ is an all-sufficient Saviour."

719. **CHANCE and law.** There used to be a children's book which bore the fascinating title of "The Chance World." It described a world in which everything happened by chance. The sun might rise or it might not; or it might appear at any hour, or the moon might come up instead. When children were born they might have one head or a dozen heads, and those heads might not be on their shoulders—there might be no shoulders—but arranged about the limbs. If one jumped up in the air it was impossible to predict whether he would ever come down again. That he came down yesterday was no guarantee that he would do it the next time. For every day antecedent and consequent varied, and gravitation and everything else changed from hour to hour. To-day a child's body might be so light that it was impossible for it to descend from its chair to the floor; but to-morrow, in attempting the experiment again, the impetus might drive it through a three-storey house and dash it to pieces somewhere near the centre of the earth. In this chance-world cause and effect were abolished. Law was annihilated. And the result to the inhabitants of such a world could only be that reason

would be impossible. It would be a lunatic world with a population of lunatics. Now this is no more than a real picture of what the world would be without Law, or the universe without Continuity.—*Henry Drummond.*

720. CHANCE and prayer. A lady who had forsaken God and the Bible for the gloom and darkness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a sailor, one morning, how long they should be out. "In fourteen days, if it is God's will, we shall be in Liverpool," answered the sailor. "If it is God's will!" said the lady; "what a senseless expression! Don't you know that all comes by chance?" In a few days a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging to the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror. "What do you think," she said to the same sailor, "will the storm soon be over?" "It seems likely to last some time, madam." "Oh!" she cried, "pray that we may not be lost." His reply was, "Madam, shall I pray to chance?"—*Christian Age.*

721. CHANCE and the universe. "How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose? And may not a little book be as easily made by chance as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be in sprinkling colours upon a canvas with a careless hand before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be imagined than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world."—*Archbishop Tillotson.*

722. CHANCE, Effects of.—Protegenes, an early painter and sculptor, occupied seven years in finishing his picture of Ialysus, living only upon the simplest diet in the meantime, hoping thus to elevate his powers of conception and execution. He designed to represent in the piece a dog panting, and with froth in his mouth, but this, after an hundred vain attempts to do, he gave up in despair, and in a fit of anger threw his sponge upon the picture. Chance brought to perfection what the labour of the artist could not accomplish; the fall of the sponge upon the picture represented the froth at the mouth of the dog in the most perfect and life-like manner, and the artist's picture was universally admired.

723. CHANCE, God overrules.

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see."

Pope's lines were singularly illustrated in the case of a merchant of New Milford, Conn. As he was about to step into his carriage in front of a store, his horse raised a foot with the evident intention of planting it firmly in a puddle underneath. The gentleman, having on a good suit of clothes, and not caring to soil them, dashed into the nearest door, which happened to lead into an insurance-agent's office. The agent said, "I suppose you have come to renew the insurance on your store, which expires to-day." "I had forgotten it," said the merchant, "and should like

you to attend to it." He then drove off and took the train for Bridgeport. On returning the next day, he learned that his store had burned down in the fire which swept one side of the street.

724. CHANCE, Nothing comes by. The Scotch philosopher, Beattie, once went into his garden and drew in the soft earth the letters C. W. B. He sowed these furrows with garden cresses, smoothed the earth, and went away. These were the initials of his little boy, who had never been taught anything concerning God, although he had learned to read. "Ten days later," says Beattie, "the child came running to me in amazement, and said: 'My name has grown in the garden.'" "Well, what if it has?" said the philosopher: "that is nothing," and turned away. But the child took his father by the hand, led him to the garden-plot, and said: "What made those letters?" "I see very well," the father replied, "that the initials of your name have grown up here in the garden. That is an accident," and he turned away again. The child followed him, took him by the hand, brought him back to the spot, and said, very earnestly: "Some one must have planted the seeds to make the letters." "Do you really believe those letters cannot have been produced by chance?" said the father. "I believe somebody planted them," said the son, who probably did not know what chance meant. "Very well," said the father, "look at your hands and your feet; consider your eyes and all your members. Are they not skilfully arranged? How did your hand get its shape?" The boy replied: "Somebody must have made my hands for me." "Who is that some one?" said the father. "I do not know," said the child. "Do you feel certain that somebody planted those seeds, and sure that some one made your hands?" "Yes," said the boy, with great earnestness. And then the father communicated to the child the name of the great Being by whom all things are made, and the boy never forgot the lesson nor the circumstances which led to it.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

725. CHANCE, The last. A man in Massachusetts had an unreasonable grudge against his minister that lasted twenty-five years. But at last the hand of death knocked at the door of the parishioner, and he sent for his pastor. The good man hastily obeyed the summons with a solemn delight, as his being thus called showed a mellowing of the heart of the dying man, which promised reconciliation both with heaven and himself. "You sent for me," he said, as he approached the bed-side. "Yes," answered the dying man, whose breath was now short and difficult—"I have but a few—a few hours to live, and I sent—sent for you to say that—that this is your last—your last chance to apologise!"

726. CHANGE for the better. On the North Coast of Devon, not long ago, I saw the descendants of wreckers working the life-saving apparatus. What a change for the better this expresses and implies.—*B.*

727. CHANGE, The last. The late Mr. Young of Jedburgh, was once visiting the death-bed of an aged member of his congregation, who was hourly looking for his last change. "Well, my friend," said the minister, "how do you feel yourself to-day?" "Very weel, sir," was the calm and solemn answer,

"Very weel, but just a wee confused wi' the flittin'."—*Children's Missionary Record.*

728. CHARACTER, Charity in judging. Peter Cooper of New York, a man who spends a large amount of money on philanthropic objects, took a great interest in a Woman's Art School. One day he stood watching the portrait class in that institution, whilst they were drawing a likeness of the same model from different positions. One scholar took the face in profile; another had it turned a little into the shadow; a third saw more of the full face, and represented it accordingly; whilst others worked still further into the light or away from it. Of course the portraits thus taken were very different; some of them, indeed, so different, that any one unacquainted with the original might have been almost excused for thinking that they were portraits of different people. Mr. Cooper observing the scene, said, "Such a sight as this should be a lesson in charity, when we perceive how the same person may be so different, according to the way he is looked at by various people."—*Sunday at Home.*

729. CHARACTER, Christian, and ease. A distinguished botanist, being exiled from his native land, obtained employment as an under-gardener in the service of a nobleman. While he was in this situation, his master received a valuable plant, the nature and habits of which were unknown to him. It was given to the gardener to be taken care of, and he, fancying it to be a tropical production, put it into the hot-house (for it was winter), and dealt with it as with the others under the glass. But it began to decay . . . when the strange under-gardener asked permission to examine it. As soon as he looked at it he said: "This is an arctic plant, you are killing it by the tropical heat into which you have introduced it." So he took it outside, and exposed it to the frost, and, to the dismay of the upper-gardener, heaped pieces of ice around the flower-pot; but the result vindicated his wisdom, for straightway it began to recover, and was soon as strong as ever. Now, such a plant is Christian character. It is not difficulty that is dangerous to it, but ease. Put it into a hothouse, separate it from the world, surround it with luxury, hedge it in from every opposition, and you take the surest means of killing it."—*Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D.*

730. CHARACTER developed by trial. Close to Bracelet Bay, Mumbles, is a bell-buoy marking a concealed rock. This bell rings only in the storm. It is only when the wind is high and the billows roll and beat against it that it gives forth the music that is in it.—*Clerical Library.*

731. CHARACTER, Formation of. The oak in the middle of the forest, surrounded on all sides by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and comparatively feeble; cut away its protectors, and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field, where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character which he could not otherwise have obtained.

732. CHARACTER, how formed. "How is character formed? Gradually, just as you Bala women knit stockings—a stitch at a time."—*Williams of Wern.*

733. CHARACTER, how judged. He will have supreme influence whose character is like a pillar on the top of which there is lily-work. The lily-work does nothing for the pillar: the pillar does its own bearing work: it has the weight upon it; and yet the lily-work is praised by the children, praised by infantile minds; the little, frail, pretty lily-work will attract more attention than the upright, solid, all-bearing pillar. Never mind pillar, we rest on thee, we trust to thee.—*Dr. Parker.*

734. CHARACTER needed in defenders of the truth. The Satyr in Æsop's fable was indignant with the man who blew hot and cold with the same mouth, and well he might be. I can conceive no surer method of prejudicing men against the truth than by sounding her praises through the lips of men of suspicious character.—*Spurgeon.*

735. CHARACTER, Power of. The great soldier (the Duke of Wellington) whom some of us may have seen in the days of our youth, has not his character been a treasure to the army and to the nation? He was the simplest and most truthful of men, in whom common sense was a kind of genius or inspiration. The most obvious words flowing from his lips were felt to have a greater weight than the most eloquent orations of others; for he meant what he said, his motives of action were direct and straightforward, he had never anything to excuse or to be ashamed of. He had that in his bearing which gave men confidence in him—authority. No one doubted his patriotism or disinterestedness. During the long war he had to contend with enemies at home as well as abroad, and afterwards, as some will remember, he used to say that he was equally ready to serve Her Majesty in office or out of office; and in the midst of a great party conflict he was strong only in the conviction that the Queen's Government must be carried on. His modesty seemed rather to wonder at his own exploits. "I cannot think," he used to say, "how I wrote those despatches." He seemed rather to decline than to affect popularity; he was certainly unmoved by it.—*Professor B. Jowett, M.A.*

736. CHARACTER, Revelation of. Perigeaux showed his shrewdness when he read the careful character of Lafitte through such a tiny thing as his stooping to pick up a pin from the garden walk; and those old Covenanters were wise in their generation who detected a spy in their cave from the fact that he did not ask a blessing on the food which their kindness set before him. Now it is thus we are revealing our characters every day—not only to our fellowmen, but to the eye of the all-searching God.—*Dr. Taylor.*

737. CHARACTER, Slow growth of. Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is not struck out at a single blow. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough-cast it. Ten thousand chisels polish and perfect it, put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So does a man carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought and will and effort shape the features and expressions

of the soul. Habits of love, piety, and truth, habits of falsehood, passion, or goodness, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image of a demon.—*Oxenden*.

738. CHARACTER tells. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon" was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India Ports—that name being regarded as an ample guarantee of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was everywhere understood.

739. CHARACTER to be maintained. Antisthenes, the founder of the sect of the Cynics, when he was told that Ismenias played excellently upon the flute, answered properly enough, "Then he is good for nothing else, otherwise he would not have played so well." Such also was Philip's saying to his son, when, at a certain entertainment, he sang in a very agreeable and skilful manner, "Are you not ashamed to sing so well?" Even so, when one who professes to be of the seed royal of heaven, is able to rival the ungodly in their cunning, worldliness, merriment, scheming, or extravagance, may they not blush to possess such dangerous capacities? Heirs of heaven have something better to do than to emulate the children of darkness.—*Spurgeon*.

740. CHARACTER, The perfect. The chemist who can analyse the fruit of the vine finds many ingredients there. Of these no single one, nor any two together, would form the juice of the grape; but the combination of all yields the polished and delicious berry which every one knows so well. In different climates, and even in different seasons, the proportion and blending of these constituents may vary, but that is not a good cluster where any is wanting. The fruit of the true Vine has also been analysed, and in the best specimene nine ingredients are found. In poor samples there is a deficiency of one or other of these elements. A dry and diminutive sort is lacking in peace and joy. A tart kind, which sets the teeth on edge, owes its austerity to its scanty infusion of gentleness, goodness, and meekness. There is a watery, deliquescent sort, which, for the want of long-suffering, is not easily preserved; and there is a flat variety, which, having no body of faith or temperance, answers few useful purposes. Love is the essential principle, which is in no case entirely absent; and by the glistening fullness and rich aroma which its plentiful presence creates you can recognise the freshest and most generous clusters; whilst the predominance of some other element gives to each its distinguishing flavour, and marks the growth of Eschol, Sismah, or Lebanon.—*Dr. J. Hamilton*.

741. CHARACTER, Unworldly. I once went to a friend, says Mr. Cecil, for the express purpose of calling him out into the world. I said to him, "It is your duty to accept the loan of ten thousand pounds, and to push yourself forward into an ampler sphere." But he was a rare character; and his case was rare. His employers had said, "We are ashamed you should remain so long a servant in our house, with the whole weight of affairs upon you. We wish you to enter as a principal with us, and will advance you ten thousand pounds. It is the custom of the city: it is your due; we are dis-

satisfied to see you in your present sphere." I assured him that it appeared to me to be his duty to accede to the proposal. But I did not prevail. He said, "Sir, I have often heard from you that it is no easy thing to get to heaven. I have often heard from you that it is no easy thing to master the world. I have everything I wish. More would encumber, increase my difficulties, and endanger me."

742. CHARACTER, Value of. Petrarch recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel having occurred in Colonna's household, the cardinal, wishing to decide with justice, assembled all his people, and obliged them by a solemn oath to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, submitted to this: even the cardinal's brother was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presented himself to take the oath; the cardinal closed the book, and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

743. CHARACTER, Worth of. We are told that Delhi was taken, and India saved, by the personal character of Sir John Lawrence. It is said that that man's character was worth more than an army to the British forces—that there was a power within him that was so felt by all who came near him, that they all caught something of his spirit; that it made cowards brave, and turned the very dross and clay of humanity, by its transforming power, almost into pure gold.—*Denton*.

744. CHARACTERS, Evil, good enough for some people. To a person abusing Voltaire, and indirectly opposing his character to that of Jesus Christ, Lamb said admirably that "Voltaire was a very good Jesus Christ—for the French."—*Leigh Hunt*.

745. CHARITY above rubrics. When the prebendary of Canterbury objected once to read a brief in church on behalf of a fund for the French refugees, because it was contrary to the rubric, the archbishop [Tillotson] gravely replied, "Charity is above rubrics."

746. CHARITY, a duty. Butler, bishop of Durham, being applied to on some occasion for a charitable subscription, asked his steward what money he had in the house. The steward informed him there were five hundred pounds. "Five hundred pounds!" said the bishop; "What a shame for a bishop to have such a sum in his possession, when so many people are in want!" He ordered it all to be immediately distributed to the poor.—*Clerical Anecdotes*.

747. CHARITY and Christ. St. Martin had given all that he had in the world to the poor save one coat, and that he divided between two beggars. A father in the mount of Nitria was reduced at last to the inventory of one Testament, and that also was tempted from him by the needs of one whom he thought poorer than himself. Greater yet, St. Paulinus sold himself to slavery to redeem a young man for whose captivity his mother wept sadly; and it is said that St. Katherine sucked the venomous wounds of a villain who had injured her most impudently. And I shall tell you of a greater than all these put together: Christ gave Himself to

shame and death, to redeem his enemies from bondage and hell.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

748. CHARITY and deception. Dr. Andrews of Canterbury disliked the nicety which a few of his wealthy parishioners displayed when applied to for assistance in aid of private charity. "I am sorry," said he, "that my own means do not enable me to do that which my heart dictates. I had rather be deceived in ten instances than lose the opportunity of making one heart glad."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

749. CHARITY and extravagance. I fancy in some sad abode of this city, upon some unvisited pallet of straw, a man, a Christian man, pining, perishing, without an attendant, looking his last upon nakedness and misery, feeling his last in the pangs of hunger and thirst. The righteous spirit of the man being disembodied, I fancy to myself arising to heaven, encircled by an attendance of celestial spirits, daughters of mercy, who waited upon his soul when mankind deserted his body—this attended spirit I fancy rising up to the habitation of God, and reporting in the righteous ear of the Governor of the earth how it fared with him amidst all the extravagance and outlay of this city. And saith the indignant Governor of men, "They had not a morsel of bread nor a drop of water to bestow upon my saint. Who of my angels will go for me where I shall send? Go thou angel of famine, break the growing ear with thy wing, and let mildew feed upon their meal. Go thou angel of the plague, and shake thy wings once more over the devoted city. Go thou angel of fire, and consume all the neighbourhood where my saint suffered unheeded and unpitied. Burn it; and let its flame not quench till their pavilions are a heap of smouldering ashes."—*Edward Irvine.*

750. CHARITY and the unconverted. You all know the story of S. Martin, who, before he was baptized into the faith of Christ, and whilst he was still a soldier, showed a rare instance of love and charity. In the depth of winter, a beggar, miserably clad, asked an alms of him for the love of God. Silver and gold had he none. His soldier's cloak was all he had to give. He drew his sword, cut it in half, gave one portion to the poor man, and was content himself with the other. And we may truly say of him in our dear Lord's own words, "Verily I say unto you, he had his reward." That night in a vision he beheld our Blessed Lord on His throne, and all the host of heaven standing by Him, on His right hand and on His left. And as he looked more stedfastly on the Son of God, he saw Him to be arrayed in his own half cloak; and he heard Him say, "This hath Martin unbaptized given to Me." So the smallest act of love and kindness done to Christ's poor, for His sake, shall not go unrewarded. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—*Preacher's Promptuary of Anecdote.*

751. CHARITY, as towards the inconsistent. The Rev. Legh Richmond was once conversing with a brother clergyman on the case of a poor man who had acted inconsistently with his religious profession. After some angry and severe remarks on the conduct of such persons, the gentleman with whom he was discussing the case concluded by saying, "I have no notion of such pretences; I will have nothing to do with him." "Nay, brother,

let us be humble and moderate. Remember who has said, 'making a difference:' with opportunity on the one hand, and Satan at the other, and the grace of God at neither, where should you and I be?"—*Religious Tract Society, Anecdotes.*

752. CHARITY, Christian. I shall not forget my first introduction to Father Taylor. I was called upon to preside at one of the morning prayer meetings, anniversary week,—meetings which Father Taylor was fond of attending. We had a good meeting, and the Spirit was with us. After the meeting broke up, and I was passing out of the church, I found Father Taylor had planted himself at the door. "There," said he, "I've read you, and seen you, and heard you, and now I want to feel you;" and, seizing hold of me, he did not merely shake my hand, but shook me all over, as if he could not get me close enough into his warm-hearted fellowship. I never quite understood how, with his view of the atonement, which was strictly orthodox, he found an open way for us Unitarians into heaven, and I do not suppose he knew himself, or very much cared: only he felt sure we should be there; for the wide arms of his loving fellowship could not leave us out. After his Bethel in Boston had become such a decided success, and the centre of marked influence, his friendship with Unitarians troubled some of his orthodox neighbours. A highly distinguished clergyman of the exclusive school, Dr. —, called one day upon Father Taylor (this comes to me on excellent authority), and in a remarkably genial mood told him he had come to help him. "We feel," said he, "a very great interest in your enterprise; we think it is doing great good in the city. Our denomination purpose to support you in it." "Thanks to the Lord for anybody who is going to help us," said Father Taylor. "There is one condition about it," said Dr. —: "you must not fellowship the Unitarians." "Dr. —," said Father Taylor, we presume with a countenance lighted up with its native fire, "I can't do without the Unitarians, but I can do without you."—*E. H. Sears.*

753. CHARITY covering sins. A young pianist was giving concerts in the provinces of Germany, and, to add to her renown, she announced herself as a pupil of the celebrated Liszt. Arriving at a small provincial town, she advertised a concert in the usual way; but what was her astonishment and terror to see in the list of new arrivals at the hotel the name of "M. l'Abbé Liszt!" What was she to do? Her deception would be discovered, and she could never dare to give another concert. In her despair she adopted the wisest course, and went direct to the Abbé himself. Pale, trembling, and deeply agitated, she entered the presence of the great *maestro* to confess her fraud, and to implore his forgiveness. She threw herself at his feet, her face bathed in tears, and related to him the history of her life. Left an orphan when very young, and possessing nothing but her musical gifts, she had ventured to shelter herself under the protection of his great name, and thus to overcome the many obstacles which opposed her. Without that she would have been nothing—nobody. But could he ever forgive her? "Come, come," said the great artist, helping her to rise, "we shall see what we can do. Here is a piano. Let me hear a piece intended for the concert to-morrow." She obeyed, and played, at first timidly then with

all the enthusiasm of reviving hope. The *maestro* stood near her, gave her some advice, suggested some improvements, and when she had finished her piece, said most kindly—"Now, my child, I have given you a music lesson. You are a pupil of Liszt." Before she could recover herself sufficiently to utter a word of acknowledgment, he added, "Are the programmes printed?" "Not yet, sir." "Then let them add to your programme that you will be assisted by your master, and that the last piece will be played by the Abbé Liszt." Could any reproof be keener than such forgiving kindness—such noble generosity as this? The illustrious musician would no doubt have been questioned, and it would have been impossible for him to speak anything but the truth. But charity is ingenious in covering "a multitude of sins."—*Christian Chronicle*.

754. CHARITY, Delicacy in. Dr. Veron bears witness to Recamier, one of the most celebrated teachers of modern times, as remarkable for his goodness of heart and his charity. Visiting an old woman, for instance, to whose garret he had to toil his long way upwards, arriving tired and out of breath, he soon silenced her apologetic outburst in respect of her altitude, to which her poverty, not her will, consented. "True," said the doctor; "it is very high, worth at least ten francs;" taking which sum out of his pocket, he made it over to the deprecating old dame. He is alleged to have given away the tenth of his receipts to his patients.—*Francis Jacox*.

755. CHARITY, Duty of. When an eminent painter was requested to paint Alexander the Great, so as to give a perfect likeness of the Macedonian conqueror, he felt a difficulty. Alexander in his wars had been struck by a sword, and across his forehead was an immense scar. The painter said, If I retain the scar it will be an offence to the admirers of the monarch, and if I omit it it will fail to be a perfect likeness—what shall I do? He hit upon a happy expedient; he represented the emperor leaning on his elbow, with his forefinger upon his brow, accidentally, as it seemed, covering the scar upon his forehead. Might not we represent each other with the finger of charity upon the scar, instead of representing the scar deeper, darker, and blacker than it actually is?—*H. L. Hastings*.

756. CHARITY, Feigned. Sometimes Christians say that they will give a tenth of their incomes, or more, to the work of Christ; and then comes a hard year of tightening in the market. They now think to themselves with a sweet caution, "I must retrench in benevolence this season." Sometimes Christians make a show of contribution, but adroitly manage to get back a fair percentage. We read in French history that Louis XI. once proffered the entire department of Boulogne to the "Blessed Virgin Mary." He drew up a deed, signed, sealed; he delivered it to the proper ecclesiastics of the Church. But with a peculiar perversity he kept all the revenues and taxes, appointing every year new collectors who might secure the income rigidly for himself without any peril of being tampered with by the priests.—*Dr. Robinson*.

757. CHARITY in humble life. Some time ago, when climbing a stair on a cold winter day, we

passed an open door where a venerable old woman stood facing a wretched, ragged, starveling child. With one hand she offered a morsel of bread, sharing her food with a poverty sorer than her own; while the other held a bowl of milk to the lips of the emaciated creature. . . . Now that scene, though beautiful, was not a display of mercy. Pity moved the kind hand and gentle breast, where that aged matron stood, an example of—what is not uncommon among the poor—generous charity in humble life.—*Guthrie*.

758. CHARITY never faileth. When Eliot, the indefatigable missionary to the Indians, was an old man, it was observed that the energy by which he acted never sustained the slightest abatement, but, on the contrary, evinced a steady and vigorous increase. As his bodily strength decayed, the energy of his being seemed to retreat into his soul, and at length all his faculties seemed absorbed in holy love. Being asked shortly before his departure how he did, he replied, "I have lost everything; my understanding leaves me, my memory fails me, my utterance fails me; but I thank God my charity holds out still; I find that rather grows than fails."—*Hinton*.

759. CHARITY, not laxity. On one occasion, the late Mr. Hall of Bristol having mentioned, in terms of panegyric, Dr. Priestley, who was eminent in scientific attainments, but deeply imbued with Socinian principles, a gentleman who held Dr. P.'s theological opinions, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Ah, sir, we shall have you among us soon, I see." Mr. Hall started, and, offended by the tone in which this was uttered, hastily replied, "*Me amongst you, sir! me amongst you!*" Why, if that were the case, I should deserve to be tied to the tail of the great red dragon, and whipped round the nethermost regions to all eternity."

760. CHARITY, Regard for. It is recorded of the excellent Bishop Ken, that, when his copy of the Bible was examined after his death it opened spontaneously at Paul's great chapter of the Corinthians and charity.—*Thomson*.

761. CHARITY, Self-denial in. General Gordon is said to have had a great number of medals for which he cared nothing. There was a gold one, however, given to him by the Empress of China, with a special inscription engraved upon it, for which he had a great liking. But it suddenly disappeared; no one knew where or how. Years afterwards it was found out, by a curious accident, that Gordon had erased the inscription, sold the medal for ten pounds, and sent the sum anonymously for the relief of the sufferers from the cotton famine at Manchester.

762. CHARITY, Selfishness in. I was in Hanover Street when a vinegar-looking old lady was toddling along, with a huge umbrella in her hand. A little urchin came up who had no cap on his head, but plenty of brains within; no shoes on his feet, but a great deal of understanding for all that. I saw him fix upon that venerable old lady to be operated on. . . . He approached her with a most pitiful look and whine. He saw there was no chance of getting at her purse through her philanthropy, so he thought to get at it through her selfishness. In an instant he rolled up the sleeve of a tattered jacket to the elbow of his yellow

skinny arm, and running up displayed it, crying out to her, "Just out o' the Infirmary, ma'am, with typhus!" It was a *ruse* got up for the occasion; but the acting was perfect—the effect sudden, electric. The poor old body started as if she had received a shock. Diving her hand to the very bottom of her pocket, she took out a shilling, thrust it into his palm, and hobbled away, glad to get the little rogue out between the wind and her nobility! —*Guthrie (condensed).*

763. CHARITY, Sentimental. Alas! we give tears to the chimerical adventures of a theatrical personage, we depart from a representation with hearts still moved for the disasters of a fabulous hero, *and a member of Jesus Christ, an inheritor of heaven, and your brother* whom you encounter in your way from thence, perhaps sinking under disease and penury. . . . You turn your eyes with disgust from that spectacle and deign not to listen to him! . . . Inhuman soul! have you, then, left all your sensibility on an infamous theatre?—*Massillon.*

764. CHARITY, Timely. At one corner of Russell Square, an old woman had for several years kept an apple-stall. Standing at the parlour window one very wet day, Judge Talfourd observed the poor old creature in her usual place, and crouching down wet through with the pelting rain. The sight aroused all his kind and pitying nature. He tried in vain to pursue his literary or legal labours; again and again he went to the window to see the same distressing sight. At last he threw on coat and hat, rushed off into the rain, purchased an enormous gig umbrella, and brought it back triumphantly and placed it over the old woman. "Wasn't it a glorious thought?" he was heard to ask. "The thing actually covered her and her apple-stall, too."

765. CHARITY, Unostentatious. It is related of Father Taylor, the sailor missionary of Boston, that on one occasion, when a minister was urging that the names of the subscribers to an institution (it was the missionary cause) should be published, in order to increase the funds, and quoted the account of the poor widow and her two mites, to justify this trumpet-sounding, he settled the question by rising from his seat, and asking in his clear, shrill voice, "Will the speaker please give us the name of that poor widow?"—*Christian Age.*

766. CHARITY, Want of, not confined to the theological circles. One doctor says bolus, and another says globule; Globule calls Bolus a butcher, and Bolus calls Globule a quack, and the hydropathist says "Beware of pick-pockets." And Bolus will not speak to Globule, though Globule says, "Let us make it up, and begin again;" and Bolus says, "Never; as long as I live I will leech and blister and cup and bleed and do things with scientific vigour."—*Dr. Parker.*

767. CHARITY, Want of. Count Cavour, the Italian diplomat, said he was satisfied from his experience, that more mistakes would be made by not trusting men than by believing in them and trusting them. If that is true in Italy and in diplomacy, where is it not true? "Charity believeth all things," or at any rate, if you cannot do that, "hopeth all things."—*Beecher.*

768. CHASTISEMENT neglected. A young man, as he was going to the place of execution,

desired to whisper something into his mother's ear; but when she came, instead of whispering, he bit off her ear, telling her, that it was because she did not chastise him for his faults when a boy, he was brought to such an unhappy end.

769. CHEERFULNESS, Serving God with. When the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn, how it happened that his church music was always performed so cheerfully, the great composer made a most beautiful reply. "I cannot," said he, "make it otherwise, I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

770. CHEERFULNESS under difficulties. A poor old man came struggling up the long steep hill, bent to the ground under a heavy burden. His knees knocked together, and his steps were weak and unsteady. It was "Old Blind Tom." He was indeed an old man, blind, and so deaf that he did not hear our wheels as we approached. His sense of feeling was so keen that he knew by the earth's pulsation that a horse's hoofs were near, and he sidled off against the hedge. He had half a hundredweight of coal on his back, the load bending him almost double. This was his daily task, to stagger up the weary hills with a sack of coals, which he carried to a little hamlet on the summit; and for carrying this load three miles, he received three halfpence. He usually made two trips a day, sometimes three. Still he was cheerful, even contented and happy. Without endeavouring to straighten himself, but with his face still bending to the ground under his load, he sang for us a ballad, with a fine mellow voice which he modulated beautifully, though it was doubtful if he could hear much of it himself. Never did I see such a desperate pursuit of happiness under difficulties, nor ever saw so much caught by a human heart in a handful of thorns.—*Elihu Burritt (abridged).*

771. CHEERFULNESS, Use of. That deep-lunged, red-blooded preacher, Sydney Smith, used to throw open the shutters to the morning sun, saying, "Let us glorify the room!" Both conscience and temperament led him, also, to insist on flooding the dark places of the moral world with cheerfulness, which is the sunshine of the spirit. Thus he constantly advocated the wisdom of what he called "short views" of life. It was obvious, he thought, that the larger part of our worries and perplexities came from the anticipation of evils.

772. CHILD, A lost. A touching story is told by the missionaries, of a father who was from home in the mountains at the time of his child's birth in Tahiti, and on his return he found that the poor little infant had been put in a hole covered with a plank, to keep the earth from pressing it, and left there to perish. As soon as it was dark he hastened to the spot, unseen by any one, opened the grave, and finding that the babe was still alive, he took her up, and gave her in charge to his brother and sister, by whom she was conveyed to the isle of Eimeo, about seventy miles distant, where she was brought up. The husband died without having informed his wife that their daughter was still alive. After the advent of Christianity, the mother

was on one occasion bemoaning most bitterly the destruction of her children, when a woman who happened to be present, and who was acquainted with the fact of the child's disinterment, astonished and overwhelmed her by the announcement that her daughter had been saved, and was then living in Eimeo. She immediately embarked for the place, and found that it was even so; she embraced her long-lost child with ardent affection, and thanked God for the light of the gospel, and for the preservation of even one of her offspring.—*Missionary Anecdotes.*

773. CHILD, Death of. In all the literature of sacred experience that has grown around that child's prayer of the Christian world, "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c., we have seen few narratives more affecting than this. It was told by the pastor of St. John's Church, New York. Part of the wall of a burnt house, he said, had fallen on a six or seven-year-old boy, and terribly mangled him. Living in the neighbourhood, I was called in to see the stricken household. "The little sufferer was in intense agony. Most of his ribs were broken, his breast-bone crushed, and one of his limbs fractured in two places. His breathing was short and difficult. He was evidently dying. I spoke a few words to him of Christ, the ever-present and precious Friend of children, and then, with his mother and an older sister, knelt before his bed. Short and simple was our prayer. Holding the lad's hand in mine, I repeated the children's gospel: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He disengaged his hand from mine, and folded his. We rose from our knees. His mind began to wander. He called his mother, "I'm sleepy, mamma, and want to say my prayers." "Do so, my darling," replied the sobbing mother.

"Now I lay me—down—to sleep; I
Pray Thee, Lord, my soul—to keep—if
I—should—die—"

and then he was beyond the river of death.

774. CHILD, Death of. His behaviour [Luther's] at the deathbed of his little daughter, so still, so great and loving, is among the most affecting things. He is resigned that his little Magdalene should die, yet longs inexpressibly that she might live;—follows in awestruck thought the flight of her little soul through those unknown realms. Awestruck; most heartfelt, we can see; and sincere—for after all dogmatic creeds and articles, he feels what nothing it is that we know, or can know; his little Magdalene shall be with God, as God wills.—*Carlyle.*

775. CHILD, Influence of. I remember a man in America, twenty-eight years of age, who could not read. He was living on the outskirts of Illinois, and all his time was spent in hunting, fishing, and other like pursuits. His little child was a Sunday-school scholar, and learnt to read, and then she began to tease her father to go to the school, and at last she succeeded one Sunday in getting him there, and when he saw how the children could read and he could not, he was greatly ashamed of himself. And though he made up his mind not to go there again, his wife persuaded him, and he went and was converted. He learnt to read; and unlearned as he was, and although he had an impediment in his speech, he went on persevering

until he mastered it; and he is now one of the most active, untiring, and successful workers in the cause of God in America. He has positively established 1180 Sabbath schools in the States of Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Indiana, and all through the Western territory of America. He mounts his Sabbath-school horse, which he calls "Robert Raikes," and when he comes to a new settlement, out of the way of civilisation, as it were, he asks permission to start a Sabbath school, and he gathers the parents and children together, and talks to them until the tears trickle down their cheeks, and they all say, "Yes, we will have a Sunday school." Then away he sets to work, and gets teachers and a superintendent, and so the work goes on; and in the vicinity of scores of those schools, churches have sprung up, whose spires, pointing heavenward, may be seen dotting the sky-line along the Western prairies. And that is all the work of one individual man, who was first won over to it by the influence and example of a little child.—*Moody.*

776. CHILD, Influence of. Themistocles' son being master of his mother, and by her means, of him, he said, laughing, "This child is greater than any man in Greece; for the Athenians command the Greeks, I command the Athenians, his mother commands me, and he commands his mother."—*Plutarch.*

777. CHILD, Influence of. A pioneer in California says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada County there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundred miles. But a Fourth of July occasion came, and the miners were gathered together, and they were celebrating the Fourth with oration, and poem, and a boisterous brass band. And while the brass band was playing, an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their homes on the eastern coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were thrilled with home-sickness as they heard the babe cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, to drown the infantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist, and said, "Stop that noisy band, and give the baby a chance!"

778. CHILD, Ministry of. A little child at one of the meetings, was seen talking so earnestly to a companion that a lady sat down by her to hear what she was saying, and found that the dear child was telling how much Jesus loved her, and how she loved Him, and asked her little companion if she would not love Him too. The lady was so much impressed by the child's words that she spoke to an anxious soul that very night, for the first time in her life. And so "a little child shall lead them."—*Moody.*

779. CHILD, Power of. Some of us may know the lines of Wordsworth:—

"A child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts."

This truth has been embodied in a very touching work of fiction, where an old man, soured by injustice, suspected wrongfully of a terrible crime, eating his heart away in solitude, and consumed by one

base passion, the greed of gold, suddenly, in place of the gold of which he has been robbed, sees on his hearth, one cold New-Year's Eve, an unknown, helpless little child, and finds, in the love and tenderness which *she* awakens, a balm for all bitterness, a fresh unfailing fountain of life. It is a true Christian parable. The man seems lost in sordid loneliness, loathing life, hating man, crying out on God. And then, not for the poor man's deserts, but in His own mighty love and pity, Jesus Christ takes a child, and places him before him, and the man is saved by having something to love.—*Rev. Dr. Butler.*

780. CHILD trained for Christ. A father whom I knew had a son who had long been ill, and his end was approaching. One day, when he came home, the mother told him that their child was like to die, and the father went at once to his bedside. "My son, do you know that you are dying?" said he. "Then I will be with Jesus to-night," was his answer. "Yet, father," he added, "don't you grieve for me, for when I get to heaven, I will go straight to Jesus, and tell Him that you brought me to Him when I was a child."—*Moody.*

781. CHILD, what it may become. A poor doctor, who had met with great misfortunes, lay on his deathbed, saddened by the thought that he was leaving a large family behind him, without any provision for its maintenance. Not long before his death, his youngest child was born, a scrawny, puny babe, weighing five or six pounds. The mother was worn out, and was apparently to be left poor, friendless, and alone, with her great family of little ones. But—that baby! Every one said: "What a mercy if that child should die! What can she do with it? What a blessing if it should die!" The poor mother almost thought so too. But the unwelcome babe would not die. He made a struggle for life, and won the battle. To-day his memory is revered as that of Dr. John Todd, the author of "The Student's Manual," and of other works of eminent usefulness, by means of which, "being dead, he yet speaketh." No mother knows what she has in her cradle.

782. CHILD, Worth of. One afternoon I noticed a young lady at the services, whom I knew to be a Sunday-school teacher. After the service I asked her where her class was. "Oh," said she, "I went to the school and found only a little boy, and so I came away." "Only a little boy!" said I; "Think of the value of one such soul! The fires of a Reformation may be slumbering in that tow-headed boy; there may be a young Knox, or a Wesley, or a Whitfield in your class."—*Moody.*

783. CHILDREN a life work. I was in the company of a talented Christian lady when a friend said to her, "Why have you never written a book?" "I am writing *two*," was the quiet reply. "Have been engaged on one for ten years, the other five." "You surprise me," cried the friend, "what profound works they must be!" "It doth not appear yet what we shall be," was her reply, "but when He makes up His jewels my great ambition is to find them there." "Your children?" I said. "Yes, my two children; they are my life work."—*Christian Age.*

784. CHILDREN, a mother's jewels. A Campanian lady who was very rich, and fond of pomp

and show, being on a visit to Cornelia, the illustrious mother of the Gracchi, displayed the diamonds and jewels she possessed, with some ostentation, and then requested Cornelia to permit her to see her jewels. This eminent woman dexterously contrived to turn the conversation to another subject, till her sons returned from one of the public schools, when she introduced them, saying, "*These are my jewels.*"

785. CHILDREN, a trust from God. Dr. Potter tells us that the son of a man very eminent in one of the learned professions in England was once standing in a felon's dock, awaiting a sentence of transportation. Said the judge, who knew his parentage and his history, "Do you remember your father?" "Perfectly," said the youth; "whenever I entered his presence he said, 'Run away, my lad, and don't trouble me.'" The great lawyer was thus enabled to complete his famous work on *The Law of Trusts*; and his son, in due time, furnished a practical commentary on the way in which his father had discharged that most sacred of all trusts, committed to him in the person of his own child.

786. CHILDREN and art. Greek art gives us no children. Nay, it is equally true, though perhaps not so surprising, that up to the thirteenth century there were no Gothic children either. It was only when art was touched by Christianity, and when the Madonna and Child became the light of every honest heart and the joy of every pure soul, that pictures of children were possible. The tradition of the Beautiful Child lasted long. Then came a dark period in which children were ground to death by our millwheels, and the wealthy patrons of art could not conceive of the children of the poor except in vice and misery; and it is only now that we are beginning to restore the quiet earth to the steps of children.—*Ruskin.*

787. CHILDREN and the mysteries of God. Ben Syra, when a child, begged his preceptor to instruct him in the law of God; but he declined, saying that his scholar was as yet too young to be taught these sacred mysteries. "But, master," said the boy, "I have been in the burial-ground, and measured the graves, and find some of them shorter than myself; now, if I should die before I have learned the Word of God, what will become of me then, master?"

788. CHILDREN, Care for. An Englishman visiting Sweden, noticing their care for educating children, who are taken from the streets and highways and placed in special schools, inquired if it was not costly. He received the suggestive answer, "Yes, it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance, misery, and crime, to become a scourge to society as well as a disgrace to himself."—*The Lantern.*

789. CHILDREN, Change in. Lord Lawrence, Viceroy of India, was a blunt man of action, impatient of contradiction, and thoroughly self-reliant. Yet, like many of the truly great, he had the heart of a woman. The night on which he started from London to govern India, he gathered all his family in the drawing-room, and made each child say a hymn to him. His youngest, a son of ten years, nestled in the father's arms. "I shall never see Bertie again!" said the strong man suddenly, and burst into tears. It was not of the hardships before him, or of his own death he thought, but of the fact

that Bertie would not be a child to him on his return.—*Christian Chronicle*.

790. CHILDREN, Claims of. Socrates once said, "Could I climb to the highest place in Athens, I would lift my voice and proclaim—Fellow-citizens, why do ye turn and scrape every stone to gather wealth, and take so little care of your children, to whom one day you must relinquish it all?"—*Family Circle*.

791. CHILDREN, Claims of. Edmund Burke once was obliged to oppose in Parliament an unfortunate marriage law. He closed a passage of marvellous eloquence by these words: "Why do I speak of parental feeling? The children are parties to be considered in this legislation. The mover of this Bill has no child."—*Rev. Joseph Cook*.

792. CHILDREN, Claims of. Dr. Leonard Bacon once preached a sermon on what he called the obverse side of the Fifth Commandment—the duty of parents to be worthy of honour. The child is born into the world with this right. His pure eyes look to his elders for example. His soul waits for impulse and inspiration from them. Woe unto that parent who by unworthy character causes one of these little ones to stumble; it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.—*Christian Union*.

793. CHILDREN coming after us. A good story is told by Dr. Johnson of a father hearing the voice of his child behind him as he was picking his way carefully along the mountain side, "Take a safe path, papa; I'm coming after you." Ah! if older Christians, while passing along the rugged hill of life, would only remember that young Christians and children are coming on after them, how much more circumspect would they be concerning the path taken!—*Christian Chronicle*.

794. CHILDREN, Death of. I think our dying children go to Christ. I have been called to give up dear ones. Not once nor twice, nor thrice alone, but many times. I have sent my children on before me. Once, wading knee-deep in the snow, I buried my earliest. It was March, and dreary and shivering and awful; and then the doctrine that Christ sat in an eternal summer of love, and that my child was not buried, but had gone up to One that loved it better than I, was the only comfort I had.—*Beecher*.

795. CHILDREN, Death of. One day we met him [Father Taylor] in the street. He told us in a melancholy voice that he had been burying a child, and alluded almost with emotion to the great number of infants he had buried lately. Then after a pause, striking his stick on the ground and looking upwards, he added, "There must be something wrong somewhere! there's a storm brewing when the doves are all flying aloft!"—*Mrs. Jameson*.

796. CHILDREN, Death of. Mr. Newton of London one day said to a gentleman who had lately lost a daughter by death, "Sir, if you were going to the East Indies, I suppose you would like to send a remittance before you. This little girl is just like a remittance sent to heaven before you go yourself. I suppose a merchant on 'Change is never heard expressing himself thus:—"O my dear whip, I am sorry she has got into port so soon!

I am sorry she has escaped the storms that are coming!" Neither should we sorrow for children dying."—*Whitcross*.

797. CHILDREN, Early impression on. I stood in a house in one of the Long Island villages, not long ago, and I saw a beautiful tree, and I said to the owner: "That is a very fine tree; but what a curious crook there is in it." "Yes," said he; "I planted that tree, and when it was a year old, I went to New York, and worked as a mechanic for a year or two, and when I came back I found they had allowed something to stand against the tree, and so it has always had that crook." And so I thought it was with the influence upon children. If you allow anything to stand in the way of moral influence against a child on this side or that side, to the latest day of its life on earth and through all eternity it will show the pressure. No wonder Lord Byron was bad. Do you know his mother said to him, when she saw him one day limping across the floor with his unsound foot: "Get out of my way, you lame brat!" What chance for a boy like that?—*Talmage*.

798. CHILDREN, Education of. Dr. William L. Breckenridge once said to his mother, "Ma, I think you ruled us with too rigid a rod in our boyhood. It would have been better had you used gentler methods." The old lady straightened up and said, "Well, William, when you have raised up three as good preachers as I have, then you can talk."

799. CHILDREN, How to talk to. The late Dr. Todd, who was peculiarly successful in his Sabbath-school addresses, was accustomed to make a bargain with his youthful audiences that if they would listen to him for just twenty-five minutes, he would not use a word which the youngest could not understand. To secure the greatest possible simplicity every word was carefully written. To use his own illustration: "He cut up the meat so fine that the smallest child could eat it." "But," says one who frequently listened to him, "it was meat still: good solid food on which any one might be nourished."

800. CHILDREN, Influence of. In the year 1432, an army of Hussites commanded by Procopius Rafus, marched against Naumburg, a town of Russia on the river Saale, determined to destroy it. The inhabitants prepared to defend themselves, but were unable to close all the gates; nor had they soldiers enough to fight. The war was a religious one, the Hussites having risen against the tyranny of the Pope, and dreadful cruelties were committed on all sides when a town was taken by siege. The people of Naumburg held a council, when a man named Wolf proposed that all children able to walk under fourteen should be dressed in black and sent to beg for peace. Many laughed, but at length the advice was adopted. Thirty to forty thousand children, dressed in black, marched from the city to the enemy's camp. When the leader of the Hussites saw the children he was overcome, received their petition, and made them sit in the grass to rest. Near to his camp was a cherry orchard, and he caused the soldiers to break off the branches with ripe fruit and give them to the children to eat. Being rested, the children walked back, and as they neared the gates of the town, they waved the branches to their parents who anxiously awaited them.—*Der Glaubensbctc*.

801. CHILDREN in the church. The Rev. John Brown [of Haddington] was born in Perth, Scotland, in 1722. In a narrative of his experiences he says, "I think it was a great mercy that I was born in a Christian family, which took care of my religious instruction, and in which I had the privilege of worshipping God morning and evening. About my eighth year I happened, in a crowd, to push my way into the church at Abernethy on a sacramental Sabbath. Before I was excluded I heard the minister commend Christ in such a sweet and delightful manner, that my affection was captivated, and I think that children should never be kept out of church on such occasions."—*Whitecross*.

802. CHILDREN, Love of. On board the steamer with Lord Lawrence, the Governor-General of India, was a lady with her infant child. She utterly neglected the baby, which revenged itself by crying day and night. The passengers complained in language more forcible than polite. "Steward, throw that baby overboard!" was petulantly shouted, again and again, from sleepless berths. At last, Lord Lawrence, seeing that the child was left motherless by its own mother, took it on his knee. For hours he would hold it, showing it his watch and anything that would amuse it. The child took to the great strong man, and was always quiet when he held it. "Why do you, my lord," asked one of the relieved passengers, surprised to see the Governor-General of India playing nurse to a crying baby, "why do you take notice of that child?" "Because, to tell you the truth," answered Lord Lawrence jocosely, and with a merry twinkle in his eye, "that child is the only being in the ship who I can feel quite sure does not want to get anything out of me, so I take pleasure in his society."—*Christian Chronicle*.

803. CHILDREN, Ministering to. It was beautifully said of one minister (at Hartford, New England), "With the youth he took great pains, and he was a tree of knowledge, with fruit that the children could reach."—*Dr. Stoughton*.

804. CHILDREN not drawbacks. "My brother has retired!"—Such was the expression used by an acquaintance some time since. "Indeed!" I replied, with surprise, "I should not have thought his business would have yielded this result." "Well, you see," said our friend, "they have had no drawbacks." Not understanding what this phrase implied, I inquired. "Well," was the reply, "they have no children." There, what do you think of that? Our children "drawbacks." No, I protest against such a statement. Each one is worth at least £1000, beside the drawing out and development of industry, energy, forbearance, and a hundred other admirable home qualities in the parents. What next, I wonder, will be quoted as a reason for ability to retire. "What next?" says some crusty old bachelor; "why, the reason I was able to retire arose this way; I never had a drawback in the shape of a wife."—*Henry Varley*.

805. CHILDREN, our hope. It is said of an old Roman general that when he heard the old men shout, on a great procession-day, "We have been brave!" that he sighed and said, "When they can no longer go to battle, who will take care of the country?" And when the young men came, in all the flush of their noble manhood, and said, "We

are brave!" the old man sighed and said, "Alas! these, too, will soon be gone, and who will take care of the country then?" After awhile it was said, "Here come the children." Then the old man leaned upon his staff and listened to catch their shout; and at last he caught it, as it was wafted on the breeze, and as their clear loud voices rang out, this was their cry, "We will be brave!" and the old man's heart leaped up within him, and the fire flashed from his eyes as he said, "It is enough; the country is safe."—*Denton*.

806. CHILDREN, our treasure. When the rabble fired the rectory of the Rev. Samuel Wesley it was with difficulty the lives of the children were saved, his son John barely getting out of the house before the roof fell. The father exclaimed as he received his son, "Come, neighbours, let us kneel down, let us give thanks unto God; He has given me all my eight children; let the house go, I am rich enough."—*Little's Historical Lights (condensed)*.

807. CHILDREN, our wealth. I remember, a great man coming into my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, said: "These are they that make rich men poor." But he straightway received this answer, "Nay, my lord, these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth."—*Bishop Hall*.

808. CHILDREN, Perseverance needed in teaching. In dibbling beans the old practice was to put three in each hole: one for the worm, one for the crow, and one to live and produce the crop. In teaching children, we must give line upon line, and precept upon precept, repeating the truth which we would inculcate, till it becomes impossible for the child to forget it.—*Spurgeon*.

809. CHILDREN, Pleading for. I would encircle you with my little clients; hang them on your garments; teach their fatherless arms to entwine about your knees; their innocent eyes to fasten upon yours, and their untainted lips to cry, "*Mercy, for we perish!*" Do you think you could resist? I would bid you observe the force of nature in the breast of a parent. Mothers crying to you with extended arms to save their children. "No, think not of us," would they say, "we are satisfied to suffer. Let us expire if you will, we shall expire in peace; but save, O save our children!"—*Dean Kirwan (preaching for St. Peter's Schools)*.

810. CHILDREN, Respect for. Luther studied at Eisenach, under a famous master, John Trebonius, rector of the convent of the Bare-footed Carmelites. It was the custom of Trebonius to give his lessons with head uncovered, to honour, as he said, the consuls, cancellors, doctors, and masters who would one day proceed from his school. "Though you do not see them with their badges of office," he used to say, "it is right to show them respect."

811. CHILDREN, Remembered by.—Sir Humphrey Davy, who utilised his science in an invention which has saved the lives of thousands of miners, and which has been worth to the world a hundred lamps of Aladdin, left a legacy to the grammar-school here (Penzance), which proves how he held its associations in sunny memory to the last. He

bequeathed £100 to it on condition that the boys should be allowed an annual holiday on his birthday. A very pleasant and beautiful thought inspired this gift—to link its childhood and its remembrance, by a long happy day of enjoyment, to the fellowship of all the boys that should be gathered from age to age within those walls.—*Elihu Burritt*.

812. CHILDREN, Tenderness towards. This tenderness was never so marked as when he [Sir W. Napier] was looking at or talking with children. At such times the expression which came over his face was wonderfully beautiful and touching. Towards these little creatures he had an eager way of stretching out his hand, as if to touch them, but with a hesitation arising from the evident dread of handling them too roughly.—*Kingsley*.

813. CHILDREN, Tenderness towards. When Wesley visited Rathby, to preach in the church, as he ascended the pulpit a child sat on the steps directly in the way. Instead of inquiring, "Why is that child allowed to sit there?" he gently took the little one in his arms, kissed her, and then placed her on the same spot where she had been sitting.

814. CHILDREN, their future. In the early French revolution, the schoolboys of Bourges, from twelve to seventeen years of age, formed themselves into a Band of Hope. They wore a uniform, and were taught drill. On their holidays, their flag was unfurled, displaying in shining letters the sentence—"TREMBLEZ, TYRANS, NOUS GRANDIRONS!" (*Tremble, Tyrants, we shall grow up!*). Without any charge of spurious enthusiasm, we may, in imagination, hear the shouts of confidence and courage, uttered by the young Christians of the future, as they say, "Tremble, O enemy, we are growing up for God!"—*S. R. Pattison*.

815. CHILDREN, The thought of. Lord Erskine, when he was a briefless barrister, with a wife and several children dependent upon him, became suddenly engaged in a great cause. He had to plead before the assembled genius, power, and rank of England. He spoke so eloquently that at the close of his address a friend who sat near him said, "Erskine, how was it you were able to speak so clearly and brilliantly before such an assembly?" He replied, "When I rose to speak, I thought *I felt my little children all pulling my gown and saying, 'Father, speak well: you are to make our bread now.'*"—*Lord Campbell*.

816. CHILDREN, Thinking of. The anxiety of George III. for the welfare and health of his children, was once exemplified in the following interesting manner:—Soon after the young princes went abroad, he was talking jocosely with a Scottish lady about her native country. On a sudden, she observed that he became absorbed in thought; and supposing him reflecting upon something that had been said in conversation, remarked, "Your majesty, I presume, is thinking of my country." He paused for a few moments, and, dropping a tear, said, "I was entreating God to protect and bless my dear boys."

817. CHILDREN, to be reared for heaven. There was a mother lay dying, some time ago, and she requested her children to be brought to her bedside. The eldest one came in first, and putting

her loving hands on his head, she gave him a mother's parting message. Then came another, and then another. To all of them she gave her parting message, until the last—the seventh one, an infant—was brought in. She was so young she could not understand the message of love; so the mother gave it to her husband for her, and then she took the child to her bosom, and kissed it, and caressed it, until her time was almost up. Then, turning to her husband, she said: "I charge you to bring all these children home to heaven with you."—*Moody*.

818. CHILDREN, Training of. "Do not train a child," he [Kingsley] once said to a friend, "as men train a horse, by letting anger and punishment be the first announcement of his having sinned."—*Life of Kingsley*.

819. CHILDREN, Training of. A poor negro woman in the West Indies, after dropping her own little gift into a missionary collection, put a small coin into the hand of her baby, and, guiding it to the contribution box, there let the little one drop it in. Some delay was caused by this, at which the collector became impatient, when the mother said: "Have patience, brother; *I want just to bring the little thing up to it.*"

820. CHILDREN, Training of. As Alexander the Great attained to have such a puissant army, whereby he conquered the world, by having children born and brought up in his camp, whereby they became so well acquainted and exercised with weapons from their swaddling-clothes, that they looked for no other wealth or country but to fight; even so, if thou wouldst have thy children either to do great matters, or to live honestly by their own virtuous endeavours, thou must acquaint them with painstaking in their youth, and so bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.—*Cawdrey*.

821. CHILDREN, Unconscious influence of. We turn from the common experience of human life—its struggles, and hatreds, and jealousies, and suspicions, and revenges, and cruelties; from insincerity, and hypocrisy, and craft; from all the webs it is weaving, as we turn from a nest of odious serpents, with a shudder; and then the clear, sweet, open faces of little children come to us in contrast, as a cool wind from the sea drives back, at evening, the sultry hours, and cools the weary sufferer. I have felt it, and you have felt it. I have thanked God a thousand times, as I walk the street, for little children; and I have felt like uncovering my head to little children a hundred times, for all that they have done for me, unconscious as they were of it.—*Beecher*.

822. CHOICE, A Christian's. Over the unrecorded death and grave of one of Franklin's arctic explorers, found on the ice-bound shore of Beechy Island, were found these words: "Choose you this day whom you will serve." It told of one, who, in the Polar zone of death and night, had found the entrance to an eternal summer in the paradise of God. Looking over an endless sea of ice, the dying man saw that his eternity would be according to the choice which he had made. There can be no intermediate choice; for if one neither loves nor hates the service of his Creator, he has never chosen Him, and there should be no halting between two opinions.—*Rev. John Waugh*.

823. CHOICE, An impossible. A teacher had been relating to his class the story of the rich man and Lazarus; when he asked: "Now, which would you rather be, boys, the rich man or Lazarus?" One boy replied: "I will be the rich man while I live, and Lazarus when I die." And is that not what multitudes are trying to do? All want to die the death of the righteous, after having lived the life of Dives.

824. CHOICE, in critical moments. Pizarro in his earlier attempts to conquer Peru came to a time when all his followers were about to desert him. They were gathered on the shore to embark for home. "Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it from east to west. Then turning towards the south: 'Friends and comrades,' he said, 'on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion and death: on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with all its riches; here Panama and its poverty. Choose each man as becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south.' So saying he stepped across the line. One after another his followers followed him. This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate. There are moments in the lives of men which, as they are seized or neglected, decide their future destiny."—*Prescott*.

825. CHOICE, instant, demanded. When [Agesilaus, King of Sparta] had crossed the Hellespont, he marched through Thrace without asking leave of any of the barbarians. He only desired to know of each people *whether they would have him pass as a friend or as an enemy.* . . . He sent some of his people to put the same question to the King of Macedon, who answered, "I will consider of it." "Let him consider," said he; "*in the meantime we march.*" The king, surprised and awed by his spirit, desired him to pass as a friend.—*Plutarch*.

826. CHOICE, Singular. Heliodorus, Bishop of Fricca, wrote a romance. The poor bishop thought as well of his book as we do, perhaps better; for when commanded, under ecclesiastical censure, to burn it or give up his bishopric, he gave up the bishopric.—*Mrs. Browning*.

827. CHOSEN, separated from the world. It is a remarkable fact, that while the baser metals are diffused through the body of the rocks, gold and silver usually lie in veins; collected together in distinct metallic masses. They are *in* the rocks but not *of* them. . . . And as by some power in nature God has separated them from the base and common earths, even so by the power of His grace will He separate His chosen from a reprobate and rejected world.—*Guthrie*.

828. CHRIST, a builder. Christ builds on through all the ages. For the present, there has to be much destructive as well as constructive work done. Many a wretched hovel, the abode of sorrow and want, many a den of infamy, many a palace of pride, many a temple of idols, will have to be pulled down yet, and men's eyes will be blinded by the dust, and their hearts will ache as they look at the ruins. Be it so. The finished structure will obliterate the remembrance of poor buildings that cumbered its site. This Emperor of ours may indeed say, that *He found the city of brick and made it marble.*—*Maclaren*.

829. CHRIST, a conqueror. In the days of his prosperity he [Julian the Apostate] is said to have

pointed his dagger to heaven, defying the Son of God, whom he commonly called the Galilean. But when he was wounded in battle, he saw that all was over with him, and he gathered up his clotted blood, and threw it into the air, exclaiming, "Thou has conquered, O thou Galilean!"—*Dr. Plumer*.

830. CHRIST, a cordial. James Hervey, the English divine, died on Christmas, 1758. Having thanked his physician for his kind attentions, he exclaimed, with holy exultation, "LORD, now lettest THOU THY servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen THY salvation!" He added, "Here, doctor, is my cordial."

831. CHRIST, a deliverer. Mr. Moody said, in preaching on "Christ as a Deliverer:" "I remember preaching on this subject, and, walking away, I said to a Scotchman, 'I didn't finish the subject.' 'Ah, man! you didn't expect to finish, did ye? It'll take all eternity to finish telling what Christ has done for man.'"—*Christian Age*.

832. CHRIST, a great King. Latimer, while preaching one day before Henry VIII., stood up in the pulpit, and seeing the king, addressed himself in a kind of soliloquy, thus: "Latimer, Latimer, Latimer, take care of what you say, for the great King Henry VIII. is here." Then he paused, and proceeded: "Latimer, Latimer, Latimer, take care what you say, for the great King of kings is here."

833. CHRIST, a great King. When Mr. Dawson was preaching in South Lambeth on the offices of Christ, he presented Him as Prophet and Priest, and then as the King of saints. He marshalled patriarchs, kings, prophets and apostles, martyrs and confessors of every age and clime, to place the insignia of royalty upon the head of the King of kings. The audience was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and, as if waiting to hear the anthem peal out the coronation hymn, the preacher commenced singing "All hail the power of Jesus' Name." The audience, rising as one man, sang the hymn as perhaps it was never sung before.—*Foster's Cyclopædia*.

834. CHRIST, a Guide. I remember the first time I came down the St. Lawrence; as the Long Sault Rapids hove in sight, all the passengers were intently looking at the rushing, foaming waters in the distance. Soon the boat was brought to a stand and a man taken on board. He was an Indian, a man about fifty-five, stalwart and strong, and I believe, the only pilot that had ever attempted to steer a vessel through those raging waters. I watched him with peculiar interest, as he put his hands upon the wheel and pointed the boat towards the rapids. With hands busily plying the wheel at times, and his eyes riveted, as it were, upon some object before him, he held that great vessel steady to its course; and as we were flying, with almost the rapidity of thought, I beheld, little more than an arm's length from the vessel, huge rocks protruding out of the water. I thought: "So He bringeth us." My dear friends, I beseech you to halt this morning, and put out the rope of faith, that Jesus, the great Pilot, may come on board. You may be nearing agitated waters and dangerous rapids, which will wreck you for ever without His guidance.—*Rev. Thos. Kelly*.

835. CHRIST, a Pattern. As I stood beside one of the wonderful Aubusson tapestries (woven

pictures), I said to the gentleman in charge, "How is this done?" He showed me a small loom, with a partly finished web upon it, and said that the weaver stands behind his work, with his materials by his side, and above him the picture which he is to copy, exactly thread for thread, and colour for colour. He cannot vary a thread or a shade without marring his picture. It is a glorious thing for us to have a perfect life for example by which to form our lives. And we cannot vary a hair-breadth from that example without injuring our lives.—*Eugene Stock.*

836. CHRIST, a Propitiation. Plutarch tells us that when Themistocles in the hour of his exile wished to be reconciled with Admetus, king of the Molossians, whom he had previously offended, he took the king's son in his arms and kneeled down before the household gods. The plea was successful, in fact it was the only one the Molossians looked upon *as not to be refused*, and so the philosopher found a refuge among them. And do not we come in this way when we approach the Majesty on High? We take hold of the King's Son, and hope to find acceptance through Him alone.—*B.*

837. CHRIST, a Refiner. Recently a few ladies in Dublin, who are accustomed to meet and read the Scriptures, and converse upon topics suggested, were reading this third chapter of Malachi, when one of them observed, "There is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse: '*He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.*'" They agreed that possibly it might be so, and one of the ladies promised to call on a silversmith, and report to them what he said on the subject. She went accordingly, and, without telling the object of her errand, begged to know from him the process of refining silver, which he described to her. "But, sir," she said, "do you sit while the process of refining is going on?" "Oh yes, madam," replied the silversmith; "I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree the silver is sure to be injured."—*Charles F. Deems, D.D.*

838. CHRIST, a Refuge. Just after the *Ocean Monarch* had been wrecked in the English Channel, a steamer was cruising along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the water, and he bore down towards that voice, and found it was a Christian woman on a plank of the wrecked steamer, singing to the tune of St. Martin's:—

"Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

—*Talmage.*

839. CHRIST, a Refuge. A year ago a friend of mine was trying to cross the Simplon Pass into Switzerland. While he was in one of the tunnels near the summit an awful avalanche of snow thundered down the mountain side. It did not harm him, though, because he was hid away inside the rocky tunnel. There are worse things than avalanches hanging above the path each of you must travel before you die: grief, pain, temptation. Where will you hide in the day of trouble? The ostrich, when chased, buries its eyes in the sand, and thinks itself safe from the hunter because it no longer sees him. Foolish bird! When the child

hears a strange knock at the door he runs and buries his face in the skirts of his mother, and is safe. Why not, when you feel troubled about your sin, go away to Jesus, with the words of David here: "Thou art my hiding-place?"—*Rev. M. D. Buell.*

840. CHRIST, a Rock. Two children in America, a boy and a girl, were crossing some very narrow railway lines. A train came up, which the children did not observe until it was quite close to them. The girl managed to get her brother pushed into the cleft of a rock, which was close at the side of the rails, and she then got up beside him just in time before the train passed over the spot where they both had been standing less than a minute before. She was heard to shout several times, "Cling to the rock, Johnnie; cling to the rock, Johnnie!" That is what the Gospel says to all of us. Jesus is the rock of our salvation. In His wounded side, as in the cleft of the rock, every one who rests is safe. Cling to the Rock!

841. CHRIST, a satisfying Portion. When Dr. Philips, the late Welsh agent of the Bible Society, was dying, he exclaimed, "Christ! Christ! Christ is all! enough for life! enough for death! At the gate! O glorious rest!"

842. CHRIST, A sight of, desired, illustrated. A man of much intellectual vigour, and with many engaging qualities, but blind from his birth, found a woman who, appreciating his worth, became his wife. Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved their parents. An eminent surgeon on examining the blind man, said to him, "Your blindness is wholly artificial; your eyes are naturally good, and could I have operated upon them twenty years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now, though it will cause you much pain." "I can bear that," was the reply, "so you but enable me to see." The surgeon operated upon him, and was successful. The blind father was handed a rose; he had smelt one, but he had never seen one; then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him; and then the children were brought, whom he had so often fondled, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears. He then exclaimed, "Oh, why have I seen all these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor."

843. CHRIST, and conscience illustrated. There was a poor woman in Edinburgh who could not pay her rent of £5, and the landlord sent officers to sequester her furniture. They gave her three days only in which to pay the money before removing it for sale. A well-known gentleman heard of her distress, and on the third day called with the necessary amount, but she refused to open the door. Next day he met her in the street, and said, "I called yesterday with money for your rent, and the expenses incurred, but you refused to open your door to let me give it you." "If I had known it was you," she said, "I would have opened it gladly. I thought it was the officers come to take away my bits of sticks."

844. CHRIST, and controversy. At one of the anniversaries in Paris, a clergyman rose and related the case of a Socinian minister, who had read many books of controversy respecting the Divinity

of Christ, and the kindred evangelical doctrines, but still remained a champion of Socinianism, living himself in darkness and sin. While in this frame of mind, he was presented with a little tract, entitled "The best Friend," which simply told of Jesus; there was not one word of controversy in it; but he felt that this was just the friend he needed. He laid the tract on the table, fell on his knees, and yielded up his heart to Jesus; "and now," said the clergyman, "I am that man."

845. CHRIST, and conversation. Archbishop Ussher and Dr. Preston, two eminently pious and learned men, were very intimate, and often met to converse on learning and general subjects; when it was very common with the good archbishop to say, "Come, doctor, let us say something about Christ before we part."

846. CHRIST, and His sheep. An American who was travelling in Syria saw three native shepherds bring their flocks to the same brook, and the flocks drank there together. At length one shepherd arose and called out "Men-ah, men-ah," (which is the Arabic word for "follow me.") His sheep came out of the common herd, and followed him up the hill-side. Then the next shepherd did the same, and his sheep went away with him, and the man did not even stop to count them. The American said to the remaining shepherd—"Just give me your cloak and turban and crook, and see if they won't follow me as soon as they will you." So he put on the shepherd's dress, and called out "Men-ah, men-ah!" but not a sheep moved an inch. They "knew not the voice of a stranger." "Will your flock never follow anybody but you?" inquired the American. The Syrian shepherd replied, "Oh yes; sometimes a sheep gets sick, and then it will follow any one." Is it not just so with the flock of Christ?—*Christian Age*.

847. CHRIST, and man's hatred. Since the passing of the law [in Prussia] relating to mixed marriages, it has often happened that husbands and wives have been unequally yoked. I have before me now a striking instance of this fact. The husband was a Jew, and his wife a Christian, who used to attend Divine service in my church. These two had one daughter, about ten years of age. Many of the children of the place [Konigsberg] were attacked by measles, and among them was this child, who became dangerously ill. She was a Christian child, with no fear of death, and happy at the prospect of going soon to be with her dear Saviour. By her side sat her disconsolate father, to whom she said: "Father, when I go to heaven and my dear Saviour will say, 'Annie, why does your father hate me?' what answer shall I give to Him?" The father was greatly troubled at his little daughter's question and turned his face away from her. For a little a great struggle was evidently going on within his soul, then he turned his face again, and in a voice soft and low he said: "Annie, my dear child, tell the Saviour that I love Him. I did not love Him before, but I do love Him now." Annie smiled sweetly, and soon after, in perfect peace and joy passed away to the bosom of her Saviour. The subsequent career of the father has proved that his confession of love to Christ on that solemn occasion was sincere.—*Rev. B. F. Jacobi*.

848. CHRIST, and the children. Dannecker,

the German sculptor, occupied eight years upon a marble statue of Christ. When he had laboured two years the work was apparently finished. He called into his studio a little girl, and directing her attention to the statue, asked her, "Who is that?" She replied, "A great man." The artist turned away disheartened. He had failed, and his two years of labour were thrown away. But he began anew; and after several years had passed, he again invited a child into his studio, and repeated the inquiry, "Who is that?" This time he was not disappointed. After looking in silence awhile, she burst into tears, and said in a low voice, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." The instinct of the child had appreciated his meaning, and he felt and knew that his work would be a success.

849. CHRIST, and the Church. The first Roman Catholic who attended upon my ministry, though he told me if his mother in Germany knew it she would disown him, had never gone to the Saviour, but often to a priest. I told him to put away controversial books about Romanism and Protestantism, as such was not the great question of the hour. I pointed out to him Jesus only, and asked him: "After all, is not this the Saviour you want?" He was very soon rejoicing in blessed hope. The fact that he soon united with a Christian church was of small moment compared with the fact that he joined Jesus, which is more than joining any Christian church.—*Cugler*.

850. CHRIST, and universal dominion, illustrated. When Alexander the Great set forward upon his great exploits before leaving Macedonia, he divided amongst his captains and nobles all his property. On being rebuked by a friend for having, as he thought, acted so foolishly in parting with all his possessions, reserving nothing for himself, Alexander replied, "I have reserved for myself much more than I have given away: I have reserved for myself the hope of universal monarchy; and when, by the valour and help of these my captains and nobles, I shall be monarch of the world, the gifts I have parted with will come back to me with an increase of a thousand-fold."

851. CHRIST, accepted. There was a shop-girl in Chicago a few years ago; one day she could not have bought a pound's worth of anything; the next day she could go and buy a thousand pounds worth of whatever she wanted. What made the difference? Why, she had married a rich husband; that was all. She had accepted him, and, of course, all he had became hers. And so you can have everything, if you only receive Christ.—*Moody*.

852. CHRIST, answers to human needs. A forlorn woman, discovered by one of our missionaries in the depths of Central Africa, is reported by him to have broken out in the most affecting demonstrations of joy, when Christ was presented to her mind, saying, "Oh, that is He who has come to me so often in my prayers. I could not find who He was!"—*Bushnell*.

853. CHRIST, Appeal from. The Ecco Homo, by Correggio, in the picture gallery at Munich, has written under it words which may be roughly translated, "I did this for thee; what art thou doing for me?"

854. **CHRIST, beyond human conception.** Barry the artist had long in his meditations an ideal head of Christ, which he was always talking of executing. "It is here!" he would cry striking his head. That which baffled the invention, as we are told, of Leonardo da Vinci, who left his Christ headless, having exhausted his creative faculty among the apostles, this imaginative picture of the mysterious union of a divine and human nature, never ceased, even when conversing, to haunt the reveries of Barry.—*I. Disradi.*

855. **CHRIST, Blood of.** During the American war a doctor heard a wounded man saying: "Blood, blood, blood!" The doctor thought this was because he had seen so much blood, and sought to divert his mind. The man smiled, and said: "I wasn't thinking of the blood upon the battle-field, but I was thinking how precious the blood of Christ is to me as I am dying." As he died, his lips quivered: "Blood, blood, blood!" and he was gone. That blood will be precious when we come to our dying bed—it will be worth more than all the world then.—*Moody.*

856. **CHRIST, Call on.** There is a story concerning Thomas à Beckett—a story connected with his parentage. His father was a Saxon gentleman, who went into the Crusades and was taken prisoner by the Saracens. While a prisoner among the Saracens, a Turkish lady loved him, and when he was set free and returned to England, she took an opportunity of escaping from her father's house—took ship and came to England. But she knew not where to find him she loved. And all that she knew about him was that his name was Gilbert. She determined to go through all the streets of England, crying out the name of Gilbert till she had found him. She came to London first, and passing every street persons were surprised to see an Eastern maiden, attired in an Eastern costume, crying, "Gilbert! Gilbert! Gilbert!" And so she passed from town to town, till one day as she pronounced the name the ear for which it was intended caught the sound, and they became happy and blessed. And so, sinner, to-day thou knowest little perhaps of religion, but thou knowest the name of Jesus. Take up the cry, and to-day, as thou goest along the streets, say in thine heart, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" and when thou art in thy chamber, say it still, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" Continue the cry, and it shall reach the ear for which it is meant.—*Spurgeon.*

857. **CHRIST cannot reject a sinner.** Mr. Read, a missionary in South Africa, when writing to the directors of the London Missionary Society, in the year 1815, gave a very pleasing account of a conversation he had then recently held with a poor boy, whose heart had been impressed by the grace of God. He asked the boy if he knew himself to be a sinner; and the boy asked him in return if he knew any one who was not? The missionary then asked who could save him? The reply was, "Christ." He was asked what Christ had done to save sinners? He replied, "He died upon the cross." Mr. Read inquired if he believed Jesus Christ would save him? He said, "Yes." "Why do you believe it?" "I feel it," said he; "and not only so, but I consider that after He died, and has sent His servants, the missionaries, from such

a far country to publish salvation, it would be very strange if, after all, He should reject a sinner."

858. **CHRIST, Choice of.** Tremellius was a Jew, from whose heart the veil had been taken away, and who had been led by the Holy Spirit to acknowledge Jesus as the Messiah and the Son of God.—The Jews who had condemned our Saviour, had said, "Not this man, but Barabbas;" Tremellius, when near his end, glorying in Christ alone, and renouncing whatever gave in competition with Him, used very different words, "Not Barabbas, but Jesus."

859. **CHRIST, Choosing.** Mr. Jones of Tallam in a most powerful sermon appealed thus to his hearers. "If you are servants of Satan you ought to stand up for him now publicly. If he has any claim to the allegiance of your souls you ought to acknowledge him." Then in his own powerful way he repeated a prayer to the evil one. "O Prince of pleasure, thou hast promised us great things, days of joy and merriment; we will serve thee faithfully to the end, and take our chance with thee at the last." Then looking at his hearers he said—"Let all who are followers of Satan say, Amen." But a stillness as of death prevailed. Then he turned to the other side, and prayed, "O Jesus of Nazareth, Thou hast suffered the death of the cross for us, and bidden us bear our little crosses for Thee; we will follow Thee faithfully in this world through good and evil report." Then he added—"Let all who are anxious to follow Jesus say, Amen." The effect was irresistible, and a chorus of Amens rose like many thunderings from the whole congregation.—*Clerical Library.*

860. **CHRIST, Christians sometimes a reproach to.** The remark is often made [in the East] by the natives when they see a Mohammedan drunk, "He has left Mohammed and gone to Jesus."—*J. B. Gough.*

861. **CHRIST, cleansing from sin.** It is recorded of a certain Hindu on the Malabar coast in India, that he had inquired of various devotees and priests how he might make atonement for his sins, and find peace for his soul. At last he was directed to drive iron spikes, sufficiently blunt, through his sandals; and on these spikes he was to walk on pilgrimage to a celebrated heathen shrine, a distance of 250 coss, that is, about 480 miles. He undertook the journey, and proceeded for some distance, in much pain and distress of both body and mind. While halting under a shady tree where the gospel was sometimes preached, a missionary came and delivered an impressive sermon, in the native language of the people, from that important text, "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.*" The Word came with power to the man's heart; he believed the good news; and before the missionary had finished his discourse, he rose up, threw off his torturing sandals, and cried aloud, "That is what I want;" and he became a living witness that the blood of Christ does indeed cleanse from all sin.—*Missionary Anecdotes.*

862. **CHRIST, Cleaving to.** "I have taken much pains," says the learned Selden, "to know every thing that was esteemed worth knowing amongst men; but with all my disquisitions and reading, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul, 'It is a

faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' *To this I cleave, and herein I find rest.*"

863. CHRIST, Clinging to. When the cruel Bonner told John Ardy of the pain connected with burning, and how hard it must be to endure it, with a view of leading the martyr to recant, he nobly replied, "If I had as many lives as I have hairs on my head, I would lose them all in the fire, before I would lose Christ."—*Clerical Library.*

864. CHRIST, Coming of. The Rev. Edward Irving was once preaching at Perth. His text was taken from the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, regarding the coming of the Son of man. While he was engaged in unfolding his subject, from out of a dark cloud, which obscured the church, there came forth a blight blaze of lightning and a crash of thunder. There was deep stillness in the audience. The preacher paused; and from the stillness and the gloom, his powerful voice, clothed with increased solemnity, pronounced these words: "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall the coming of the Son of man be."

865. CHRIST, Coming of. Philip Henry called upon a tanner, who was so briskly employed in tanning a hide that he did not notice the minister's approach, and on looking round he apologised for being found thus employed. Philip Henry replied, "Let Christ, when He comes, find me equally well employed, in the duties of my calling."

866. CHRIST, Coming to. "My next step," said an anxious inquirer, "is to get deeper conviction." "No," replied a Christian friend, "your next step, and only step, is to go to Christ just as you are. He does not say, come to conviction, come to a deeper sense of sin, which you have been labouring to get; but He says, 'Come unto Me.'" "Ah," she exclaimed, "I see it now. Oh, how self-righteous I have been, really refusing Christ, while all the time I thought I was preparing to come to Him." "Will you go to Jesus now?" was hastily asked. She looked up with a smile, and then humbly yet decisively said, "I will." And the Lord in the richness of His grace enabled her so to do.—*Clerical Library.*

867. CHRIST, Coming to. A friend of mine up in Scotland told me of a Scotch lassie who came to the inquiry-room, and the minister talked with her, and he said: "Young woman, you go home and read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah." And the Scotch girl threw up her hands and said: "I cannot read, I cannot pray; Jesus, take me as I am." She had got it.—*Moody.*

868. CHRIST, Coming to. I have read of an artist who wanted to paint a picture of the Prodigal Son. He searched through the madhouses, and the poorhouses, and the prisons, to find a man wretched enough to represent the prodigal, but he could not find one. One day he was walking down the streets and met a man whom he thought would do. He told the poor beggar he would pay him well if he came to his room and sat for his portrait. The beggar agreed, and the day was appointed for him to come. The day came, and a man put in his appearance at the artist's room. "You made an appointment with me," he said, when he was shown

into the studio. The artist looked at him, "I never saw you before," he said; "you cannot have an appointment with me." "Yes," he said, "I agreed to meet you to-day at ten o'clock." "You must be mistaken; it must have been some other artist; I was to see a *beggar* here at this hour." "Well," says the beggar, "I am he." "You?" "Yes." "Why, what have you been doing?" "Well, I thought I would dress myself up a bit before I got painted." "Then," said the artist, "I do not want you; I wanted you as you were; now, you are no use to me." That is the way Christ wants every poor sinner, just as he is.—*Moody.*

869. CHRIST, Coming to. A godly faithful minister, of the last century, having finished prayer, and looking around upon the congregation, observed a young gentleman just shut into one of the pews, who discovered much uneasiness in that situation, and seemed to wish to get out again. The minister feeling a peculiar desire to detain him, hit upon the following singular expedient: Turning towards one of the members of his church, who sat in the gallery, he asked him this question aloud—"Brother, do you repent of your coming to Christ?" "No, sir," he replied, "I never was happy till then, I only repent that I did not come to Him sooner." The minister then turned towards the opposite gallery, and addressed himself to an aged member in the same manner—"Brother, do you repent that you came to Christ?" "No, sir," said he, "I have known the Lord from my youth up." He then looked down upon the young man, whose attention was fully engaged, and fixing his eyes upon him, said—"Young man, are you willing to come to Christ?" This unexpected address from the pulpit, exciting the observation of all the people, so affected him that he sat down and hid his face. The person who sat next him, encouraged him to rise and answer the question. The minister repeated it—"Young man, are you willing to come to Christ?" With a tremulous voice he replied, "Yes, sir." "But when, sir?" added the minister, in a solemn and loud tone. He mildly answered, "Now, sir." "Then stay," said he, "and hear the word of God, which you will find in 2 Cor. vi. 2: 'Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation.'"—*Buck.*

870. CHRIST, Coming with boldness to. When a poor trembling Roman approached the Emperor Augustus, he was in some fear: "What," says the Emperor, "take you me for an elephant that will tear you?" So we should come with boldness to Christ. He encourages the worst of sinners.—*Ralph Erskine.*

871. CHRIST, Compassion of. Jesus, says the story, arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and He sent His disciples forward to prepare supper, while He Himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And He saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together, looking at some object on the ground; and He drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose, "it pollutes the air." "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said

a third; "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all dragged and bleeding." "No doubt," said a fifth, "he has been hanging for thieving." And Jesus heard them; and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, He said, "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people turned to him with amazement, and said among themselves, "Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth; for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog." And, being ashamed, they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way. —I can recall at this hour the vivid yet softening and pathetic impression left on my fancy by this old Eastern story. It gave me pain in my conscience, for it seemed thenceforward so easy and so vulgar to say satirical things, and so much nobler to be benign and merciful; and I took the lesson so home that I was in great danger of falling into the opposite extreme. —*Mrs. Jameson.*

872. CHRIST, Condition of seeking. A celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who was accustomed to receive large sums from his pupils in return for his instructions, was one day accosted by an indigent youth who requested admission into the number of his disciples. "And what," said the sage, "will you give me in return?" "*I will give you myself,*" was the reply. "I accept the gift," replied the sage, "and engage to restore you to yourself at some future period much more valuable than you are at present."

873. CHRIST confessed at last. During the revival in Ireland, in 1853, an aged convert at Achile, a poor man, one hundred and four years old, walked ten miles to make a public profession of his faith, at a confirmation held by the Protestant Bishop of Tuam. Mr. E. had a most interesting conversation with this aged man. He said: "I lived one hundred and three years and six months in total darkness, knowing nothing of the way to heaven, blind, and ignorant." "And now," said Mr. E.: "what is your hope?" "My hope, sir, is in the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. Oh, to think that I have gone on *one hundred and three years and six months, caring not for my soul,* and then that this blessed truth should have burst upon me! How can I praise Him enough for His wondrous love towards such a poor old sinner?"

874. CHRIST, Confessing. A friend, who is deeply interested in work for Christ among our sailors, told me that at the close of a prayer-meeting of which he had been the leader, a young seaman, who had only a few nights before been converted, came up to him, and laying a blank card before him, requested him to write a few words upon it, because, as he said, "You will do it more plainly than I can." "What must I write?" said my friend. "Write these words, sir: 'I love Jesus—do you?'" After he had written them, my friend said, "Now you must tell me what you are going to do with the card." He replied, "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stand at once I may begin to be ashamed of my religion, and let myself be laughed out of it altogether. Now as soon as I go on board, I shall walk straight to my bunk and nail up this card upon it, that every one may know that I am a Christian, and may give up all hope of making

me either ashamed or afraid of adhering to the Lord." —*Clerical Library.*

875. CHRIST, Confessing. Fifty years ago, at a dinner party which was given in the West End of London, the conversation of the gentlemen turned on what (to describe it no more closely) was dishonouring to Christ our Lord. One guest was silent, and presently he asked that the bell might be rung. On the appearance of the servant he ordered his carriage, and with perfect and polished courtesy apologised to the host for his enforced departure, "*for he was still a Christian.*" It was the late Sir Robert Peel. —*Canon Liddon.*

876. CHRIST, Confessing. A great many years ago, a Roman emperor said to a Greek architect: "Build me a Coliseum, and when it is done, I will crown you, and I will make your name famous through all the world, if you will only build me a grand Coliseum." The work was done. The emperor said: "Now, we will crown that architect. We will have a grand celebration." The Coliseum was crowded with a great host. The emperor was there and the Greek architect, who was to be crowned for putting up this building. And then they brought out some Christians, who were ready to die for the truth, and from the doors underneath were let out the lions, hungry, three-fourths starved, the emperor arose amid the shouting assemblage and said: "The Coliseum is done, and we have come to celebrate it to-day by the putting to death of Christians at the mouth of these lions, and we have come here to honour the architect who has constructed this wonderful building. The time has come for me to honour him, and we further celebrate his triumph by the slaying of these Christians." Whereupon, the Greek architect sprang to his feet and shouted: "*I also am a Christian.*" And they flung him to the wild beasts, and his body, bleeding and dead, was tumbled into the dust of the amphitheatre. Could you have done that for Christ? —*Talmage.*

877. CHRIST, Consecrating touch of. At one time Dannecker the German sculptor of the colossal figure of the Saviour, attracted the eye of Napoleon. "Come to Paris," said the Emperor, "and make me a statue of Venus for the Louvre." "No," he replied, "A man who has seen Christ would commit sacrilege if he should employ his art in the carving of a pagan goddess. My art is henceforth a consecrated thing."

878. CHRIST, Consolation of. Many years ago, one stormy winter day, a minister was visiting one of his people, an old man, who lived in poverty in a lonely cottage a few miles from Jedburgh. He found him sitting with the Bible open upon his knees, but in outward circumstances of great discomfort, the snow drifting through the roof and under the door, and scarcely an ember of fire upon the hearth. "What are you about to-day, John?" was Mr. Young's question on entering. "*Ah, sir,*" said the happy saint, "*I am sitting under His shadow w' great delight.*" O wondrous "consolation in Christ," the river which, from the beginning of time to the end, "maketh glad the city of our God!" —*Christian Age.*

879. CHRIST, crucified afresh. Bridaine was one of the most celebrated of the French preachers. Marmontel relates, that in his sermons he sometimes

had recourse to the interesting method of parables, with a view the more forcibly to impress important truths on the minds of his hearers. Preaching on the passion of Jesus Christ, he expressed himself thus:—"A man, accused of a crime of which he was innocent, was condemned to death by the iniquity of his judges. He was led to punishment, but no gibbet was prepared, nor was there any executioner to perform the sentence. The people, moved with compassion, hoped that this sufferer would escape death. But one man raised his voice, and said, 'I am going to prepare a gibbet, and I will be the executioner.' You groan with indignation! Well, my brethren, in each of you I behold *this cruel man*. Here are no Jews to-day, to crucify Jesus Christ: but you dare to rise up, and say, 'I will crucify him.'" Marmontel adds, that he heard these words pronounced by the preacher, though very young, with all the dignity of an apostle, and with the most powerful emotion; and that such was the effect, that nothing was heard but the sobs of the auditory.

880. CHRIST, crucified, always remembered. Two Jewish rabbis, named Schamaria and Jacob, came to me at Wittenberg, desiring of me letters of safe conduct, which I granted them, and they were well pleased; only they earnestly besought me to omit thence the word *Tola*, that is, Jesus crucified; for they must needs blaspheme the name Jesus. They said: "'Tis most wonderful that so many thousands of innocent people have been slaughtered, of whom no mention is made, while Jesus, the crucified, must always be remembered."—*Luther's Table Talk*.

881. CHRIST, Decision for. After the disgraceful defeat of the Romans at the battle of Allia, Rome was sacked, and it seemed as if at any moment the Gauls might take the Capitol. Among the garrison was a young man of the Fabian family, and on a certain day the anniversary of a sacrifice returned, when his family had always offered sacrifice upon the Quirinal Hill. This hill was in the possession of the Gauls; but when the morning dawned the young man took the sacred utensils of his god, went down from the Capitol, passed through the Gallic sentries, through the main body, up the hill, offered sacrifice, and came back unharmed. It was always told as a wonder among Roman legends. This is just how the Christian should act when decision for Christ is called for.—*Christian Age*.

882. CHRIST, Denial for. "A Karen woman offered herself for baptism. After the usual examination, I inquired *whether she could give up her ornaments for Christ*. It was an unexpected blow. I explained the spirit of the gospel. I appealed to her own consciousness of vanity. I read to her the apostle's prohibition (1 Tim. ii. 9). She looked again and again at her handsome necklace, and then, with an air of modest decision, she took it off, saying, "*I love Christ more than this*."—*Dr. Judson*.

883. CHRIST, Dependence on. It is recorded of one of the Reformers, that when he had acquitted himself in a public disputation with great credit to his Master's cause, a friend begged to see the notes which he had been observed to write, supposing that he had taken down the arguments of his opponents and sketched the substance of his own

reply. Greatly was he surprised to find that his notes consisted simply of these ejaculatory petitions:—

"More light, Lord—more light—more light!"

884. CHRIST, Dependence on. The Rev. James Durham, when on his death-bed, was for some time under considerable darkness respecting his spiritual state, and said to Mr. Carstairs, "After all that I have preached or written, there is but one scripture I can remember, or dare grip; tell me if I dare lay the weight of my salvation upon it? 'Whosoever cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'" Mr. Carstairs very properly answered, "You may depend upon it, if you had a thousand salvations at hazard."

885. CHRIST, Desire for, in death. May it be ours to die like that saint [Bishop Beveridge] around whose bed wife and children stood, weeping over the wreck of faded faculties, and a blank departed memory. One had asked him, Father, do you remember me? and received no answer; and another, and another also, but still no answer. Then all making way for the venerable companion of a long and loving pilgrimage, the tender partner of many a past joy and sorrow, his wife draws near. She bends over him, and as her tears fall thick upon his face, she asks, "Do you not remember me?" A stare; but it is vacant. . . At this moment, one calm enough to remember how the love of Christ's spouse is "strong as death," a love that "many waters cannot quench," stooped to his ear and said, "Do you remember Jesus Christ?" That name seemed to recall the spirit, hovering for a moment, ere it took wing to heaven. Touched as by an electric influence, the heart beat once more; and, with a smile in which the soul took its flight to glory, he replied, "Remember Jesus Christ! dear Jesus Christ! He is all my salvation and all my desire."—*Guthrie*.

886. CHRIST died for the ungodly. A Christian mother and authoress told me that her son, whom she had advised to unite with the Church, had a difficulty. 'I don't see, mother, the great merit in Christ's dying for us. If I could save a dozen men by dying for them, I think I would. Much more if there were millions of them.' "But, my son, would you die for a dozen grasshoppers?" That set him thinking. After a few days he came to her with his doubts all cleared. "I don't know about the grasshoppers; they are a pretty clever kind of insect. But if it was a million of mosquitoes, I think I should let them die." There are older heads than his that need the same hint.—*Dr. Ray Palmer*.

887. CHRIST died for sinners. At the battle of Cold Harbour a captain of noble figure and almost kingly bearing lay mortally wounded. He had asked that the American flag might be wrapped about him, that he might die under its protecting folds. "I heard the musical tones of his manly voice and for the first time saw him, surrounded by some six or eight of his own men. Their countenances bore the expression of mingled sorrow, love, and reverence. His face was lighted up with a heavenly radiance, every feature telling us that his tongue spoke the honest convictions of his heart. These were the words that first fell upon my ear: We are bleeding and dying for the old flag, and

the cause is worthy of the sacrifice,' and he laid his hand reverently upon it, while he gave utterance to sentiments freighted with the noblest patriotism in the choicest words, urging those who stood around him not to shrink from duty, though certain death lay in its path. 'But, boys,' he added, 'I hold in my hand the image of a Being who died for a far nobler cause. He died to save you and me, and all who put their trust in Him.' And then, as he held up to their view his little crucifix, he presented to them the grand truth, *Jesus Christ and Him crucified, the sinner's only hope*, with a clearness and a pungency I have seldom heard equalled. Although within the pale of the Catholic Church, he spoke not a word concerning penance, praying to the Virgin, or invoking the help of saints, but urged upon them a personal acceptance of Christ by repentance and faith. And those strong, hard, brave men, standing around their dying commander, just outside that bloody battle-field, bowed their heads and wept, and so he died."—*Rev. K. M. Wright.*

888. CHRIST, died for us. A Roman servant, knowing that his master was sought for to be put to death, clothed himself in his master's garments that he might be taken for him: he was taken, and put to death in his stead; in memory of which, his master caused his statue in brass to be erected, as a monument of gratitude for the poor servant's fidelity and affection. What monument, then, should Christians erect for Jesus Christ, who, when we lay condemned to eternal death, descended from heaven and died to effect our salvation? For a good man, some would even dare to die; and greater love than this cannot be shown, that a man should lay down his life for a friend; but behold! God manifested His love to us, in that *while we were yet enemies*, Christ died for us.

889. CHRIST, Divinity of. In a tour which Dr. M. made in company with his pupil, Mr. B., along the shores of the Mediterranean, they slept one night at the little town where Bonaparte landed, and in the very room in which he reposed on his return from Elba. About daybreak, Mr. B. heard his companion thus speaking in an audible, distinct, and deliberate tone,—"*Took upon Himself the form of a servant.* Now every creature is, by the mere fact of his creation, the servant of his Maker. Not so of our Lord Jesus Christ, for He *took upon Himself* the form of a servant; therefore He is, He can be, no creature—therefore He is the *Creator*—therefore He is *God over all, blessed for ever.*" And then followed, in expressions of the deepest fervour, and of the most elevated sublimity, a solemn dedication to this Lord Jesus Christ, as his Maker, Redeemer, and ever-blessed God and Portion, of himself, of his person, of his ministry, of his all. Mr. B. was electrified and riveted; but he thought it to be the morning meditation of his reverend companion, unconsciously uttered aloud, and would not intrude on so hallowed an exercise. As they rode along, however, in the course of the day, he could not refrain from saying,—"*I was deeply interested, sir, in your reflections this morning.*" "*What reflections?*" asked the Doctor. "*The reflections you uttered before you rose to-day.*" "*I remember none. What were they?*" Mr. B. repeated them. And as he was doing so, the mind seemed caught by the novelty of the conception, and powerfully struck also by the weight and conclusiveness of it. "Per-

fectly new!" he exclaimed; "*I never saw the passage in that light before—it is a finishing stroke. It cuts them up (the Socinians and Arians) root and branch. But—I remember nothing of the morning.*"—*Clerical Library.*

890. CHRIST, Divinity of. The fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel was pointed out by an excellent old minister to a physician who held Unitarian sentiments, with the request that he would read it through, first according to his own views, and then, divesting himself of prejudice, read it again as one would who believed in the divinity of the Saviour, and see with which view it best accorded. The physician rose up as he concluded his second reading of the chapter, saying with St. Thomas, "*My Lord and my God.*"—*Rev. W. Marsh, D.D.*

891. CHRIST, Doing something for. A man in America, who depended for support entirely on his own exertions, subscribed five dollars annually in support of the Bombay schools. His friends inquired, "why he gave so much, and how he could afford it?" He replied, "*I have for some time been wishing to do something for Christ's cause, but I cannot preach, neither can I pray in public, to any one's edification, nor can I talk to people, but I have hands, and I can work.*"—*Whitecross.*

892. CHRIST, does He dwell in the house? The Rev. Dr. Nettleton, while passing the residence of a gentleman in one of his walks, went up to the door and knocked. A young woman came to the door, of whom he inquired "*If Jesus dwelt there.*" Quite astonished, she made no reply. Again he asked, "*Does Jesus Christ dwell in this house?*" "*No, sir,*" said she, and invited him to come in. "*Oh no,*" said he, very sadly; "*if Christ is not here, I can't come in,*" and he turned and went away. The next time he preached in that city, a young woman met him as he was leaving the church, and with tears in her eyes, asked if he recollected inquiring at a house, if Christ dwelt there. "*Yes,*" said he, "*I do.*" "*I am that person,*" said she, "*of whom you inquired, and it has been blessed to my soul.*"—*H. L. Hastings.*

893. CHRIST, encouragement from. There is a touching fact related in a history of a Highland chief, of the noble house of M'Gregor, who fell wounded by two balls at the battle of Prestonpans. Seeing their chief fall, the clan wavered, and gave the enemy an advantage. The old chieftain, beholding the effect of his disaster, raised himself up on his elbow, while the blood gushed in streams from his wounds, and cried aloud: "*I am not dead, my children; I am looking at you to see you do your duty.*" These words revived the sinking courage of his brave Highlanders.

894. CHRIST, Faith in. Who that has read the Gospels needs to be told what works to do for the good of his fellows? They are such works as are grouped into that simple but most expressive formula "*He went about doing good*"—an expression which fell as with the charm of an angel's voice on the dying ear of the distinguished statesman and thinker, Sir James Mackintosh, who was led thereby to deeper, profounder, and more vital views of the Saviour's work of works, the work He finished on Calvary; till, saved as if by fire, he came to see the Cross, declaring shortly before his end, "*Jesus and love are*

the same thing," and, shortly after, with a heavenly smile on his countenance, exclaimed, "I believe." Unable to finish the sentence, his daughter asked—"in God?" he expressively replied, "I believe in Jesus," and shortly after expired.—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

895. CHRIST, Following. When John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, was brought out to be burnt, they put on his head a triple crown of paper, with painted devils on it. On seeing it, he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ, for my sake, wore a crown of thorns; why should not I then, for His sake, wear this light crown, be it ever so ignominious? Truly I will do it, and that willingly." When it was set upon his head, the bishops said, "Now, we commend thy soul to the devil." "But I," said Huss, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit into Thy hands, O Lord Jesus Christ; to Thee I commend my spirit, which Thou hast redeemed." When the faggots were piled up to his very neck, the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said Huss, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

896. CHRIST, Following. Two persons were walking together one very dark night, when one said to the other, who knew the road well: "I shall follow you so as to be right." He soon fell into a ditch, and accused the other with his fall. The other replied: "Then you did not follow me *exactly*; for I have kept free." A side step had caused the fall. There is like danger in not following Christ fully.

897. CHRIST, Following. Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, one winter night going to his devotions in a remote church, barefooted in the snow and sharpness of unequal and pointed ice, his servant, Redivivus, who revered his master's piety, and endeavoured to imitate him, began to faint through the violence of the snow and cold, till the king commanded him to follow him, and set his feet in the same footsteps which his feet should mark for him. The servant did so, and either fancied a cure or found one; for he followed his prince, helped forward with shame and zeal to his imitation, and by the forming footsteps in the snow.

898. CHRIST, for ever. When Luther set out from Wittenberg, he did so in a well-worn gown, and without money in his pocket; but he was encouraged not only by the favour of the Elector, but by the enthusiasm of the chief portion of the populace, who were waiting at the gates to cheer onward the representative of the now popular cause. "Luther for ever!" cried the people; and the answer was, "*No! Christ and His Word for ever!*" "Courage, master, and may God help you," said others; to which the response was, "Amen," as the traveller went on his way.—*Anecdotes of Luther.*

899. CHRIST, forgotten. On a cold winter evening, I made my first call on a rich merchant in New York. As I left his door, and the piercing gale swept in, I said, "What an awful night for the poor!" He went back, and bringing to me a roll of bank-bills, he said, "Please hand these for me, to the poorest people you know." After a few days, I wrote to him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added: "How is it that a man so kind to his fellow-creatures, has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse

Him his heart?" That sentence touched him to the core. He sent for me to come and talk with him, and speedily gave himself to Christ.—*Cuyler.*

900. CHRIST, fulfils the law. Dr. Chalmers, at Kilmeny, preached the law with all the force of his eloquent nature. And he in his farewell address, bears this witness: "I never heard of any such reformation being effected among them in this way. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and proprieties of social life had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners." Dr. Chalmers, while at Kilmeny, was truly converted to Christ; and then, when he preached the love and atonement of Christ, he again bears witness that by this he found that men obeyed the moral law, and he declares, "You have at least taught me that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality in all its branches."—*Wayland.*

901. CHRIST, Fulness of. In the square of the Doge's palace are two wells, from which the sellers of water obtain their stock-in-trade, but we can hardly compare either of them with the overflowing spring from which the preacher of righteousness draws his supplies. One of the wells is filled artificially and is not much used for drinking, since the coldness and freshness of water springing naturally from earth's deep fountains is lacking. It is to be feared that many preachers depend for their matter upon theological systems, books, and mere learning, and hence their teaching is devoid of the living power and refreshing influence which is found in communion with "the spring of all our joys." The other well yields most delicious water, but its flow is scanty. In the morning it is full, but a crowd of eager persons drain it to the bottom, and during the day as it rises by dribbles, every drop is contended for and borne away, long before there is enough below to fill a bucket. In its excellence, continuance and naturalness, this well might be a fair picture of the grace of our Lord Jesus, but it fails to set Him forth from its poverty of supply. He has a redundancy, an overflow, an infinite fulness, and there is no possibility of His being exhausted by the draughts made upon Him, even though ten thousand times ten thousand should come with a thirst as deep as the abyss. We could not help saying, "Spring up, O well," as we looked over the margin covered with copper, into which strings and ropes—continually used by the waiting many—had worn deep channels. Very little of the coveted liquid was brought up each time, but the people were patient, and their tin vessels went up and down as fast as there was a cupful to be had. O that men were half as diligent in securing the precious gifts of the Spirit, which are priceless beyond compare!—*Spurgeon.*

902. CHRIST, Guidance of. There was once a pilgrim journeying to Jerusalem, the city of peace. After he had passed through many countries, blind and tired and helpless, he sat down by the wayside thoroughly exhausted, when he heard a voice which said, "Submit to me, and I will guide you to the city of peace." The blind, helpless man accepted the offer, and the two journeyed together until it fell on a day when he that was blind uttered a cry of deep distress. His guide said, "What is thy desire?" The blind one replied, "Oh, thou who art wise and strong and good, open my eyes." Then

the guide laid his hands upon his eyes and said, "Be opened," and his eyes were opened and he saw clearly. Then he looked back upon the way he had been led, and found that he had been at the edge of a great cliff and underneath was the shadow of death. So it was he discovered that his guide was Christ, before Whom he immediately bowed, and poured forth the devout gratitude of his heart. Then the Christ said to him, "Go in peace to Jerusalem, and as ye go, publish my peace to my brethren, and lo! I am with you all the days."—*Rev. J. Dunlop.*

903. CHRIST, Hatred of. Some of Voltaire's letters conclude with the abbreviated words, which indicate to the initiated his diabolical system: *ECR. L'INF. (écrasez l'infame)*, "crush the wretch," by which he apparently means the system of Christianity, or, according to some, Christ Himself! "Confound the wretch," he says in one of his letters, "to the utmost of your power; speak your mind boldly; but conceal your hand."—*Denton.*

904. CHRIST, Honouring. Theodosius the Great, of the fourth century, at one time so far favoured the Arians as to let them open their places of worship, and labour to undermine the divinity of Christ. Soon after this, he made his son Arcadius, a lad about sixteen years of age, an equal partner with himself of the throne. And having public notice of the event, the noblemen and bishops of the empire came at an appointed day to congratulate him on the occasion. Among the number was Amphilocheus, a famous old bishop, who had bitterly suffered in the Arian persecution. He made a very handsome address to the emperor, and was about to take his leave, when Theodosius exclaimed, "*What! do you take no notice of my son? Do you not know that I have made him partner with me in the empire?*" Upon this, the good old bishop went up to young Arcadius, and putting his hand upon his head, said, "The Lord bless thee, my son!" The emperor, roused into rage at this apparent neglect, exclaimed, "What! is this all the respect you pay to a prince that I have made of equal dignity with myself?" Upon this the bishop, with the grandeur of an angel and the zeal of an apostle, looking the emperor full in the face, indignantly said—"Sire, do you so highly resent my apparent neglect of your son, because I do not give him equal honours with yourself! And what must the eternal God think of you, who have given leave to have His co-equal and co-eternal Son degraded in His proper divinity in every part of your empire?"

905. CHRIST, how dealt with. I am afraid that the most of Christian people do with that Divine reason for work, "The love of Christ constraineth me," as the old Franks (to use a strange illustration) used to do with their long-haired kings—they keep them in the palace at all ordinary times, give them no power over the government of the kingdom, only now and then bring them out to grace a procession, and then take them back again into their reverential impotence.—*Maclaren.*

906. CHRIST, How to receive. One evening Charles Lamb had met some friends to talk together on literary topics, and in the course of conversation it occurred to them to speak of the probable effects on themselves if they could speak mouth to mouth with the great and wonderful

dead. "Then followed," says one who was present, "something of this sort." "Think," said one, "if Dante were to enter the room, what should we do? How should we meet the man who had trod the fiery pavement of the Inferno, whose eyes had pierced the twilight and breathed the still, clear air of the mount of the Purgatorio, whose mind had contemplated the mysteries of glory in the highest heaven?" "Or suppose," said another, "Shakespeare were to come?" "Ah!" said Lamb, his whole face brightening, "how I should fling my arms up! how we should welcome him, that king of thoughtful men!" "And suppose," said another, "*Christ were to enter!*" The whole face and attitude of Lamb were in an instant changed. "Of course," he said in a tone of deep solemnity, "we should fall upon our knees."—*Sunday at Home.*

907. CHRIST, How to seek. A man said to me the other night in the inquiry room: "Mr. Moody, I wish you would tell me why I can't find the Lord." Said I; "I can tell you why you can't find Him." "Why is it?" "Why, you haven't sought for Him with all your heart." He looked at me, and said he thought he had. "Well," said I, "I think you haven't; because you will surely find Him when you seek for Him with all your heart. Now, my friend, I can tell you the day and hour you are going to be converted." The man looked at me, and I have no doubt thought I was a little wild. Said I: "The Scripture tells me: 'Ye shall find me when ye seek for me with all your heart.'"—*Moody.*

908. CHRIST, Image of. There is a remarkable story told of Dr. Belfrage. His wife died after less than a year of singular and unbroken happiness. He had no portrait left of her, but resolved that there should be one, and though ignorant of drawing he determined to do it himself. He procured the materials for miniature painting, and eight prepared ivory plates. He then shut himself up for fourteen days, and came out of his room wasted and feeble with one of the plates (he had destroyed the others), on which was a portrait full of subtle likeness, drawn and coloured as no one would have dreamed that such an artist could do. *We have given ourselves to harder labour, to reproduce the image of Christ in the hearts of men.*—*Dr. Macfayden.*

909. CHRIST, Image of. Scipio Africanus had a son, who had nothing of the father but the name—a coward,—a dissolute, sorry rake,—the son of one of the greatest generals in the world! This son wore a ring upon his finger, wherein was his father's picture. His life and character were so opposite to those of his father, and so unworthy, that, by an act of the senate, he was commanded to forswear wearing that ring. They judged it unfit that he should have the honour to wear the picture of his father, who would not himself bear the resemblance of his father's excellency. The divine command is, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."—*Whitcross.*

910. CHRIST, Image of. Bartholdi's gigantic statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" occupies a fine position on Bedloe's Island, which commands the approach to New York Harbour. It holds up a torch, which is to be lit at night by

an immense electric light. The statue was cast in portions in Paris. The separate pieces were very different in appearance and, taken apart, of uncouth shape. It was only when all were brought together, each in its right place, that the complete design was apparent. Then the omission of any one would have left the work imperfect. In this it was an emblem of Holy Scripture. We do not always see the object of different portions; nevertheless each has its place, and the whole is a magnificent statue of Jesus Christ, who is the true "Liberty enlightening the world," casting illuminating rays across the dark rocky ocean of time, and guiding anxious souls to the desired haven.—*Freeman*.

911. CHRIST, Image of, cannot be blotted out. "I pray you expound to me the dream which I had this night. While lying in prison at Constance I saw that in my church at Bethlehem, whereof I was parson, they desired and laboured to abolish all the images of Christ, and did abolish them. I, the next day following, rose up, and saw many other painters, who painted both the same, and many more images, and more fair, which I was glad to behold. Whereupon the painters with the great multitude of people said, Now let the bishops and priests come and put out these images if they can. At which thing done much people rejoiced in Bethlehem, and I with them. And rising up, I felt myself to laugh." . . . "The same life of Christ shall be painted up again by more preachers much better than I, and after a much better sort, so that a great number of people shall rejoice thereat."—*John Huss (martyr)*.

912. CHRIST, Imperfect knowledge of. The Rev. Mr. Cochlan, asking a lady in the neighbourhood of Norwich, "whether she knew anything of Christ?" she answered, "Yes, sir, I remember that I once saw His picture."

913. CHRIST in death. Christ is our only defence at the last. John Holland, in his concluding moment, swept his hand over the Bible, and said: "Come, let us gather a few flowers from this garden." As it was eventime he said to his wife: "Have you lighted the candles?" "No," she said, "we have not lighted the candles." "Then," said he, "it must be the brightness of the face of Jesus that I see."—*Talmage*.

914. CHRIST in the heart. Luther's bust being shut out from the Walhalla, or German Westminster Abbey, people were exceedingly indignant, and exclaimed, "Why need we a bust when he lives in our hearts?" And thus, too, the Christian ever feels when he beholds many around him perpetually multiplying the pictures and statues of Christ. "I need them not," is his language, "for He is ever with me, and I have Him perpetually in my heart."—*Biblical Treasury*.

915. CHRIST in the heart. A soldier of Napoleon's great army was wounded one day by a bullet which entered his breast above his heart; he was carried to the rear, and the surgeon was probing the wound with his knife, when at length the guardsman exclaimed, "An inch deeper, and you will find the emperor." And the Christian soldier, even when most sorely pressed and pierced by his foes, is conscious that were his heart laid open by their wounds, it would only discover the name of his great Captain deeply engraven there.—*Independent*.

916. CHRIST in our stead. After the victory of Areole the indefatigable Bonaparte passed through the camp during the night. He found a sentinel who had fallen asleep; raising his gun gently and without waking the soldier he took the duty, till about the time the watch would be relieved. At last the soldier woke. Imagine his alarm when he saw his general performing his duty. He cried out, "Bonaparte! I am a lost man." Bonaparte answered "Be at peace: the secret is mine; and it is excusable when a brave soldier like thyself, after so much fatigue, should fall asleep; only another time choose a more fitting moment."—*C. Lacretelle's Histoire de la Revolution Française*.

917. CHRIST, Kinship of. On the centenary of the birth of Robert Stephenson, there was a very large demonstration at Newcastle. The town was paraded by a vast procession who carried banners in honour of the distinguished engineer. In the procession there was a band of peasants, who carried a little banner of very ordinary appearance, but bearing the words, "He was one of us." They were inhabitants of the small village in which Robert Stephenson had been born, and had come to do him honour. They had a right to a prominent position in that day's proceedings, because he to whom so many thousands did honour was one of them. Even so, whatever praise the thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers can ascribe to Christ in that grand celebration when time shall be no more, we from earth can wave our banners with the words written upon it, "He was one of us."—*Clerical Library*.

918. CHRIST left out. A curious fact in connection with the late Cardinal Antonelli's will has come to light. In the clause in which he commits his soul "To God, to the most Holy Immaculate Mary," and to the saints, he does not make the least mention of *Jesus Christ*, the only true Saviour and Mediator. What more striking proof could there possibly be of the thorough supersedence of our Lord by the Virgin in the modern creed of the Vatican?

919. CHRIST, Looking at. A traveller, once fording the Susquehanna on horseback, became so dizzy as to be near losing his seat. Suddenly he received a blow on his chin from a hunter who was his companion, with the words, "Look up!" He did so, and recovered his balance. It was looking on the turbulent water that endangered his life, and looking up saved it.—*Cyclopaedia of Religious Anecdote*.

920. CHRIST, Looking at. It snowed so much, I could not go to the place I had determined to go to, and I was obliged to stop on the road, and it was a blessed stop to me. I found rather an obscure street, and turned down a court, and there was a little chapel. I wanted to go somewhere, but I did not know this place. It was the Primitive Methodist's Chapel. I had heard of these people from many, and how they sang so loudly that they made people's heads ache; but that did not matter, I wanted to know how I might be saved, and if they made my head ache ever so much I did not care. Sitting down, the service went on, but no minister came. At last a very thin looking man came into the pulpit, and opened his Bible and read these words: "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Just setting his eyes upon me, as if

he knew me all by heart, he said, "Young man, you are in trouble." Well, I was, sure enough. Says he, "You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ." And then lifting up his hands, he cried out, as only I think a Primitive Methodist could do, "Look, look, look! *It is only look,*" said he. I saw at once the way of salvation. Oh how I did leap for joy at that moment. I know not what else he said; I did not take much notice of it—I was so possessed with that one thought. Like as when the brazen serpent was lifted up, they only looked and were healed. I had been waiting to do fifty things, but when I heard this word, "Look," what a charming word it seemed to me.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

921. CHRIST, Looking for. I was told of a poor peasant on the Welsh mountains who, month after month, year after year, through a long period of declining life, was used every morning, as soon as he awoke, to open his casement window, towards the east, and look out to see if Jesus Christ was coming. He was no calculator, or he need not have looked so long; he was no student of prophecy, or he need not have looked at all; he was ready, or he would not have been in so much haste; he was willing, or he would rather have looked another way; he loved, or it would not have been the first thought of the morning. His Master did not come, but a messenger did, to fetch the ready one home. The same preparation sufficed for both, the longing soul was satisfied with either.—*Pry.*

922. CHRIST, Love of. I had slept the previous night at a farm house in the Tyrolean mountains and in the morning continued my journey. Just as I neared the top of the ascent, I heard the bleatings of a lamb; it was crying most piteously and seemed to say, "*Help me, pity me, save me.*" The poor little thing came towards me, and I seated myself on the grass to caress and comfort it. It bleated still and looked me in the face, and I could understand that it was hungry, for it was so thin that the fleece hung from its ribs loosely. I looked around to see if I could see the mother, and seeing an old sheep grazing a short way off, I carried the lamb to her. But she soon left it, and the lamb ran again after me; I then took it to another sheep and hid myself behind a bush. From my hiding-place I saw the old sheep go away, and the lamb cried more piteously than ever. *I felt forced to take it up and put it under my arm.* Then said I to myself, what shall I do? I have many miles to go, and if the shepherd should meet me he will think I wish to steal it. Yet I could not leave it to die, so I stood on the brow of the mountain watching to see if I might see some coming. At length I saw a man, and as he drew nearer I recognised him as the man who had brought me my letters; and to him I showed the lamb. He said, "When the pasture is scanty, the mother will sometimes leave her little one. Poor thing! it seems but a few days old, I will take it home and give it some milk, perhaps it may recover." And away strode the big man of some six feet, holding the wee thing under [his arm. Some time afterwards, being in the same district, I asked the man how the little lamb had prospered. "It is now," said he, "one of my strongest sheep, but it will follow me everywhere."—*Newman Hall.*

923. CHRIST, Love of. A little child. when

dying, was asked whither he was going: "To heaven," said the child. "And what makes you wish to be there?" "Because Christ is there." "But," said a friend, "what if Christ should leave heaven?" "Well," said the child, "*I will go with Him.*"—*Arvine.*

924. CHRIST, Love of. I know a mother who has an idiot child. For it she gave up all society, almost everything, and devoted her whole life to it. "And now," said she, "for fourteen years I have tended it, and loved it, and it does not even know me. Oh! it is breaking my heart!" Oh! how the Lord might say this of hundreds here. Jesus comes here, and goes from seat to seat, asking if there is a place for Him. Oh! will not some of you take Him into your hearts?—*Moody.*

925. CHRIST, Love of and love to. An aged man over ninety years of age was asked by his pastor this question: "*My dear aged friend, do you love Jesus?*" His deeply-furrowed face was lit up with a smile that sixty-seven years of discipleship had imparted, and, grasping my hand with both of his, said: "Oh! I can tell you something better than that." I asked him, "What is that?" "Oh, sir!" he said, "*He loves me.*"

926. CHRIST, Love to. A martyr was asked, "Whether he did not love his wife and children, who stood weeping by him?" "Love them? Yes," said he; "if all the world were gold, and at my disposal, I would give it for the satisfaction of living with them, though it were in prison. Yet, in comparison of Christ I love them not."—*Whitecross.*

927. CHRIST, Man's need of. The Sailor's Home, in Liverpool, was once on fire in the dead of the night, and a great cry of "Fire!" was raised. When the people assembled they saw in the upper stories some men crying for help. The fire escape did not nearly reach where the men were. A long ladder was brought and put against the burning building; but it was too short. A British sailor in the crowd, seeing the state of affairs, is said to have rushed up the ladder, balanced himself on the uppermost round with his foot, and seized the window-sill with his hands, saying: "Quick men, scramble over my body, on the ladder, and down you go." One by one the men came down until all were saved, and then the sailor came down, his face burnt, his hair singed, and his fingers blistered; but he had saved the men. That ladder went a long way; but before the men could be saved it needed the length of a man. Your franchise, your land reform, your temperance reform, go a long way, but for the uplifting of men, to give men that peace of mind that passeth knowledge, they need the length of a man—the man Christ Jesus whom we preach.—*Rev. Charles Leach.*

928. CHRIST may not be denied. John Huss was offered a pardon when at the stake about to suffer for his attachment to Christ, if he would recant; his reply was, "I am here ready to suffer death."—*Christian Age.*

929. CHRIST misunderstood. Martin Luther bitterly complained that from childhood on he had been so trained that he paled and trembled at the mere mention of the name of Christ, whom he had been taught to regard as a severe and angry judge.—*Rein.*

930. **CHRIST must be God.** The commencement of Christian work in Japan happened thus:—An American lady, of the name of Prince, interested herself in the country, and four or five missionaries were sent out, but only occupied themselves in the translation of the Scriptures. After some time this lady offered to teach English to a young Japanese, and gave him the Gospel of St. John to translate. Shortly after, it was observed that he became very agitated and restless, walking up and down the room constantly. At last he could contain himself no longer, and burst out with the question: "Who is this Man about whom I am reading—this Jesus? You call him a Man, but *He must be a God.*" Thus the simple word itself had forced on him the conviction that Jesus Christ was indeed GOD.

931. **CHRIST near in death.** "He drew *very near*," solemnly uttered a youthful believer within a few hours of death. "Who drew near?" anxiously inquired a friend who was present, fearful to hear her pronounce the word "*death.*" "*Jesus,*" she replied, with an unutterable earnestness of expression. "I felt just now as if He stood close beside me." Soon after she was asked by her sister if she would like her to pray with her. She gladly assented. But while she prayed the countenance of the dying one changed, the expression of supplication was succeeded by one of adoring *contemplation*,—it would have been *rapture* but for its perfect calm. A kind of glow suffused her features, then faded gradually away, and before that prayer was ended she was gone. Her "amen," to it was her first hallelujah in heaven. Jesus had "come again" and received her unto Himself.—*Clerical Library.*

932. **CHRIST needed by all.** A minister was spending a few days in a southern town; and while there a young man was thrown much in his society. This young man was not a Christian, but learning that the minister intended to preach in the city gaol, asked to be allowed to accompany him. As the minister looked at the audience, he preached to them. Jesus with so much earnestness as deeply impressed the friend who had accompanied him. On their return home, the young man said: "The men to whom you preached to-day must have been moved. Such preaching cannot fail to influence." "My dear friend," answered the minister, "were you influenced?" "You were not preaching to me, but to your convicts," was quickly answered. "I was preaching to you as much as to them. *You need the same Saviour* as they. Just as much for you as for these poor prisoners was the message of this afternoon. Will you heed it?" The word so faithfully spoken God blessed in bringing this wanderer home to Himself.

933. **CHRIST, Need of.** Climbing plants never seem to grow rapidly until they have laid hold of something to cling to, then you may see them shoot upwards. So with these hearts of ours, they will make but little progress heavenward until they have laid hold of Christ.—*B.*

934. **CHRIST, need of His divinity.** Should a vine wind its thousand tendrils round a trellis, its life would be destroyed if they were rudely cut and torn away. Now the soul has more tendrils than any climbing vine, and if they have all clung about the Lord Jesus as their divine support, how worse

than death will it be to wake up in the awful judgment to find that He is but a creature and to be wrenched for ever from Him! [If Christ be not God, then to worship Him is idolatry, and the Father has deluded and deceived the world. O Lord Jesus! My heart cries out from its depth that Thou art very God. In thee I find rest and satisfaction.—*Beecher.*

935. **CHRIST, Not ashamed of.** I remember hearing of a young convert who got up to say something for Christ in the open air. Not being accustomed to speak, he stammered a good deal at first, when an infidel came right along and shouted out, "Young man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, standing and talking like that." "Well," the young man replied, "I'm ashamed of myself, but *I'm not ashamed of Christ.*" That was a good answer.—*Moody.*

936. **CHRIST not in the sermon.** The late Bishop F—, of Salisbury, having procured a young clergyman of promising abilities to preach before the king; and the young man having, in his lordship's opinion, acquitted himself well, the bishop, in conversation with the king afterwards, wishing to get his sovereign's opinion, took the liberty to say, "Does not your majesty think that the young man, who had the honour to preach before your majesty, is likely to make a good clergyman, and has this morning delivered a very good sermon?" To which the king in his blunt manner, hastily replied, "It might have been a good sermon, my lord; but I consider no sermon good that has nothing of Christ in it."

937. **CHRIST not to be denied.** When Polycarp was exhorted to swear and blaspheme Christ, in order to save his life, he replied, "Fourscore years have I served Christ, and have ever found Him a good master, *how then can I blaspheme my Lord and Saviour?*" When he came to the stake at which he was to be burnt, he desired to stand untied, saying, "Let me alone; for He that gave me strength to come to the fire, will give me patience to undergo the fire without your tying."

938. **CHRIST, Office of.** There was an officer in the city of Rome who was appointed to have his doors always open in order to receive any Roman citizen who applied to him for help. Just so the ear of the Lord Jesus is ever open to the cry of all who want mercy and grace. It is His office to help them.—*Ryle.*

939. **CHRIST, Opposition to.** *All heretics have set themselves against Christ.* Manicheus opposed Christ's humanity, for he alleged, Christ was a spirit; "Even," says he, "as the sun shines through a painted glass, and the sunbeams go through on the other side, and yet the sun takes nothing away from the substance of the glass, even so Christ took nothing from the substance and nature of Mary." Arius assaulted the godhead of Christ. Nestorius held there were two persons. Eutychius taught there was but one person; "for," said he, "the person of the Deity was swallowed up." Helvidius affirmed, the mother of Christ was not a virgin, so that, according to his wicked allegation, Christ was born in original sin. Macedonius opposed only the article of the Holy Ghost, but he soon fell, and was confounded. If this article of Christ remain, then all blasphemous spirits must vanish and be over-

thrown. The Turks and Jews acknowledge God the Father; *it is the Son they shoot at*. About this article much blood has been shed. I verily believe that at Rome more than twenty hundred thousands of martyrs have been put to death. It began with the beginning of the world—with Cain and Abel, Ishmael and Isaac, Esau and Jacob, and I am persuaded that 'twas about it the devil was cast from heaven down to hell; he was a fair creature of God, and, doubtless, strove to be the Son. Next, after the Holy Scripture, we have no stronger argument for the confirmation of that article, than the sweet and loving cross. For all kingdoms, all the powerful, have striven against Christ and this article, but they could not prevail.—*Luther's Table Talk*.

940. CHRIST, Opposition to. Maximin, emperor of the east, engaged in war with Licinius, vowed to Jupiter, that if successful, he would annihilate the very name of Christianity. But he was conquered, and was soon after smitten with a dreadful plague, beneath the influence of which his flesh wasted from his bones; he suffered the pangs of hunger in the midst of plenty; his eyes started from their sockets; and according to the account of Eusebius, he believed himself condemned by the righteous judgment of God. In his agonies, he shrieked, "It was not I; it was others who did it!" Writhing under his disease, he made the most abject confessions of his guilt, and besought that *Christ whom he had persecuted*, to have pity on him, avowing himself conquered by a superior power.

941. CHRIST our Guide. With my brother I was once climbing the Cima di Jazi, one of the mountains in the chain of Monta Rosa. When nearly at the top, we entered a dense fog. Presently our guides faced right about and grounded their axes on the frozen snowed slope. My brother, seeing the slope still beyond, and not knowing it was merely the cornice overhanging a precipice of several thousand feet, rushed onward. I shall never forget their cry of agonised warning. He stood a moment on the very summit, and then, the snow yielding, he began to fall through. One of the guides, at great risk, had rushed after him, and seizing him by the coat, drew him down to a place of safety. So Christ is our guide amid the mists and the difficult places of life. It is not ours to go before Him. Where He leads we may go. When He stops, we should stop. *It is at our peril if we go a step beyond.*—*Newman Hall*.

942. CHRIST, Our need of. A traveller tells us that he once witnessed a battle between a poisonous spider and another insect. Every time the insect was bitten and before the poison could work, it settled on the leaves of a plant close by and sucked them, returning to the battle as strong as ever. The traveller, however, removed the plant, and although the insect when bitten went to look for it as before, it could not find it and presently it laid down and died on the spot. *And if we fail to find out the secret and the source of our strength and healing amid the conflicts of life, we shall as certainly be overcome and perish in them.*—*B.*

943. CHRIST, our pattern. We were examining Guido's "Aurora" in the summerhouse of the Rospigliosi Palace, and as we sat behind the row of artists busily copying the celebrated painting, we

could not help noticing how they differed from each other as well as from the immortal fresco. After a time we called the attention of our guide to the fact that each of the painters had a different colour for the horses, and that no two copies were at all alike. With an expressive gesture he replied, "*Don't look at them! Look only at the original!*"—*Anon.*

944. CHRIST, our plea. Some years ago, during the war, there was a judge who felt great interest in the welfare of the suffering soldiers. He had a dear boy of his own in the army, and this made him feel the greatest sympathy for the soldiers. But one time he was very busy in studying out an important law case that was coming before him to be tried. And while he was thus engaged, he made up his mind not to be interrupted by any persons begging for help. One day, during this time, a poor soldier came into his office. His clothes were torn and thin, and his face showed that he was suffering much from sickness. The judge went on with his work, pretending not to notice him. The soldier was fumbling in his pockets for a good while, and then, seeing that he was not welcome, he said in a disappointed tone, "*I did have a letter for you, sir.*" The judge made no answer. Presently the soldier's thin trembling hand pushed a little note along the desk. The judge looked up, and was going to say, "*I am too busy now to attend to anything of this kind.*" But just then his eye fell on the note, and he saw the handwriting of his own son. In a moment he picked it up and read thus:—"Dear Father, The bearer of this note is one of our brave soldier boys. He has been dismissed from the hospital, and is going home to die. Please help him, in any way you can, *for Charlie's sake.*" What a change those few lines made in that father's feelings towards the poor soldier! "Come into the house, my friend," he said. "You are welcome to anything we have." Then a good meal was prepared for him. He was put to sleep in Charlie's bed. He was dressed in some of Charlie's clothes, and money was given him to take him home in comfort. All this was done "*for Charlie's sake.*" And so when we ask anything for Jesus' sake, God, our heavenly Father, will surely give it to us, if it be well for us to have it.—*Rev. Richard Newton*.

945. CHRIST, our Righteousness. "I sought a long time for peace," a young man said, "but much of the time I sought it in the wrong way. By-and-by, I learned that the work of righteousness should be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever. That was like being told the way, but I had yet to get into it. Then I saw that all our righteousnesses are but as filthy rags, and that came upon me like the darkness of night, without one single star of hope. In the darkness those words, '*The Lord our righteousness*,' fell upon my ears, and the darkness went, and the light of heavenly day shone in upon my soul. I had found God's way of peace."—*Christian Age*.

946. CHRIST, our Sacrifice. In the roof of the Catholic Church at Werden is to be found a stone on which a lamb is cut, and the story is told that a man was at work on the roof of the new church; all at once the cord which kept him in safety broke, and he was pitched from the roof into the churchyard below. The yard was filled with the huge

blocks of stone used in building. But in spite of the danger the man was not hurt. Between the blocks of stone a lamb sought out the patches of grass : the man fell on the lamb, and so broke his fearful fall. In token of thankfulness for his wonderful deliverance he caused a lamb to be cut in stone and placed in the roof at the place from which he fell. The poor lamb was crushed to death by his weight.—*Dr. Glaubensbote.*

947. **CHRIST, our Shepherd.** In 1849 Dr. Duff was travelling near Simla, under the shadow of the great Himalaya mountains. One day his way led to a narrow bride-path cut out on the face of a steep ridge. Along this narrow path, that ran so near a great precipice, he saw a shepherd leading on his flock, the shepherd going first, and the flock following him. But now and then the shepherd stopped and looked back. If he saw a sheep creeping up too far on the one hand, or going too near the edge of the dangerous precipice on the other, he would at once turn back, and go to it, gently pulling it back. He had a long rod, as tall as himself, around the lower half of which was twisted a *band of iron*. There was a crook at one end of the rod, and it was with this the shepherd took hold of one of the hind legs of the wandering sheep to pull it back. The thick band of iron at the other end of the rod was really a staff, and was ready for use whenever he saw a hyena, or wolf, or some other troublesome animal, come near the sheep ; for, especially at night, these creatures prowled about the flock. With the iron part of the rod he could give a good blow when any attack was threatened. In Psalm xxiii. 4, we have mention made of "*Thy rod and Thy staff.*" There is meaning in both, and distinct meaning. *God's rod* draws us back kindly and lovingly if we go aside from His path ; *God's staff* protects us against the onset, open or secret, whether it be men or devils, that are the enemies watching an opportunity for attack. In this we find unspeakable comfort. The young, inexperienced believer may reckon on having the *crook* of that blessed *rod* put forth to draw him back from danger and wandering ; and also may expect that the *staff* of it shall not fail to come down upon those that "seek his soul to destroy it."—*Life of Dr. Duff.*

948. **CHRIST, our Substitute.** A poor soldier in Russia was sitting one day in his barracks in deep despair, for he owed a great deal of money, and he knew not where to get it. He got a piece of paper, and made on it a list of all his debts, and underneath wrote : "Who shall pay these debts ?" He then fell asleep, and while in that condition the Emperor of Russia passed by, and, taking up the paper, read the question. Having read it, he took up a pen and signed his name "Nicholas," at the bottom. When the soldier woke up, he could not believe it, he thought it was too good to be true, but in the morning the money came round, the debt was paid, and the soldier was free. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."—*Moody.*

949. **CHRIST possessed.** One of the missionaries in the East Indies being called to visit the death-bed of one of the native Christians, inquired into the state of her mind. She replied, "Happy ! happy ! I have Christ *here*," laying her hand on the Bible, "and Christ *here*," pressing it

to her heart, "and Christ *there*," pointing upwards to heaven.—*Whitecross.*

950. **CHRIST, Power of.** The Emperor Theodosius having on a great occasion opened all the prisons and released his prisoners, is reported to have said : "And now would to God *I could open all the tombs* and give life to the dead !" But there is no limit to the mighty power and royal grace of Jesus. He opens the prisons of justice and the prisons of death with equal and infinite ease : He redeems not the soul only but the body.—*Stamford.*

951. **CHRIST, Power of, in gospels.** The whole value of the gospels to Erasmus lay in the vividness with which they brought home to their readers the personal impression of Christ Himself. "Were we to have seen Him with our own eyes, we should not have so intimate a knowledge as they give us of Christ, *speaking, healing, dying, rising again*, as it were in our very presence . . . If the footprints of Christ are shown us in any place, we kneel down and adore them. Why do we not rather venerate the living and breathing picture of Him in these books ?" . . . "It may be the safer course," he goes on, with characteristic irony, "to conceal the state mysteries of kings, but Christ desires His mysteries to be spread abroad as openly as was possible."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

952. **CHRIST, Preaching.** When I was about seventeen years old I one day stood in a certain hushed room, lifted a white cloth and looked on the face of John Foster, grand in the solemn unfathomable calm of death. Then I stepped into the study, where everything was just where he had left it. There was the old frayed gown, flung on the rickety cane-chair, just as he had left it. There were the great horn-framed spectacles, just where he had put them down for the last time. There was Bohn's wonderful catalogue that he had been lately speaking about. There, on the carpetless floor, was a box labelled, "From Strong's, College Green," and perhaps containing rare prints to be opened some day. All around were books, and many of them rare copies of rare editions, but all huddled on the shelves as if by accident—to be set right some day. Everything seemed to speak typically about a workman called away from his unfinished work. *The great workman was gone*, where was his work ? Surely there had been many conversions to crown such a ministry, there had been vast congregations who had crowded to rejoice in such a light ! Where were they ? They never had existence. The work done was too deep for statistics, too sublime for show, too vast to be finished in an earthly lifetime. It went on in the noble inspirations it lent to many ministers in the last generation. Some of it is going on in this ; some of it will go on for ever. That mighty spirit, whose human name was John Foster, has no need to be ashamed. Only be sure that you trust Christ, love Christ, live Christ, preach Christ, care supremely about winning souls for Christ—then leave results to Christ.—*Clerical Library.*

953. **CHRIST, Preaching.** On one occasion, during the sixteenth century, the principal reformers having been called together, several of them preached. Luther, though unwell, preached with much energy, from the words, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Myconius wrote to a friend, that he had often heard Luther preach, but on this occasion he seemed not so much to speak, as *to thunder* forth the name of Christ from Heaven itself.

954. CHRIST, Preaching. An incident of noble Christian fortitude and heroism is related of a military chaplain. His horse plunged during a battle, and struck him on the knee-cap. His leg swelled and stiffened until the pain compelled him to dismount. He lay down on the ground near the wounded soldiers. It was night. As he lay suffering and thinking, he heard a voice, "O my God!" He thought, "Can anybody be swearing in such a place as this?" He listened again, and a prayer began; it was from a wounded soldier. How can I get at him? was his first impulse. He made two vain attempts to walk, and fell back, overcome with pain. He then thought, *I can roll; and over and over he rolled*, in pain and blood, and by dead bodies, until he fell against the dying man, and there he preached Christ, and prayed. At length one of the line officers came up, and said: "Where's the chaplain? One of the staff officers is dying." "Here he is; here he is," cried out the sufferer. "Can you come and see a dying officer?" "I cannot move. I had to roll myself to this dying man to talk to him." "If I detail two men to carry you, can you go?" "Yes." They took him up gently and carried him. And that livelong night the two men bore him over the field, and laid him down beside bleeding, dying men, while he preached Christ, and prayed.—*Christian Age*.

955. CHRIST, Preaching and serving. I remember once being called to see a sick girl, who was perhaps seventeen or eighteen years of age. A gentleman informed me that she had been sick for twelve months, and that she had become quite disconsolate. Others said, "Go and see her; for if anybody ought to be comforted, she ought to be. She has the sweetest disposition, and she is the most patient creature imaginable; and you ought to hear her talk. One can hardly tell whether she talks or prays. It is heaven to go into her room." I wanted a little more of the spirit of heaven, so I went to see her. I was engaged in a revival of religion at the time. She said, "I hear of what you are doing, and of what my companions are doing, and I long to go out and labour for Christ; and it seems very strange to me that God keeps me here on this sick-bed." "My dear child," said I, "do not you know that you are preaching Christ to this whole household, and to every one that knows you? Your gentleness, and patience, and Christian example are known and read by them all. *You are labouring for Christ more effectually than you could anywhere else.*" Her face brightened, she looked up without a word, and doubtless she gave thanks to God.—*Beecher*.

956. CHRIST, Preaching and singing. We cannot vex the devil more than by teaching, preaching, singing, and talking of Jesus. Therefore I like it well, when with sounding voice we sing in the church: *Et homo factus est; et verbum caro factum est.*—*Luther*.

957. CHRIST, Preciousness of. A beautiful answer was once given by a little girl in one of the London Homes for the Destitute. The question was asked why Jesus is called an "unspeakable

gift." There was silence for awhile, and then, with trembling voice, this dear child said, "Because He is so precious that no one can tell *all* His preciousness."—*Christian Age*.

958. CHRIST, Preciousness of. It has been said, "The needle that hath been touched with the loadstone may be shaken and agitated, but it never rests until it turns towards the pole." Thus our hearts' affections when once magnetised by the love of Christ find no rest except they turn to Him.—*Clerical Library*.

959. CHRIST, Pre-eminence of. We have seen in mountain lands one majestic peak soaring above all the rest of the hills which cut the azure of the horizon with their noble outline, burning with hues of richest gold in the light of the morning sun; and so should the doctrine of Christ incarnate, crucified, risen, and reigning, be pre-eminent above the whole chain of fact, doctrine, and sentiment which make up the sublime landscape—the magnificent panorama—which the Christian preacher (or teacher) unfolds, and makes to pass in clear form and brilliant colour before the eye of his people's faith.—*Evangelical Magazine*.

960. CHRIST, Presence of. It is said when the Duke of Wellington, on one occasion, rode up to his retreating army, a soldier happened to see him first and cried out: "Yonder is the Duke of Wellington; God bless him!" and the retreating army had courage to nerve itself afresh and went forward and drove the enemy away. One has said that the Duke of Wellington was worth more at any time than five thousand men. So it would be if we had the Captain of our salvation in front, we would go forward. How gloriously would this church contend if Christ were visibly in front of them! But the army was sometimes without the Duke of Wellington. There was a place where he could not be. And if Christ were visibly present, He would be present at the same time, *only at one church in one locality*; it might be in Philadelphia, but what of the thousand other cities? But an unseen Saviour is at the head of the column EVERYWHERE. We know He is there. The Captain of our salvation is where two or three are gathered in His Name to inspire us; and to-day, in every city on the face of this globe, where the columns meet to march, His voice sounds "Onward!" in their ears.—*Bishop Simpson*.

961. CHRIST, Realising, Reticence concerning process of. It is related of the Rev. Edward Payson, that he was often known to weep under the preaching of the gospel, when only three years old. His mother was not without a partial belief that he was converted in childhood. . . . A college friend thinks he became a backslider while at Harvard. . . . No solicitations by others *could draw from him* a particular history of that process through which he was carried, before he could appropriate the comforting language, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God."—*Life of Payson*.

962. CHRIST, Reception of. One evening, at a small literary gathering, at which Thomas Carlyle was present, a lady, famous for her "muslin theology," was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Saviour, and ended her diatribe by expressing regret that He had not appeared in our own time. "How delighted," said she, "we should all be to throw our doors open to Him, and listen

to His Divine precepts. Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?" Thus appealed to, he replied: "*No, madam, I don't. I think that, had He come very fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, and preaching doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honour of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be written 'To meet our Saviour;' but if He had come uttering His sublime precepts, and denouncing the Pharisees, and associating with the publicans and lower orders, as He did, you would have treated Him much as the Jews did, and have cried out, 'Take Him to Newgate and hang Him.'*"

- 963. **CHRIST rejected.** A young man at the close of a religious service was asked to decide the matter of his soul's salvation. He said, "*I will not do it to-night.*" The Christian man who kept talking to him said, "*I insist that to-night you either receive or reject the offer of God's salvation.*" "Well," said the young man, "*if you put it in that way, I will reject it; there, now, the matter's settled.*" On his way home on horseback, not knowing that a tree had fallen aslant the road, he struck against that obstacle and dropped lifeless.—*Talmage.*

964. **CHRIST, Rest in.** The Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King Charles I. of England, lies buried in Newport Church, in the Isle of Wight. During the time of her father's troubles she was a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, in the same beautiful island. While there she had a long spell of sickness. She was found one day dead in her bed with her Bible open before her and her finger resting on these words, "*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" A monument in Newport, erected by Queen Victoria, represents the young princess with her head bowed in death, and her hand rests on a marble book before her, her finger pointing to the words.

- 965. **CHRIST, Reverence for.** There was one consumptive old man, belonging to the Bethel, whose hacking cough sadly interfered with his powers of speech, but who grew eloquent as he warmed in exhortation, and whose weather-beaten face "*was as the face of an angel*" when he prayed. This poor old invalid, unequal to the work of an able-bodied labourer, was engaged, at fifty cents a day, in helping to unload a ship at Constitution Wharf. The owner, overseeing the stevedores, used frequent profanity, swearing by the name of the Saviour. Whenever he did so, Father W— raised his hat, and bent down his head. The merchant turned with contempt towards the consumptive skeleton: "*You old fool, what are you bowing at me for?*"—"I am not bowing at you, sir, but at the blessed name of Jesus, which you are blaspheming."—*Life of Father Taylor.*

966. **CHRIST'S Righteousness, a foundation.** Yon lighthouse tower, that stands among the tumbling waves, seems to have nothing but them to rest on; yet there stately and stable it stands, beautiful in the calm, and calm in the wintry tempest, guiding the sailor on to his desired haven, past the rolling reef, through the gloom of the darkest night, and the waters of the stormiest sea. Blessed tower that with its light, piercing the gloom, shines and rises on many an eye as a star of hope. Why is it stable? You see nothing but the waves, but beneath the waves, down below the rolling,

foaming, tumbling billows, *its foundation is the solid rock.* And what that tower is to the house on yon sand-bank, which the last storm threw up, and the next shall sweep back into the sea, Christ's Righteousness is to mine—Christ's works to my best ones.—*Guthrie.*

967. **CHRIST, Service of.** The Duke of Norfolk, seeing Sir Thomas More, when he was Lord Chancellor, sitting in the choir in his parish church, singing the service, said, "*Fie, fie, my lord! the Lord Chancellor of England a parish priest, and a paltry singing man! You dishonour the king!*" "No, my lord," replied Sir Thomas, "*it is no shame for the king if his servant serve his Sovereign and Saviour, who is the King of kings.*"—*Whitecross.*

968. **CHRIST, Speak for.** Brother — was considered a consistent and by no means inefficient member of the church. His seat was seldom vacant during divine service; and his place in the business meeting of the congregation, in the Sabbath-school and the prayer-meeting, was seldom unoccupied. In short, his duties, public and private, as a member of the church, were promptly, well, and faithfully performed. Yet on his death-bed he had his regrets. "*I have,*" said he, "*been a man of few words and of a still tongue. Oh, if I had my life to live over again, I would speak for Jesus as I have never been accustomed to do.*"

969. **CHRIST, Speaking for.** In a prayer-meeting at Boston I once attended, most of those who took part were old men, but a little tow-headed Norwegian boy, who could only speak broken English, got up and said: "*If I tell the world about Christ, He will tell the Father about me.*" That wrote itself upon my heart, and I have never forgotten what that little boy said.—*Moody.*

970. **CHRIST, Speaking well of.** Two aged ministers met one Saturday in a station in Wales as they were going to preach in their respective places on Sunday. "*I hope,*" said Mr. Harris, of Merthyr, to Mr. Powell, of Cardiff, "*I hope the Great Master will give you His face to-morrow.*" "Well, if He does not," replied Mr. Powell, "*I will speak well of Him behind His back.*"—*Rev. J. C. Jones.*

971. **CHRIST still lives.** Luther was once found, at a moment of peril and fear, when he had need to grasp unseen strength, sitting in an abstracted mood, tracing on the table with his fingers the words: "*Vivit! vivit!*"—"He lives! He lives!" It is our hope for ourselves, and for His truth and for mankind. Men come and go; leaders, teachers, thinkers, speak and work for a season, and then fall silent and impotent. *He abides.* They die, but He lives. They are lights kindled, and therefore sooner or later quenched; but He is the true light from which they draw all their brightness, and He shines for evermore.—*Maclaren.*

972. **CHRIST, Strength from.** The experience of John Brown, of Haddington, is the common experience of Christians. Lying on his bed, and scarcely able to speak, he looked up and said with a smile, "*The Lord is my strength and my song; and He also is become my salvation.*" The day after, a friend said to him, "*Sir, I hope the Lord is not forsaking you now.*" "No," he answered. "*God is an unchanging rock.*" Two days later a friend said to him, "*Sir, you seem to be sore distressed.*"

But the sufferer replied devoutly and submissively, "The Lord hath His own way of carrying on His own work." The last words which he was heard to utter were, "My Christ."

973. CHRIST, Supremacy of. The beseeching appeal of Xavier, as he lay on his couch, just previous to setting out from Rome upon his mission to the East, was: "*Yet more, O my God! Yet more!*" Can we rest satisfied with anything short of Christ's complete enthronement as God over all? We admire the spirit of a noble leader of the Crusaders, who was offered a crown upon having conducted his followers to the confines of the Holy City. "No!" said he, "I will not wear a crown of honour where my Master wore one of shame!"—*Christian Age*.

974. CHRIST, the Author and Finisher of faith. When Raphael was executing the various frescoes which he was commissioned to paint by the Roman Papal government, he drew the figures, determining the subjects, and grouping the different elements. He worked the designs out with his pencil. Then he put them into his scholars' hands, and they went on and filled them out. And after they had done the best they could, when their part of the work was completed, Raphael was accustomed to take his pencil and give the pictures a last finish. And so he was the author and the finisher of the pictures worked upon by these his apostles. To be permitted to be with Raphael, and belong to his school, and paint upon the wall a picture that came from his brain, and was to bear his name, was thought to be one of the greatest privileges, and was enough to make an artist's reputation. We are of Christ's school. He lays out the work. We execute some of His intermediate stages, while His grace perfects what we do. And if we were in a condition of true spiritual-mindedness, we should feel that it was an unspeakable favour that we were permitted to work out these blessed figures, these glorious natures, these living pictures, which are to shine for ever and for ever in the heavenly land.—*Beecher*.

975. CHRIST, the Bread of life. The Palestine Exploration Society, a few years ago, when they came to Tel Hum (Capernaum), found what they believed to be the synagogue in which Jesus delivered the discourse contained in John vi., declaring Himself to be the "Bread that cometh down from heaven." In turning over the stones, it was with peculiarly sacred feelings that they found a large block, with a pot of manna engraved on its face. Every synagogue had its symbol—one a Lamb, another a Candlestick, and this, the Pot of Manna. We can see Jesus in this synagogue, preaching the discourse in John vi., pointing with His finger to that Pot of Manna over the main entrance, and saying: "Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat. . . . Moses gave you not the bread from heaven;" then, pointing to Himself, "but My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven," &c. Take your Bibles and read the discourse in the light of this discovery, and see what new emphasis is to be laid upon the contrast between Himself, the Bread that came down from heaven, and the Manna of Moses, represented by the engraved pot over the doorway.

976. CHRIST, the centre of attraction. A Spanish artist was employed to depict the "Last

Supper." It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Master; but he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful, and when his friends came to see the picture on the easel, every one said, "What beautiful cups!" "Ah!" said he, "I have made a mistake; these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Master, to whom I wished to direct the attention of the observer," and he took his brush and rubbed them from the canvas, that the strength and vigour of the chief object might be seen as it should.

977. CHRIST, the Christian's. A nobleman in the north of England once said to a gentleman who accompanied him in a walk, "These beautiful grounds, as far as your eye can reach, those majestic woods on the brow of the distant hills, and those extensive and valuable mines, belong to me; yonder powerful steam engine obtains the produce of my mines; and those ships convey my wealth to other parts of the kingdom." "Well, my lord," replied the gentleman, "do you see yonder little hovel that seems but a speck in your estate? there dwells a poor woman who can say more than all this, for she can say, '*Christ is mine.*'"

978. CHRIST, the Christian's all. There is a story in Fox's Book of Martyrs of a woman who when she came to be tried for her religion before the Bishop, was threatened by him that he would take away her husband from her. "Christ," was her reply, "is my husband." "I will take away thy child," said he. "Christ," said she, "is better to me than ten sons." "I will strip thee," said he, "of all outward comforts." And again came the answer, "Yes, but Christ is mine, and you cannot strip me of Him."

979. CHRIST, the Creator, confessed. The importance of decision in the cause of religion, and of constantly declaring the truth, are universally admitted. Among the instances in which Christ has been glorified, by a prompt and decided avowal of the truth, stands that of Henry Martyn, in Persia. He was permitted to enter a very large party, composed of the highest class in that country, where one of their most learned men was lecturing on the principles of Mohammedanism. Placed before them, Martyn was interrogated, whether Christ was the Creator, or a creature? He instantly replied, "*The Creator.*" Astonishment was visible among them; such a confession had never before been heard among Mohammedan doctors. This honest and intrepid avowal of the truth produced no small impression in that assembly and neighbourhood.

980. CHRIST, the hope of the world. The old Germans had their dream of hope—and, indeed, many of the country folk among them have it still. They tell of their great and good Emperor of old times, Frederick Barbarossa, who died fighting against the Saracens in the East, that he might win back from them the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, in which our Lord was laid. But they say that He is not really dead—that He sits asleep in a cave in the mountains, waiting for the last day, with a table of stone before him—and how before the last day he will awake, and come forth, and punish all cruel tyrants, and rid poor people of their oppressors, and do justice and judgment throughout

the Empire, in the name of Christ and of God. That is a dream and a fable ; but God forbid that we should laugh at such. They are all, as it were, parables—not true themselves, but teaching the truth, keeping alive in men's hearts the belief that *Christ will set the world right one day*, and leading them to the true light of the Bible, so that in spite of all the misrule, and sin and misery of the world, by patience and comfort of the Scriptures, we may have hope.—*Kingsley*.

981. CHRIST, the image of the heavenly. There is in Rome an elegant fresco by Guido—*The Aurora*. It covers a lofty ceiling. Looking up at it from the pavement your neck grows stiff, your head dizzy, and the figures indistinct. You soon tire and turn away. The owner of the palace has placed a broad mirror near the floor. You may now sit down before it as at a table, and at your leisure look into the mirror, and enjoy the fresco that is above you. There is no more weariness, nor indistinctness, nor dizziness. Like the Rospiglioso mirror beneath the "Aurora," Christ reflects the excellency of heavenly character. And through Him we may not only *know* what the saints in heaven are, but be assured that "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."—*Sunday School Teacher*.

982. CHRIST, the key of the law. As the Rosetta Stone was the key which unlocked the treasures of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, so Christ is the key which opens to our gaze the interpretation of the sacred symbols contained in the ceremonial law and the true hieroglyphics of the Pentateuch.

983. CHRIST, the Messiah. "Tell them," (naming some dear Jewish friends) "tell them that Jesus is the Messiah."—*Charlotte Elizabeth (when dying)*.

984. CHRIST, The minister's duty towards.—On a lovely Sunday morning in August we arrived at Osborne, the summer residence of the Queen. We were desirous of seeing Her Majesty, but in this we did not succeed. We only saw her house, her gardens, and her retainers. Then we went to the beautiful Whippingham Church, having been told that the Queen would attend divine service. But again we were disappointed. We only saw the seat the august lady was wont to occupy. The ladies and gentlemen of the Court came to church, and those we saw ; we even heard the Court Chaplain preach, but of the Sovereign herself we saw nothing. Well, this was a disappointment we could easily get over. But with me it led to a serious train of thought. I said to myself : What if the flock committed to your care should come to church on a Sunday to see Jesus, the King of kings, and yet, *through some fault of yours, not get to see Him !* What if you, the servant, the great King's humble dependent, detain men with yourself, by your words and affairs and all sorts of important matters, which yet are but trifles in comparison with Jesus ! May it not be that we ministers often thus disappoint our congregations ?—*Pastor Funcke*.

985. CHRIST, the only Refuge. "I once called at a cottage by the road-side," relates a country minister, "and asked the woman of the house if she could read, as I had a charming little book called 'Christ the only Refuge.' I had found great bene-

fit from it myself, and hoped she would do the same. 'No, sir,' she replied, 'I cannot read, but I have a little boy, nine years of age, who can read, but he is ill in bed. 'Well, give him this little book, and bid him read it, and I will call for it another time.' When I called again the woman burst into a flood of tears. I inquired what was the matter. She replied, 'Sir, my boy is dead, and has left you this half-penny.' 'And did he read the little book ?' 'Sir, he read it continually, till he could repeat the whole. He talked of nothing else till he died, and, to the last, begged that I would not give you the book when you called, but to thank you, and give you a half-penny for it. And he begged that I would learn to read that little book. Just before he died he cried out, 'Mother, Christ is my only refuge ! Christ is my only refuge ! Do not part with the book ; it will do for my father.'"

986. CHRIST, the power and wisdom of God. Two of Dr. Priestley's followers, eminent men, once called on an old gentleman of the Society of Friends, to ask what was *his* opinion of the person of Christ. After a little consideration, he replied :—"The apostle says, We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, because they expected a *temporal* Messiah ; to the Greeks foolishness, because He was crucified as a malefactor ; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Now, if you can separate the power of God from God, and the wisdom of God from God, I will come over to your opinions."—They were both struck dumb, and did not attempt to utter a single word in reply.

987. CHRIST, the preacher's great theme. The best sermon is that which is fullest of Christ. A Welsh minister, when preaching at the chapel of my dear brother Jonathan George, was saying that Christ was the sum and substance of the gospel, and he broke out into the following story :—A young man had been preaching in the presence of a venerable divine, and after he had done, he foolishly went to the old minister and inquired, "What do you think of my sermon, sir ?" "A very poor sermon indeed," said he. "A poor sermon !" said the young man, "it took me a long time to study it." "Ay, no doubt of it." "Why, then, do you say it was poor ; did you not think my explanation of the text to be accurate ?" "Oh, yes," said the old preacher, "very correct indeed." "Well, then, why do you say it is a poor sermon ? Didn't you think the metaphors were appropriate, and the arguments conclusive ?" "Yes, they were very good, as far as that goes, but still it was a very poor sermon." "Will you tell me why you think it a poor sermon ?" "Because," said he, "there was no Christ in it." "Well," said the young man, "Christ was not in the text ; we are not to be preaching Christ always, we must preach what is in the text." So the old man said, "Don't you know, young man, that *from every town, and every village, and every little hamlet in England, wherever it may be, there is a road to London ?*" "Yes," said the young man. "Ah !" said the old divine, "and so from every text in Scripture there is a road to the metropolis of the Scriptures, that is Christ. And, my dear brother, your business is, when you get to a text, to say, 'Now, what is the road to Christ ?' and then preach a sermon, running along the road towards the great metropolis—Christ."

And," said he, "I have never yet found a text that had not a plain and direct road to Christ in it; and if ever I should find one that has no such road, I will make a road, I would go over hedge and ditch but I would get at my Master, for a sermon is neither fit for the land nor yet for the dunghill, unless there is a savour of Christ in it."—*Spurgeon*.

988. **CHRIST, tempted in all points as we are.** They tell us that in some trackless lands, when one friend passes through the pathless forests, he breaks a twig ever and anon as he goes, that those who come after may see the traces of his having been there, and may know that they are not out of the road. Oh, when we are journeying through the murky night, and the dark woods of affliction and sorrow, it is something to find here and there a spray broken, or a leafy stem bent down with the tread of His foot and the brush of His hand as He passed; and to remember that the path He trod He has hallowed, and thus to find lingering fragrances and hidden strengths in the remembrance of Him as "in all points tempted like as we are," bearing grief *for* us, bearing grief *with* us, bearing grief *like* us.—*Maclaren*.

989. **CHRIST, touched with the feeling of our infirmities.** Don't you sometimes find it very hard to make even your doctor understand *what* the pain is like? Words don't seem to convey it. And after you have explained the trying and wearying sensation as best you can, you are convinced those who have not felt it do not understand it. Now, think of Jesus not merely entering into the fact, but into the feeling of what you are going through. "Touched with the *feeling*"—how deep that goes!—*F. R. Havergal*.

990. **CHRIST triumphant, not conquered.** Early art represents Christ as erect, and even triumphant, carrying the cross as if He felt a renewal of power at its touch; but later art and artists—Domenichino and Raphael, and others less spiritual, more sensuous—have shown us Christ bending under His cross, sometimes stumbled upon the knee, or the knee and the hand, and even lying at full length upon the ground, overborne by the cross, and outwardly conquered.—*Beecher*.

991. **CHRIST, Trusting.** "It is just a year this day," says Mrs. Judson, "since I entertained a hope in Christ. About this time in the evening, when reflecting on the words of the lepers, "If we enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also;" and felt that if I returned to the world, I should surely perish; if I staid where I then was, I should perish; and I could but perish, if I threw myself on the mercy of Christ; then came light, and relief, and comfort, such as I never knew before."

992. **CHRIST, Trust in.** When Dr. James W. Alexander was about breathing his last, a friend by his bedside repeated the words "I know in whom I have believed." The dying man, with that scholarly accuracy that always distinguished him, said: "No; it is 'I know *whom* I have believed.'" The original Greek of this glorious passage is even stronger than our translation. A good rendering of it would be: "I know whom I have *trusted*, and am persuaded that He is able to keep the trust

which I have committed to Him unto that day."—*Dr. Cuyler*.

993. **CHRIST, unknown.** There are some plants and flowers in the garden on which the sun never shines. Of course the warmth and light he sheds penetrates amid the shades in which they live, but he never shines *directly* on them. So there are spirits who never come into personal communion with Christ. They live surrounded by all the influences of our common Christianity, blessed, protected, kept alive it may be by them, but of that One who is the source and centre of all they know just nothing that is real and personal. Sad fate! far sadder than that of the heathen! What if it be yours and mine?—*B.*

994. **CHRIST, unseen.** A mother one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went upstairs to attend to something. A half-hour passed quietly away, and then one of the little ones went to the foot of the stairs and in a timid voice called out, "*Mamma, are you there?*" "Yes, darling." "All right," said the little one and went on with her play. By-and-by the same question was repeated, with the same answer and the same result. Is not this an illustration of the way we should feel as toward the unseen Saviour?—*B.*

995. **CHRIST, Upheld by.** As one of our American liners was crossing the Atlantic, during a terrific gale, the cry was raised—"Man overboard!" It was impossible to put up the helm of the ship on account of the violence of the hurricane, but one of the crew instantly seized a rope having a loop as the end, and threw it over the stern, crying out, "Lay hold for your life!" Passengers and crew had crowded together at the stern, but the rolling waves and blinding spray prevented them from seeing the drowning sailor. The captain cried out, "Have you got hold of the rope?" and the reply came, "No, but the *rope has got hold of me*." The sailor when he caught the rope had passed the loop over his shoulders and under his arms, and though too fatigued to hold on to the rope, the loop kept him from sinking.—*W. R. Bradlaugh*.

996. **CHRIST, Victory of.** "Be of good cheer, I have *overcome* the world:" so said the wisest man, when what was His overcoming? Poverty, despite, forsakenness, and the near prospect of an accursed Cross. "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." These words on the streets of Edinburgh last winter almost brought tears into my eyes.—*Carlyle*.

997. **CHRIST, Victory of.** A little prior to the death of Julian the apostate, Sibanus Julianus, it is said, a teacher of paganism, tauntingly asked a Christian instructor, "What is the carpenter's son doing?" "He is preparing a coffin for Julian," replied the Christian.

998. **CHRIST, Victory of.** Outside many of the Roman Catholic chapels in the west of Ireland, there is a large cross with an imitation of the spear and the sponge that held the vinegar, with now and then a carved image of the *dead* Christ. How expressive of the religion it belongs to! how suggestive of much that passes as the preaching of the gospel in these days! In the fulness of the joy and the victory which was His, may we not point

to that sorrowful Cross, even as the angels did to the open sepulchre, and say, "He is not here," "He is not here," "Behold Him at the right hand of the Majesty on high!"—*B.*

999. CHRIST, Waiting for. A minister once entered an ancient almshouse, of which an aged couple were the inmates. Beside a little round table, opposite the fire, sat the husband, too paralysed to move at his entrance, and with his hat on his head to keep off the gusts of wind which sifted through his chinky dwelling. His wooden shoe pattered on the floor unceasingly, keeping time to the tremor of his shaking frame, and, as he was very deaf, his visitor shouted in his ear, "Well, Wisby, what are you doing?" "Waiting, sir." "For what?" "*For the appearing of my Lord.*" "And what makes you wish for His appearing?" "Because I expect great things then. He has promised a crown of righteousness to all that love His appearing." Some further questions were asked as to the foundation of his hope, when he slowly got on his spectacles, and, turning over the leaves of the great Bible already open before him, he pointed to the text, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God."—*Clerical Library.*

1000. CHRIST, why is He not loved? A little boy on his death-bed was urging his father to repentance, and fearing he had made no impression, said, "Father, I am going to Heaven, what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you won't love Him?" The father burst into tears, but before he could give the answer, his dear Sunday-school boy had fallen asleep in Christ.

1001. CHRIST'S kingdom, an everlasting one. On the door of the old mosque in Damascus, once a Christian church, but now ranked among the holiest of the Mohammedan sanctuaries, are inscribed these remarkable words: "THY KINGDOM, O CHRIST, IS AN EVERLASTING KINGDOM, AND THY DOMINION ENDURETH THROUGHOUT ALL GENERATIONS." For twelve hundred years the inscription has remained unimpaired by time and undisturbed by man. What is it waiting for? Already a Christian church has been founded in that ancient city, and the gospel of Christ is preached there from Sabbath to Sabbath.

1002. CHRIST'S kingdom, Coming of. The old Britons whom we English conquered and drove out of the land fifteen hundred years ago—they had their fable for a long time which gave them hope—how their great King Arthur was not really dead, but slept a charmed sleep in the Isle of Avalon—and how he should awake at last to set them free and rule righteously over the land. That was but a fable, and has come to nought; but still it was true to the best instincts of human nature, true to the image of God, whose kingdom shall one day come, and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven.—*Kingsley.*

1003. CHRIST'S kingdom, what it brings. The Rabbins used to say, that when the Messiah comes, six things will return to their primeval state—the beauty of man, his life, the length of his stature, the fruits of the earth, the fruits of the trees, and

the lights of heaven. A fine antithesis is here; for the bondage of corruption there shall be given glorious liberty; it is prophecy, it is promise—prophecy and promise pledged by the person and work of Christ.—*Preacher's Lantern.*

1004. CHRIST'S victory, Realising. His [Dr. Arnold's] whole countenance would be lit up at his favourite verse [in the Te Deum]: "When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers."—*Stanley's Life of Arnold.*

1005. CHRISTIAN, a law unto himself. "I recollect the sense," says Saurin, "which a celebrated bishop in the Isle of Cyprus gave these words in the first ages of the Church. I speak of Spiridion. A traveller exhausted with the fatigue of his journey waited upon him on a day which the Church had set apart for fasting. Spiridion instantly ordered some refreshment for him, and invited him, by his own example, to eat. 'No, I must not eat,' said the stranger, 'because I am a Christian.' 'And because you are a Christian,' replied the bishop to him, 'you may eat without scruple, agreeably to the decision of an apostle,—unto the pure all things are pure.'"—*Biblical Treasury.*

1006. CHRISTIAN, A nominal. I know of a man who exclaimed on being told that a friend of his belonged to the Church, "Why, I have known him intimately for some years, but *I never dreamed he was a Christian.*"—*J. B. Gough.*

1007. CHRISTIAN, a royal personage. A poor but pious woman called upon two elegant young ladies, who, regardless of her poverty, invited her to sit down with them in the drawing-room, and entered into conversation with her upon religious subjects. While thus employed, their brother, a dashing youth, by chance entered, and appeared astonished to see his sisters thus engaged. One of them instantly exclaimed, "Brother, don't be surprised; this is a king's daughter, though she has not yet put on her fine clothes."—*Pioneer.*

1008. CHRISTIAN, amid trouble. The Christian is often shaken in the way which a large steamer was in the Bay of Biscay. While they were steaming ahead in the midst of a storm an immense wave rose and actually submerged the ship, but her natural buoyancy enabled her to rise and throw off the water, with the loss of all her small boats and some of the deck fittings. The compass was disturbed, but the needle soon regained its proper position, as it did not lose its polarity, so that the steersman was able to guide the ship safely.

1009. CHRISTIAN, An idle. A Sunday-school boy at Maysville, Ky., was asked by the superintendent the other day if his father was a Christian. "Yes, sir," he replied, "*but he is not working at it much!*"—*Spurgeon.*

1010. CHRISTIAN, an uncrowned king. At the funeral of an old friend, Father Taylor got up, looked around on the people with his arms folded for a few seconds, and then, stretching out his arm, with his finger pointing at the body, he said, "Mark the perfect man." Arms folded again; "Behold the upright." Arms unfolded, and finger stretched out again; "The end of *that* man is peace! peace!"

Leaning over the pulpit, he added, "Children, nothing to cry about here: the king is gone to be crowned. He was a king here, but was not crowned."—*Life of Father Taylor.*

1011. CHRISTIAN, an uncrowned king. It is a comfortable speech which the Emperor used to Galba in his childhood and minority, when he took him by the chin and said, "Thou, Galba, shalt one day sit upon a throne." Thus it cheereth the saints of God, however mean soever they be in the eyes of the world, that they shall one day reign with Christ in the kingdom of heaven, and be installed with Him, and receive as it were a stall seat in the choir, and a voice in the chapter of that blessed temple which is above, in the New Jerusalem.—*Spencer.*

1012. CHRISTIAN, An useless. I once asked a lady to go and speak to a woman who sat weeping, about her soul. "Oh!" said the lady, "I am afraid I am not qualified for the work; please send someone else." "How long," I said, "have you been a Christian?" "Twenty years." Twenty years on the Lord's side, and not qualified to point a soul to Christ! I am afraid there will be a good many starless crowns in the glory.—*Moody.*

1013. CHRISTIAN, and the world. A painter had a picture hung on the walls of an exhibition. Going through the gallery one day, while a number of visitors were present, he could not help overhearing a gentleman criticising his picture, and pointing out here and there some touches of real genius to a few of his friends. The painter went away and told a friend of his what he had heard, while he added, "Although I painted the picture, and wrought many a day at it, I was never aware till to-day of those beautiful touches which the gentleman mentioned while in the exhibition." And the Christian is, in the eyes of the world, as a picture to be gazed at continually and criticised while many exalting and striking characteristics of faith can be observed in his daily labours of love seen by many, yet unknown to the observer himself.

1014. CHRISTIAN, and works of piety. The other night I started up in such a fright. I dreamed that my heart had stopped, and the sweat was on my brow. I had my watch on the table by my side, and it was very singular that the watch had stopped just at that very minute. I suppose my ear missed the tick, and had invented the dream that my heart had stopped. Ah, I wish that some Christian, whenever he feels that works of piety are not being carried on by him, would start up in a fright, and say, "Ah, is my heart stopped? After all, am I a Christian or not?"—*Spurgeon.*

1015. CHRISTIAN, Dignity of the. An old African negro, who had long served the Lord, when on his death-bed was visited by his friends, who came around him, lamenting that he was going to die, saying, "Poor Pompey, poor Pompey is dying." The old saint, animated with the prospect before him, said to them with much earnestness, "Don't call me poor Pompey, I King Pompey."—*Whitecross.*

1016. CHRISTIAN, Effects of the nominal. How many clerks have sat in church and seen their employers partake of the Lord's Supper, and, knowing what they did in the store, said to themselves, "Well, if that man is a Christian, I thank God that I am not one."—*Beecher.*

1017. CHRISTIAN, Immortality of. They say I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crows-feet on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. They are mistaken. That is not I. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not myself. This is the house in which I live, but I am young; younger now than I ever was before.—*Guthrie.*

1018. CHRISTIAN, known and recognised as such. I know when a man has come into my house wearing fragrant flowers. I enter the room, and say: "There has been mignonette or grape-blossom here, one or the other, I cannot tell which." I know it by the fragrance that they have left behind them. A man comes in, and I say: "Who has tuberoses here? Somebody has." The fragrance that these flowers have is such that it cannot be disguised. If a man has the odour of balm or myrrh about him, the perfume of it is distinguishable. Take me into a pine forest, and you cannot persuade me that I am in an oak forest. I know the odour of the pine. If you were to take me into a new-mown field, it would be useless for you to tell me that I was in an old barn. You could not deceive me in that way. Take me into the presence of a true Christian man, and the impression he makes is unmistakable.—*Beecher.*

1019. CHRISTIAN, Power of the. When I was a student at Princeton, Professor Henry had so constructed a huge bar of iron, bent into the form of a horseshoe, that it used to hang suspended from another iron bar above it. Not only did it hang there, but it upheld four thousand pounds' weight attached to it! That horseshoe magnet was not welded or glued to the metal above it; but through the iron wire coiled round it there ran a subtle current of electricity from a galvanic battery. Stop the flow of the current one instant, and the huge horseshoe dropped. So does all the *lifting power* of a Christian come from the currents of spiritual influence which flow into his heart from the Living Jesus. The strength of the Almighty One enters into the believer. If his connection with Christ is cut off, in an instant he becomes as weak as any other man.—*Ouyler.*

1020. CHRISTIAN professor, cannot be neutral. It appears that Themistocles, when a boy, was full of spirit and fire, quick of apprehension, naturally inclined to bold attempts, and likely to make a great statesman. His hours of leisure and vacation he spent not, like other boys, in idleness and play, but he was always inventing and composing declamations, the subjects of which were either impeachments or defences of some of his school-fellows; so that his master would often say, "Boy, you will be nothing common or indifferent, you will either be a blessing or a curse to the community." So remember, you who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus, that to you indifference is impossible; you *must* bless the church and the world by your holiness, or you will curse them both by your hypocrisy and inconsistency. In the visible church it is most true that "no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself."

1021. CHRISTIAN professor, Disgrace of. Last year I built a new house, and got a professing Christian man to paint it. He makes good prayers at the prayer-meetings, and says a good word of advice to

the young. But he didn't fill the nail-holes of the outer and upper trimmings with putty, and he didn't paint the top edge of the doors of the *upper* story. He took care to slight his work just where he thought it wouldn't be discovered. But the nails were drawn out by the sun, causing a leak, so that his neglect in this direction was discovered; then, having occasion to have the top of one door planed so it might shut, again his slighted work told its story. I have "discounted" that man's piety and prayers ever since. Perhaps this painter treated me as he did because I am a widow. Anyway, I prefer Christians *who will fill up the nail-holes with putty, and paint the tops of the upper doors!*"—*Christian at Work.*

1022. **CHRISTIAN**, the supreme thing. A Christian martyr was once asked, "What is your name?" He answered only, "I am a Christian." "What is your occupation?"—"I am a Christian." "Are you married?"—"I am a Christian." So Paul, in all circumstances, on sea and on land, saving a ship's crew or gathering sticks for a fire, was ever saying by his actions, "I am a Christian."

1023. **CHRISTIAN**, To be indeed. Coleridge the poet, in a letter written a fortnight before his death, addressed to his god-child, says:—"On the eve of my departure, I declare to you, that health is a great blessing; competence, obtained by honourable industry, a great blessing; and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest blessing, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, *is to be indeed a Christian.*"—*Whitecross.*

1024. **CHRISTIAN**, What is it to be? A little child was once asked what it was to be a Christian, and she wisely answered: "It is to just do what Jesus would do if He was a little girl and lived at our house."

1025. **CHRISTIANS**, differ from each other. There lived in Berlin a shoemaker who had a habit of speaking harshly of all who did not feel exactly as he did about religion. The old pastor heard of this, and felt that he must give him a lesson; so he sent for the shoemaker, and said to him: "Master, take my measure for a pair of boots." "With pleasure, your reverence," answered the shoemaker. "Please take off your boot." The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker took his measure, and prepared to leave the room. "Stay," said the pastor, "my son also requires a pair of boots." "I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young gentleman's measure?" "It is not necessary," said the pastor. "The lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last." "Your reverence, that will never do," said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise. "I can't do it." "It must be—on the same last." "But, your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit," said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him. "Ah, then, Master Shoemaker," said the clergyman, "every pair of boots must be made on their own last if they are to fit; and yet you think that God is to form all Christians *exactly according to your own last*—of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do either."

1026. **CHRISTIANS**, Living and dead. A gentleman went into a factory where they made magnetic compasses. He saw a large number all

finished and polished, and to all appearance alike. But some pointed steadily to the north, and returned there whenever moved away. The others remained wherever they were placed—they were dead. What made the difference? The first were magnetised—filled with the power of the earth: the others were not. Whatever our forms, or creeds, or outward morality, we need to be magnetised with the love of Christ, and we shall live in Him.—*P.*

1027. **CHRISTIANS** must be real and true. There is a headman of a kraal in Natal, South Africa, who does not object to his people becoming Christians, but who decidedly objects to their becoming bad Christians. This is how he puts it to natives who profess conversion: "If you become better men and women by being Christians, you may remain so; if not, I won't let you be Christians at all."—*Christian World.*

1028. **CHRISTIANS**, Nominal. What is the use of being called by the name of Christ, unless we show forth the spirit which is His? "*Either change your name or honour it,*" said Alexander to one of his soldiers who bore his name and was charged before him with cowardice and neglect of duty.—*B.*

1029. **CHRISTIANS**, Nominal. Sitting beside the coachman on the box-seat I remarked, pointing to one of the leaders, "That horse does not seem to draw much." "Not an inch, sir," was the reply. "Why do you have him then?" I asked. "Because, you see, sir, this here's a four-horse coach, and he counts for one of 'em."—*Leisure Hour.*

1030. **CHRISTIANS**, Nominal. To what sort of a character should we attach the name of Christian, what life is it deserves that? The medals given to the Indians at the treaty of Red River, were supposed to be of silver, but were really of a baser metal. Said an Indian chief striking his in such a way that the deceit was apparent, "I think it would disgrace the Queen, my mother, to wear her image on so base a metal as this."—*B.*

1031. **CHRISTIANS** not to be moved. When Valens, the emperor, sent messengers to seduce Eusebius to heresy by fair words and large promises, he answered, "Alas! sirs, these speeches are fit to catch little children; but we, who are taught and nourished by the Holy Scriptures, are ready to suffer a thousand deaths, rather than permit one tittle of the Scriptures to be altered." When the emperor threatened to confiscate his goods, to torment, to banish, or to kill him; he answered, "*He needs not fear confiscation, who has nothing to lose*; nor banishment, to whom heaven only is a country; nor torments, when his body will be destroyed at one blow; nor death, which is the only way to set him at liberty from sin and sorrow."

1032. **CHRISTIANS** ought to know one another. One of the major-generals of our army said to a son of mine, before Petersburg, in the midst of great trial and much suffering and circumstances tending to overbear virtue, yea, and almost to pluck up courage and endurance, "Are you not, sir, a Christian?" "I hope I am," was the reply. "Well, sir," said the general, "in such a time as this we ought to know one another," and shook him by the hand. That silent word from a major-general to this young man, who was a mere second lieutenant, that recognition of their commonness

and common Christianity—who can measure the power or the gratefulness of it?—*Beecher.*

1033. CHRISTIANS, Prayerless. A man of great learning and talents, but an unbeliever, was travelling in Manila. He was escorted by a native of rank, and, as they were about starting, the native, with the refined politeness which characterises his class, requested the white stranger to pray to his God. This was probably the only thing he could have been asked to do without being able to comply, and, on his declining, the native said, "Well, *some God must be prayed to*, so you will excuse me if I pray to mine."

1034. CHRISTIANS, preserved of God. From the year of our Lord 1518 to the present time every Maunday Thursday, at Rome, I have been by the Pope excommunicated and cast into hell, and yet still I live.—*Luther.*

1035. CHRISTIANS, Privileges of. Father Taylor, while speaking of the privileges of the followers of Christ, once said, "Some, when they worship God, stand at an awful distance, and, covering their faces, cry, 'Jehovah.' But it is our blessed privilege to draw near, through Jesus Christ, and lovingly say, '*Abba, Father* : my Lord and my God.'"

1036. CHRISTIAN'S recognition of one another. Chrysostom complains of Epiphanius, that when he came to Constantinople "he came not into the congregation *according to custom and the ancient manner* ; he joined not with us, nor communicated with us in the word, and prayer, and the holy communion."—*Harris.*

1037. CHRISTIANS, Self-absorbed. A soldier who went to the war took with him some of the small instruments of his craft—he was a watch-maker and repairer—thinking to make some extra shillings now and then while in camp. He did so. He found plenty of watches to mend, and almost forgot that he was a soldier. One day, when ordered off on some duty, he exclaimed, "Why, how can I go? I've got ten watches to mend!" Some Christians are so absorbed in self-seeking that they are ready to say to the Master's call, "I pray thee have me excused!" They are nominally soldiers of Christ, but really only watch-menders.

1038. CHRISTIANS, Selfish. You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by his companions. So it is with some Christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness; but it is *alone, and for themselves.* When Christ found you, He said, "Go work in my vineyard." What were you hired for if it was not to spread salvation?—*M'Cheyne.*

1039. CHRISTIANS, Stability of. An established, experienced, hopeful Christian is, in the world, like an iceberg in a swelling sea. The waves rise and fall. Ships strain and shiver, and nod on the agitated waters. But the iceberg may be seen from far, receiving the breakers on its snow-white sides, casting them off unmoved, and, where all else is rocking to and fro, standing stable like the everlasting hills. The cause of its steadiness is its depth. Its bulk is bedded in calm water beneath the tumult that rages on the surface. Although, like the ships, it is floating in the water, it receives

and throws off the angry waves like the rocks that gird the shore. *Behold the condition and attitude of Christians!* They float in the same sea of life with other men, and bear the same buffetings; but they are not driven hither and thither, the sport of wind and water. The wave strikes them, breaks over them, and hisses past in foam; but they remain unmoved. They were not caught by surprise while they had a slight hold of the surface. The chief part of their being lies deep beyond the reach of these superficial commotions. Their life, "hid with Christ in God," bears without breaking all the strain of the storm.—*Arnot.*

1040. CHRISTIANS, Test of. "Is such a man a Christian?" was asked of Whitefield. "How should I know?" was the answer; "I never lived with him."

1041. CHRISTIANS, Unproductive. "There was a well near here," said a bystander, "and very good water used to come from it; but it has been filled up for a long time." "Indeed, I never knew there was a well here, much less tasted the water. How did it get filled up?" "Neglect, sir. Some rubbish got in, then part of the surrounding soil; and as it was not cleared out at once, it got worse and worse, till it is as you see it, quite choked up. I wonder if there is any water at the bottom?" These last words set me thinking. "I thought how much this old well was like some Christians. Jesus spoke of the life He gives to the believer as 'a well of water;' but are there not many who are supposed to be Christians in whom we do not see any water, and of whom we can say, as of this old well: 'I wonder if there is any water at the bottom?'" —*Christian Age.*

1042. CHRISTIANS, What is the test of. The anchorite advised them [Celtic Bishops] to accept Augustine as their metropolitan, if he were a man of God. "But how are we to know that?" "The Lord," continued the anchorite, "hath said: '*Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart.*' If Augustine be meek and lowly, he bears the yoke of Christ, and that is all he will seek to lay on you. But if instead he is a proud haughty man, it is clear that he is not of God, and his proposals may be rejected." . . . They came—Augustine was seated—they were permitted to enter the place of conference, not as equals but as inferiors. Justly indignant, they would concede nothing.—*Dean Hook (condensed).*

1043. CHRISTIANS, when we become. Walking along the streets of York, England, I saw a soldier, and I said: "I want to ask you a question." I had had a fight about sudden conversions in that old cathedral town, so I said to him: "I would like you to tell me when you became a soldier." "Well," he said, "the moment the recruiting officer put the English shilling into my hand, I became a soldier." Look at it; one moment he was a civilian, free to do what he chose; the next, a soldier, bound, and he had to go where Queen Victoria sent him. So you ask how a man can become suddenly converted. Just take the gift of God, or the English shilling, if you like it better.—*Moody.*

1044. CHRISTIANS, who are. The judge asked me, amongst other things, "For what reason did you leave the Lutheran Church?" I answered

him, "Because the principles of the Lutheran Church do not agree with the Bible." He said, "You have, then, at any rate, found out that Luther was wrong, and that his Church does not agree with the Bible. Why, therefore, did you not return to the old Mother Church?" I said, "Because it is still worse there, for this latter stands, indeed, in direct opposition to the Bible." He said, "Then you mean to say that we are not Christians?" I answered, "He who has not the Spirit of Christ is none of His." "There you are again with your Bible," said he. "I cannot do otherwise, for that is in all things my foundation." "But do you not love the Lord Jesus?" "I both love Him and wish to love Him still more," said I. "How so, for you turned to the wall the picture in your prison which represents the Lord Jesus on the Cross? How could you do such a thing? that is a great sin." "But the Scripture saith, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.'" "There you are, once more, with your Bible," he replied. We were at last liberated, with the caution that we should not preach again.—*Pastor Schiewe [Russia].*

1045. CHRISTIANITY, and infidels. To a young infidel who was scoffing at Christianity because of the misconduct of its professors, the late Dr. Mason said, "Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" The infidel admitted that he had not. "Then don't you see," said Dr. M., "that, *by expecting the professors of Christianity to be holy*, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power?" The young man was silent.

1046. CHRISTIANITY, and its enemies. When Cadmus had sown the dragon's teeth and they sprang up from the ground armed giants, a great army, he took up a rock and threw it among them. So that instead of slaying him they went to fighting one another. And they slew one another till only one tall giant remained, and he became the helper of Cadmus in carrying stones for the walls of the city of Thebes he began to build. So it is wise to let the enemies of Christianity fight one another; one tears down what another builds up. So it has been through the ages, whether they use historic criticism or geology, or antiquarian researches or development theories, or any form of science for their weapons. But always after the battle is over there is left some solid, settled truth which never fails to help build the city of our God.

1047. CHRISTIANITY, and Mohammedanism. When, a few years since, a Mahometan convert at Calcutta came to Lal Behouri Sing for baptism, the missionary asked him, "What was the vital point in which he found Mohammedanism most defective, and which he found that Christianity satisfactorily supplied?" His prompt reply was—"Mohammedanism is full of the mercy of God; and while *I felt no real consciousness of guilt as the breaker of God's law, this satisfied me*; but when I felt my guilt, I felt that it was not with God's mercy, but with His justice that I had first to do. Now to meet the claims of God's justice Mohammedanism had made no provision; but this is the very thing that I have found fully accomplished by

the atoning sacrifice of Christ on the cross, and therefore Christianity is now the only adequate religion for me, a guilty sinner."—*Rev. Charles Stanford.*

1048. CHRISTIANITY, and other religions. A Chinese Christian thus described the relative merits of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity:—"A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius walked by, approached the edge of the pit, and said, 'Poor fellow, I am sorry for you; why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: if you ever get out, don't get in again.' 'I can't get out,' groaned the man. *That is Confucianism.* A Buddhist priest next came by, and said, 'Poor fellow, I am very much pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest.' But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise. *That is Buddhism.* Next the Saviour came by, and, hearing his cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said, 'Go, sin no more.' *That is Christianity.*"

1049. CHRISTIANITY, and the civil powers. With the pains and penalties to fight against, the cause of Reformation did almost everything in Britain; with the pains and penalties on its side, it has done nothing, or worse than nothing, in Ireland.—*Chalmers.*

1050. CHRISTIANITY, A reformer of. The theophilanthropist Larevellère Lepeaux once confided to Talleyrand his chagrin. He had laboured to bring into vogue a sort of improved Christianity, which should be both a benevolent and a rational religion. With expressions of mortification, he admitted that he had failed, for the sceptical age would have nothing to do with his improved religion. "What, my friend, shall I do?" he mournfully asked. The wily ex-bishop and diplomat politely condoled with the disappointed reformer. He hardly knew, he said, what to advise in a matter so difficult as the improvement of Christianity. "Still," said he, after a moment's pause, and with a smile, "there is one plan you might try." His friend's attitude and look showed how eager he was to be advised. But what would the advice be? There was a somewhat prolonged silence before Talleyrand answered. "I recommend to you," he said, "*to be crucified for mankind*, and to rise again on the third day!" It was a lightning flash, and the reformer stood, at least for the moment, awed and reverent before the stupendous fact suggested by the great diplomat.

1051. CHRISTIANITY, Argument for. The following story was told in my hearing by one of our ministers, and I can quite believe it to be true. An infidel one day haranguing a crowd, attributed to Christianity all the evil which existed in the world, very much apparently to the satisfaction of his audience, when a young man with a pale, spiritual-looking countenance, accompanied by another who appeared recently to have suffered great privation, made his way from the outside of the crowd to where the demagogue stood and said: "Stop. I found that man hopeless, penniless, hungry, clothed in rags. I took him home, and fed, and clothed,

and nourished him. *It was Christ that taught me to do that.*" The speaker was nonplussed, as you may suppose. His eloquent diatribe against Christianity was abruptly terminated. There was little sympathy with his statements, and little chance of his making converts to infidelity among those who had become acquainted with that fact.—*Dr. Landels.*

1052. CHRISTIANITY, Argument for, against idols. Amongst the worshippers that day was one man that is worthy of mention. He was a short, spare man, with a dreamy look about his face, as though his thoughts were wandering far off. I could see at a glance he was a Buddhist priest. A strange sight, indeed, to see such a man in such an assembly! I found out afterwards that he belonged to a neighbouring monastery, where there was a large staff of priests, and that he was second in authority in it. He and another, not present, had determined to become Christians. He told me that, in consequence of a vow made by his father, he had been dedicated to the idols, and ever since he was three years old he had lived in the monastery, and had been engaged in their service. I said to him: "During all that time have you ever known peace of soul?" The dreamy look instantly vanished, and his eyes lighted up, as he at once replied, with a vigour that startled me: "*Never!*" "Don't you believe that the idols have power to save, then?" I asked him. "Certainly not: they are made of earth, and how can earth save? You build the wall there," he said, pointing to it, "of earth. Can the wall save? and yet the idols are made of the same materials."—*Rev. J. Macgowan (Amoy).*

1053. CHRISTIANITY, by proxy. Mr. Spurgeon tells a story of a man who used to say to his wife: "Mary, go to church, and pray for us both." But the man dreamed one night, when he and his wife got to the gate of heaven, Peter said: "*Mary, go in for both.*" He awoke and made up his mind that it was time for him to become a Christian on his own account.

1054. CHRISTIANITY, cannot be extinguished. A medal was struck by Diocletian, still extant, bearing the inscription, "The name of Christian being *extinguished*;" a striking illustration of that expression of the Psalmist, why do the heathen imagine a vain thing?—*B.*

1055. CHRISTIANITY, Effects of. The shock that buried Lisbon in 1755 never ceased to vibrate till it reached the wilds of Scotland and the vineyards of Madeira. It was felt among the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and it changed the level of the solitary lakes that sleep beneath the shadow of the North Alps. Even so the shock that Satan's kingdom sustained when Christianity was established will not cease to vibrate till it move the whole world.—*Hardwicke.*

1056. CHRISTIANITY, Facts of. Athenagoras, a famous Athenian philosopher in the second century, not only doubted the truth of the Christian religion, but was determined to write against it. However, upon an intimate inquiry into the facts on which it was supported, in the course of his collecting materials for his intended publication, he was convinced by the blaze of its evidence, and turned his designed invective into an elaborate apology, which is still in existence.

1057. CHRISTIANITY, Growth of. In the first 1500 years of the history of Christianity it gained 100,000,000 of adherents; in the next 300 years, 100,000,000 more; but in the last one hundred years it has gained 210,000,000 more. Please make these facts vivid. Here is a staff. Let it represent the course of Christian history. Let my hand represent 500 years. I measure off 500, 1000, 1500 years. In that length of time how many adherents did Christianity gain? 100,000,000. I add three finger-breadths more. In that length of time how many adherents did Christianity gain? 100,000,000. In the three hundred years succeeding the Reformation Christianity gained as many adherents as in the 1500 years preceding; but I now add a single finger's breadth to represent one century. How many adherents has Christianity gained in that length of time? 210,000,000 more. Such has been the marvellous growth of the Christian nations in our century, that in the last 83 years *Christianity has gained more adherents* than in the previous eighteen centuries. These are facts of colossal significance, and they cannot be dwelt on too graphically or too often. By adherents of Christianity I mean nominal Christians—that is all who are not Pagans, Mohammedans or Jews. At the present rate of progress, it is supposed there will be 1,200,000,000 of nominal Christians in the world in the year 2000.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

1058. CHRISTIANITY, has the first claim. Chrysostom was educated for the profession of the law, and had among other instructors, the famous rhetorician, Libanus, the friend of Julian the Apostate; who on being asked when about to die as to who could be found competent to succeed him, answered, "John [Chrysostom] if the Christians had not stolen him away."—*Dr. Fish.*

1059. CHRISTIANITY, Heathen children embracing. "One boy, the child of heathen parents, who has committed to memory the prayers given in the first book and prays morning and evening, came to me and said: 'Sir, please do not reckon me with the heathen boys, but with the Christians.' He has no father, and his mother dislikes his praying; but he goes to a secret place, and sometimes takes other boys with him to pray. . . . 'Formerly,' said one, 'we heard nothing about the Bible; now we hear it from our very children.'"—*Rev. S. Mateer [Travandrum].*

1060. CHRISTIANITY, Heathen testimony to. To the father of one of the little girls [in the Zenana mission] the taunt was: "If your daughter learns she will be sure to become a Christian, and a Christian will marry her, which will be a great disgrace to you." The wise father had the sense to reply: "You are very ignorant, and I wish my child to learn. Even if she should become a Christian I shall be glad, as that is a good and pure religion."—*Mrs. Duthie [Nagercoil].*

1061. CHRISTIANITY, Heathen testimony to. Men are beginning to understand the Christian motive, to be influenced by the Christian story, and won by the love of Christ. 'This knowledge is a broad, firm highway to heaven,' was the testimony of one who listened to us on one occasion, while his face at the time showed he was rejoicing in some light he had never seen before.—*Rev. J. H. Hacker [Nejoor, India].*

1062. CHRISTIANITY, in death. James Hay Beattie, son of Dr. James Beattie, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the University of Aberdeen, was cut down by disease in the morning of his days. When his disorder had made great progress, and he saw death approaching, he met it with the utmost resignation and calmness. One evening, when it was supposed he was about to expire, and his physician entered his chamber, fixing his eyes on him, he sweetly exclaimed, "Doctor, how pleasant a medicine is Christianity!"—*Religious Tract Society Anecdotes.*

1063. CHRISTIANITY, Influence of, externally. The red Kafir, as the heathen is commonly termed, contents himself with a covering of a blanket well smeared with red ochre, and worn until it can be worn no longer. Christianity begets at once a sense of propriety which requires decent clothing, and the whole family of the Christian Kafir is distinguishable from the family of a heathen Kafir in this respect. The red Kafir is satisfied with a hut consisting of a single room, in which privacy is impossible. The Christian influence awakens the desire for a separation of the sleeping chamber from the outer room, and this entails either a much larger hut, or the erection of a square house. Similarly, the heathen Kafir has no desire for the education of his children, and no regard for books; while the Christian is under influences which continually urge upon him the importance of education.—*London Missionary Report.*

1064. CHRISTIANITY, Need of. It seems but yesterday that I first stood before John Lawrence, in April 1846, at the town of Hoshiarpore, the capital of a district in the Jullundur Doab, which was my first charge. . . . Seated round the small knot of Europeans were scores of Sikh and Mohammedan landholders, arranging with their new lord the terms of their cash assessment. John Lawrence was full of energy—his coat off, his sleeves turned up above his elbows—and was impressing upon his subjects his principles of a just state demand, and their first elementary ideas of natural equity; for, as each man touched the pen, the unlettered token of agreement to their leases, he made them repeat aloud the new trilogy of the English Government—"Thou shalt not burn thy widow; thou shalt not kill thy daughters; thou shalt not bury alive thy lepers;" and old greybeards, in the families of some of whom there was not a single widow or a female blood-relative, went away chanting the dogmas of the new Moses, which next year were sternly enforced.—*Anon.*

1065. CHRISTIANITY, neglected by its professors. When Sir David Brewster arranged his subjects and his contributors for his "Encyclopædia," he allotted the article "Christianity" to his talented friend Andrew Thomson, then at Sprouston, and soon after at Perth. On the prospect of his settling in Edinburgh, Dr. Thomson found that he could not overtake all his literary engagements, and recommended that the singular but noble genius of Chalmers should be called to grapple with the grand theme. Said the pastor of Kilmany, yet far more alive to the claims of chemistry than to those of Christianity, "You ask me to write on a subject of which I know absolutely nothing." "Oh," said his correspondent, "you'll soon learn; we shall send you books; just begin."

He did "begin," not so much to read as to think; for hitherto, as he said long afterwards on a retrospect of years, he had been "measuring all magnitudes save only the mighty magnitude of eternity."

1066. CHRISTIANITY, No substitute for. When at Brussels Chesterfield was invited by Voltaire to sup with him and Madam C—. The conversation happening to turn upon the affairs of England, "I think, my lord," said Madam C—, "that the parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed men in the kingdom?" "True, madam, they are generally supposed to be so." "What then can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?" "I suppose, madame," replied his lordship, "it is because they have *not been able to substitute anything better in its stead*; when they can, I do not doubt but in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."

1067. CHRISTIANITY, not a thing of the intellect. We cannot but admire the spirit of the Scotchwoman, who, when asked many questions by her minister on application for communion, could not answer one; and on retiring by his advice to learn something, turned to him, and with tears on her cheeks, said, "Sir, sir, I canna speak for Christ, but I can *dee* for Him."—*Denton.*

1068. CHRISTIANITY, not extinct yet. Nearly a hundred years ago Voltaire resided at Geneva. One day he said to some friends in a boastful sneering tone, "Before the beginning of the nineteenth century, Christianity will have disappeared from the earth!" Well, how is it? In the same house, in that same room where those impious words were spoken, what think you there is now? A large deposit of Bibles! So much for Voltaire's prediction!

1069. CHRISTIANITY, Practical. Oliver Cromwell on one occasion was visiting one of the great churches of our land, and discovered in the niches of one of its side chapels a number of silver statues. "What are these?" demanded he sternly of the trembling dean who was showing him round the church. "Please your highness," was the reply, "they are the twelve apostles." "The twelve apostles, are they? Well, take them away at once and melt them down and coin them into money that, like their Master, they may go about doing good."—*Rev. R. Moron.*

1070. CHRISTIANITY, Practical and polemical. Two learned physicians and a plain honest countryman, happening to meet at an inn, sat down to dinner together. A dispute presently arose between the two doctors on the nature of aliment, which proceeded to such a height, and was carried on with so much fury, that it spoiled their meals, and they parted extremely indispensed. The countryman, in the meantime, who understood not the cause, though he heard the quarrel, fell heartily to his meat, gave God thanks, digested it well, returned in the strength of it to his honest labour, and in the evening received his wages. Is there not sometimes as much difference between the *polemical* and *practical* Christian?—*Clerical Library.*

1071. CHRISTIANITY, Spread of. When the Twenty-second Legion returned from the siege of

Jerusalem, Titus sent it to the banks of the Rhine, and with it Crescentius, who was the first that carried the word of God into the Rhingau and founded the new religion. God ordained that these ignorant men who had pulled down the last stone of His temple upon the Jordan, should lay the first of another upon the banks of the Rhine.—*Victor Hugo.*

1072. CHURCH, A prayerless. A worthy minister of the gospel, in North America, was pastor of a flourishing church. He was a popular preacher, but gradually became less to his hearers, and his congregation very much decreased. This was solely attributed to the minister; and matters continuing to get worse, some of his hearers resolved to speak to him on the subject. They did so; and when the good man had heard their complaints, he replied, "I am quite sensible of all you say, for I feel it to be true; and the reason of it is, *that I have lost my prayer-book.*" They were astonished at hearing this, but he proceeded: "Once my preaching was acceptable, many were edified by it, and numbers were added to the church, which was then in a prosperous state. But we were then a praying people. . . ." They took the hint. Social prayer was again renewed and punctually attended. Exertions were made to induce those who were without to attend the preaching of the Word. And the result was, that the minister became as popular as ever, and in a short time the church was again as flourishing as ever.—*Clerical Library.*

1073. CHURCH, A reformed. Not long since a clergyman was delivering a lecture in London on the subject of the Papal aggression. The place was crowded in every part. Just as he was at the height of his argument, and amid the breathless silence of his audience, a Roman Catholic hearer shouted at the top of his voice, "Your Church is only a mushroom Church." Great confusion prevailed, and some were for expelling the intruder by main force. The clergyman blandly requested the people to keep quiet, and not to interfere with "the gentleman." "Our Church, thank God," said the lecturer, "is, in a sense, a mushroom Church, for, may I ask, what is a mushroom? Is it not *a thing of purity springing out of a bed of corruption?*" This turning of the tables called forth much approval.—*Family Friend.*

1074. CHURCH, A slumbering. You have all read the fairy tale: A great Eastern city beleaguered by fierce foemen, was arming in resistless strength, to issue from her gates and sweep away, as a driving tempest the chaff, the insolent invader. But from the camp of the foe came forth a mighty magician, and with a breath of his sorcery changed the whole city into stone. Everything wherein life had been, became a cold, dead statue. There stood the pawing war-horse, with nostril distended, caparisoned for battle. There stood the mailed champion, ready to spring to his seat and lay lance in rest for the onset. But alas! the strong arm was cold stone on the neck of the petrified charger. There stood the serried infantry, with armour and plumes, and up-floating banners, but each man cold, breathless, lifeless. The eye had a stony glare. Hand, brow, lip, were frozen to marble. All still—silent—death-struck! Alas! picture sadly truthful of Christ's slumbering Church to-day.—*Wadsworth.*

1075. CHURCH, A slumbering. A father took

his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and he lay down under a beautiful shady tree, it being a hot day. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to his father and saying: "Pretty! pretty!" At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was "where is my child?" He looked all around, but he could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, and all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill, he looked around and shouted again, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. No response! Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there upon the rocks and briers, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, and took up the lifeless corpse, and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. *While he was sleeping his child had wandered over the precipice.* I thought as I heard that, what a picture of the Church of God! How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men are sleeping now while their children wander over the terrible precipice a thousand times worse than that precipice, right into the bottomless pit of hell. Father, where is your boy to-night?—*Moody.*

1076. CHURCH, and wealth. Thomas Aquinas, surnamed the Angelical Doctor, who was highly esteemed by Pope Innocent IV., going one day into the Pope's chamber, where they were reckoning large sums of money, the Pope, addressing himself to Aquinas, said, "You see the Church is no longer in an age in which she can say, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "It is true, holy father," replied the Angelical Doctor, "nor can she now say to the lame man, Rise and walk."

1077. CHURCH, and work. A good pastor once said: "It is a rule of mine never to do anything myself which I can get *some one else to do.*" He had the right idea. He had a church to induce into Christian activity. If he did all the work, they would lose their chance, and thereby they would be damaged. He saw that the work was done; but he let the people have the benefit of doing it.

1078. CHURCH, Broad and Narrow. The author of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" describes the Broad Church and the Narrow Church something on this wise:—"The Narrow Church are in the ship's boats of humanity, rowing away with all their might from the great hulk on which are the mass of human beings who say they are sinking in the waves, and, as they row, are singing, 'We are safe, we are safe.' The Broad Church remain on board trying to help, and declaring that the hulk will not sink." Now, unconsciously, he has come very near a true definition. It is not those who say that all men will be saved who are broad; the narrowest people can *preach* universal salvation. But that is the real *Broad Church* which does most to save all men from sin and hell; has the most missions, most revivals; seeks and prays most earnestly for the good of men here and hereafter. And that is the *Narrow Church* that does the least for others; that confines its efforts most to the bodies and outward condition of men. True Christianity is ever broad, wide-reaching, seeking the salvation of the world.—*P.*

1079. CHURCH, Caste in. The clergyman then

urged him again to repentance; advised him to return, like the prodigal son, to attend church and to devote his future life to good works. Colonel Burr interrupted his visitor and said: "You don't seem to know how I am viewed by the religious public, or by those who resort to your churches. Where is there a man among all such whom I would be willing to meet, and who would welcome me into his pew? of your own congregation, would—or—give me a seat? These are our merchant princes, men who give tone to Wall Street and fix the standard of mercantile morals in our city. *Would they make Aaron Burr a welcome visitor to your church?* Rather, indeed, I may ask would you yourself do so? How would you feel walking up the aisle with me, and opening your pew door for my entrance?" Dr. Matthews replied that such an event would give him great pleasure. "Then," said Burr, "you would indulge your feelings of kindness at the expense of your usefulness as the minister of your congregation."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

1080. CHURCH, Changes in. Some one asked Boniface the martyr whether it were lawful to give sacramental wine in a wooden cup. "Time was," said he, "when there were wooden chalices and golden priests; but now there are golden chalices and wooden priests."—*Christian Age.*

1081. CHURCH, Decay of. Said one of the most eminent of laymen once, making a platform missionary address, "I have heard of churches starving out from a saving spirit; but I have never heard of one dying of benevolence. And if I could hear of one such, I would make a pilgrimage to it, by night, and in that quiet solitude, with the moon shining and the aged elm waving, I would put my hands on the moss-clad ruins, and gazing on the venerable scene, would say, '*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!*'"—*The Preacher's Lantern.*

1082. CHURCH, Dissension in. The harmony of churches is often disturbed by very little things. In 1778 there was a division in the Society at Halifax about an angel with a trumpet in his hand, which one party would have fixed on the top of a sounding board over the pulpit, while the other party would not consent to it, and the difficulty was so great that the circuit preachers could not reconcile the contending parties, so they agreed to leave it to Mr. Wesley and abide his decision. When Mr. Wesley came, he gave his judgment against the angel, and to put an end to all future strife, he requested Mr. Bradford to offer a burnt sacrifice of the angel on the altar of peace. He did so, and the apple of discord was removed, and Zion became again a quiet habitation.—*Anecdotes of the Wesleys.*

1083. CHURCH, Extension of. Michael Angelo one day came into the studio of Raphael when the artist was not in. On the canvas figures were sketched. Angelo took the chalk and drew lines outside the figures, making them larger. He then wrote underneath *amplius*. It was the turning-point in Raphael's career; hitherto he had been too cramped. To the Church of Christ we say, *amplius*—larger.—*Weekly Pulpit.*

1084. CHURCH, Failings in. "I remember going over the Alps in a railway train when there was a great deal of snow. We came to a stand-

still, although the engine, a very powerful one, was in full work. I looked out of the window, and followed soon after with my body—for I did not like the look of things—and saw that although the engine was making the wheels go round, the lines were so slippery it could get no grip upon them, and so the train stood still. That is what some of us have to complain of in our churches. There are good wheels going round, but they cannot get a grip. It is the Gospel, but *there is no grip*, and the train does not move."—*Spurgeon.*

1085. CHURCH, Foundation and completion of. In Florence are two fine statues of the architects of the Cathedral. Arnolfo, who commenced it, is looking down as if examining the foundations, while Brunelleschi, with a plan of the cupola on his knee, is looking up at the completion of his design.—*Newman Hall.*

1086. CHURCH, Freedom in. It was the custom of old, in burying the dead, to lay their heads towards the sun-rising, by reason of a spiritual mystery and signification therein manifested; but this was not an enforced law. So all laws and ceremonies *should be free in the church*, and not be done on compulsion, being things which neither justify nor condemn in the sight of God, but are observed merely for the sake of orderly discipline.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

1087. CHURCH, Image of. The amaranth is a flower that grows in August: it is more a stalk than a flower, is easily broken off, and grows in joyful and pleasant sort; when all other flowers are gone and decayed, then this, being sprinkled with water, becomes fair and green again; so that in winter they use to make garlands thereof. It is called amaranth from this, that *it neither withers nor decays*. I know nothing more like unto the Church than this flower, amaranth. For although the Church bathes her garment in the blood of the Lamb, and is coloured over with red, yet she is more fair, comely, and beautiful than any state and assembly upon the face of the earth. She alone is embraced and beloved of the Son of God, as His sweet and amiable spouse, in whom only He takes joy and delight. Moreover, the Church willingly suffers herself to be plucked and broken off, that is, she is loving, patient, and obedient to Christ her bridegroom in the cross; she grows and increases again, fair, joyful, and pleasant, that is, she gains the greatest fruit and profit thereby. At last, the body and stalk remain whole and sound, and cannot be rooted out, although raging and swelling be made against some of the members, and these be torn away. For like as the amaranth never withers or decays, even so the Church can never be destroyed or rooted out. But what is most wonderful, the amaranth has this quality, that when it is sprinkled with water, and dipped therein, it becomes fresh and green again, as if it were raised and wakened from the dead. Even so likewise the Church will by God be raised and wakened out of the grave, and become living again. For though temporal empires, kingdoms, and principalities have their changings, and like flowers soon fall and fade away, this kingdom, which is so deep rooted, by no power can be destroyed or wasted, but remains eternally.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

1088. CHURCH, Image of. As we approached

Château Queyras the ruins of a building were pointed out by Mr. Milsom in the bottom of the valley, close by the river side. "That," said he, "was once the Protestant temple of the place. It was burnt to the ground at the Revocation. You see that old elm-tree growing near it. That tree was at the same time burnt to a black stump. It became a saying in the valley that Protestantism was as dead as that stump, and that it would only reappear when that dead stump came to life! And strange to say, since Felix Neff has been here, *the stump has come to life*—you see how green it is—and again Protestantism is like the elm-tree, sending out its vigorous offshoots in the valley."—*Smiles [Country of the Vaudois]*.

1089. CHURCH, Inconsistent. A working man, in humble dress, saw outside a certain ecclesiastical building "Christ Church" printed up; so in he went. But as he was entering a certain pew some one told him it was "let," and that he could not sit in it. So out he went, saying there was a mistake somewhere, for though it was "Christ Church" outside, yet he found it was some one else's inside.—*Rev. D. Burford Hooke.*

1090. CHURCH, Joining the. An old sea-captain was riding in the cars towards Philadelphia, and a young man sat down beside him. He said, "Young man, where are you going?" "I am going to Philadelphia to live," replied the young man. "Have you letters of introduction?" asked the old captain. "Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out. "Well," said the old sea-captain, "haven't you a church certificate?" "Oh yes," replied the young man, "I didn't suppose you would want to look at that." "Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you get to Philadelphia, present that to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it's my rule, as soon as I get into port, to *fasten my ship fore and aft* to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."—*Talmage.*

1091. CHURCH, Love of. Archbishop Whitgift fell into an extreme sickness at his palace in Lambeth; of which, when the king had notice, he went presently to visit him, and found him in his bed in a declining condition and very weak; and after some short discourse betwixt them, the king at his departure assured him, "he had great affection for him, and a very high value for his prudence and virtues, and would endeavour to beg his life of God for the good of his Church." To which the good Bishop replied, "*Pro Ecclesia Dei, pro Ecclesia Dei.*" which were the last words he ever spake; therein testifying, that as in his life, so at his death, his chiefest care was of God's Church.—*Isaac Walton.*

1092. CHURCH machinery, and God's Spirit. Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us that they intended to batter it down, we might ask them, "How?" They point to a cannon ball. Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but not more than half a hundred, or perhaps a hundred, weight; if all the men in the army hurled it against the fort, they would make no impression. They say, "No; but look at the cannon." Well, there is no power in that. A boy may ride upon it, a bird may perch

in its mouth; it is a machine, and nothing more. "But look at the powder." Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may peck it. Yet this powerless powder, and powerless ball, are put into the powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, *that powder is a flash of lightning*, and that ball a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So is it with our Church machinery at this day: we have all the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds, and oh for the baptism of fire!—*Rev. William Arthur.*

1093. CHURCH-MEMBER, A cruel. One of the late Dr. Spencer's parishioners, in Brooklyn, New York, met him hurriedly urging his way down the street, one day; his lip was set, and there was something strange in that grey eye. "How are you to-day, doctor?" he said pleasantly. He waked as from a dream, and replied, soberly, "I am mad!" It was a new word for a mild, true-hearted Christian; but he waited, and with a deep, earnest voice went on: "I found a widow standing by her goods thrown in the street; she could not pay the month's rent; the landlord turned her out, and one of her children is going to die; and that man is a member of the church! I told her to take her things back again. I am on my way to see him."

1094. CHURCH-MEMBER, Sad end of. Never shall I forget the end of one with whom I was well acquainted, a member of the church of which I was pastor at Perth. At the solicitation of a traveller with whom he did business, he retired one evening to an hotel. For the first time in his life he became intoxicated, went home, and in the heat of passion excited by liquor inflicted on his wife injuries of which she died. In due time he was tried, the evidence was conclusive, and sentence of death was pronounced. Never shall the scene be effaced from my memory. I attended him in his cell, and was the last to leave him on the scaffold; and there, within sight of the church of which he had been forty years a member, was he hanged like a dog!—*Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D.*

1095. CHURCH-MEMBERSHIP, Early. Griffith John, the celebrated missionary to China, was admitted to church-membership at the exceedingly early age of eight. His testimony is, "Had I not taken that step then, I doubt whether I should ever have been a missionary, if a member of a Christian Church at all."—*Rev. J. Morley Wright.*

1096. CHURCH-MEMBERS, should be known. It is always a terrible condemnation of a church member, that no one should suspect him of being one. We have heard of a young lady who engaged for many months in a round of frivolities, utterly forgetful of her covenant with Christ. One Sunday morning, on being asked by a gay companion to accompany him to a certain place, she declined on the ground that it was the communion Sunday in her own church. "*Are you a communicant?*" was the cutting reply. The arrow went to her heart. She felt that she had denied the Lord who died for her. That keen rebuke brought her to repentance, and a reconversion. Are there not many other professors of Christ who appear to be "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God?"—*Cuzler.*

1097. CHURCH, Misjudgment of. An American gentleman said to a friend, "I wish you would come

down to my garden, and taste my apples." He asked him about a dozen times, but the friend did not come; and at last the fruit-grower said, "I suppose you think my apples are good for nothing, so you won't come and try them."—"Well, to tell the truth," said the friend, "I have tasted them. As I went along the road, I picked one up that fell over the wall, and I never tasted anything so sour in all my life; and I do not particularly wish to have any more of your fruit."—"Oh," said the owner of the garden, "I thought it must be so. Those apples around the outside are for the special benefit of the boys. I went fifty miles to select the sourest sorts to plant all round the orchard, so the boys might give them up as not worth stealing; but, if you will come inside, you will find that *we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey.*" Those who judge the church by its worst members, those most like the world, make the same mistake.—*Spurgeon.*

1098. CHURCH, Neglect of. The Rev. William Grimshaw, an early Methodist of eccentric manner, frequently would preach before the doors of such as neglected the parish worship. "If you will not come to hear me at the church," he would say on these occasions, "you shall hear me at home; if you perish, you shall perish with the sound of the gospel in your ears."—*Stevens.*

1099. CHURCH, not to take the place of God. "I stay with the mother," exclaimed the Bishop of Wartburg [during the times of the Reformation], meaning the Church of Rome; "the mother, the mother!" "My lord," wittily replied Brentz, "pray do not, for the mother, forget either the Father or the Son!"—*D'Aubigne.*

1100. CHURCH, Safety of. "The bark of St. Peter can never be lost," said a councillor of Pius IX. "Yes, I know the bark is safe," replied the Pope; "but nothing is said of the crew."

1101. CHURCH, Secret of safety of, amid perils. The Rev. Mr. Logan, of Eastwood, owing to his great age, was prevented from taking part in the struggles of the "Ten Years' Conflict," but he warmly espoused the cause of the Free Church. There were not wanting friends who endeavoured to turn the aged servant of the Lord aside from the path of duty, alleging that it could not be expected that, at his age, lying, as he was, on a bed of languishing, he should leave the house where he had lived so long. He replied that he was simply obeying his Master—discharging a plain duty which love to his Lord demanded. In the spring of 1843, a friend (the Rev. Mr. Gemmell, of Fairlie) preached for him, and after sermon went in to see him, now confined entirely to bed, and began to speak with him on the perils of the Church. "Yes," said Mr. Logan, "but I trust we shall at all hazards maintain the spiritual rights of our Zion. When Cæsar was crossing the Adriatic in a small vessel, the boatman hesitated and was afraid. Cæsar said, '*Ne timeas, Cæsarem velis*' (Fear not, you carry Cæsar). Much more reason have we to say, '*Nil timendum Christi duce*'" (There is nothing to be feared with Christ for our leader.) The old man in repeating these words elevated himself in bed, and having pronounced them with a firm voice, immediately sank back, and laid his head upon the pillow, breathless and exhausted with the effort.

1102. CHURCH, Signs of a true. Origen, in his panegyric on the church at Athens, declares "every division, every schism was detestable to you; you wept over the failings of your neighbours; you thought their defects your own, and were impatient after every good work."—*Harris.*

1103. CHURCH, Stability of. One of the Red Republicans of 1793 was telling a good peasant of La Vendée:—"We are going to pull down your churches and your steeples—all that recalls the superstitious of past ages and all that brings to your mind the idea of God." "Citizen," replied the good Vendéean, "*pull down the stars then.*"

1104. CHURCH, The, and Christ. "Our vessel when nearing port; just after the pilot came on board, was enveloped in a dense fog: the pilot was able to guide her safely by going to the mast-head, where he could see over the fog. All his orders to those on deck were instantly obeyed. Is it not so with Christ?"

Hidden
From our sight,
He above our lower darkness
Stands in light:
Hark, His words fall clear and cheery
On the ear
'I can see beyond the darkness,
Never fear.'

—*Captain Dutton.*

1105. CHURCH, The dead. Suppose I should go into a vast stone building that was filled full of funeral-looking pews, and that was made to look like a sepulchre, very little light being allowed to come in, and see rows of coffins standing in all the pews; and suppose I should go around and look at these coffins, and read the inscriptions on them; among which was this eminent name, and that eminent name; and suppose that I should be told that this place, filled with coffins, in whom were men as dead as door nails, was the church of the living God? It would not be one particle more horrible than to go into great assemblies of men, pompously surrounded, who were dead to God, dead to love, dead to all spiritual elements, and whose life was a life of envy, and selfishness, and jealousy, and all uncharitableness, and call that God's church.—*Beecher.*

1106. CHURCH, to be purged. When Oliver Cromwell was about to turn the Members of Parliament out of their chamber, he pointed to the mace, and cried, "Take away that bauble!" When HE shall come, who will effectually purge the Church, He will say much the same of many ecclesiastical ornaments now held in high repute. Gowns and altars, and banners and painted windows, will all go at one sweep with "take away those baubles." Nor will the rhetorical embellishments and philosophies of modern pulpits be any more tenderly dealt with. "Take away this bauble" will be the signal for turning many a treasured folly into perpetual contempt.—*Spurgeon.*

1107. CHURCH, Trials of the. The amianthus (asbestos) is found in Cyprus, and is so soft that it can be woven into a tissue. *It suffers no injury when thrown into the fire*, but, on the contrary, derives additional beauty from the process. This stone is the image of the Church, whereupon calamities and persecutions inflict no injury, but rather render her more brilliant and agreeable in God's eyes.—*Luther.*

1108. CHURCH, True test of. The true test, then, of any church, or sect, or ministry, is not so much the knowledge which it gives, or the order which it secures, as its productiveness of new men in Christ Jesus, or of a higher degree of manhood; and it is an awful test. I do not know the man or the minister that can stand up under it. I cannot. When I see, where there is the least disturbance among you, where there is the slightest disagreement in a Sunday-school matter, that the old worthy members of my church, who have been many years under my ministry, act just like anybody else, and squabble, and, full of answerings, call back, and carry away hard feelings, I say to myself, "I have not made many *men* yet." My preaching has been as poor as any other minister's. One fails for one reason, and another for another; this man is running after ordinances, that man is running after doctrines, and I am running after sentiment; and we all come short together. When I judge from what you are, I feel that I am about as poor a minister as I know of.—*Beecher.*

1109. CHURCH, Who make the. Latomus was the best among all my adversaries: his point was this: "What is received of the Church, ought not to be rejected." As the Jews said: "We are God's people;" so the Papists cry: "*The Church cannot err.*" This was the argument against which the prophets and apostles fought; Moses says, "They moved me to jealousy with that which was not God, and I will provoke them to anger with a foolish nation." And St. Paul: "That he is a Jew which is one inwardly;" and Isaiah: "In Him shall the Gentiles trust." "It is impossible," say they, "that God should forsake His Church, for He declares, 'I am with you always, unto the end of the world,' &c. The question is, to whom do these words: with you, refer? which is the true Church whereof Christ spake? *The perplexed, broken and contrite in heart, or the Romish courtesans and knaves?*—*Luther.*

1110. CHURCH, Why some attend. An old man, who for years walked every Sunday from Newhaven to Edinburgh to attend the late Dr. Jones' church, was one day complimented by that venerable clergyman for the regularity of his appearance there. The old man unconsciously evinced how little he deserved the compliment by his reply: "'Deed, sir, it's v'ry true; but above a', I like to hear the jingling o' the bells and see a' the brav folks."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

1111. CHURCH, Why some people attend. He stayed at home and she went to church. After dinner he asked her, "What was the text, wife?" "Oh, something, somewhere in Generations; I've forgotten the chapter and verse. Mrs. High sat right before me with a Mother Hubbard bonnet on. How could I hear anything when I could not even see the minister? I wouldn't have worn such a thing to church if I'd had to have gone bare-headed." "How did you like the minister?" "Oh, he's splendid! and Kate Darling was there in a Spanish lace cape that never cost a farthing less than five pounds; and they can't pay their butcher bills, and I'd wear cotton lace, or go without any first." "Did he say anything about the new mission fund?" "No; and the Jones girls were all rigged out in their yellow silks made over; you would have died laughing to have seen them. Such tastes

as those girls have, and the minister gave out that the Dorcas Society will meet at Sister Jones's residence—that old poky place." "It seems that you didn't hear much of the sermon." "Well, I'm sure it's better to go to church if you don't hear the sermon than to stay at home and read the papers; and oh, Harry! the new minister has a lovely voice; it nearly put me to sleep. And did I tell you that the Riches are home from America, and Mrs. Rich had a real camel's hair shawl on, and it didn't look like anything on *her*?"

1112. CHURCHES, for the poor. What magnificent churches we have for the wealthy. They occupy expensive corner plots; they are built of granite or fine stone, painted with costly and exquisite taste; they are upholstered with the softest and sleepest of cushions, and when they are finished these words are cut on the portal: "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." I often think of the wag who saw such an inscription over such a door, and who, with a piece of chalk wrote underneath, "Yes, but not *here*."—*Rev. Geo. W. Hepworth.*

1113. CHURCHES, Rivalry amongst. They tell a funny incident which happened lately at an auction sale of damaged goods. A pair of blankets were up which seemed to take the eye of the crowd; the highest bid was one dollar from a lady who was determined to have them. "Dollar fifty," cried a gentleman from the opposite side of the room. "Two dollars," echoed the lady. "Two fifty," nodded the man. "Three," screamed the lady. "Three fifty," rejoined the man. "Three fifty I'm offered," says the auctioneer. "Say four?" "Yes." "Four fifty, and that's all," added the gentleman. "Sold," cried the man with the hammer, bursting with laughter, "to Captain Smith, four dollars and a half." "Captain Smith," shouted the lady, "what! my husband!" and raising herself on tip-toe to get a sight of him, "why, you good-for-nothing man, you have been bidding against your own wife!" We sometimes see two churches belonging to the same Christian family, whose interests are precisely identical, bidding against each other for a choice location, or a favourite preacher. Isn't it just as ridiculous?

1114. CHURCHES, Stinginess of. In an installation sermon at Buffalo Dr. Calkins recalled this characteristic remark of the late Dr. Brainard, of Philadelphia: "There are three qualifications of ministers—piety, fidelity, and poverty. The first two we must obtain of the Lord by prayer; but we may trust the stinginess of the churches for the last."

1115. CIRCUMSTANCES, Adapting oneself to. A clergyman was complaining of want of society in the country where he lived; and said, "They talk of *runts*;" that is, young cows. "Sir," said Mrs. Salisbury, "Mr. Johnson would learn to talk of *runts*;" meaning that I was a man who would make the most of my situation, whatever it was.—*Dr. Johnson.*

1116. CIRCUMSTANCES, Difference in. When Alexander was marching against the Persians he received a letter from Darius, containing terms on which he would submit to the conqueror. Upon his communicating these proposals to his friends, Parmenio, one of his generals, said: "If I were Alexander I would accept them." "So would I,"

said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." The answer returned to Darius was, that if he would come to him, he should find the best of treatment, if not he [Alexander] must come and seek him."—*Little's Historical Lights (condensed).*

1117. CIRCUMSTANCES, God appointed. Napoleon Bonaparte, when intoxicated with success and at the height of his power, is reported to have said, "I make circumstances." Let Moscow, Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena, that rocky isle where he was caged until he fretted his life away, testify to his utter helplessness in his humiliating downfall.—*J. B. Gough.*

1118. CIRCUMSTANCES, Making the best of. Sydney Smith, when labouring at Poston-le-Clay in Yorkshire, though he did not feel himself to be in his proper element, went cheerfully to work in the firm determination to do his best. "I am resolved," he said, "to like it, and reconcile myself to it, which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post of being thrown away, and being desolate, and such like trash." So Dr. Hook when leaving Leeds for a new sphere of labour said, "Wherever I may be, I shall, by God's blessing, do with my might what my hand findeth to do, and if I do not find work *I shall make it.*"—*Smiles.*

1119. CIRCUMSTANCES, Making the best of. You have seen how plants and trees growing in the shade stretch out towards the light and send up their branches to catch the sunshine. So in spirits whose circumstances are ungenial there is often a longing for God and heavenly communion not to be found among those more highly favoured.—*B.*

1120. CIRCUMSTANCES may be discouraging. A Christian friend informed us that a number of years ago, an earnest preacher, named John Holmes, had an appointment to preach one evening at Castlebar in Ireland. On arriving at the place he found a congregation of *three*, to whom, not daunted or discouraged, he preached the words of everlasting life, doing his work for God in faith and zeal. One of the persons present was converted—a young man, who grew in grace, and was subsequently called to the ministry of God, and greatly used of the Lord in His service. It was a good hour's work when John Holmes preached the gospel of Christ to a congregation of *three* at Castlebar. One soul saved is worth a life of labour, and especially when that soul, thus won, becomes a soul-winner, and gathers others to the ark of God, as has that Castlebar convert, since known throughout the world as *William Arthur, author of "The Tongue of Fire."*—*Boston Christian.*

1121. CIRCUMSTANCES, Submission to. Dr. Johnson used to say, that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck."

1122. CIRCUMSTANCES, The favourable influence of. Mahomet sprang from the scorching valleys of Arabia; Luther from the frozen mountains of Lower Germany; Calvin from the inanimate plains of Picardy; Cromwell from the stagnant marshes of the Ouse. As is the place, so is the man.—*Lamartine.*

1123. CIRCUMSTANCES, Unfavourable, ministering to good. In one place near the Hospice of St. Bernard, I met with a curious natural conservatory. The under surface of the snow having been melted by the warmth of the soil, which in Alpine regions is always markedly higher than that of the air, was not in contact with it. A snowy vault was thus formed, glazed on the top with thin plates of transparent ice; and here grew a most lovely cushion of the *Arctia Helvetica*, covered with hundreds of its delicate rosy flowers, like a miniature hydrangea blossom. The dark colour of the soil favoured the absorption of heat; and, imprisoned in its crystal cave, this little fairy grew and blossomed securely from the very heart of winter, the unfavourable circumstances around all seeming so many ministers of good, increasing its strength, and enhancing its loveliness."—*Spurgeon.*

1124. CIVILISATION, Sign of. An Indian, on one occasion, was taken to a civilised state, and after his return to his native territory, he was asked by a visitor what had most of all impressed him as indicating the superiority of the white men over the Indians. His reply was striking and suggestive: "The ease with which they can get water. The white man turns the river into the walls of his house. By turning a little iron stick, he can get that which we pray for all our lives."

1125. CIVILITY, Effects of. When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realise so large a property as he possessed, his reply was—"Friend, by one article alone, in which you may deal too, if you please; it is *civility.*"

1126. CLEANSING, Necessity of. No plants need rain more than those reared in large towns. They need it for cleansing as well as for refreshment. So with Christians who live in our busy centres—they need in an especial manner all those gracious influences of the spirit God has pledged Himself to give.—*B.*

1127. CLEMENCY, A conqueror's. Julius Cæsar was not more eminent for his valour in overcoming his enemies, than for his humane efforts in reconciling and attaching them to his dominion. In the battle of Pharsalia he rode to and fro, calling vehemently out, "Spare, spare the citizens!" Nor were any killed, but such as obstinately refused to accept life. After the battle he gave every man on his own side leave to save any of the opposite from the list of proscription; and at no long time after he issued an edict permitting all whom he had not yet pardoned to return in peace to Italy to enjoy their estates and honours. It was a common saying of Cæsar, that *no music was so charming to his ears as the requests of his friends and the supplications of those in want of his assistance.*—*Arvine.*

1128. CLEMENCY, A king's. The Emperor Adrian, meeting a man who had insulted him before he came to the government, said to him, "Approach, you have nothing to fear; I am an emperor."

1129. CLEMENCY, Appeal to. The chief of the Koreish were prostrate at his (Mahomet's) feet (after the conquest of Mecca). "What mercy can you expect from the man whom you have wronged?" "We confide in the generosity of our kinsman."

"And you shall not confide in vain: begone! you are safe, you are free."—*Gibbon*.

1130. CLEMENCY, Victory of. The city of Cajeta having rebelled against Alphonsus, was invested by that monarch with a powerful army. Being sorely distressed for want of provisions, the citizens put forth all their old men, women, and children, and shut the gates upon them. The king's ministers advised his majesty not to permit them to pass, but to force them back into the city. Alphonsus, however, had too humane a disposition to hearken to such counsel. He suffered them to go unmolested; and when afterwards reproached with the delay which this produced, he feelingly said, "I had rather be the preserver of one innocent person, than be the master of a hundred Cajetas." Alphonsus was not without the reward which such noble clemency merited. The citizens were so affected by it, that, repenting of their disloyalty, they soon afterwards yielded up the city to him of their own accord.

1131. COARSENESS in criticism. A coarse mind makes rare havoc among delicate and beautiful things. I have a farmer in my parish, at whose house I was at tea not long since. Somebody else was there who was taking an interest in some rare pieces of old china, he held a cup up to the light, admired the softness and delicacy of the ware, and altogether found a good many attributes in the china which were quite new and strange to me, and did not much interest me either. My friend the old farmer sat it out pretty well for some time; at last he broke in: "What a heap o' nonsense 'ee be talking surely all about a parcel o' bits o' cups and saucers, calling 'em purty, and delicate, and sic like. Now, if you'll come out into that yard, I'll show you a cow, as purty a thing as ever you set eyes on; and look there at they little pigs. Now, there's sense in that; but a parcel o' bits o' chany, there ain't no sense in it at all." Well, I'm not much of a connoisseur in old china-ware myself, but I could not help thinking that the fine arts would all of them have fared very badly with Farmer Pluggin, who would have preferred his beautiful cow or delicate pig to all the works of poets or painters. Now is not this the case, not only with some of the critics of Solomon's Song, but with some of those who find coarseness in the Bible?—*Preacher's Lantern*.

1132. COLDNESS in the Church, Influence of. "One day, when I was serving my apprenticeship in a factory on the banks of the Merrimac River," says the Hon. N. P. Banks, late Governor of Massachusetts, "a party of the hands saw a man a quarter of a mile down the river struggling amongst the broken cakes of ice. We could none of us for the moment determine his political complexion or bodily colour, but he proved, in the end, to be a negro in the water. Of course the first care was to rescue him; but twice the victim slipped from the plank that was thrown him. The third time it was evident to our inner hearts that it was the negro's last chance, and so he evidently thought; but as he again slipped from the board, he shouted, 'For the love of God, gentlemen, give me hold of the wooden end of the plank this time.' We had been holding him the icy end." How often do Christians make the same mistake! We turn the icy end of the plank to our fellows, and then wonder

why they do not hold on, and why our efforts do not save them.—*Preacher's Lantern*.

1133. COLDNESS, Secret of. As soon as a man finds that he is beginning to think that all human hearts are cold, let him suspect himself. When an iceberg floats away from the frozen fields which lie near the pole, it cools the waters into which it drifts; the very Gulf Stream sinks in temperature as soon as the mountain of ice touches it.—*Dr. Da'e*.

1134. COLONIES, Claims of. I remember being at a little hotel in Australia for a few hours, and an intelligent lady, the landlady there, spoke to me, with tears in her eyes, and she said, "Mr. Jones, we never have a sermon here. An Anglican clergyman occasionally comes; but we never have a sermon here, and we are rapidly becoming heathen." Her husband had already become a drunkard there.—*Thomas Jones*.

1135. COLONISATION, Christian purpose of. The charter of Massachusetts, granted by Charles I., contains an expression of the hope that the settlers to whom it is granted "may win and incite the natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind and the Christian faith, which in our royal intention, and the adventurers' free profession, is the principal end of this plantation." The first seal of Massachusetts represents an Indian giving utterance to the words, "Come over and help us."—*W. Fraser Rae*.

1136. COMFORT, Absence of. As the moon in eclipse, though obscured, yet goes on in a regular course as when 'tis full of light by the reflection of the sun, so some desolate martyrs, though, as it were, forsaken, and deprived of the bright beams of comfort, yet persevere in their profession of the truth.—*Dr. William Bates*.

1137. COMFORT, Absence of. Goethe, the greatest of German poets, whose long life was one long success, said: "They have called me a child of fortune, nor have I any wish to complain of the course of my life. Yet it has been nothing but labour and sorrow; and I may truly say, that in seventy-five years I have not had four weeks of true comfort. It was the constant rolling of a stone that was always to be lifted anew."

1138. COMFORT, A minister's. The Rev. Charles Woolfe, B.A., author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," one night, during his dying illness, said, "I want comfort to-night." On being reminded that he had been the means of saving souls, he exclaimed, "Stop, stop! that is comfort enough for one night."—*B.*

1139. COMFORT in death. Many years ago there was a dreadful accident in Heaton Main Colliery. The pit became flooded, and the water cut off the retreat of seventy-five men and boys; they died of gradual suffocation, beyond all human help, but they had "a stronghold in the day of trouble." When the bodies were recovered nine months later, these words were found scratched on a tin candle-box in the pocket of the lad William Thew: "Fret not, dear mother, for we were singing while we had time, and praising God. Mother, follow God more than ever I did."—*Miss Robinson*.

1140. COMFORT in death. At Jucisa, a little village between Perugia and Florence, a poor man dying stood in need of comfort, and cried for a priest. Baldwin Brown stepped forward, and said, "I am not a priest, but I can tell the poor man something for his good." He spent an hour or two at night by that sad bedside, and spoke to the dying man of the living Saviour and His infinite love.—"*In Memoriam, J. Baldwin Brown.*"

1141. COMFORT in death. A Christian visitor was once visiting a very poor and sorely afflicted believer in Dublin, and sought to comfort him with the text, "In My Father's house are many mansions." "Stop a minute," said the dying but happy sufferer; "that is a beautiful text, but there is one sweeter than it in the next verse: 'I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.'"

1142. COMFORT in trial. There was a good deal in what the little sick child said upon whom a surgical operation must be performed. The doctor said, "That child won't live through this operation unless you encourage him. You go in and get his consent." The father told him all the doctor said, and added, "Now, John, will you go through it? Will you consent to it?" He looked very pale, and he thought a minute, and said, "Yes, father, *if you will hold my hand, I will!*" So the father held his hand, and led him straight through the peril.—*Talmage.*

1143. COMFORTER, Realising.—Sometimes, in the summer, when the chimes of old Trinity are ringing over in New York, one bell sounds across the water to my window clearer and sweeter than all the rest; and in the Bible there is no other expression that to me is so sweet as "The God of all comfort;" and there is no word that is sweeter to me than that word "Comforter" which Jesus employed.—*Beecher.*

1144. COMFORTERS, Miserable. Cold comfort can some ministers render to afflicted consciences; their advice will be equally valuable with that of the Highlander who is reported to have seen an Englishman sinking in a bog on Ben Nevis. "I am sinking!" cried the traveller. "Can you tell me how to get out?" The Highlander calmly replied, "I think it is likely you never will," and walked away.—*Spurgeon.*

1145. COMIC, Craving for the. "I am convinced the world will get tired (at least I hope so) of *this eternal guffaw about all things*. After all, life has something serious in it. It cannot be all a comic history of humanity. Some men would, I believe, write a Comic Sermon on the Mount. Think of a Comic History of England, the drollery of Alfred, the fun of Sir Thomas More, the farce of his daughter begging the dead head, and clasping it in her coffin on her bosom. Surely the world will be sick of this blasphemy."—*Douglas Jerrold.*

1146. COMMANDMENT, The New. There is a tradition that Archbishop Ussher, passing through Galloway, turned aside on a Saturday to enjoy the congenial society of Rutherford. He came, however, in disguise; and being welcomed as a guest, took his place with the rest of the family when they were catechised, as was usual, that evening. The stranger was asked, How many commandments are there? His reply was, Eleven. The pastor corrected him,

but the stranger maintained his position, quoting our Lord's words, "*A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.*" They retired to rest, all interested in the stranger. Sabbath morning dawned. Rutherford arose and repaired, as was his custom, for meditation, to a walk that bordered on a thicket, but was startled by hearing the voice of prayer—prayer, too, for the host, and on behalf of the souls that day to assemble. It was no other than the holy archbishop, and soon they came to an explanation. With great mutual love they conversed together, and at the request of Rutherford the archbishop went up to the pulpit, conducted the service of the Presbyterian pastor, and preached on "The New Commandment."—*Dr. A. Bonar.*

1147. COMMANDMENTS, Investigation of. I have many times essayed thoroughly to investigate the Ten Commandments, but at the very outset, "I am the Lord thy God," I stuck fast; that very one word, I, put me to a *non-plus*. He that has but one word of God before him, and out of that word cannot make a sermon, can never be a preacher.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

1148. COMMANDMENTS, where most needed. Some missionary lately went with a lot of tracts containing the Ten Commandments. A Mandarin read them, and he sent back a very polite message, to the effect that those tracts were very good indeed; he had never read any laws so good as these; very fine, indeed, they were; but they had not so much need of them in China as they had among the English and French—would the missionary have the goodness to distribute them where they were most wanted.—*Spurgeon.*

1149. COMMENDATION a help. Dr. Neale of Boston tells this anecdote of Dr. Stillman, his distinguished predecessor, of revolutionary times. One Sunday morning he preached, as he thought, a poor sermon: he was so mortified that he could not eat his dinner, and went, feeling ill, to bed. "Jephthah," he faintly said, "I shall not be able to preach this afternoon. You must see the deacons, and ask them to get some other minister to supply my pulpit." Jephthah, who understood the case perfectly, said very respectfully he would go. "Dr. Stillman ought to have a rest, dear man, but I feel bad for the people; they will be disappointed, but folks is queer. They doesn't want to hear anybody else. I heard Mrs. Smith say this morning, what a beautiful sermon the doctor preached! But I'll tell the deacons Massa Stillman is wearin' hisself out." "You needn't go," said the doctor, brightening up. "I feel better. Brush my boots, Jephthah, and I'll try to preach myself." He went into the pulpit, and never preached more powerfully and eloquently than he did that afternoon.

1150. COMMERCE and self-denial. During the excitement aroused by the Stamp Act, the importers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia entered into a solemn compact to purchase no more goods of Great Britain until the Stamp Act should be repealed. The people applauded the action of the merchants, and cheerfully denied themselves all imported luxuries.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

1151. COMMON SENSE, Sanctified. I am never excited in my most exciting meetings. I can sleep like a top within three minutes of going into a meeting, and I can be sound asleep three minutes

after leaving it. If I were to get into a state of nervous excitement I should have been dead long ago. The great defect, if I may be permitted to say so, of your services in England, especially of the services of the Church, is that they alienate the masses by their excessive length and their lack of interest and vitality. Your religious services are adjusted to the needs of an age before railways were invented and telegrams had revolutionised the whole method of communication between man and man. You want telegraphic services (if I may use the phrase), if the busy men of the latter end of the nineteenth century are to attend them. None of our meetings exceeded one hour in length, and they were always broken up with plenty of singing. Long services are a mistake. You want prayers short and to the point, with straightforward addresses from the heart of the speaker to the hearts of the listeners. In short, the great need of the Church here, as elsewhere, is *sanctified common sense*.—*Moodly*.

1152. COMMON things, Value of. A rich nobleman was once showing a friend a great collection of precious stones, whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds, and pearls, and rubies, and gems from almost every country on the globe, which had been gathered by their possessor by the greatest labour and expense. "And yet," he remarked, "they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had two stones, which cost him but five pounds each, yet they yielded him a very considerable annual income. And he led him down to the mill and pointed to the two toiling grey millstones.

1153. COMMUNION at Lord's Table. A missionary from the East once said, that one of the hindrances to the elevation of the people was that the families did not eat together. Very much of our acquaintance, of mutual help and love, comes from the family gatherings at the daily meals. The feasts of the Church together at the Lord's Supper, the meeting often with God and His people at some joyous feast dedicated to Him, are great helps to a more intimate acquaintance and a deeper love.

1154. COMMUNION Day, the happiest. During the sunshine of his prosperity, Napoleon I. thought but little of God and religious duties. But when his power had been broken, and he was an exile at St. Helena, he began to see the vanity of earthly things, and became earnest and attentive to religion. Then it was that he returned a very remarkable answer to one who asked him what was the happiest day in his life. "Sire," said his questioner, "allow me to ask you what was the happiest day in all your life? Was it the day of your victory at Lodi? at Jena? at Austerlitz? or was it when you were crowned emperor? or the day on which you entered Vienna, Dresden, or Berlin in triumph?" "No, my good friend!" replied the fallen emperor, "it was none of these. It was the day of my first communion; that was the happiest day in all my life!"

1155. COMMUNION, Early. On the first of May in the olden times, according to annual custom, many inhabitants of London went into the fields to bathe their faces with the early dew upon the grass, under the idea that it would render them beautiful. Some writers call the custom supersti-

tious. It may have been so; but this we know, that to bathe one's face every morning in the dew of heaven by prayer and communion, is the sure way to obtain true beauty of life and character.—*Spurgeon*.

1156. COMMUNION, Effects of. It is related that one of his hearers once asked, "How is it that Mr. Bramwell always has something that is new to tell us when he preaches?" "Why," said the person interrogated, "you see Brother Bramwell lives so near the gates of heaven that he hears a great many things that we don't get near enough to hear anything about."

1157. COMMUNION may be silent. The fervent piety of a simple peasant, an unlettered husbandman, was the joy of his pastor's heart. Whether going to his work or returning from it, never did that good man pass the church door without entering it to adore the Lord. He would leave his tools at the door and remain for hours together sitting or kneeling within. Mr. Vranney, who watched him with great delight, could never perceive the slightest movement of the lips. Being surprised at this circumstance, he said to him one day, "My good father, what do you say to our Lord in those long visits you pay to Him every day, and many times a day?" "I say nothing to Him," was the reply. "I look at Him, and He looks at me."—*Monnin*.

1158. COMMUNION still sought. Euthydemus goes off feeling that his ideas are confused and contradictory upon that subject too (the subject of goodness), and that he truly knows nothing. This was a frequent result of a little conversation with the great Athenian questioner. Some kept away from so tantalising a sage, but Xenophon tells us that Euthydemus, who had been more often baffled than any one else, "thought that the only way to improve himself was still to converse with Socrates."—*Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.*

1159. COMMUNION, The last. The Rev. H. F. Lyte, the author of one or two of our best hymns, graduated from his studies with honour, but settled down into a "dreary Irish curacy," where he toiled until compelled by ill-health to resign. He finally settled at Brixham, where he laboured for twenty years under many a cloud of pastoral difficulty and discouragement. While here he wrote the beautiful hymn which is known by Christians of every denomination. The first line will recall the whole—

"Abide with me; 'tast falls the eventide."

This hymn was the last poetic utterance of Lyte, written as the shadows of the dark valley were closing his labours on earth. Though he was, as he says, scarcely "able to crawl," he made one more attempt to preach and to administer the Holy Communion. "O brethren!" said he, "I can speak feelingly, experimentally on this point; and I stand before you seasonably to-day, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely acquaintance with, appreciation of, and a dependence on the death of Christ." Many tearful eyes witnessed the distribution of the sacred elements as given out by one who was already standing with one foot in the

grave. Having given, with his dying breath, a last adieu to his surrounding flock, he retired to his chamber, fully aware of his near approach to the end of time. As the evening of the sad day gathered its darkness, he handed to a near and dear relative his immortal hymn, with music accompanying, which he had prepared. His end is described as that of "the happy Christian poet, singing while strength lasted;" and while entering the dark valley, pointing upwards with smiling countenance, he whispered "Peace, joy!"

1160. COMMUNION with God. There was each morning during his first sojourn in the Soudan one half-hour during which there lay outside Charles George Gordon's tent a handkerchief, and the whole camp knew the full significance of that small token, and most religiously was it respected by all there, whatever was their colour, creed, or business. No foot dared to enter the tent so guarded. No message, however pressing, was carried in. Whatever it was, of life or death, it had to wait until the guardian signal was removed. Every one knew that God and Gordon were alone in there together. —*Bishop of Newcastle.*

1161. COMMUNION with God, A Christian's. On the last Sunday which Prince Albert spent on earth, he lay, with his sofa wheeled before the window, looking out upon the sky and clouds. Presently his daughter Alice, who had been playing to him his favourite hymns and chorals, turned and noticed that his eyes were closed. She waited until he opened them again, and said, "Father, dear, have you been asleep?" "Oh no," he answered, "communing with happy thoughts—sweet thoughts." And those "sweet thoughts," his attendants testify, seemed, by the smile ever on his face, to remain with him to the end. Evidently they were thoughts like Melancthon's, when in the death hour a friend bent over him and asked if he wanted anything. "*Nothing but heaven,*" said the good man; and very soon he fell asleep in Jesus.

1162. COMMUNION with God in Christ. When I walked one day on the top of Mount Washington (glorious day of memory! such another day I think I shall not experience till I stand on the battlements of the New Jerusalem), how I was discharged of all imperfection! The wide far-spreading country which lay beneath me in beauteous light—how heavenly it looked! And I communed with God. I had sweet tokens that he loved me. My very being rose right up into his nature. I walked with Him. And the cities far and near—New York, and all the cities and villages that lay between it and me—with their thunder; the wrangling of human passions below me, were to me as if they were not. Standing, as I did, high above them, it seemed to me as though they did not exist. There were the attritions, and cruel grindings, and cries, and tears, and shocks of the human life below, but I was lifted up so high that they were nothing to me. The sounds died out, and I was lost with God. And the mountain-top was never so populous to me as when I was absolutely alone. So it is with the soul that goes up into the bosom of Christ. There is a reach where the arrows of envy cannot strike you.—*Beecher.*

1163. COMPANION, Seeking to save. A man should be very well established in faith and virtue

who attempts to reclaim a witty and agreeable profligate; *otherwise he may become a convert*, instead of making one. Chapelle, a person of this character, was met one day in the street by his friend Boileau, who took the opportunity of mentioning to him his habit of drinking, and the consequences of it. Unfortunately they were just by a tavern; Chapelle only desired they might step in there, and promised he would listen patiently and attentively. Boileau consented; and the event was, that about one in the morning they were carried home dead drunk, and in separate coaches.—*Bishop Horne.*

1164. COMPANIONSHIP, Christian. After Philip Henry, who came to Worthenbury a stranger, had been in the country for some time, his attachment to Miss Matthews, afterwards his wife, became manifest; and it was mutual. Among the other objections urged by her friends against the connection, was this—that although Mr. Henry was a gentleman, and a scholar, and an excellent preacher, he was quite a stranger, and they did not even know where he came from. "True," replied Miss Matthews; "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him."—*Whitecross.*

1165. COMPASSION for suffering. A Mongolian's pity seems to flow out freely towards the suffering of all creatures, even the meanest and most vexatious. My bald-headed camel-driver was nearly driven to distraction one evening by a cloud of mosquitoes which kept hovering over and alighting on his shining pate. During the night there came a touch of frost, and when we rose in the morning not an insect was on the wing. Looking at them as they hung benumbed to the sides of the tent, he remarked, "The mosquitoes are frozen;" and then added, in a tone of sincere sympathy, the Mongol phrase expressive of pity, "Hoarhe, Hoarhe." There was no sarcasm or hypocrisy about it.—*Rev. James Gilmore, M.A.*

1166. COMPLAINING, and working. Two gardeners, who were neighbours, had their crops of early peas killed by frost; one of them came to condole with the other on this misfortune. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbour! do you know I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up already; what are these?" "These!" cried the other gardener; "why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What! coming up already?" cried the fretter. "Yes; while you were fretting, I was working." "What! don't you fret when you have a loss?" "Yes; but I always put off the fretting until after I have repaired the mischief." "Why, then, you have no need to fret at all." "True," replied the industrious gardener, "and that's the very reason why I put fretting off." —*Arvine.*

1167. COMPLAINTS, Inappropriate. A Persian soldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well admonished by his officer. "Sir, *you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him.*"

1168. COMPLAINTS, Treatment of. A lady once made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia: "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That is not *my* business," replied the king. "But he speaks ill of you."

"That," replied he, "is none of your business."—*Clerical Library.*

1169. COMPLIMENTS, not found in Scripture. It was common for the clergy who preached before Louis XIV. to pour forth upon him the most disgusting eulogies; but Seraphin is mentioned as an exception. The first time that he ascended the pulpit in the sovereign's presence, he said to him, "Sire, I am not ignorant of the custom, according to the prescription of which I am expected to pay you a compliment. This I hope your majesty will dispense with; for I have been searching for a compliment in the Scriptures, and, unhappily, I have not found one."

1170. COMPROMISE, the secret of Christian failure. Looking back upon my efforts for the last twenty years, I believe that their failure has been in a very great part owing to my *compromise with the fidelity of this outer world*, and my endeavour to base my pleadings upon motives of ordinary prudence and kindness, instead of on the primary duty of loving God—foundation other than which no man can lay. I thought myself speaking to a crowd which could only be influenced by visible utility, nor was I the least aware how many entirely good and holy persons were living in the faith and love of God as vividly and practically as ever in the early enthusiasm of Christendom, until, chiefly in consequence of the great illnesses which for some time after 1878 forbade my accustomed literary labour, I was brought into closer personal relation with the friends in America, Scotland, Ireland, and Italy, to whom, if I am spared to write any record of my life, it will be seen that I owe the best hopes and highest thoughts which have supported and guided the force of my matured mind. These have shown me with lovely initiation in how many secret places the prayer was made which I had foolishly listened for at the corner of the streets; and on how many hills which I had thought left desolate, the hosts of heaven still moved in chariots of fire.—*Ruskin* (96th and last *Fors Clavigera*).

1171. COMPROMISE, Unsatisfactory nature of. As a consequence of the adoption of Christianity, the Indians had to change many old habits and customs, and in doing so they were often perplexed. They were told that gaming was sinful; but they asked was it permissible to repudiate debts contracted before their conversion through gaming with non-praying Indians? This question gave Eliot great concern. He could not reply that gaming was lawful, nor would he countenance the breach of a promise. He found a way out of the dilemma by urging on the creditor that gaming was sinful, and persuading him to reduce his claim by one-half; by informing the debtor that, though he had sinned by gaming, yet that he must fulfil his promise, and by inducing him to pay one-half of what he owed. This compromise was adopted in all cases of the kind, but it led to the result of a winner at play counting upon receiving, and the loser of paying, half the amount in each case, so that the change was no real improvement.—*W. Fraser Rae.*

1172. COMPULSION, who are really subject to it. Palissy, the potter, was a Protestant, and was condemned, along with two females, to be burnt to death. The king, Henry III., urged him to give

up his religion and turn Papist; otherwise, he said, *he should be compelled* to send him to the stake. Palissy replied to the king—"Your Majesty has said several times that you felt pity for me, but it is I who pity you, who have said, '*I am compelled.*' That is not speaking like a king! These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay."

1173. CONCEALMENT, Difficulty of. A traveller disguised for Eastern exploration found it necessary to affect an indisposition that required his arms to be strapped to his sides lest he should forget himself and gesticulate. He dared eat no supper lest he should talk in his sleep, and even with these precautions narrowly escaped discovery. He snored differently!—*Dr. N. Heinemann.*

1174. CONCEIT, in ignorance. Dr. Clarke having casually met with a sextant, which had been taken from a French prisoner, made an observation to ascertain the ship's position, and sent a respectful message to the captain (a Mohammedan) to inform him of "the latitude and the probable distance from Rhodes, Finica Bay, and Cyprus." He was immediately summoned, and asked how he could pretend to know. The doctor mentioned the sextant, and the observations daily practised on board English and other ships. The sextant was instantly ordered to make its appearance. This instrument being altogether incomprehensible to him, he contented himself with viewing it in every direction except that in which it might be used; and stroking his long beard, said to a Ragusan, "Thus it is always with these poor infidels; they can make nothing out without some peeping contrivance of this kind: now we Turks require no sextants—we (pointing with his finger to his forehead)—we have our sextants *here.*"—*John Foster.*

1175. CONCENTRATION, secret of strength. Concentration is the secret of strength. "Stick to your brewery," said the great Rothschild to Mr. Buxton, "and you will be the first brewer of London. Try to be brewer, banker, manufacturer, and merchant, and you will soon be—in the Gazette."

1176. CONCENTRATION, the secret of despatch. The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, replied, "That his whole art consisted in *doing one thing at once.*"—*Budgell.*

1177. CONCILIATING the devil. Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying; his confessor told him how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell; the Spaniard, replying, called the devil my lord, "I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel." His confessor reproved him. "Excuse me," said the Don, "for calling him so; I know not into whose hands I may fall, and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."—*Selden.*

1178. CONCLUSIONS, Rushing at. It was a brindled cow that caused the lawyer's trouble.

Sitting one morning at breakfast, he saw, as he supposed, moodily strolling past his window, the animal that supplied him with milk. Evidently she had escaped from her shed. Off he set after her; but the cow, though placid enough when left to herself, was a good match for a lawyer when she was chased. At length, out of breath, and dripping with perspiration, he came within reach of the errant cow, grasping her horn, which she resented, and, managing to get away, started off once more. He continued the chase vigorously, and in the end, by the kind assistance of a farmer who lent him a halter, turned round and made for home, and towards midday the pair reached the house. The lawyer went to the shed, and was met by the amiable and inquiring eyes of his own and only cow, which turned her head to see what was the matter. It was a strange and unknown cow, resembling his own when the two were apart, that the lawyer had passed a laborious forenoon in pursuing.

1179. CONDUCT, Noble. Dr. Simpson having visited a lady professionally during a dangerous illness, advised for her further recovery that she should go to a certain watering-place. The lady said sadly as she presented his fee, that such an expense was beyond her means. Sir James left without further remark, but a few days later sent in the most delicate way, not only the fee, but £20, with the request that now she would follow his advice.—*Dr. Koenig's Life of Dr. Simpson.*

1180. CONFESSION, An honest. In the early part of the reign of Louis XVI., a German prince, travelling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon, where the galleys were kept. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, said he was welcome to set free any one galley-slave whom he should choose to select. The prince, willing to make the best use of the privilege, spoke to many of them in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys. Injustice, oppression, false accusations, were assigned by one after another as the causes of their being there. In fact they were all injured and ill-treated persons. At last he came to one, who, when asked the same question, answered to this effect: "Your highness, I have no reason to complain—I have been a very wicked, desperate wretch. I have deserved to be broken alive on the wheel. I account it a great mercy that I am here." The prince fixed his eyes upon him, and said: "You wicked wretch! It is a pity you should be placed among so many honest men. By your own confession, you are bad enough to corrupt them all; but you shall not stay with them another day." Then turning to the officer, he said: "This is the man, sir, whom I wish to be released."

1181. CONFESSION, Folly of. A German making his confession to a priest at Rome, promised, on oath, to keep secret whatsoever the priest should impart unto him, until he reached home; whereupon the priest gave him a leg of the ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem, very neatly bound up in silk, and said: "This is the holy relic on which the Lord Christ corporally did sit, with his sacred legs touching this ass's leg. Then was the German wondrous glad, and carried the said holy relic with him into Germany. When he got to the borders, he bragged of his holy relic in the presence of four others, his comrades, when lo! it turned out that

each of them had likewise received from the same priest a leg, after promising the same secrecy. Thereupon, all exclaimed, with great wonder: Lord! had that ass five legs?—*Luther's Table Talk.*

1182. CONFESSION, not to a priest. The burden of guilt is fatal, and relief from it may often restore a human soul to virtue. Confession to a friend, to one's own soul, to an elder brother, to a father, to a holy, old, white-haired man (in short the best view of it), is surely a moral thing, and, as such ought to be described.—*Professor Wilson.*

1183. CONFESSION of wrong, power of. When George Washington was stationed in early life at Alexandria, with a regiment under his command, he grew warm one day at an election, and said something very offensive to a Mr. Payne, who, with one blow of his cane, felled him to the ground. On hearing of the insult offered to their commander, the regiment, burning for revenge, immediately started for the city; but Washington met them, and begged them, by their regard for him, to return peaceably to their barracks. Finding himself in the wrong in his hasty expressions, he nobly resolved to make an honourable reparation, and the next morning sent a polite note requesting Payne to meet him at the tavern. Payne took it for a challenge, and went in expectation of a duel; but what was his surprise to find instead of pistols, a decanter of wine on the table! Washington rose to meet him, and said with a smile, "Mr. Payne, to err is human; but to correct our errors is always honourable. I believe I was wrong yesterday; you have had, I think, some satisfaction; and if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand—let us be friends." Such an act of justice and courtesy few could resist; and Payne became from that moment, through life, an enthusiastic friend and admirer of Washington, who, in all his victories, never won a more glorious triumph than when by ruling his own spirit he subdued the anger of his enemy, and won his confidence and love.

1184. CONFESSION, Outward, for Christ. Do you suppose that is the wedding, when the young man and his blushing bride stand up and exchange vows? The wedding took place when their two hearts rushed together as one, and when they clasped each other, and said, "Thine for life; mine for life." Their souls are married first; but they are obliged then to stand up before law and institution and custom, and openly say, "This is what we have done." This declarative and open wedding is necessary for morality, for decency, for reasons right and proper. The marriage of the souls comes first. Afterward there is the reaffirmation before men. And every soul ought to be married to Christ. Every soul should clasp him with secret faith. And then there should be the standing up and bearing outward, public testimony before men.—*Beecher.*

1185. CONFESSION, Outward, necessity for. Victorinus, a teacher of rhetoric at Rome, was in his old age converted to Christianity, and came to Simplicianus, one eminent at that time for his piety, whispering in his ear softly these words, "I am a Christian;" but this holy man answered, "I will not believe it, nor count thee so, till I see thee among the Christians in the Church," at which he laughed, saying, "Do then those walls make a

Christian? cannot I be such except I openly profess it, and let the world know the same?" This he said for fear, being yet but a young convert, though an old man; but some time after, when he was more confirmed in the faith, and had seriously considered that if he should continue thus ashamed of Christ, He would be ashamed of him at last, he changed his purpose, and came to Simplicianus, saying, "Let us go to the church, I will now in earnest be a Christian." And there he made an open confession, observing that "as he had openly professed rhetoric, which was not essential to salvation, he ought not to be afraid to own the word of God in the congregation of the faithful."

1186. CONFESSION to God, not man. At a conference at Sobam, a friend of slender abilities being asked to pray, knelt down, and Mr. Fuller and the company with him, when he found himself so embarrassed, that, whispering to Mr. Fuller, he said, "I do not know how to go on." Mr. F. replied in a whisper, "*Tell the Lord so.*" The rest of the company did not hear what passed between them, but the man taking Mr. Fuller's advice began to confess his not knowing how to pray, as he ought to pray, begging to be taught to pray, and so proceeded in prayer to the satisfaction of all the company.—*Dr. Ryland.*

1187. CONFESSION, Trivial. The Papists, in private confession, only regard the work. There was such a running to confession, they were never satisfied; if one had forgotten to confess anything, however trivial, which afterwards came to his remembrance, off he must be back to his confessor, and confess again. I knew a doctor in law who was so bent upon confessing, that, before he could receive the sacrament, he went three times to his confessor.—*Luther.*

1188. CONFIDENCE at death. Dr. Simpson on his death-bed told a friend that he awaited his great change with the contented confidence of a little child. As another friend said to him that he might, as John at the last supper, lean his head on the breast of Christ, the doctor made answer, "I fear I cannot do that, but I think I have grasped hold of the hem of His garment."—*Dr. Koenig's Life of Dr. Simpson.*

1189. CONFIDENCE, Christian. It is easy to know the knock of a beggar at one's door. Low, timid, hesitating, it seems to say, I have no claim on the kindness of this house. . . . How different, on his return from school, the loud knocking, the bounding step, the joyous rush of the child into his father's presence. . . . Now, why are believers bold? Glory to God in the highest! It is to a father in God, to an elder brother in Christ, that Faith conducts our steps in prayer; therefore, in the hour of need, bold of spirit, she raises her suppliant hands, and cries, O that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, and come down.—*Guthrie.*

1190. CONFIDENCE, Erroneous. At the battle of Waterloo, when Napoleon saw the English in position, he exclaimed, "At last I have them; nine chances to ten are in my favour."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

1191. CONFIDENCE, False. One of the saddest incidents connected with the disastrous fire at Chicago is that so many trusted not only their

goods but their lives to buildings that were regarded as fireproof, and that they perished together. Dr. Goodall records similar incidents connected with the great fire at Constantinople in 1831, and makes a suggestive reflection: "We, like many others, fared the worse for living in houses which were considered fire-proof. In the great burning day may no such false confidence prove our ruin."—*Christian Age.*

1192. CONFIDENCE, False. The present Eddystone Lighthouse stands very firmly, but that was not the character of the first structure that stood on that dangerous point. There was an eccentric man, by the name of Henry Winstanley, who built a very fantastic lighthouse at that point in 1696, and when it was nearly done he felt so confident that it was strong, that he expressed the wish that he might be in it in the roughest hurricane that ever blew in the face of heaven. And he got his wish. One November night, in 1703, he and his workmen were in that lighthouse when there came down the most raging tempest that has ever been known in that region. On the following morning the people came down to see about the lighthouse. Not a vestige of the wall, not a vestige of the men. Only two twisted iron bolts, showing where the lighthouse had stood. So there are men building up their fantastic hopes, and plans, and enterprises, and expectations, thinking they will stand for ever, saying: "We don't want any of the defences of the gospel. We can stand for ourselves. We are not afraid. We take all the risks and we defy everything;" and suddenly the Lord blows upon them and they are gone.—*Talmage.*

1193. CONFIDENCE, Grounds of. Grandly did the old Scottish believer, of whom Dr. Brown tells us in his "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," respond to the challenge of her pastor regarding the ground of her confidence. "Janet," said the minister, "what would you say, if after all He has done for you, God should let you drop into hell?" "E'en's (even as) He likes," answered Janet. "If He does, He'll lose nair than I'll do." At first sight Janet's reply looks irreverent, if not something worse. As we contemplate it, however, its sublimity grows upon us. Like the Psalmist she could say, "I on Thy Word rely" (Ps. cxix. 114, metrical version). If His Word were broken, if His faithfulness should fail, if that foundation could be destroyed, truly He would lose more than His trusting child.—*Clerical Library.*

1194. CONFIDENCE, in danger. During the great London earthquake, when thousands were running about and crying in terror, and buildings were falling, and the ground was rocking like the ocean in a storm, Wesley gathered a few of his followers in one of their little chapels, and read calmly to them the 46th Psalm, beginning, "God is our refuge and strength."—*Christian Age.*

1195. CONFIDENCE, in Christ. During the last two or three years of Rev. Rowland Hill's life, he very frequently repeated the following lines of a well-known poet:—

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry;
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this I can find:
We two are so joined,
That He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

When he was lying on his death-bed unconscious,

a friend put his mouth to his ear, and slowly repeated his favourite lines :—

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry," &c.

The light came back to his fast-fading eye, a smile overspread his face, and his lips moved in vain attempt to articulate the words. This was the last sign of consciousness he ever gave. We could almost wish that every disciple of Christ would commit these lines, quaint as they are, to memory, and weave them into the web of his Christian experience. *Confidence in Christ, and undeviating adherence to Him*, can alone enable us to triumph in life and death.—*Belcher's Life of Whitefield.*

1196. CONFIDENCE, in God. The Roman noblemen could give no greater proof of their confidence in their city and army, than when they bought the land on which their Carthaginian enemies were encamped around the city. And we can give no greater proof of our confidence in God, than by trusting Him in the land which our enemies, darkness and sickness and trouble, seem to possess, and acting as if He were their master, and mightier than they all.

1197. CONFIDENCE, Power of. When Elizabeth Fry went into Newgate Prison to redeem the abandoned, she was told to lay off her purse and watch lest they be stolen, but refused, saying that confidence in the criminals would be one way of touching them.

1198. CONFIDENCE, Reward of. Augustus Cæsar, having promised by proclamation a great sum of money to any one that should bring him the head of a famous pirate, yet when the pirate, who had heard of this, brought it himself to him, he not only pardoned him for his former offences, but rewarded him for the great confidence he had in his mercy.—*Spencer.*

1199. CONFLICT, A mighty. I was reading this morning, that when Richard Baxter was preaching on a certain occasion in England, the shock of arms was heard in the distance. Twenty-five thousand men were in combat, but he went on preaching, and the audience sat and listened though they knew that a great conflict was raging. While I preach this morning, I know there is a mightier contest—all heaven and hell in battle array, contending for the mastery of your immortal spirit. Who shall have it?—*Talmage.*

1200. CONFLICT, Choice in. It is said that when Schomberg was told that the enemy were advancing and were determined to fight, he answered with the composure of a tactician confident in his skill, "That will be just as we may choose."—*Macaulay.*

1201. CONFLICT, Do not provoke. Be prepared to fight, and always have your sword buckled on your thigh, but wear a scabbard : there can be no sense in waving your weapon about before everybody's eyes to provoke conflict, after the manner of our beloved friends of the Emerald Isle, who are said to take their coats off at Donnybrook Fair, and drag them along the ground, crying out, while they flourish their shillelahs, "Will any gentleman be so good as to tread on the tail of my coat?" These are theologians of such warm, generous blood,

that they are never at peace till they are fully engaged in war.—*Spurgeon.*

1202. CONFLICT, Judgment needed in. The Zulus at the battle of Ulundi used against us the rifles captured at Isanduala. In their zeal they aimed over the tops of the sights, which were found afterwards raised quite up, with clay banked round to keep them steady. This the Zulus thought would make the guns "Shoot stronger." And it did. Their fire went clean over the heads of the British square, and made sad havoc of their own men who were attacking it on the opposite face.—*M.F.*

1203. CONFLICT prolonged unnecessarily. The battle of New Orleans was fought after the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent, the news of which arrived soon after. And this is what conflict with God means, warfare continued when there is no longer any necessity for it.—*B.*

1204. CONFLICT, The end of. "Do you ask me in general what will be the end of the conflict? I answer, victory! But if you ask me in particular? Then I answer, death! But death is not extinction! Rather it serves to spread abroad the light."—*Savonarola.*

1205. CONGREGATION, Claims of. There are strong-bearded, long-headed men by hundreds looking up to you in earnestness, and seeming to say in the midst of the mysteries of life, "O, you little sir, have you any light to throw upon the mystery? Have you any help to give us strong-headed men of business?"—*Thomas Jones.*

1206. CONGREGATION, Concern for. As I was walking in the fields, the thought came over me with almost overwhelming power, that every one of my flock must soon be in heaven or hell. Oh, how I wished that I had a tongue like thunder, that I might make all hear; or that I had a frame like iron, that I might visit every one and say, 'Escape for thy life!' Ah, sinners! you little know how I fear that you will lay the blame of your damnation at my door.—*M'Cheyne.*

1207. CONGREGATION, Divided. One of the most striking, affecting, and effective open-air addresses ever delivered was that given by the martyr Wishart at the gate of Dundee, at the time the plague was raging within the city, when the stricken and the healthy stood apart while listening to the words of life and truth.—*Anecdotes of the Reformation.*

1208. CONGREGATIONS and the Gospel. A Scotch minister thus discoursed on the carelessness of his flock : "Brethren, when you leave the church just look down at the duke's swans; they are very bonny swans; an' they'll be sooming about an' aye dooking doon their heads and laving theirsels wi' the clear water till they're a drookit; then you'll see them sooming to the shore, an' they'll gie their wings a bit flap and they're dry again. Now, my friends, you come here every Sabbath an' lave a' ower wi' the Gospel till ye're fairly drookit wi't. But you just gang awa' hame, an' sit doon by your fireside, gie your wings a bit flap, an' ye're as dry as ever again."

1209. CONGREGATIONS, cause of their dissatisfaction. Dogs often fight because the supply

of bones is scanty, and congregations frequently quarrel because they do not get sufficient spiritual meat to keep them happy and peaceful. The ostensible ground of dissatisfaction may be something else, but nine times out of ten *deficiency in their rations* is at the bottom of the mutinies which occur in our churches.—*Spurgeon*.

1210. CONGREGATIONS, Dilatoriness of. An earnest minister once had the misfortune to succeed a tardy man who had had the congregation in charge for some years. He despaired of reforming them in great matters if he could not reform them in small. He found them in the habit of meeting at twelve o'clock, though the hour appointed and agreed upon was eleven. The preacher knew his duty, and began at the minute. The first day after his settlement his sermon was well-nigh closed before most of his congregation arrived. Some actually arrived just at the benediction. They were confounded. He made no apology. He only asked the seniors if they would prefer any other time than eleven o'clock, and he would be sure and attend. A few weeks passed and the church was regularly full and waiting for the minute. The preacher never failed in twenty years, except in a few cases of indisposition, to commence at the hour appointed. His congregation soon became as punctual and circumspect in other matters as in their attendance at church.—*Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdotes*.

1211. CONGREGATIONS not to be flattered. Whitfield, in a sermon he preached at Haworth, having spoken severely of those professors of the gospel, who, by their loose and evil conduct caused the ways of truth to be evil spoken of, intimated his hope, that it was not necessary to enlarge much upon that topic to the congregation before him, who had so long enjoyed the benefit of an able and faithful preacher, and he was willing to believe that their profiting appeared to all men. This roused Mr. Grimshaw's spirit, and notwithstanding his great regard for the preacher, he stood up and interrupted him, saying with a loud voice, "Oh, sir, for God's sake do not speak so, *I pray you do not flatter them*; I fear the greater part of them are going to hell with their eyes open."—*Buck*.

1212. CONGREGATIONS, Want of. Mr. Christopher Richardson, minister of Kirk Heaton, in Yorkshire, was much followed. A neighbouring minister, whose parishioners used to go to hear him, complaining once to him that he drew away his flock, Mr. Richardson answered, "*Feed them better, and they will not stray.*"

1213. CONSCIENCE, Acting according to. Two monks having come one day to William Rufus, king of England, to buy an abbot's place, who outreached each other in the suns they offered, the King said to a third monk who stood by, "What wilt thou give for the place?" "Not a penny," answered the monk, "for it is against my conscience." "Then," replied the King, "thou of the three best deservest it," and instantly gave it to him.—*Whitecross*.

1214. CONSCIENCE, A distorted. When the compass loses its proper polarity at sea the whole course of the vessel might be altered by it; and when the conscience loses its right direction, its responsibility to God, its deference and inclination

to His law, by its continued violation of the higher duties, the heart is filled with fears, the dispensations of Providence are suspected to be judgments, when they may be real and satisfying mercies.—*Cumming*.

1215. CONSCIENCE, A disturbed. It is related of Mr. Richard Garrat that he used to walk to Westworth every Monday. In one of these walks a country fellow that had been his hearer the day before, and had been cut to the heart by somewhat he had delivered, came up to him with his scythe upon his shoulders, and in a mighty rage told him he would be the death of him, for he was sure he was a witch, he having told him the day before what no one in the world knew of him but God and the devil, and therefore he most certainly dealt with the devil.

1216. CONSCIENCE, A good. In the famous trial of Warren Hastings it was recorded that when he was put on his trial in so magnificent a manner in Westminster Hall, after the counsel for the prosecution, Burke, Sheridan, and others had delivered their eloquent speeches, he began to think he must be the greatest criminal on the face of the earth; but he related that when he turned to his own conscience the effect of all those grand speeches was as nothing. "I felt," he said, "that I had done my duty, and that they may say what they please."—*Canon Ryle*.

1217. CONSCIENCE, A guilty. Father André, preaching one day at Paris against the vices of gallantry and intrigue, threatened to name a lady present as being one of the guilty. He, however, corrected himself, saying, in Christian charity he would only throw his skull-cap in the direction where the lady sat. As soon as he took his cap in his hand every woman present bobbed down her head, for fear it should come to her.

1218. CONSCIENCE, A guilty. Bessus, a native of Pelonia in Greece, being one day seen by his neighbours pulling down some birds'-nests and passionately destroying their young, was severely reproved by them for his ill-nature and cruelty to those creatures that seemed to court his protection. He replied that their notes were to him insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him of the murder of his father.—*Arvine*.

1219. CONSCIENCE, A guilty. When Professor Webster, of America, was awaiting his trial for murder, he brought against his fellow prisoners the charge of insulting him through the walls of his cell, and screaming to him, "You are a bloody man!" On examination it was found that the charge was wholly groundless, and that these accusing voices were imaginary, being but the echo of *a guilty conscience*.—*Denton*.

1220. CONSCIENCE, A guilty. The Earl of Breadalbane planned the massacre of Glencoe, and carried it into execution in the most cruel and dastardly manner. Macaulay says of him, that, hardened as he was, he felt the stings of conscience or the dread of retribution. He did his best to assume an air of unconcern. He made his appearance in the most fashionable coffee-house at Edinburgh, and talked loudly and self-complacently about the important services in which he had been engaged among the mountains. Some of his soldiers, however, who

observed him closely, whispered that all this bravery was put on. He was not the man that he had been before that night. The form of his countenance was changed. In all places, at all hours, whether he waked or slept, Glencoe was for ever before him.

1221. CONSCIENCE, A morbid. A Neapolitan shepherd came in great anguish to his priest. "Father, have mercy on a miserable sinner! It is the holy season of Lent; and while I was busy at work some whey, spurring from the cheese-press, flew into my mouth, and, wretched man! I swallowed it. Free my distressed conscience from its agonies by absolving me from my guilt." "Have you no other sins to confess?" said his spiritual guide. "No; I do not know that I have committed any other." "There are," said the priest, "many robberies and murders from time to time committed on your mountains, and I have reason to believe you are one of the persons concerned in them." "Yes," he replied, "I am; but *these are never accounted a crime: it is a thing practised by us all, and there needs no confession on that account.*"

1222. CONSCIENCE, An accusing. One that owed much money and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a tenterhook caught his cloak. "At whose suit?" said he, conceiving some bailiff had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is, and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them.—*Thomas Fuller.*

1223. CONSCIENCE and our sympathies. It will be found that men are sensitive to right and wrong, not so much by reason of the direct impact of intellectual decision as by reason of intellectual decision transmitted through another faculty or emotion. Take an illustration out of my own experience—for it is always allowable, I believe, for a man to dissect his own sins. When I came to Brooklyn, feeling a certain independence, I refused to return marriage certificates to the authorities. There was no law which compelled me to do it, and I was not going to return them for mere form's sake. By-and-by a law was passed that all clergymen should return marriage certificates to the Board of Health, but I did not do it then; I did not see any reason for it, and I was not going to trouble myself about it. But after the first year of the war, on two or three occasions it happened some woman would come to me and say, "My husband was killed on the battlefield; the Government owed him for bounty and back pay; but I cannot get the money unless I can prove that I was married to him: will you not give me a certificate?" I had none. I had made no return of their marriage. It did not take more than one argument like that to convince me that I ought to make returns of certificates of marriage. I said to myself, "If the bread of the poor is often to be determined by the fact of a marriage; if the fact of a marriage is a question of humanity, and can settle what is right and what is wrong, *then my duty in the matter is clear*;" and I believe I have not failed to return the certificate of a marriage since that day. The mere abstract law would not affect any conscience; but since my conscience was approached through sympathy, through benevolent feeling, you could not bribe me to neglect my duty

in that regard. My conscience has strength on that side.—*Beecher.*

1224. CONSCIENCE and temptation. One night Dr. Bentley, well known among the American clergy of olden time, was disturbed by a rattling sound among some wood, which, sawed and split for his study-fire, had been left the afternoon previous, too late to be properly housed. He arose, went cautiously to the window, and saw a woman filling her apron with wood, which she hastily carried away. Shortly after the same noise occurred, and on looking out a second time he saw a similar operation, the woman filling her apron to its utmost capacity. When she had gone he returned to his book, with a tender pity in his heart for a destitution which sought relief in this lonely, dreary, sinful manner. By-and-by he was startled by a crash of falling wood, and, hurrying to the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the wood from her apron. She swiftly departed, and soon returned heavily laden with wood, which she threw on the pile as if it were indeed "the accursed thing." The doctor's compassion and curiosity were now intensely excited. He followed her until he discovered her residence, and thus ascertained who she was. He called early next morning on the wood-dealer, and directed him to send a half-cord of his best wood to Mrs. N—, but by no means let her know from whence it came. Mr. B—'s teamster, who happened to be within ear-shot, when he tipped the wood into the poor woman's yard, replied to her eager inquiry as to who sent it by relating the conversation he had overheard. The conscience-stricken woman hastened to the house of the benevolent man, to express her gratitude and her sorrow, and, with deep humility and bitterness, told him the temptation, to which her extreme poverty had reduced her, of breaking the eighth commandment. "Sir," she said, "though my house was dark and cold; though my heart was wrung with anguish at the sight of my poor shivering little ones, I could not keep it! My conscience would not let me." "Say no more, my dear madam," said the good man. "I saw it all. I saw you conquer the devil in two fair fights."

1225. CONSCIENCE, Appeal to. A minister was about to leave his own congregation for the purpose of visiting London, on what was by no means a pleasant errand—to beg on behalf of his place of worship. Previous to his departure he called together the principal persons connected with his charge, and said to them, "Now, I shall be asked whether we have conscientiously done all that we can for the removal of the debt. What answer am I to give? Brother So-and-so, *can you in conscience say that you have given all you can?*" "Why, sir," he replied, "if you come to conscience, I don't know that I can." The same question he put to a second, and a third, and so on, and similar answers were returned, until the whole sum required was subscribed, and there was no longer any need for their pastor to wear out his soul in going to London on any such unpleasant excursion.—*Christian Age.*

1226. CONSCIENCE cannot be silenced. "I have often wished for insanity—anything to quell conscience, that never-dying worm that preys upon my heart."—*Byron.*

1227. CONSCIENCE, Faithful dealing with. More than one hundred years ago there graduated at Harvard University a man by the name of Grindoll Rawson, who subsequently settled in the ministry at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod. He used to preach very pointed sermons. Having heard that some of his parishioners were in the habit of making him the object of their mirth at a tavern, he one Sabbath preached a discourse from the text, "*And I was the song of the drunkard.*" His remarks were of a very moving character—so much so that many of his hearers rose and left the house in the midst of the sermon. A short time afterwards the preacher delivered a discourse still more pointed than the first, from the text, "*And they, being convicted out of their own conscience, went out one by one.*" On this occasion no one ventured to retire from the assembly, but the guilty ones resigned themselves, with as good a grace as possible, to the lash of their pastor.

1223. CONSCIENCE, Fidelity to. Richard Baxter was offered and pressed to accept a bishopric—of Hereford. His regard to conscience, however, suffered him not to accept the honour. On the other hand, Edward Reynolds accepted the bishopric offered him at the time, and died Bishop of Norwich. But who for one instant would compare poor Edward Reynolds in anything with Richard Baxter? And yet Richard Baxter's mouth was shut and he was put in prison because he would meet with and exhort a few Christian friends in a "private house." For that and the like he was browbeaten and insulted by the ermined ruffian, Judge Jeffreys, doing the bidding of the Court and the Church.—*A. B. Grosart, LL.D.*

1229. CONSCIENCE, Fidelity to. "As my conscience is bound by God's Word, I" [Luther at Worms] "cannot and will not recant, because it is neither safe nor advisable to act contrary to conscience. Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise; God help me! Amen!" . . . Luther was now happy at heart. As soon as he returned to his lodging-place he lifted up both hands and cried out, "I have done it! I have done it!" And continuing, he remarked, "If I had a thousand heads, I would lose them rather than recant."—*Rein's Luther.*

1230. CONSCIENCE, Freaks of. Even in modern times it is difficult to induce a Carlisle jury to convict a man of murder; but when the offence is sheep-stealing the conviction is certain. When Baron Martin crossed Shapfell on his northern circuit he used to say, "Now we have got into Cumberland, where we can scarcely get a jury to convict a man of murder even though he has killed his mother; but they will hang a man for sheep-stealing."—*Samuel Smiles.*

1231. CONSCIENCE, Freedom of. When certain persons attempted to persuade Stephen, king of Poland, to constrain some of his subjects, who were of a different religion, to embrace his, he said to them, "I am king of men, and not of consciences. The dominion of conscience belongs exclusively to God."—*Whitcross.*

1232. CONSCIENCE, Image of. A tale is told of an Eastern prince, that when in trouble a great magician presented him with a talismanic ring. The gift was of inestimable value, not for the diamonds and rubies and pearls that gemmed it,

but for a rare and mystic property in the metal. It sat easily enough upon his hand in ordinary circumstances, but so soon as its wearer formed a bad thought or wish, designed or committed a bad action, the ring became a monitor; suddenly contracting, it pressed painfully on the finger, warning him of sin.

1233. CONSCIENCE, Integrity of. Hugh Miller speaks of the mason with whom he served his apprenticeship as one who "*put his conscience into every stone that he laid.*"—*Smiles.*

1234. CONSCIENCE may be deadened or trained. A student desiring to rise early bought an alarm-clock. For a few days it worked well. But one morning, after being aroused by its alarm, he turned over and went to sleep again. Ever afterward it was a failure; he slept through its call with perfect regularity. Yet many a mother wakes on the faintest voice of her child, and many a watcher on the slightest movement of the patient. They have trained themselves to heed such calls. In like manner the conscience may be deadened or trained.

1235. CONSCIENCE not dead. One of the most sensible men I ever knew (says one), but whose life as well as creed had been rather eccentric, returned me the following answer not many months before his death, when I asked him whether his former irregularities were not both accompanied at the time, and succeeded afterwards, by some sense of mental pain. "Yes," said he; "but I have scarce ever owned it until now. We" (meaning we infidels and men of fashionable morals) "do not tell you all that passes in our hearts."

1236. CONSCIENCE, Obedience to. Lord Erskine, when at the bar, was remarkable for the fearlessness with which he contended against the Bench. In a contest he had with Lord Kenyon he explained the rule and conduct at the bar in the following terms:—"It was," said he, "the first command and counsel of my youth always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and leave the consequences to God. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that any obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice; I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

1237. CONSCIENCE once possessed. Robespierre, when he was a young advocate of promise, gave up the Arras judgeship rather than sentence one man to die.—*Carlyle.*

1238. CONSCIENCE, Over-punctiliousness of. Rev. Dr. Macleod (father of the late Norman Macleod) was proceeding from the manse to the church to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with a peculiar kind of wig known in that district—bright, smooth, and of a reddish brown—accosted him. "Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you." "Well, Duncan," said the venerable doctor, "can ye not wait till after worship?" "No, doctor, I must speak to you now; it is a matter of my conscience." "Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, for time presses." "The matter is this, doctor. You see the clock yonder on the face of the new church. Well, there

is no clock really there—nothing but the face of the clock. There is no truth in it but once in twelve hours. Now, it is in my mind, and against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord." "Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well. You are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!" "Eh, doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had my hair." "Oh, Duncan, Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?" The doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

1239. CONSCIENCE, Perverted. Cortez wrote in his will, after recommending that the Indians be treated with humanity, "It has long been a question whether *we can in good conscience hold the Indians in slavery*. This question not having been decided, I order my son Martin and his heirs to spare no pains to arrive at a knowledge of the truth on this point." . . . Nothing is more certain than this, that Cortez, in all that he did in Mexico, fully believed that he was an instrument in the hand of a benevolent God. Massacre, rapine, devastation, the betrayal and murder of a king, the fall of an empire—these were as nothing in view of a result like this.—*Little's Historical Lights (condensed)*.

1240. CONSCIENCE, Power of. Some years since I visited the Philadelphia Asylum. In returning from the apartments I saw a man standing—fixed—immovable. I asked who that was. It was the son of Dr. Rush, who killed a man in a duel. There he stood like a pillar. Sometimes he would wake up to recollection; he would pace off the distance, and give the word "Fire!" then cry out, "He is dead!—he is dead!" This was the power of conscience, which had unsettled reason.—*Dr. Beecher*.

1241. CONSCIENCE, Power of. Impressive in history, not romance, as Plutarch tells it, is the story of Pausanias as a haunted man, from the hour that Cleonice fell dead at his feet, pierced by his sword. "From that hour he could rest no more"—her spectre perturbed him.—*Francis Jacox*.

1242. CONSCIENCE, Power of. A late minister of Peebles had been discoursing on the sin of falsehood, and had portrayed the unhallowed consequences of indulging in the practice. A small trader in the place, whose conscience had been for the moment aroused, exclaimed to a neighbour on going home, "The minister needna ha'e been sae hard, for there's plenty o' leers in Peebles besides me!"—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

1243. CONSCIENCE, Power of. Some time ago a passenger landed from a steamer in New York and submitted his trunks to the inspector. Nothing dutiable was discovered in them, and they were at once passed by the officer. But the owner could not control himself, and he burst into a profuse perspiration. His person was then searched, and two valuable watches were found concealed under his armpits!

On another occasion a lady succeeded in getting her trunks passed, but no sooner had the chalk-mark, that would have cleared them, been put upon them than *she fainted*. The tension on her nerves had been greater than she could endure; and when

a second examination was made, each of the trunks was found to have a false bottom, in which diamonds to the value of twenty thousand dollars were hidden.—*Christian Chronicle*.

1244. CONSCIENCE prescribed. During the Commonwealth one hundred and sixty-four Quakers from different parts of the nation came up to Westminster and pleaded at the bar of the House of Commons for permission to substitute themselves, body for body in full tale, for their friends then lying in different prisons throughout the kingdom. With the very odour of their lives of faith and charity breathing inward upon the British senate, they stood before the Speaker with their quiet and serene faces, and preferred this strange, embarrassing request to a Parliament which had deposed Charles I., and put him to death for trenching upon the political rights of the people; but which, having done all this, still held to the old dogma of the Church of Rome, that religious opinions were to be prescribed and *conscience governed by law*; that whatever religion the law adopted the people must practise.—*Elihu Burritt*.

1245. CONSCIENCE, Punctiliousness of. Two Greeks, notorious for their piracies and other crimes, were tried and condemned, and, three days after, executed. In the course of the trial it appeared that the beef and anchovies on board one of the English vessels which they pirated were left untouched, and the circumstances under which they were left appeared to the Court so peculiar that the culprits were asked the cause of it. They promptly answered, that *it was at the time of the great fast when their Church ate neither meat nor fish!*

1246. CONSCIENCE, Rights of. Nobly did Napoleon Bonaparte, in the year 1804, maintain the rights of conscience, in his reply to M. Martin, president of the Consistory of Geneva, in words worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance—"I wish it to be understood that my intention and my firm determination are to maintain liberty of worship. *The empire of the law ends where the empire of the conscience begins.* Neither the law nor the prince must infringe upon this empire."—*H. C. Fish, D.D.*

1247. CONSCIENCE, Sacrifice for. Dr. Henry Duncan, the originator of savings-banks, at the Disruption, left a manse which his taste during forty years had made a paradise. He took up his abode in a labourer's cottage on the side of the turnpike road from Dumfries to Carlisle. It contained a room, a kitchen, and a bed-closet. Behind it lay a great old quarry, with unsightly rubbish-mounds and deep pools of water. In 1846 he entertained a company of ministers with the polished courtesy of the old school. Dinner over, he said, "Will you go into the drawing-room, gentlemen?" His guests, puzzled where the drawing-room could be, rose and followed him. Opening the back-door of the cottage, "My drawing-room is the great drawing-room of Nature," he said. They stepped out, and there was the deserted quarry, its rubbish-mounds all planted with spruce and larch; winding paths led among them, a rustic bridge made by his own hands spanning a space between two pools, and the whole huge deformity transformed into beauty. He said to his daughter and her husband, Mr. Dodds, of Belhaven, who had come to visit

him, "They talk of sacrifices ; I never can feel that I have made any. I never was more happy. I have all that my necessities require. The only thing that *would have made me unhappy* would have been to act contrary to conscience."

1248. CONSCIENCE, Scruples of. In Pennsylvania, America, there is a woman who won't allow her children to play with doll-babies. She says it is so much like worshipping graven images. But there was a still more remarkable case of conscientiousness than that in Boston, where a man stole a horse on Saturday night, and on Monday morning the police found him very near where he had stolen the horse on Saturday night, and they said, "How is it you did not get away yesterday? You had all day on Sunday to get away, and have not done it." The man replied, "Oh, I must let you understand that I have conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday."—*Talmage*.

1249. CONSCIENCE, Seeking to stifle. In times when vile men held the high places of the land a roll of drums was employed to drown the martyr's voice, lest the testimony of truth from the scaffold should reach the ears of the people—an illustration of how men deal with their own consciences, and seek to put to silence its truth-telling voice.—*Arnott*.

1250. CONSCIENCE, Terrors of. Tiberius, that complete pattern of wickedness and tyranny, had taken as much pains to conquer his fears as any man, and had as many helps and advantages toward it from great splendour and power and a perpetual succession of new business and new pleasures ; and yet, as great a master of the art of dissimulation as he was, he could not dissemble the inward sense of his guilt, nor prevent the open eruptions of it, upon very improper occasions. Witness that letter which he wrote to the senate from his impure retreat at Capree. Tacitus has preserved the first lines of it, and there can be no livelier image of a mind filled with wild distraction and despair than what they afford us. "What or how, at this time, I shall write to you, fathers of the senate, or what, indeed, I shall not write to you, may all the powers of heaven confound me yet worse than they have already done if I know or can imagine!" And his observation upon it is well worthy of ours, and very apposite to our present purpose:—"In this manner," says he, "was this emperor punished by a reflection on his own infamous life and guilt ; nor was it in vain that the greatest master of wisdom" (he means Plato) "affirmed that were the breasts of tyrants once laid open to our view, we should see there nothing but ghastly wounds and bruises ; the consciousness of their own cruelty, lewdness, and ill-conduct leaving as deep and bloody prints on their minds as the strokes of the scourge do on the back of a slave."—*Atterbury*.

1251. CONSCIENCE, The awakened. Those who have seen Holman Hunt's picture of the "Awakened Conscience" will not soon forget it. There are only two figures—a man and a woman, sitting in a somewhat gaudily furnished room, beside a piano. His fingers are on the instrument, his face, which is reflected in a mirror, is handsome and vacant, evidently that of a man about town, who supposes the brightest part of creation is intended to administer to his amusement. A music-book on

the floor is open at the words, "Oft in the stillly night." That tune has struck some chord in his companion's heart. Her face of horror says what no language could say, "That tune has told me of other days when I was not as now." The tune has done what the best rules that ever were devised could not do. It has brought a message from a father's house.—*Denton*.

1252. CONSCIENCE, Torture of. The death-bed scene of Francis I. is described as one of horror. The ghostly consolations of his confessor, Cocle, were of little avail. Haunted by the vision of those whom he had so treacherously given up to torture and death, he shrieked aloud in agony as he saw them in imagination crowding with menacing aspect round his dying bed. "What are they clamouring for? What do they want? Give them all; but let me die in peace!"

1253. CONSCIENCES, how dealt with. As the old historian says about the Roman armies that marched through a country burning and destroying every living thing, "They make a solitude and they call it peace." And so men do with their consciences. They stifle them, forcibly silence them, somehow or other ; and then, when there is a dead stillness in the heart, broken by no voice of either approbation or blame, but doleful like the unnatural quiet of a deserted city, then they say it is peace.—*Maclaren*.

1254. CONSCIENCE, Victory of. An Indian, being among his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco, and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back and inquired for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that, as it had been given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here ; and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner. The bad man say, 'Why, he gave it to you, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'That's not right ; the tobacco is yours, not the money.' The bad man say, 'Never mind ; you got it ; go buy some dram.' The good man say, 'No, no, you must not do so.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep ; but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me ; and now I bring the money back I feel glad."—*Christian Age*.

1255. CONSCIENCE, Voice of. That grand old bell in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is seldom heard by many during the business hours of the day. The roar and din of traffic in the streets have a strange power to deaden its sound and prevent men hearing it. But when the daily work is over, the desks are locked, and doors are closed, and books are put away, and quiet reigns in the great city, the case is altered. As the old bell strikes eleven, and twelve, and one, and two, and three at night, thousands hear it who never heard it during the day. And so I hope it will be with many a one in the matter of his soul. Now, while in health and strength, in the hurry and whirl of business, I fear the voice of your conscience is often stifled and you cannot hear it. But the day may come when the great bell of conscience will make itself heard, whether you like it or not. Laid aside in quietness, and obliged by illness to sit still, you

may be forced to look within and consider your soul's concerns.—*Bishop Ryle.*

1256. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, Christian. A linen merchant in Coleraine offered Dr. Adam Clarke a situation in his warehouse, which he accepted with the consent of his parents. Mr. B—— knew that his clerk and overseer was a religious man, but he was not sensible of the depth of the principle which actuated him. Some differences arose at times about the way of conducting the business, which were settled very amicably. But the time of the great Dublin market approached, and Mr. B—— was busy preparing for it. The master and servant were together in the folding-room, when one of the pieces was found short of the required number of yards. "Come," says Mr. B——, "it is but a trifle. We shall soon stretch it, and make out the yard. Come, Adam, take one end, and pull against me." Adam had neither ears nor heart for the proposal, and absolutely refused to touch what he thought an unclean thing. The usages of the trade were strongly and variously enforced, but in vain. The young man resolved rather to suffer than to sin. Mr. B—— was therefore obliged to call one of his men less scrupulous, and Adam retired quietly to his desk. Soon after, Mr. B——, in the kindest manner, stated to him that it was very clear he *was not fit for worldly business*—(Why not? If any were unfit, it must be the merchant himself)—and wished him to look out for some employment more congenial to his own mind; adding that he might depend on his friendship in any line of life into which he should enter.

1257. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, Christian. In the last war in Germany a captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly anything but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage. On perceiving it he went up and knocked at the door; an ancient Hernhutter, with a beard silvered by age, came out. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troops a-foraging." "Presently," replied the Hernhutter. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley. "This is the very thing we want," said the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied the guide; "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer then said to his conductor, "Father, you have given to yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "*but it was not mine.*"—*Tract Society Anecdotes.*

1258. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, Extreme. A member of a certain theological seminary was so sensitive as to any suspicion of plagiarism that he never allowed himself to make the slightest quotation without giving his authority. On one occasion he commenced grace at breakfast thus—"Lord, we thank Thee that we have awakened from the sleep which a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has called 'the image of death.'"

1259. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, Instance of. The late Mr. Labouchere had made an agreement, previously to his decease, with the Eastern Counties Railway for a passage through his estate near Chelmsford, for which the company were to pay thirty-five thousand pounds. When the money had been paid and the passage made, the son and successor of Mr. L., finding that the property was much less deteriorated than had been expected, voluntarily returned fifteen thousand pounds of the amount to the company.—*Quarterly Review.*

1260. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, Reason for. A man was once asked why he was so very particular to give good measure—over good—and he replied, "God has given me but one journey through this world; and when I am gone I cannot return to correct mistakes."

1261. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, Respect for. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, once remarked respecting one of his pupils who was in the habit of attending to all his duties conscientiously and faithfully, "I could stand hat in hand to that boy."

1262. CONSECRATION and cleansing a daily necessity. On the bathing-tub of a Chinese king was engraven this motto, "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again and again, and for ever again."—*Sunday at Home.*

1263. CONSECRATION and luxury. Lady Huntingdon, with an income of only £1200 a year, did much for the cause of religion. She maintained the college she had erected at her sole expense; she erected chapels in the most parts of the kingdom; and she supported ministers who were sent to preach in various parts of the world. A minister of the Gospel and a person from the country once called on her ladyship. When they came out the countryman turned his eyes towards the house, and, after a short pause, exclaimed, "What a lesson! Can a person of her noble birth, nursed in the lap of grandeur, live in such a house, so meanly furnished—and shall I, a tradesman, be surrounded with luxury and elegance? From this moment I shall hate my house, my furniture, and myself for spending so little for God and so much in folly."—*Whitecross.*

1264. CONSECRATION and self-denial. I wish that our churches would imitate that of Pastor Harms, in Germany, where every member was consecrated to God indeed and of a truth. The farmers gave the produce of their lands, the working men their labour; one gave a large house to be used as a missionary college, and Pastor Harms obtained money for a ship which he fitted out to make voyages to Africa, and then he sent missionaries, and little companies of his people with them, to form Christian communities among the bushmen. When will our churches be equally self-denying and energetic?—*Spurgeon.*

1265. CONSECRATION, Cause of. A Syrian Arab, when narrating the circumstances of his conversion, said a Bible was given to him, and he read it, and acquired a knowledge of the whole. But it had no sensible effect upon his life until he was brought into a scene of trial and danger, in which he received most serious injuries. During that terrible conflict, from which he was with difficulty rescued by his friends, he stated that *the sins of his*

whole life appeared to pass in review before him, and he inwardly vowed that if his life was spared it should be devoted to God. This led to entire decision and consecration to Christ, and his life is being spent in devotion to His service and glory.

1266. CONSECRATION, Complete. During one of the terrible wars between France and Germany, when the French had crossed the Rhine and taken possession of a part of the country, a remarkable scene occurred in one of the German universities. One of the professors, at that time perhaps the most gifted and eloquent man in Europe, lecturing in the presence of his students, closed the book, declaring that he would never stand before them again until his country was free; and he left their midst to join the army and face the enemy as a common soldier. Whatever gifts he had, he put them aside; he sacrificed them for the sake of the cause so dear to him. So Paul, impressed by the needs of men and the greatness of the mission committed to him, said, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."—*B.*

1267. CONSECRATION, Deliberate. Howard's second wife, like her husband, was decidedly evangelical in sentiment; and, according to a custom prevalent in former days amongst Puritans, and not unknown amongst Anglo-Catholics—though in their case it took a different form—she wrote with her own hand "a surrender and dedication of herself to her God and her Saviour;" and this document Howard is said to have carried with him on his journeys. According to the testimony of a lady who had known her well, Howard, soon after her marriage, "sold some jewels his wife had no longer any inclination to wear, and put the money into a purse called by herself and her husband the *charity purse*." And it is further related that when they were in London, soon after her marriage, he took his wife to the Pantheon, in order to ascertain what effect such a scene would have upon her mind. As they mingled with the throng and walked the round she appeared lost in thought. "Now, Harriet," he said, "I must insist on your telling me what you have been thinking about." "Well," she replied, "if I must tell you, I have been thinking of Mr. ———'s sermon last Sunday."—*Dr. Stoughton.*

1268. CONSECRATION, Effects of. Æschines perceiving every one give Socrates something for a present, said unto him, "Because I have nothing else to give, I will give thee myself." "Do so," said Socrates, "and I will give thee back again to thyself better than when I received thee."

1269. CONSECRATION misunderstood. When Robert Moffat, the Cheshire gardener, offered himself as a missionary, some of his friends thought, and others actually said, that his brains were turned. His reply was, "Turned? So they are. But they are *turned the right way*."—*Dr. Clifford.*

1270. CONSECRATION, Personal. A missionary meeting was held and a contribution was called for. The boxes returned, and the contents were counted over—bank-notes, silver, shillings, and pence. "There is a card; who put that in?" "A young man back in the congregation." "What is written on it?" "Myself." This was the young man's offering—*himself*. He could not give silver and gold

to the mission cause, so he gave *himself*.—*H. L. Hastings.*

1271. CONSECRATION to one thing. When Cæsar Malan first entered on his course as the preacher of a free salvation, he replied to a friend who expressed surprise at the decided manner in which he had laid aside all his literary engagements, "My life is too short for that work."—*Life of Cæsar Malan.*

1272. CONSECRATION, Two estimates of. If there was ever a man who seemed to spend his life for nothing it was Henry Martyn—a man of an exquisite nature, great power, and a sweet and loving disposition. Taking the highest honours at the university, and having the best prospects in the Church, he was led by the Spirit of God to consecrate himself to the cause of foreign missions. For that object he sacrificed that which was dearer to him than life—for she to whom he was affianced declined to go with him. He forsook father and mother, and native land, and love itself, and went, an elegant and accomplished scholar, among the Persians, the Orientals, and spent a few years almost without an apparent conversion. Still he laboured on, patient and faithful, until, seized with a fever, he staggered. And the last record that he made in his journal was, that he sat under the orchard-trees and sighed for that land where there should be sickness and suffering no more. The record closed; he died, and a stranger marked his grave. A worldly man would say, "*Here was an instance of mistaken zeal and enthusiasm*;" here was a man who might have produced a powerful effect on the Church and in his own country, and built up a happy home and been respected and honoured; but, under the influence of a strange fanaticism he went abroad, and sickened and died, and that was the last of him." The last of him! Henry Martyn's life was the seed-life of more noble souls, perhaps, than the life of any other man that ever lived.—*Beecher.*

1273. CONSERVATISM, Illustration of. Of a country family in Perthshire it is recorded that they have lived from father to son for five hundred years on the same small ancestral estate, and during that period they have never once either *lost or gained an acre*.—*Good Words.*

1274. CONSISTENCY, A father's. A young man, when about to be ordained as a minister, stated that at one period of his life he had been nearly betrayed into principles of infidelity. "But," he added, "there was one argument in favour of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father."

1275. CONSISTENCY a personal matter. Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said he, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

1276. CONSISTENCY, Christian. Milton excuses Oliver Cromwell's want of bookish application in his youth thus:—"It did not become that hand to wax soft in literary ease which was to be inured to the use of arms and hardened with asperity;

that right arm to be softly wrapped up among the birds of Athens by which thunderbolts were soon afterwards to be hurled among the eagles which emulate the sun." Carnal ease and worldly wisdom are not becoming in the soldier of Jesus Christ. He has to wrestle against principalities and powers, and has need of sterner qualities than those which sparkle in the eyes of fashion or adorn the neck of elegance.—*Spurgeon*.

1277. CONSISTENCY, in business, Argument for. "I tell our directors that if they compel conductors to break the fourth commandment, they have no right to expect them to keep the eighth." That was the Hon. William E. Dodge's business way of putting to railroad companies the argument for Sabbath-keeping.

1278. CONSISTENCY, Influence of. A gentleman in England said that he owed his conversion mainly to the *marked consistency of a merchant* who lived not far from him. His neighbour was a Christian, and professed to carry on his large business on strictly Christian principles. This surprised him; but not being sure of its reality, he determined to watch him for a year, and if at the end of that time he found that he was really what he professed to be, he would become a Christian also. All the year he watched without finding any flaw or inconsistency in his dealing. The result was a thorough conviction that the merchant was a true man, and that religion was a reality.—*Clerical Library*.

1279. CONSISTENCY, Value of. When the late Rev. Mr. K—— was settled in his congregation of S——, they could not furnish him with lodgings. In these circumstances, a Captain P——, in the neighbourhood, though a stranger to religion, took him into his family. But our young clergyman soon found himself in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the captain's practice of swearing. One day at table, after a very liberal volley of oaths from the captain, he observed calmly, "Captain, you have certainly made use of a number of very improper terms." The captain, who was rather a choleric man, was instantly in a blaze. "Pray, sir, what improper terms have I used?" "Surely, captain, you must know," replied the clergyman with greater coolness, "and having already put me to the pain of hearing them, you cannot be in earnest in imposing upon me the additional pain of repeating them." "You are right, sir," resumed the captain, "you are right. Support your character, and we will respect you. We have a parcel of clergymen around us here who seem quite uneasy till they get us to understand that we may use any freedom we please before them, and we despise them."

1280. CONSOLATIONS, Abounding. When Mr. James Bainham, who suffered under Henry VIII. of England, was in the midst of the flames, which had half consumed his arms and legs, he said aloud, "O ye Papists, ye look for miracles, and here now you may see a miracle; for in this fire I feel no more pain than if I were in a bed of down, but it is to me a bed of roses."

1281. CONSTANCY, Test of. When the brilliant, amiable, and accomplished young Italian woman, Olympia Morata, whose learning and loveliness graced the splendid epoch of Leo X., had

become the persecuted victim of Romish tyranny for honouring Christ above a polluted priesthood, then poverty, sickness, desolation, exile, tried their worst upon her constancy. After she who had been the delicate nursing of courts and letters had fled across the stony fields of Bavaria, with literally bare and bleeding feet, the strength of the frail body failing, she bent under the roughness of fortune, and quietly lay down to die. To one of her noble friends in Italy she wrote, "Let the Word of God be the rule of thy life, the lamp upon thy path, and thou wilt not stumble." As the purple flood of life ebbed in her thin white frame she said, "I desire to die, because I know the *secret* of death. The cunning mechanism is near to its dissolution. I desire to die, that I may be with Jesus Christ, and find in Him eternal life. Do not be disturbed at my death, for I shall conquer in the end; I *desire* to depart and be with Christ." *With Christ!* So, the world over, and through all ages, in the first century or the last, the true heart of faith answers, in its final and glorified hour, to the prayer of Jesus, "With me, where I am."—*Huntington*.

1282. CONTACT, personal, Influence of. Said General Havelock, in reply to a remark of a friend as to his influence over the men of his regiment, "*I keep close to them—have personal contact with each man, and know each man's name.*"—*Preacher's Lantern*.

1283. CONTAMINATION, Danger of. Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." Eulalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, "in vexation." "Yes, truly," said the father. "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."—*From the German*.

1284. CONTAMINATION, Danger of. Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a taint from it. "Apply this," adds Bishop Horne, "to bad books and bad company."

1285. CONTENTEDNESS in old age. The amiable Bishop Berkeley, of Cloyne, was so entirely contented with his diocese, that, when offered by the Earl of Chesterfield (then Lord-Lieutenant) a bishopric much more lucrative than that he possessed, he declined it, with these words, "I love my neighbours, and they love me; why, then, should I begin, in my old days, to form new connections, and tear myself from those friends whose kindness is to me the greatest happiness I enjoy?" Acting in this instance like the celebrated Plutarch, who, being asked why he resided in his native city, so obscure and so little, "I stay," said he, "lest it should grow less."

1286. CONTENTMENT, and the Bible. "We have heard," said a gentleman to Thomas Mann, a pious waterman on the Thames, "that teaching the poor to read has a tendency to make them discontented with the station in which Providence has placed them. Do you think so?" "No, sir; quite the contrary. All that I have read in the Bible teaches me to be content with the dispensations of Providence—to be industrious and careful. A Christian cannot be an idle or an ungrateful man." — *Whitecross*.

1287. CONTENTMENT, at all times. A venerable man of eighty having been asked, "*Which is the happiest season of life?*" thus answered the question—"When spring comes, and, under the influence of the gentle warmth of the atmosphere, the buds commence to show themselves and to turn into flowers, I think in myself, 'Oh what a beautiful season is spring!' Then when summer comes and covers the trees with thick foliage, when the birds are so happy in singing their pretty songs, I say to myself, 'Oh, summer is a fine thing!' Then when autumn arrives, and I see the same trees laden with the finest and most tempting fruits, I cry out, 'Oh, how magnificent is autumn!' And, finally, when the rude and hard winter makes its appearance, and there are neither leaves nor fruits on the trees, then, through their naked branches, I look upward and perceive, better than I could ever do before, the splendid stars that glitter in the sky."

1288. CONTENTMENT, Enforced. George III., walking out one morning, met a lad at the stable-door, and asked him, "Well, boy, what do you do? What do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." "Be content," replied the King; "I have no more."

1289. CONTENTMENT, illustrated. This power of content always seemed to me to be illustrated by sudden joy in the midst of troubles; by the rising up out of a man's soul of self-sustaining power under all circumstances. An incident that I read, which occurred at the battle of Gettysburg, is a beautiful illustration of it. It was related by one of the letter-writers, who have been the true historians of our war. One of these letter-writers had a poet's eye. He narrates the fact that after a terrific cannonading which took place on the third day, when some four hundred cannons answered each other on Cemetery Ridge, there came a sudden lull, as the enemy were about to make a charge; and that the birds, having been scared out of the peach-trees, out of all the fruit and shade trees, by the fearful uproar, came one by one, gently flying back; and that during this momentary lull the sparrows opened their mouths and began to sing again. Right in the midst of blood, right in the midst of ten thousand bleeding corpses, and when the echo had hardly died out of the heavens, these sweet birds were singing.— *Beecher*.

1290. CONTENTMENT, necessary to a Christian. Making a day's excursion from Botzen, in the Tyrol, we went along the very narrowest of roads, mere alleys, to which our country lanes would be turnpike roads. Well, you may be sure that we did not engage an ordinary broad carriage, for that would have found the passage as difficult as the needle's eye to the camel; but our landlord

had a very narrow chaise for us—just the very thing for threading those four-foot passages. Now, I must make you hear the moral of it, you fretful little gentlemen. When you have a small estate, you must have small wants, and by contentment suit your carriage to your road. "Not so easy," say you? "Very necessary to a Christian," say I. — *Spurgeon*.

1291. CONTENTMENT, One source of. When the Rev. Mr. C—— was minister of the U. P. church in Sanquhar, he called one day, in the course of his pastoral visitation, on a decent old woman who was a member of his congregation. Engaged in friendly conversation with her, he said, "I hear your potatoes are not very good this year, Jennet." "Deed are they no, sir," said Jennet; "they're very bad; but I've reason to be thankful that ither folk's are as bad as my ain." — *James Douglas, Ph.D.*

1292. CONTENTMENT, Rareness of. A gentleman had a board put up on a part of his land, on which was written, "I will give this field to any one who is really contented." When an applicant came he asked, "Are you contented?" The general answer was, "I am;" and his reply invariably was, "Then what do you want with my field?"

1293. CONTENTMENT, Search for. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." — *Isaac Walton*.

1294. CONTENTMENT, Secret of. An Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition without ever betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired these virtues, which he thought impossible to imitate, one day asked the bishop if he could communicate his secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man; "I can teach you my secret with great facility. It consists in nothing more than *making a right use of my eyes*." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down on the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I am to be interred; I then look abroad on the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are, in all respects, more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain." — *Whitecross*.

1295. CONTENTMENT, the true riches. Episcurus writes a letter to Idomeneus, who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, bountiful person,—to recommend to him, who had made so many men rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too. "But I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons; but in the most gentlemanly manner of

obliging him, which is not to add anything to his estate, but to *take something from his desires*."—*Abraham Cowley*.

1296. CONTENTION, Religious, to be avoided. John Wesley, a man whose bitterest enemy could not fairly accuse him of indifference to the doctrines and faith "once delivered to the saints," wrote thus liberally and large heartedly to a correspondent: "Men may die without any opinions, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom; but if we be without love, what will knowledge avail? *I will not quarrel with you about opinions.* Only see that your heart be right toward God, and that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, and love your neighbours, and walk as your Master walked, and I ask no more. I am sick of opinions. Give me a good and substantial religion, a humble, gentle love of God and man."—*B.*

1297. CONTENTIONS, Need of charity in. I have conversed with some men who rejoiced in the death or calamity of others, and accounted it as a judgment upon them for being on the other side; but within the revolution of a few months the same men met with a more uneasy and unhand-some death; which, when I saw, I wept and was afraid, for I knew that it must be so with all men; for we also shall die, and end our quarrel and contentions by passing to a final sentence.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

1298. CONTRITION, Effects of. When King Henry II., in the ages gone by, was provoked to take up arms against his ungrateful and rebellious son, he besieged him in one of the French towns, and the son being near to death, desired to see his father, and confess his wrong-doing; but the stern old sire refused to look the rebel in the face. The young man, being sorely troubled in his conscience, said to those about him, "I am dying; take me from my bed, and let me lie in sackcloth and ashes, in token of my sorrow for my ingratitude to my father." Thus he died; and when the tidings came to the old man, outside the walls, that his boy had died in ashes, repentant for his rebellion, he threw himself upon the earth, like another David, and said, "Would God I had died for him." The thought of his boy's broken heart touched the heart of the father.—*Spurgeon*.

1299. CONTRITION for sin. A short time since a young man named Tuahine came loitering about my house in an unusual way. Knowing him to be one of the baser sort, I said, "Friend, have you any business with me?" Tears gushed into his eyes; he could at first hardly speak. At length he replied, "You know I am a wicked man. Shame covers my face and holds me back. To-day I have broken through all fear. I want to know is there room for me?—can I expect mercy?" I said, "How came you to have such a thought as that?" His countenance blushed; tears started from his eyes, and he said, "I was at work, putting up my garden fence. It was a long, hard work, and only myself to do it. All over dirt and greatly wearied, I sat down on a little bank to rest, and said within myself—I cannot tell why—'All this great garden, and death for my soul; all this great property, and death for ever! Oh, what shall I do?' I went immediately and bathed; then went to my wife, and told her my thoughts and wishes. She agreed

to my desire, and we, on that evening, left our work, and came to this place where the Word of God lives, and I have been wishing to speak to you ever since." I was quite affected to hear this tale, gave him all the instruction and encouragement which I conceived the Scriptures warranted, and am happy to say that the man continues to live happily and worthy of the Gospel.—*Rev. Mr. Orsmond (South Seas)*.

1300. CONTRITION, Short-lived. When, one day, visiting a prison chaplain, the Rev. W. Harness asked him whether his ministry had been attended with success. "With very little, I grieve to say," was the reply. "A short time since I thought I had brought to a better state of mind a man who had attempted to murder a woman and had been condemned to death. He showed great signs of contrition after the sentence was passed upon him, and I thought I could observe the dawns of grace upon the soul. I gave him a Bible, and he was most assiduous in the study of it, frequently quoting passages from it which he said convinced him of the heinousness of his offence. The man gave altogether such a promise of reformation, and of a change of heart and life, that I exerted myself to the utmost, and obtained for him such a commutation of his sentence as would enable him soon to begin the world again, and, as I hoped, with a happier result. I called to inform him of my success. His gratitude knew no bounds; he said I was his preserver—his deliverer. "And here," he added, as he grasped my hand in parting, "*here is your Bible; I may as well return it to you, for I hope I shall never want it again.*"—*W. Davenport Adams*.

1301. CONTROVERSY and kindness. A Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a contest on a bridge about a bone, of which each claimed possession. It was a worthless old bone, but it served to make a quarrel about; and so they went snapping and snarling at each other, until, finally, each tugging at the bone, they slipped off the bridge into the water, and floated away for some distance before they could come to shore. Newfoundland easily reached the land, and looking back, saw mastiff struggling vainly to reach the shore, and just ready to sink. Forgetting his rage, the noble animal plunged in again, seized the mastiff by the collar, and, keeping his head above water, towed him safely to land. As they stood on the shore and shook themselves dry, you could almost see in the glance of their friendly eyes, "You don't catch us quarrelling again!"

1302. CONTROVERSY and the love of souls. Some time ago I went down to Lookout Mountain, and an old resident there said to me, "Our soldiers fought bravely up there above the clouds; but sometimes the mists were so heavy that they could not distinguish friends from foes, and *struck at each other.*" If we were to go up among the cloudy heights of metaphysical argument, I am not certain that we might not find ourselves in hot controversy; but I will say that neither you nor I would be content to sit in the solitude of the mountain and sing the song of the wreck when poor human beings are struggling in the water. We go down into the breakers, and when we are there we never get into any controversy about those things which are in the clouds.—*Rev. J. M. Buckley*.

1303. CONTROVERSY, and the true Church. Two Scotchmen occupied the same cottage, each being bound to keep his own side of the house well thatched. They were sadly divided religiously, one being a Burgher and the other an Anti-burgher. After repeated battles of words, they were not on speaking terms. One day these men were at work on the roof, each thatching his own side, and they met at the top, and were forced to look in each other's faces. One of the men took off his cap, and scratching his head, said to the other, "Johnnie, you and me, I think, ha'e been very foolish to dispute as we ha'e done concerning Christ's will about our Kirks, until we ha'e clean forgot His will about ourselves; and so we ha'e fought so bitterly for what we ca' the truth, that it has ended in spite. Whatever is wrong, it's perfectly certain that it never can be right to be uncivil, unneighbourly, unkind—in fac', tae hate one another. Na, na; *that's the devil's work*, and no God's! Noo it strikes me that maybe it's wi' the Kirk as wi' this house: ye're working on ae side, and me on the tither, but if we only do our work weel we will meet at the top at last. Gi'e's your han', auld neighbour!" So they shook hands, and were the best of friends ever after.

1304. CONTROVERSY, a thing of the past. When General Scott was fighting in Mexico he rode along the line, and far on the right he saw seventy-five men unorganised, each man loading and firing at will. He stepped up to them and said, "Boys, that is not well enough. If we are to win the day, *we must fire by platoons*; and I will drill you in fifteen minutes." He sent an officer, who drilled them. Then they fired in volleys, and the right of that army won the day, and the battle was theirs. Heretofore we have split theological hairs; we have tried to decide which was the north and which the north-west side; and we have left the world to take care of itself, while we were trying to settle a theory of salvation. But the old controversial days are gone, and they have gone for ever.—*Rev. G. Hepworth.*

1305. CONTROVERSY, Barren. It's a great pity we can't agree better. They are small, insignificant beings who quarrel oftenest. There's a magnificent breed of cattle in the Vale of Clwyd—the most beautiful vale in Wales. They have scarcely any horns, but an abundance of meat; yet if you ascend the hills on every side, there, on the heights, you find a breed which grows scarcely anything but horns, and from morning to night all you hear is the constant din of clashing weapons. So there are many Christians who live on the heights—but on very cold and barren ones. Everything they eat grows into horns, the strength of which they are constantly testing.—*Rev. Joseph Thomas.*

1306. CONTROVERSY, may help scepticism. Our business is not to supply men with arguments by informing them of difficulties. In the process of answering them ministers have published the sentiments of infidels more widely than the infidels themselves could have done. Unbelievers only "glean their blunted shafts, and shoot them at the shield of truth again."—*Spurgeon.*

1307. CONTROVERSY, Right spirit of. Mr. Newton, of London, was a very candid and friendly critic, and was often applied to by young authors

for his opinions and remarks, which he would give very candidly, and sometimes under the name of Nibblings. On one of these occasions a practical essay was put into his hand, which he approved; but a letter was appended, addressed to an obscure and contemptible writer, who had said very unwarrantable and absurd things on the subject, and whom, therefore, the writer attacked with little ceremony. The following is a specimen of some of Mr. Newton's nibblings:—"Were the affair mine, I would take no notice of Mr. —; but if I did, it should be with the hope—at least with the desire—of doing good, even to him. This would make me *avoid every harsh epithet*. He is not likely to be benefited by calling him a fool. The evangelists simply relate what is said and done, and use no bitterness nor severity, even when speaking of Herod, Pilate, or Judas. I wish their manner was more adopted in controversy."

1308. CONTROVERSY, to be avoided. A huge fragment of rock from an adjacent cliff fell upon a horizontal part of the hill below, which was occupied by the gardens and vineyards of two peasants. It covered part of the property of each; nor could it be easily decided to whom the unexpected visitor belonged; but the honest rustics, instead of troubling the gentlemen of the long robe with their dispute, wisely resolved to end it by each party excavating the half of the rock on his own grounds, and converting the whole into two useful cottages, with comfortable rooms and cellars for their little stock of wine, and there they now reside with their families. After such a sort will wise men deal with the great doctrines of the Gospel; they will not make them the themes of angry controversy, *but of profitable use*. To fight over a doctrine is sorry waste of time, but to live in the quiet enjoyment of it is the truest wisdom.—*Spurgeon.*

1309. CONTROVERSY, to be avoided in preaching. As a rule, controversy ought to be kept away from the pulpit. An old Christian had been to hear a sermon, but came out of church weeping. On being asked the reason, he replied, "Oh, I had expected to enjoy this sermon so much! The preacher had given out that he would preach on regeneration, but, after all, it amounted to nothing else than the quarrels of the learned concerning the doctrine of regeneration."—*Pastor Funcke.*

1310. CONTROVERSY, True use of. On the week-days, in the schools, he (Wyclif) proved to the learned what he meant to preach; and on the Lord's Day he preached in the pulpit to the vulgar what he had proved before; not unlike those builders in the second temple, holding a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other, his disputing making his preaching to be strong, and his preaching making his disputations to be plain.—*Fuller.*

1311. CONTROVERSY, True use of. By degrees the "hypocrites" feared to dispute with him (George Fox); and the simplicity of his principles found such ready entrance among the people, that the priests trembled and scud as he drew near; so that it was a dreadful thing to them, when it was told them, "The man in leathern breeches is come,"—*Bancroft.*

1312. CONTROVERSY, Victory in. I don't believe any of us can afford to have a victory over our

Christian brethren. I saw once a little incident in Scottish history. It was at the time when conflicts were being waged between two factions in Scotland. One of them was represented by the garrison in the old castle at Edinburgh, and the townspeople were on the other side. They fell into a very serious fight about surrendering the town. It was the easiest thing in the world for the castle to subdue whatever force was brought against it. Those of you who have been there know how commanding a position it occupied. In a very little while they opened a terrific cannonade on the town. They were soon subdued. It was an easy victory. But they found that the explosions of their cannon had shaken the rock beneath them and opened the fissures *so widely that the waters in the wells that the garrison lived upon had run away* into nothing. I don't believe we can afford to be victorious over each other, and that Christian denomination that holds its own by the destruction of any other one will find that its fissures beneath will carry away the water of piety and grace on which it lives.—*Dr. Robinson.*

1313. CONTROVERSIES, After-uses of. "*Old religious factions are volcanoes burned out,*" says Burke; "on the lava and ashes and squalid scoriæ of old eruptions grow the peaceful olive, the cheering vine, and the sustaining corn." Those who have seen the sides of Vesuvius can well appreciate the force of this image. There indeed may be seen tracts of desolation; bare, black, and lurid, beyond any other which earth can show. These are where the sulphur still lingers and repels every effort of vegetation. But there are also tracts, close adjoining to them, and even in the midst of them, where the green vineyard, the grey olive, the golden orange, and the springing herb mark that, out of the attrition and decomposition of the ancient streams of lava, the vital forces of nature can assert themselves with double vigour, and create a new life under the very ribs of death. So it is with extinct theological controversies. So far, indeed, as they retain the bitterness, the fire and brimstone, of personal rancour and malignity, they are, and will be to the end of time, the most barren and profitless of all the works of man. But if this can be eliminated or corrected, it is undeniable not only that truths of various kinds take root and spring up in the soil thus formed, but that there is a fruitful and useful result produced by the contemplation of the transitory character of the volcanic eruptions *which once seemed to shake the world.*—*Dean Stanley.*

1314. CONTROVERSIES, should not trouble the devout. Philip Melancthon, being at the conferences at Spire, in 1529, made a journey to Bretten to see his mother. This good woman asked him what she must believe amidst so many disputes, and repeated to him her prayers, which contained nothing superstitious. "Go on, mother," said he, "to believe and pray as you have done, and never trouble yourself about religious controversies."

1315. CONVENTIONALITIES, and thought. When George Fox took a sharp knife and cut out for himself a pair of leather breeches, and, having done with the fashions of society, hid himself in a hollow tree, to think by the month together, he was growing into a man of thought before whom men of books speedily beat a retreat. What a flutter he made, not only among the Poperies and Prelacies and Presbyteries of his day, but also among

the well-read proprieties of Dissent! He swept no end of cobwebs out of the sky, and gave the book-worms a hard time of it. Thought is the backbone of study, and if more ministers would think, what a blessing it would be!—*Spurgeon.*

1316. CONVERSATION, and silence. A very appreciative critic of art—a man who studies the beautiful through the eyes of his heart as well as through his scientific understanding—has said that he always chooses to walk through galleries of great works *unaccompanied*; for the reason that conversation belittles every subject, enfeebls the judgment, and fritters admiration away.—*Huntington.*

1317. CONVERSATION, Courtesy in. The Rev. Mr. Berridge, being once visited by a very loquacious young lady, who, forgetting the modesty of her sex and the superior gravity of an aged divine, engrossed all the conversation of the interview with small talk concerning herself. When she rose to retire he said, "Madam, before you withdraw I have one piece of advice to give you, and that is, when you go into company again, after you have talked *half an hour* without intermission, I recommend it to you to stop a while and see if any other of the company has anything to say."

1318. CONVERSATION, Foolish. The story is well known of the person who invited a company of his friends that were accustomed to take the Lord's name in vain, and contrived to have all their discourse taken down and read to them. Now, if they could not endure to hear the words repeated which they had spoken during a few hours, how shall they bear to have all that they have uttered through a long course of years brought forth as evidence against them at the tribunal of God?—*Scott.*

1319. CONVERSION, a change of habits. Robert Annan, as a young man, went into every conceivable form of iniquity. His friends sent him to America to get rid of him. One night he went out and lay down upon the track to let the train pass over him and send him into eternity, but no train passed that night. He went to Canada, entered the English army, and then deserted. He entered the navy. The vessel was ordered to Gibraltar. Having arrived there, behold his own regiment from which he had deserted was keeping guard upon the rock. He had assumed a false name. Now, when he saw he must be found out, he made confession, told the truth, and his friends protected him. He came back to Dundee, Scotland, and from that time began to work among the masses. Before going to his work in the morning he would take a piece of chalk and write on the pavement, "*Eternity!*" and other words, to arrest the attention of the passers-by. The morning before he found a watery grave he wrote on placards that were posted up, "There are two roads: one is broad, dark, and false, where the devil leads men to hell; the other, narrow but straight, that leads to happiness. One is death, damnation, Satan; the other, life, salvation, God." He was one of the best swimmers in Scotland, and had saved many lives in Dundee harbour. They told him there was a boy in the stream. He dashed in, and was bringing the boy out on his back, when his friends saw he was not making as much headway as could have been expected. A boat was put out; the lad was saved, but Robert went down—no, he

went up to glory. There had been no such funeral in Dundee in fifty years.—*George H. Stuart.*

1320. CONVERSION a complete surrender. When Henry VIII. had determined to make himself head of the English Church, he insisted upon it that Convocation should accept his headship without limiting and modifying clauses. He refused to entertain any compromises, and vowed that "he would have no *tantrums*," as he called them. Thus when a sinner parleys with his Saviour he would fain have a little of the honour of his salvation, he would save alive some favourite sin, he would fain amend the humbling terms of grace; but there is no help for it, Jesus will be all in all, and the sinner must be nothing at all. The surrender must be complete, there must be no *tantrums*, but the heart must without reserve submit to the sovereignty of the Redeemer.—*Spurgeon.*

1321. CONVERSION. A late. Mr. Pomfret was converted at the age of nineteen; yet the remembrance of so large a portion of life spent in impenitence ever after affected his heart; and he used often to repeat the words of Austin, "O Lord, too late I loved Thee."—*John Bruce.*

1322. CONVERSION, a single. Influence of. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the conversion of one soul to Christ, or of the hardening of one heart in sin. . . . An old Puritan doctor writes a book more than two hundred years ago, called "The Bruised Reed," which falls into the hands of Richard Baxter, and leads his penitent spirit to its trust in Christ. Baxter's ministry is like that of a giant in his strength, and when he dies his "Call to the Unconverted" goes preaching on to thousands to whom Baxter himself had never spoken with human tongue. Philip Doddridge, prepared by his pious mother's teaching, hears this piercing "Call," devotes the summer of his life to God, and becomes a "burning and a shining light." Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" fell into the hands of Wilberforce, and led him to thought and to prayer. Wilberforce's "Practical View" cleared the faith and fired the zeal of a clergyman in the sunny South, and he wrote the simple annal of a Methodist girl, which has borne fruit of blessing in every quarter of the globe; for who has not heard of Legh Richmond and "The Dairyman's Daughter"? And then the same book had a ministry in the bleak North, and in a country parish found out a Scottish clergyman who was preaching a Gospel which he did not know, and he embraced the fullness of the glad tidings, and came forth a champion for the truth, "furnished in all things and ready," until all Scotland rang with the eloquence of Thomas Chalmers.—*Punshon.*

1323. CONVERSION a wonder. "If I ever see a Hindoo converted to Jesus Christ," said Henry Martyn, "I shall see something more nearly approaching the resurrection of a dead body than anything I have ever yet seen." The entire number of native Christians in India is now about 600,000.

1324. CONVERSION and confession. A priest, after examining a colporteur's pack, said to him, "Sir, I perceive that in your books a great deal is said about conversion, and nothing about confession; it is clear that yours are Protestant books." A notary who was present opened the New Testament. "But do you not see," said he to the priest, "that

Jesus Christ forgave the thief without the intervention of a priest to confess him? And when St. Stephen was dying, *did he ask for a priest to confess him?*" The dilemma was embarrassing. "Sir," answered the priest gravely, "the rules of the Church in ancient times were different from what they are at the present day."

1325. CONVERSION and duty. An anecdote published many years ago of the Indian chief Teedyuscung, king of the Delawares, is too valuable to be lost. One evening he was sitting at the fireside of a friend. Both of them were silently looking at the fire, indulging their own reflections. At length the silence was broken by the friend, who said, "I will tell thee what I have been thinking of. I have been thinking of a rule delivered by the Author of the Christian religion, which, from its excellence, we call the *Golden Rule*." "Stop," said Teedyuscung, "don't praise it to me, but rather tell me what it is, and let me think for myself. I do not wish you to tell me of its excellence; tell me what it is." "It is for one man to do to another as he would have the other do to him." "That's impossible. It cannot be done," Teedyuscung immediately replied. Silence again ensued. Teedyuscung lighted his pipe, and walked about the room. In about a quarter of an hour he came to his friend with smiling countenance, and taking the pipe from his mouth, said, "Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a *new heart*, he could do as you say, but not else." Thus the Indian found the only means by which man can fulfil his social duties.

1326. CONVERSION and fears dispelled. One day, as I was travelling into the country, musing on the wickedness of my heart, and considering the enmity that was in me to God, the scripture came into my mind—"He hath made peace through the blood of His Cross." I saw that the justice of God and my sinful soul could embrace and kiss each other. I was ready to swoon, not with grief and trouble, but *with solid joy and peace*. . . . I saw Him in the Spirit, a Man on the right hand of the Father, pleading for me.—*John Bunyan (in Froude).*

1327. CONVERSION and friendships. Wilberforce, when, as a young man, he had come under better influences, wrote to his gay friends telling them of the change. Most of them dropped his acquaintance, except Pitt, who replied, saying that nothing could alter their friendship; and as to the change of which he spoke, he was sure his friend could only do what was right.

1328. CONVERSION and the old nature. There are a great many men who are like one of my roses. I bought a *Gloire de Dijon*. It was said to be one of the few ever-blooming roses. It was grafted on a manetti-stalk—a kind of dog-rose, a rampant and enormous grower, and a very good stalk to graft fine roses on. I planted it. It threw the first part of the summer, and the last part of the summer it grew with great vigour; and I quite gloried, when the next spring came, in my *Gloire de Dijon*. It had wood enough to make twenty such roses as these finer varieties usually have; and I was in the amplitude of triumph. I said, "My soil suits it exactly in this climate; and I will

write an article for the *Monthly Gardener*, and tell what luck I have had with it." So I waited and waited and waited till it blossomed; and behold! it was one of these worthless, quarter-of-a-dollar, single-blossomed roses. And when I came to examine it I found that it was grafted, and that there was a little bit of a graft down near the ground, and that it was the manetti-sprout that had grown to such a prodigious size. Now, I have seen a great many people converted, in whom the conversion did not grow, but the old nature did.—*Beecher*.

1329. CONVERSION, and the truth. A man once said, "I don't know how it is; I preach the truth, but no one seems converted." The man's wife was wiser than he—as wives usually are—and she said, "Yes, you might preach the truth that two and two are four, but you could scarcely expect people would be converted by that."—*Dr. Wayland*.

1330. CONVERSION, brought about by a word. On the last day of the year 1867 I met a man of fifty in the streets, and said to him, "Had not you and I better begin the new year with a *new life*?" That simple remark set him to thinking, and resulted in his conversion.—*Dr. Cuyler*.

1331. CONVERSION, Cause of. Alexis and he (Luther) had been to see the old Luther people at Mansfeldt, and were got back again near Erfurt, when a thunderstorm came on. The bolt struck Alexis; he fell dead at Luther's feet. What is this life of ours?—gone in a moment, burnt-up like a scroll, into the blank Eternity! What are all earthly preferences, chancellorships, kingships? They all lie shrunk together—there! The earth has opened on them; in a moment they are not, and Eternity is. Luther, struck to the heart, determined to devote himself to God and God's service alone.—*Carlyle*.

1332. CONVERSIONS, Early. Robert Hall, the prince of Baptist preachers, was converted at twelve years of age. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the Scriptures, was converted at eleven years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian Church, was converted at ten years of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at nine years of age; Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at seven years of age; and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at seven years of age, "You are too young to be a Christian," or, "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.—*Talmage*.

1333. CONVERSION, Gratitude for. A Wesleyan missionary was called to visit a native in Ashantee, then on his dying bed, who had been his first convert, and was thus addressed by him:—"I hear you preached last night about heaven. I could not be there; but I am *going to heaven itself*; and! when I get there I will go to my Saviour and throw myself at His feet, and thank Him for His mercy in sending a missionary to this land to tell me of the truth. Then I will come back to the gate and sit down until you come, and then I will take you to my Saviour's throne, and say you are the man who first told me of the Cross of Christ."

1334. CONVERSION, History of a. In the year 1838 seven of us sailors from the frigate "Brandywine" came out of the navy-yard, all ripe for a jolly time. We drank our first grog in Wapping Street, near the yard; and after we had crossed Charlestown Bridge, and were in Prince Street, on the Boston side, we took our second grog. Then we were ready for mischief. "Where can we raise hell most?" said I. "I don't know," says one. "Let's have a lark with Father Taylor," I said. "Agreed!" says the rest, "if you'll be spokesman." "Yes," I said; "I'll ask for a Bible." So we bore away for the sailor preacher's, which was only a few score rods down the same street. I rang the bell, and said, "We wish to see Father Taylor." He came down; and as he entered the room we were taken all aback, and could not gather headway enough to get out of his way. He ran slap into the fleet of us seven. We thought we could touch our hats to our superiors to perfection; but when he bowed to us so handsomely, it left us shivering in the wind. He kept getting better, and we getting worse. "Bless you, boys; bless you!" came with such power and sweetness; he seemed so glad to see us, that he captured us all. We began to sweat, and longed for deliverance. I at last plucked up courage to ask for a Bible. That was the worst move we had made. "A Bible—yes; every one of you shall have one." Worse and worse. Oh, if we were out of this scrape, thought we all, we'd never be caught here again! "Now," said Mr. Taylor, addressing me, "Bub, here's your compass and your binnacle. We need a light in the binnacle. Let us pray." Down we went on our knees. Such pleading I never heard before, nor since. I melted. The power that came upon me was strange and overwhelming. It was a nail driven home tight. It brought peace to my mind and salvation to my heart.—*Life of Father Taylor*.

1335. CONVERSION, how viewed by some. A young woman who had professed to be converted in a sudden and violent manner associated with religious people till the return of the wakes in her neighbourhood. This being a season of festivity and rural amusements which she had been accustomed to relish, she thus disclosed the genuine feelings of her heart:—"There is to be a dance at the wakes to-night; I can't stay away. I must go to it. I wish I had not been converted till after the wakes."—*Buck*.

1336. CONVERSION, in old age. The late Lord Lyndhurst was nearly eighty years of age before he seriously studied the evidences of Christianity and reached a firm conviction of their truth. From thence he became a loyal disciple of Christ. He used to hobble about the lobbies of the House of Lords watching for an opportunity of usefulness. He has been seen to button-hole his friends there, while tears bathed his cheeks, and in a voice tremulous with emotion to plead the claims of religion, enforcing the argument for early, prompt decision with the plea, "My soul is saved, but *my life* is lost." He died exclaiming, "Supremely happy!"

1337. CONVERSION, Intellectual. The sublime theory of the Gospel had made a much fainter impression on the heart than on the understanding of Constantine. . . . As he gradually advanced in the knowledge of truth, he proportionally declined in the practice of virtue; and the same year of

his reign in which he convened the Council of Nice was polluted by the execution, or rather murder, of his eldest son.—*Gibbon*.

1338. CONVERSION, known by its effects. Can you say, "I am not what I once was—I am better, godlier, holier?" Happy are you! Happy, although, afraid of presumption, and in the timid modesty of spiritual childhood, you can venture no further than one who was urged to say whether she had been converted. How humble, yet how satisfactory, her reply! "That," she answered, "I cannot—that I dare not say; but there is a change somewhere: *I am changed or the world is changed.*" . . . Our little child, watching with curious eyes the apparent motion of the objects, calls out in ecstasy, and bids us see how hedge and house are flying past the carriage. You know it is not these that move; nor the firm and fixed shore, with its trees and fields, and boats at anchor, and harbours and headlands, that is gliding by the cabin windows. That is but an illusion of the eye. The motion is not in them, but in us. And if the world is growing less to your sight, it shows you are retreating from it, rising above it, and, upborne in the arms of grace, are ascending to a higher region; and if to our eye, the fashion of this world seems passing away, it is because we ourselves are passing—passing and pressing on the way to heaven.—*Guthrie*.

1339. CONVERSION, known by its effects. "Are there any drunkards here?" cried a Methodist itinerant, as he preached amid a mongrel multitude (in the open air in Ulster). "Yes, I am one," replied a sobbing Irishman, who, returning intoxicated toward his home, had stepped aside to the assembly, supposing it was witnessing a cock-fight; and from that day he was not only reclaimed from his long-confirmed vice, but became a genuine Christian.—*Steven's Methodism*.

1340. CONVERSION, Means of. Mr. Aikman, a man of good talents and education, is said to have been brought to a knowledge of Christ by reading Newton's "Cardiphonia, or Utterance of the Heart," which he purchased at a book-stall in London, under the supposition that it was a novel, and would do for a circulating library he was then establishing in Jamaica.—*Memoir of the Haldanes*.

1341. CONVERSION, Means of. A dying publican's wife recently gave the following encouraging testimony, as narrated by the evangelist who visited her. He says, "I was asked to go to a public-house in Nottingham, and see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. I asked her how she had found the Lord. '*Reading that*,' she replied, handing me a torn piece of newspaper. I looked at it, and found that it was part of an American paper containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion. 'Where did you get this newspaper from?' I said. She answered, 'It was wrapped round a parcel which was sent me from Australia.' God's Word shall not return to Him void."

1342. CONVERSION, Nominal. An old Indian woman who had been converted by the Jesuits was dying in the faith, most devoutly kissing the crucifix and meekly receiving extreme unction. She gave a fine proof of the truth of her conversion when, being asked at last by the priest whether there was

any little dainty in the world that she would like—any special thing with which she might cheer her dying moments—she replied, "Well, I don't know that there is anything I like, except it should be a slice or two of a nice little boy."—*Spurgeon*.

1343. CONVERSION of children, Anxiety for. There was in my ancestral line an incident so strangely impressive that it seems more like romance than reality. It has sometimes been so inaccurately put forth that I now give you the true incident. My grandfather and grandmother, living at Somerville, New Jersey, went to Baskingridge to witness a revival, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Finley. They came home so impressed with what they had seen that *they resolved on the salvation of their children*. The young people of the house were to go off for an evening party, and my grandmother said, "Now, when you are all ready for the party come to my room, for I have something very important to tell you." All ready for departure, they came to her room, and she said to them, "Now, I want you to remember, while you are away this evening, that I am all the time in this room praying for your salvation, and I shall not cease praying until you get back." The young people went to the party, but amid the loudest hilarities of the night they could not forget that their mother was praying for them. The evening passed, and the night passed. The next day my grandparents heard an outcry in an adjoining room, and they went in and found their daughter imploring the salvation of the Gospel. The daughter told them that her brothers were at the barn and at the waggon-house under powerful conviction for sin. They went to the barn. They found my uncle Jehiah, who afterwards became a minister of the Gospel, crying to God for mercy. They went to the waggon-house. They found their son David, who afterwards became my father, imploring God's pardon and mercy. Before a great while the whole family were saved; and David went and told the story to a young woman to whom he was affianced, who, as a result of the story, became a Christian, and from her own lips—my mother—I have received the incidents. The story of that converted household ran through all the neighbourhood, from family to family, until the whole region was whelmed with religious awakening, and at the next communion in the village church at Somerville over two hundred souls stood up to profess the faith of the Gospel.—*Talmage*.

1344. CONVERSION, on a large scale. The Romanists have tried conversion on a large scale. Of old their missionaries went abroad; and we read of one—a great man, after all, though greatly mistaken—who took with him his brush, and scattered his holy drops as he walked along, and then announced that he had baptized so many thousands; for the Sacrament, in his view, was efficacious, because it came from his priestly hands, and not because it was received by willing brows of penitents and believers.—*Spurgeon*.

1345. CONVERSION, resulting from a word. The history of Miss Charlotte Elliott's conversion was told as follows by Mr. Sankey:—"At a gathering in the West End of London the Rev. Cæsar Malan found himself seated by a young lady. In the course of conversation he asked her if she were a Christian. She turned upon him, and somewhat sharply replied, 'That's a subject I don't care to

have discussed here this evening.' 'Well,' answered Mr. Malan, with inimitable sweetness of manner, 'I will not persist in speaking of it, but I shall pray that you may give your heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for Him.' A fortnight afterwards they met again, and this time the young lady approached the minister with marked courtesy, and said, 'The question you asked me the other evening has abided with me ever since, and caused me very great trouble. I have been trying in vain in all directions to find the Saviour, and I come now to ask you to help me to find Him. I am sorry for the way in which I previously spoke to you, and now come for help.' Mr. Malan answered her, 'Come to Him just as you are.' 'But will He receive me just as I am, and now?' 'Oh yes,' said Mr. Malan; 'gladly will He do so.' They then knelt together and prayed, and she soon experienced the holy joy of a full forgiveness through the blood of Christ. The young lady's name was Charlotte Elliott; to her the whole Church is indebted for the pathetic hymn commencing—

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!'

1346. CONVERSION, Results of. A little girl was found in the streets of Baltimore and taken into one of the reform societies, and they said to her, 'What is your name?' She said, 'My name is Mary.' 'What is your other name?' She said, 'I don't know.' So they took her into the reform society, and as they did not know her last name, they always called her 'Mary Lost,' since she had been picked up out of the street. But she grew on, and after a while the Holy Spirit came to her heart, and she became a Christian child, and she changed her name; and when anybody asked her what her name was she said, 'It used to be Mary Lost; but now, since I have become a Christian, it is Mary Found.'—*Talmage*.

1347. CONVERSION, Secret of. Strenuous efforts were made by the relatives of a young Brahmin who had been baptized at Bangalore to induce him to recant, but all in vain. Then they changed their tactics, and said that the missionaries had given him some "medicine" to turn his mind. "No," he replied; "God has given me His Spirit to change my heart."—*Rev. B. Rice (abridged)*.

1348. CONVERSION, Signs of coming. A Spanish painter, in a picture of Stephen conducted to the place of execution, has represented Saul as walking by the martyr's side with melancholy calmness. He consents to his death from a sincere, though mistaken, sense of duty; and the expression of his countenance is strongly contrasted with the rage of the baffled Jewish doctors and the ferocity of the crowd who flocked to this scene of bloodshed. Literally considered, such a representation is scarcely consistent either with Saul's conduct immediately afterwards, or with his own expressions concerning himself at the later periods of his life. But that picture, though historically incorrect, is poetically true. The painter has worked according to the true idea of his art in throwing upon the persecutor's countenance the shadow of his coming repentance. We cannot dissociate the martyrdom of Stephen from the conversion of Paul. The spectacle of so much constancy, so much faith, so much love, could

not be lost. It is hardly too much to say with Augustine, "The Church owes Paul to the prayer of Stephen."—*Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul*.

1349. CONVERSION, Sudden. When I was in Manchester I went into the gallery one Sunday night to have a talk with a few inquirers, and while I was talking a business man came in, and took his seat on the outskirts of the audience. I think at first he had come merely to criticise, and that he was a little sceptical. At last I saw he was in tears. I turned to him and said, "My friend, what is your difficulty?" "Well," he said, "Mr. Moody, the fact is, I cannot tell." I said, "Do you believe you are a sinner?" He said, "Yes, I know that." I said, "Christ is able to save you;" and I used one illustration after another, but he did not see it. At last I used the ark, and I said, "Was it Noah's feelings that saved him? Was it Noah's righteousness that saved him, or was it the ark?" "Mr. Moody," said he, "I see it." He got up and shook hands with me, and said, "Good-night; I have to go. I have to go away in the train to-night, but I was determined to be saved before I went. I see it now." I confess it seemed almost too sudden for me, and I was almost afraid it could not live. A few days after, he came and touched me on the shoulder, and said, "Do you know me?" I said, "I know your face, but do not remember where I have seen you." He said, "Do not you remember the illustration of the ark?" I said, "Yes." He said, "It has been all light ever since. I understand it now. *Christ is the ark*; He saves me, and I must get inside Him."—*Moody*.

1350. CONVERSION, the result of faithful preaching. One dear old man, who at the ripe age of seventy-eight became an humble child-like Christian, and who twice in the week used to walk eight miles to hear me, had one favourite version of the words which caused his conversion, to which he adhered with faithful fixity and retailed to every one he met. "There was three of us old men a-settin' together, and you turned and you shook your little finger at us, and you said, 'You old men there, you are going to hell as fast as your old legs can carry you!' I never felt so afeard in my life, and I have been a changed man ever since."—*Ellice Hopkins*.

1351. CONVERSION, the soul, and God. There is produced in a telescope an image of a star. There is produced in a soul an image of God. When does the image of the star start up in the chamber of the telescope? Only when the lenses are clear and rightly adjusted, and when the axis of vision in the tube is brought into exact coincidence with the line of the rays of light from the star. When does the image of God, or the inner sense of peace and pardon, spring up in the human soul? Only when the faculties of the soul are rightly adjusted in relation to each other, and the will brought into coincidence with God's Will. How much is man's work, and how much is the work of the light? Man adjusts the lenses and the tube; the light does all the rest. Man may, in the exercise of his freedom, as upheld by Divine power, adjust his faculties to spiritual light, and when adjusted in a certain way God flashes through them.—*Rev. Joseph Cook*.

1352. CONVERSIONS, and the ministry. There

was a minister in Manchester who came to me one day and said, "I wish you would tell me why we ministers don't succeed better than we do." So I took up the idea of pulling in the net, and I said, "You ought to pull in your nets." When he came to see me at the Opera-House, the other day, he said, "Moody, I have had eight hundred conversions this last year. It is a great mistake I did not begin earlier to pull in the net."—*Moody*.

1353. CONVERTS, God's and man's. On one occasion an Irish evangelist was brought up for creating a disturbance. "How many did you convert?" said the magistrate. "Just two," was the reply. "Were they all?" "Yes, sir, all I converted; and *they were soon as wicked as ever*; but the Lord, He converted many more." Possibly such easy conversions may have not a little to do with the shallow Christianity more or less common in these days.—*Via, Veritas, Vita*.

1354. CONVICTION and conversion contrasted. When I was a boy I ploughed a field with a team of spirited horses. I ploughed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plough with its rattling devices. I thought it made no difference. After a while my father came along and said, "Why, this will never do; this isn't *ploughed deep enough*. There, you have missed this and you have missed that;" and he ploughed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is, that they are only scratched with conviction, when the subsoil plough of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.—*Talmage*.

1355. CONVICTION, Avoiding. An Italian gentleman at Paris, the firmest article of whose creed was that none but Italians could possibly sing well, refused to admit that Mademoiselle Nilsson, whom he had never heard, could be at all equal to the singers of Italy. With great difficulty he was induced to hear her. After listening for five minutes, he rose to depart. "But do stay," said his friend; "you will be convinced presently." "*I know it*," said the Italian, "*and therefore I go*."—*Theatrical Anecdotes*.

1356. CONVICTION, Dread of. It is related that Galileo, who invented the telescope with which he observed the satellites of Jupiter, invited a man who was opposed to him to look through it, that he might observe Jupiter's moons. The man positively refused, saying, "If I should see them, *how could I maintain my opinions* which I have advanced against your philosophy?"

1357. CONVICTION, for sin. My early life was very much like a corduroy road in Indiana. There were beautiful prairie flowers on every side of me, but the road that I travelled was full of chuck-holes, over which I went bump, bump, all the while. About half the time I lived under conviction, and the other half of the time I was getting over it.—*Beecher*.

1358. CONVICTIONS, First, how produced. My first convictions on the subject of religion were confirmed by observing that really religious persons had some solid happiness among them, which I felt the vanities of the world could not give. I shall never forget standing by the bedside of my sick mother. "Are not you afraid to die?"

I asked, "No." "No! Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?" "Because God has said, 'Fear not; when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'"—*Cecil*.

1359. CONVICTIONS, Loyalty to. A ferry company, with a fine prospect of a lucrative business, desired the late Governor Gamble to make an investment in their stock, which he declined, because they ran their boats on the Sabbath. "We are obliged by law to do so," was the excuse offered. "Yes," he replied; "I know that the law requires your company to run its boats on the Sabbath, but the law *does not require me to invest my money in your stock*."

1360. CONVICTIONS, Putting aside. Rush, the murderer, was once so impressed with religious convictions that his stout frame trembled from head to foot under his minister's preaching. But he put aside these impressions, and turned away into the awful crime that brought him to the scaffold.—*Ellice Hopkins*.

1361. COPARTNERSHIP, of masters and men. I rejoice intensely in the various movements of the times, which are feeling after this higher relation between employers and employed; which aim at making something like a partnership of toils, burdens, and gains. There are coal-pits and factories in Yorkshire, and there are farms in the Eastern Counties, where this copartnership has been established, and has stood successfully the strain of years. And in the villages inhabited by the men who are lifted thus to a higher level of responsibility and duty I am told that drunkenness and profligacy are almost unknown.—*Baldwin Brown*.

1362. COUNTERFEITS, and detection. An old gentleman, who died not a great while ago, who used to attend church here, and who was a gold-teller in many of the banks, his business being to count gold, told me he could take piles and piles of gold on a counter, and throw them out just as fast as he could make his hand go, and detect any counterfeit pieces that there might be among them. He knew by the feeling whether they were full weight, whether they were genuine metal, and whether they were split and filled with some base material. He could discover all the adulterations that rogues were accustomed to practise on coins by instinct. He was educated to it. It was not because he thought about doing it that he could do it; he did it without volition.—*Beecher*.

1363. COUNTERFEITS, Difficulty of detecting. The French have grown so clever at imitating pearls, that a jeweller in the Exhibition shows a necklace which purports to be a mixture of true pearls and false; and he challenges his customers to single out the real ones if he can. Nobody has yet succeeded. . . . We are told that there is only one way by which they can be detected, and that is *by their specific weight*; the false are much lighter than the real pearls.—*Spurgeon*.

1364. COURAGE, A Christian's. On the 10th day of December 1520 he (Luther) caused a kind of funeral pile to be erected without the walls of Wittenberg, surrounded by scaffolds, as for a public spectacle; and when the places thus prepared were

filled by the members of the university and the inhabitants of the city, Luther made his appearance, with many attendants, bringing with him several volumes, containing the Decretals of the Popes, the constitutions called the Extravagants, the writings of Eccius and of Emser, another of his antagonists, and finally a copy of the bull of Leo X. The pile being then set on fire, he with his own hands committed the books to the flames, exclaiming at the same time, "*Because ye have troubled the holy of the Lord, ye shall be burned with eternal fire.*" On the following day he mounted the pulpit and admonished his audience to be upon their guard against papistical decrees. "The conflagration we have now seen," said he, "is a matter of small importance. It would be more to the purpose if the Pope himself, or, in other words, the papal see, were also burnt."—*Roscoe's Leo the Tenth.*

1365. COURAGE, A Christian's. John Knox was interred at Edinburgh, several lords attending, particularly the Earl of Morton, that day chosen regent, who, when Knox was laid in the grave, exclaimed, "There lies he who never feared the face of man."

1366. COURAGE, amid difficulties. Blind men seldom quote books, but it is not so with Milton. The prodigious power, readiness, and accuracy of his memory, as well as the confidence he felt in it, are proved by his setting himself, several years after he had become totally blind, to compose his "Treatise on Christian Doctrine," which, made up as it is of Scriptural texts, would seem to require perpetual reference to the Sacred Volume. A still more extraordinary enterprise was that of the Latin Dictionary—a work which, one would imagine, might easily wear out a sound pair of eyes, but in which hardly any man could stir a couple of steps without eyes. Well might he who, after five years of blindness, had the courage to undertake these two vast works, along with "Paradise Lost," declare that he did "not bate a jot of heart or hope, but still bore up and steered *Uphillward*;" for this is the word which Milton at first used in his noble sonnet.—*Julius C. Hare.*

1367. COURAGE, and presence of mind. A member of our Church Society narrated the following incident, and at my request committed it to writing:—"One Christmas season, while a boy at school, I had saved up my pence and purchased a pound of gunpowder. The servant girls that evening being in another part of the house, and the kitchen clear, I retired thither, accompanied by my two sisters and my brother, all younger than myself, our parents being in an adjoining room, but ignorant of what we were about. The gunpowder was poured into a large horn, with a wooden bottom and a cork for a stopper. A great fire burnt in the grate, and behind the door stood a large tub of water, while round a table in the centre of the room we four children were engaged as described. The horn being filled, and packed tightly, was corked and placed on the table; about an egg-cupful remained which could not be got in. This my brother wished for, and I refused him, upon which we quarrelled, and he seized it, but I forcibly wrenched it from him. Stung at the disappointment, he went deliberately to the table, took up the powder-horn, walked to the fireplace, and thrust it into the burning coals. Fear so paralysed my frame as to prevent me from being able to arrest

his movements. The mischief done, he ran out of doors. My sisters, ignorant of the danger, lingered between the table and the fire; I, suffering from a recent burn on my foot, could only cry out to them, to get out of the room, while limping myself as fast as I was able towards the door. I ran behind the chink of it, and was now watching the expected consummation. My eldest sister ran into the passage beyond, while my youngest, in her dread, ran into the very corner nearest the grate. An agony of suspense came over me, in the midst of which my eldest sister walked past me into the kitchen again, and went straight up to the grate without uttering a syllable. In the coolest manner she took up the tongs, grasped the powder-horn, now crackling from the heat, its wooden bottom one red charred mass, and taking it the whole length of the kitchen, calmly allowed it to sink into the tub of water, where it hissed for a while, and all danger was over. But for her presence of mind, we should all have been much injured, and some, perhaps, killed.—*Leifchild (abridged).*

1368. COURAGE, Christian. Two Cistercian monks, in the reign of King Henry VIII., were threatened, before their martyrdom, by the Lord Mayor of that time, that they should be tied in a sack and thrown into the Thames. "My lord," said one, "we are going to the kingdom of heaven, and whether we go by land or by water is of very little consequence to us."

1369. COURAGE, Christian. Some of the Indian chiefs having become the open enemies of the Gospel, Mr Elliot, sometimes called the Apostle of the American Indians, when in the wilderness, without the company of any other Englishman, was at various times treated in a threatening and barbarous manner by some of those men; yet his Almighty Protector inspired him with such resolution that he said, "*I am about the work of the Great God, and my God is with me; so that I fear neither you nor all the Sachims (or chiefs) in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare.*" They heard him, and shrank away.

1370. COURAGE, Christian. William, Duke of Aquitaine and Earl of Poitiers, was a dissolute prince, and often indulged himself at the expense of religion. He parted from his wife without reason, to marry another who pleased him better. The Bishop of Poitiers could not brook so great a scandal; and having employed all other means in vain, he thought it his duty to excommunicate the Duke. As he began to pronounce the anathema William furiously advanced, sword in hand, saying, "Thou art dead if thou proceedest." The Bishop, as if afraid, required a few moments to consider what was most expedient. The Duke granted them; and the Bishop courageously finished the rest of the formula of excommunication; then, extending his neck, "Now strike," said he; "I am quite ready." The astonishment which this intrepid conduct produced in the Duke disarmed his fury, and saying ironically, "I don't like you well enough to send you to heaven," he contented himself with banishing him.

1371. COURAGE, Christian. Chrysostom before the Roman Emperor was a beautiful example of Christian courage. The Emperor threatened him with banishment if he still remained a Christian

Chrysostom replied, "Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's house; thou canst not banish me." "But I will slay thee," said the Emperor. "Nay, but thou canst not," said the noble champion of the faith again; "for my life is hid with Christ in God." "I will take away thy treasures." "Nay, but thou canst not," was the retort; "for, in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of. My treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there." "But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left." "Nay, and that thou canst not," once more said the faithful witness; "for I have a Friend in heaven, from whom thou canst not separate me. I defy thee; there is nothing thou canst do to hurt me."

1372. COURAGE, Moral. A certain young printer kept aloof from his fellow-workmen, and refused to contribute towards their "junktetings" and social entertainments. One day, when approached by a workman with a subscription-paper for some convivial purpose, he, as usual, refused. "You are the stingiest man in this building." This cruel taunt roused his blood. He indignantly replied, "you have insulted me." This drew the printers all from their cases, in anticipation of a brawl. The young man, with honest indignation, said to his associates, "For a year I have worked faithfully here, and minded my own business. I have starved myself in order to save up money to send my sick sister to Paris to be treated by a physician who understands such difficult cases. Would any of you do as much?" —*Cuyler.*

1373. COURAGE, Need of. During the wars of Nassau a council of officers debated whether to attack a certain town. A Dutch general had so much to say about the formidable guns mounted on the defences of the place that many grew discouraged, and advised giving up the dangerous job. "My lords," said Sir Horace Vere, a stout English baron, "if you fear the mouth of a cannon you must never come into the field." Without the Christian's courage it is useless to enter the Christian's fight.

1374. COURAGE, Passive, not enough. King Louis, his door being beaten in, opens it, and stands with free bosom, asking, "What do you want?" The Sans-culottic flood recoils awestruck; returns however, the rear pressing on the front, with cries of "Veto! Patriot Ministers! Remove Veto!"—which things, Louis valiantly answers, this is not the time to do, nor this the way to ask him to do. Honour what virtue is in a man. Louis does not want courage; he has even the higher kind called moral courage; though only the passive half of that. His few National Grenadiers shuffle back with him into the embrasure of a window: there he stands, with unimpeachable passivity, amid the shouldering and braying—a spectacle to men. They hand him a red cap of liberty; he sets it quietly on his head—forgets it there. He complains of thirst; half-drunken Rascality offers him a bottle; he drinks of it. "Sire, do not fear," says one of his Grenadiers. "Fear?" answers Louis; "feel there," putting the man's hand on his heart. So stands Majesty in red woollen cap; black Sans-culottism weltering round him, far and wide, aimless, with inarticulate dissonance, with cries of "Veto! Patriot Ministers!" —*Carlyle.*

1375. COURAGE, Secret of a Christian's. When

I write against the Pope I am not melancholy, for then I labour with the brains and understanding, then I write with joy of heart; so that not long since Dr. Reisenpusch said to me, "I much marvel you can be so merry; if the case were mine, it would go near to kill me." Whereupon I answered, "Not the Pope or all his shaven retinue can make me sad; for I know that they are Christ's enemies; therefore I fight against him with joyful courage." —*Luther.*

1376. COURAGE, Spiritual, needs to be nourished. An Englishman's earnestness in battle depends, according to some authorities, upon his being well fed; he has no stomach for the fight if he is starved. If we are well nourished by sound gospel food we shall be vigorous and fervent. An old blunt commander at Cadiz is described by Selden as thus addressing his soldiers:—"What a shame will it be, you Englishmen, who feed upon good beef and beer, to let these rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons!" His philosophy and mine agree: he expected courage and valour from those who were well nourished. —*Spurgeon.*

1377. COURAGE, True. Just before the battle of Ohod a council was held by Mohammed. "Shall we retire to Modena, and let the women and children help us fight, our forces may be insufficient?" "No," said one of the young men; "let us have a fair fight and an open field." On the sword of that remarkable Moslem was engraven: "Fear and want of conscience brings disgrace; forward lies honour; cowardice saves no man from his fate."

1378. COURAGE, True. The following prayer was found in the desk of a schoolboy after his death:—"O God! give me courage to fear none but Thee."

1379. COURTESY, a Christian duty. A Chinaman in San Francisco was rudely pushed into the mud from a street-crossing by an American. He picked himself up very calmly, shook off some of the mud, bowed very politely, and said in a mild, reproving tone to the offender, "You Christian, me heathen: good-bye."

1380. COURTESY, a Christian duty. A stranger recently entered one of the churches in Indianapolis, and was allowed to stand a while in the aisle. At length he was approached by one of the brethren, when he ventured to inquire, "What church is this?" "Christ's Church, sir!" "*Is He in?*" The churchman took the hint and gave the stranger a seat. —*Family Circle.*

1381. COURTESY, to enemies and the unfortunate. After the battle of Poitiers, in which the Black Prince fought and defeated the French King, the Prince waited upon his captives like a menial at supper; nor could he be persuaded to sit at the King's table. This was quite in accordance with the chivalry of the day. —*Little's Historical Lights (condensed).*

1382. COURTESY, A lesson of. Sir Emerson Tennent tells of an adventure he had in Ceylon while riding on a narrow road through the forest. He heard a rumbling sound approaching, and directly there came to meet him an elephant, bearing on his tusks a large log of wood which he had

been directed to carry to the place where it was most needed. Tennent's horse, unused to these monsters, was frightened, and refused to go forward. The elephant, seeing this, evidently decided that he must himself get out of the way. But to do this he was obliged to take the log from his tusks with his trunk and lay it on the ground, which he did, and then backed out of the road between the trees till only his head was visible. But the horse was still too timid to go by, when the thoughtful elephant pushed himself farther back, till all his body except the end of his trunk had disappeared. Then Sir Emerson succeeded in getting his horse by, but stopped to witness the result. The elephant came out, took the log up again, laid it across his tusks, and went on his way.

1383. COURTESY, Christian. In the course of one of his evangelistic tours, Wesley, after the service, was invited, along with one of his preachers, to luncheon at the house of a neighbouring gentleman, whose daughter, a girl remarkable for her beauty, had been greatly impressed with his discourse. The fair young Methodist sat beside Wesley's colleague at the table, who noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal the preacher took hold of the lady's hand, and, raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. "What do you think of this, sir," he said, "for a Methodist's hand?" For Wesley, with his well-known aversion to finery, the question was an awkward one; but with inimitable tact and a benevolent smile, he simply remarked, "*The hand is very beautiful.*" The fair young girl said not a word; but a little later, when she again appeared in Wesley's presence (so runs the story), the hand was unadorned except by the beauty stamped on it by nature.

1384. COURTIER, Repudiating the spirit of. The Earl of Abercorn, although at one time much about Court, was no courtier in the gainful acceptance of the term—he never *boomed*. His brother, who was a Churchman, once solicited him to apply for a living which was vacant, and in the gift of the crown. His lordship returned the following answer: "I never ask any favours. Enclosed is a deed of annuity for £1000 a year. Yours, ABERCORN."—*Percy Anecdotes.*

1385. COVETOUSNESS, conquered. A stingy Christian was listening to a charity sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, right under the pulpit, with his ear-trumpet directed upwards, towards the preacher. The sermon moved him considerably. At one time he said to himself, "I'll give ten dollars;" again he said, "I'll give fifteen." At the close of the appeal he was very much moved, and thought he would give fifty dollars. Now the boxes were passed. As they moved along his charity began to ooze out. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to five, to zero. He concluded that he would not give anything. "Yet," said he, "this won't do—I am in a bad fix. My hopes of heaven may be in this question. This covetousness will be my ruin." The boxes were getting nearer and nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was now under his chin—all the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during this soliloquy, which was half audible, though, in his deafness, he

did not know that he was heard. In the agony of the final moment, he took his pocket-book and laid it in the box, saying to himself as he did it, "*Now squirm, old natur'!*" This was victory beyond any that Alexander ever won—a victory over himself. Here is a key to the problem of covetousness. Old natur' must go under. It will take great giving to put stinginess down.—*H. L. Hastings.*

1386. COVETOUSNESS, Cure of. Diodorus Siculus relates that the forest of the Pyrenean Mountains being set on fire, and the heat penetrating to the soil, a pure stream of silver gushed forth from the bosom of the hearth and revealed for the first time the existence of those rich lodes afterwards so celebrated. *Let the melting influence of the cross be felt*, let the fire of the Gospel be kindled in the Church, and its ample stores shall be seen flowing from their hidden recesses and becoming "the fine gold of the sanctuary."—*Harris.*

1387. COVETOUSNESS, decried and yet practised. About the time that the Apostle Paul was denouncing the sin (of covetousness) in his Epistle to Timothy, Seneca was decrying the same evil, and composed his *Ethics*; but, as if to show the impotence of his own precepts, "he was accused of having amassed the most ample riches"—a circumstance which, though not the ostensible, was no doubt the real, cause of his finally falling a victim to the jealousy of Nero.—*Harris.*

1388. COVETOUSNESS, its insidiousness. Beware of growing covetousness; for, of all sins, this is one of the most insidious. It is like the silting up of a river. As the stream comes down from the land, it brings with it sand and earth, and deposits all these at its mouth; so that by degrees, unless the conservators watch it carefully, it will block itself up, and leave no channel for ships of great burden. *By daily deposit*, it imperceptibly creates a bar which is dangerous to navigation. Many a man, when he begins to accumulate wealth, commences at the same moment to ruin his soul; and the more he acquires, the more closely he blocks up his liberality, which is, so to speak, the very mouth of spiritual life. Instead of doing more for God, he does less; the more he saves, the more he wants; and the more he wants of this world, the less he cares for the world to come.—*Spurgeon.*

1389. COVETOUSNESS, its own punishment. An anonymous writer, generally supposed to be the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, after describing how, when a boy, he stole a cannon-ball from the navy-yard at Charlestown, and with much trepidation, and more headache, carried it away in that universal pocket of youth—his hat—winds up with the following reflections—reflections which, though philosophically trite, are in this manner conveyed with much force and freshness:—"When I reached home I had nothing to do with my shot. I did not dare show it in the house, or tell where I got it; and after one or two solitary rolls, I gave it away on the same day. But, after all, that six-pounder rolled a good deal of sense into my skull. I think it was the very last thing that I ever stole (excepting a little matter of heart, now and then), and it gave me a notion of the folly of coveting more than you can enjoy, which has made my whole life happier. It was rather a severe mode of catechism, but ethics rubbed in with a six-pounder shot are better than

none at all. But I see men doing the same thing, getting into underground and dirty vaults, and gathering up wealth, which will, when got, roll around their heads like a ball, and be not a whit softer because it is gold, instead of iron, though there is not a man on 'Change who will believe that. I have seen a man put himself to every humiliation to win a proud woman who had been born above him, and when he got her he walked all the rest of his life with a cannon-ball in his hat. I have seen young men enrich themselves by pleasure in the same wise way, sparing no pains and scrupling at no sacrifice of principle for the sake of at last carrying a burden which no man can bear. All the world are busy in striving for things that give little pleasure and bring much care. I am accustomed, in all my walks among men, noticing their ways and their folly, to think, 'There is a man stealing a cannon-ball;' or, 'There is a man with a ball on his head; I know it by his walk.'—*Christian Age*.

1390. CORRUPTION, man's, Signs of. Every lock and safe in the city of New York is a testimony and a witness against knaves and villains. The excessive thickness of walls; the number of men that are employed to watch each other; the various apparatus by which society is controlled—these are rendered necessary by the corruption which springs from the basilar passions. And who pays for them? Honest men. So these passions are the thieves and robbers, and despots and demons, who run up the bills, and the moral sentiments pay them.—*Beecher*.

1391. COWARDICE, Fear of. Somewhat proudly he (Sir Walter Raleigh) laid his old grey head on the block, as if saying in better than words, "There, then!" The sheriff offered to let him warm himself again within-doors at a fire. "Nay, let us be swift," said Raleigh; "in few minutes my ague will return upon me, and if I be not dead before that, they will say I tremble for fear."—*Carlyle*.

1392. CREATION, Beauty of. A gentleman, being invited to accompany a distinguished person to see a grand building, erected by Sir Christopher Hatton, desired to be excused and to sit still, looking on a flower he held in his hand, "For," said he, "I see more of God in this flower than in all the beautiful edifices in the world."

1393. CREATION, God in. God hath never left the world without witness of Himself. He has engraven His name upon His works; as those that make watches or any curious pieces with their names upon them; or as he that carved a buckler for Minerva had so curiously inlaid his own name that it could not be razed out without defacing the whole work; so hath God. The creatures—by this we mean creation in general—are but a draft portraiture of the Divine glory. God first spoke to the world, not by words but things, and taught them by hieroglyphics. The Scriptures are but a comment upon this book of the creatures.—*Dr. Manton*.

1394. CREATION, Tradition of. A very striking tradition of the creation and fall of man is given by G. Kohl, in "Kitchi-Gama; or, Wanderings around Lake Superior;" translated in 1860. He mentions the following singular traditions

among the Red Indians. The first man and woman were placed in a garden rich with all manner of fruit. They ate, and lived there for days and years in pleasure and happiness; and the Great Spirit often came to them and conversed with them. "One thing," he said, "I warn you against. Come hither. See, this tree in the middle of the garden is not good. In a short time this tree will blossom and bear fruits, which look very fine and taste very sweet; but do not eat of them, for if you do ye will die." One day, however, when the woman went walking in the garden, she heard a very kindly and sweet voice say to her, "Why dost thou not eat of this beautiful fruit? It tastes splendidly." She resisted for some time. The voice was repeated. The fruit smelled pleasantly, and the woman liked it a little. At length she swallowed it entirely, and felt as if drunk. When her husband came to her soon after, she persuaded him also to eat it. He did so, and also felt as if drunk. But this scarce had happened ere the silver scales with which their bodies had been covered fell off; only twenty of these scales remained on, but lost all their brilliancy—ten on their fingers, and ten on their toes."

1395. CREATOR, Denial of. One day, when I was at an atheistical meeting, at a person of quality's, I undertook to manage the cause, and was the principal disputant against God and piety, and for my performance received the applause of the whole company; upon which my mind was terribly struck, and I immediately replied thus to myself—"Good God! that a man that walks upright, that sees the wonderful works of God, and has the use of his senses and reason, should use them to the denying of his Creator."—*Lord Rochester*.

1396. CREATOR, Eternal existence of. The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, the eloquent converted Brahman, who visited America in 1873, says that the study of the wonderful announcement, made in the first words of the Bible, of one personal Creator of the universe, existing from all eternity, was one of the chief means of turning him from idolatry.

1397. CREATOR, Personality of. Is it more unphilosophical to believe in a personal God, omnipotent and omniscient, than in natural forces, unconscious and irresistible? Is it unphilosophical to combine power with intelligence? Goethe, a Spinozist, who did not believe in Spinoza, said that he could bring his mind to the conception, that in the centre of space we might meet with a monad of pure intelligence. What may be the centre of space I leave to the imagination of the author of "Faust;" but a monad of pure intelligence, is that more philosophical than the truth that God made man in His own image?—*Lord Beaconsfield*.

1398. CREED, A short. He (Mr. May) ridiculed the absurdity of refusing to believe everything that you could not understand; and mentioned a rebuke of Dr. Parr's to a man of the name of Frith, and that of another clergyman to a young man who said he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."—*Coleridge's Table Talk*.

1399. CREED, and life, Connection of. Mr. Fuller relates an anecdote of a man of literary eminence, but an infidel, who was accustomed to

converse with a brother sceptic where they were necessarily heard by a pious but uneducated countryman. Afterward it came to pass that the educated infidel became an humble Christian. Feeling now a serious concern lest his conversation should have poisoned the mind of the countryman, he inquired if such was the fact. "By no means," answered the other; "it never made the least impression." "No impression! Why, you must have known that we had read and thought on these things much more than you had any opportunity of doing." "Oh yes," said the other; "*but I knew also your manner of living.*" I knew that to maintain such a course of conduct you found it *necessary* to renounce Christianity."

1400. CREED, Athanasian. George III. refused in the most pointed manner to make the responses when this creed was read in Windsor Chapel.—*Dr. Heberden.*

1401. CREED, Conflicts over. Three natural philosophers go out into the forest and find a nightingale's nest, and forthwith they begin to discuss the habits of the bird, its size, and the number of eggs it lays; and one pulls out of his pocket a treatise of Buffon, and another of Cuvier, and another of Audubon; and they read and dispute till at length the quarrel runs so high over the empty nest that they tear each other's leaves, and get red in the face, and the woods ring with their conflict; when lo! out of the green shade of a neighbouring thicket the bird itself rested, and disturbed by these side noises, begins to sing. At first its song is soft and low, and then it rises and swells, and waves of melody float up over the trees and fill the air with tremulous music, and the entranced philosophers, subdued and ashamed of their quarrel, shut their books and walk home without a word. So men who, around the empty sepulchre of Christ, have wrangled about the forms of religion, about creeds and doctrines and ordinances, when Christ Himself, disturbed by their discords, sings to them out of heaven, of love and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, are ashamed of their conflicts, and go quietly and meekly to their duties.—*Beecher.*

1402. CREED, Men of unsettled. "I shape my creed every week," was the confession of one to me. Whereunto shall I liken such unsettled ones? Are they not like those birds which frequent the Golden Horn, and are to be seen from Constantinople, of which it is said that they are always on the wing, and never rest? No one ever saw them alight on the water or on the land; they are for ever poised in mid-air. The natives call them "lost souls," seeking rest and finding none. Assuredly, men who have no personal rest in the truth, if they are not unsaved themselves, are, at least, very unlikely to save others.—*Spurgeon.*

1403. CREEDS, Necessity of. Scorn of creeds is again and again mentioned as a marked characteristic of the Liberals. This scorn is justified if "creeds" mean hard, arid dogmas, something standing outside of us, which recommends itself to our logic, and for which we can argue, but which does not come into the domain of the heart and life. If "creed" means *what we actually believe* and has become a living principle in us, it is unreasonable to despise it, for it is most potent for good or evil. Mrs. Barbauld (an Arian) had something which she

believed so firmly and held so tenaciously, that when Harriet Martineau left it, and embraced what is called advanced views, Mrs. Barbauld's friendship with her came to an end.—*James Kennedy, M.A.*

1404. CREEDS, Use of. A creed is just like a philosopher's telescope. He sweeps the heavens to see if he can find the star for which he is searching; and by-and-by the glass brings it to his eye. The glass helps him, but it is not the glass that sees the star. It is the eye that does that. The glass is a mere instrument by which to identify the star, and magnify it, and bring it near, and shut off other things. A blind man could not see a heavenly body with a telescope, no matter how powerful it might be. A creed is a philosopher's telescope by which we identify philosophical truths, and magnify them, and bring them near; but it is the heart that is to apprehend them.—*Beecher.*

1405. CRISIS, Not able to understand. After having just escaped with his life from the machinations of the College of Cardinals, it is not surprising that he (Leo X.) gave himself little concern at the proceedings of Luther in Germany, or that he rejoiced that the danger, whatever it might be, was at least removed to a greater distance. "We may now," said he, "live in quiet, for the axe is taken from the root, and applied to the branches."—*Roscoe's Life of Leo X.*

1406. CRITICISM, Danger of. A pious lady once left a church in this city (Richmond) in company with her husband, who was not a professor of any religion. She was a woman of unusual vivacity, with a keen perception of the ludicrous, and often playfully sarcastic. As they walked along towards home she began to make some amusing and spicy comments on the sermon which a stranger, a man of very ordinary talents and awkward manner, had preached that morning in the absence of the pastor. After running on in this vein of sportive criticism for some time, surprised at the profound silence of her husband, she turned and looked up in his face. He was in tears. That sermon had sent an arrow of conviction to his heart. What must have been the anguish of the conscience-stricken wife, thus arrested in the act of ridiculing a discourse which had been the means of awakening the anxiety of her unconverted husband!—*The Central Presbyterian.*

1407. CRITICISM, Foolish. Bacon, the sculptor, walking one day in Westminster Abbey, observed a person standing before his principal work who seemed to pride himself on his taste and skill in the arts, and was extremely exuberant in his remarks. "This monument of Chatham," he said to Bacon, whom he evidently mistook for an ignorant stranger, "is admirable as a whole, but it has great defects." "I should be greatly obliged to you," said Bacon, "if you would be so kind as to point them out to me." "Why, here," said the critic, "and there; do you not see?—bad, very bad!" at the same time employing his stick upon the lower figures with a violence likely to injure the work. "But," said Bacon, "I should be glad to be acquainted *why* the parts you touch are bad." He found, however, nothing determinate in the reply, but the same vague assertions repeated, and accompanied with the same violence. "I told Bacon," said the would-be critic, "of this while the monument was

forming. I pointed out other defects, but I could not convince him." "What, you are personally acquainted with Bacon?" said the sculptor. "Oh yes," replied the stranger; "I have been intimate with him for many years." "It is well for you, then," said the artist, taking leave of him, "that your friend Bacon is not now at your elbow; for he would not have been pleased at seeing his work so roughly handled."—*Paxton Hood.*

1408. CRITICISM, Law of. Apelles was accused, when he had completed any one of his pieces, to expose it in some public place to the view of the passers-by, and seating himself behind it, to hear the remarks which were made. On one of these occasions a shoemaker censured the painter for having given to the slippers a less number of ties than they ought to have. Apelles, knowing the man must be correct, rectified the mistake. The next day the shoemaker, emboldened, criticised one of the legs, when Apelles indignantly put forth his head and bid him keep to that line of criticism which he understood.

1409. CRITICISM, Learning from. When one told Plato that the boys in the street were laughing at his singing, "Ay," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Being at another time reminded that he had many aspersers, "It is no matter," said he; "*I will live so that none shall believe them.*" And once again, being told that a friend was speaking detractingly of him, he replied, "I am confident he would not do it if he had not some reason."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

1410. CRITICISM, Mistakes of. Many of our modern criticisms on the works of our elder writers remind me of the connoisseur who, taking up a small cabinet picture, railed most eloquently at the absurd caprice of the artist in painting a horse sprawling. "Excuse me, sir," replied the owner of the piece, "you hold it the wrong way; it is a horse galloping."—*Southey's Omniana.*

1411. CRITIC, may be unduly forcible. The grand Turk Mahomet II. despatched a messenger to request the loan of Giovanni, whose genius he had heard of, and some of whose works he had seen. The Doge, unwilling to spare so illustrious an artist, substituted his elder brother, who accordingly repaired to Constantinople, and painted the Sultan and the Sultan's mother. After executing other pictures, he completed a painting of "John the Baptist's Head in a Charger." It was shown to the Sultan, who critically remarked, from the depth of his own experience, that the artist had left the saint's neck too long, for when decapitated the muscles always contracted and drew back into the trunk. "See now!" he cried, and with a sweep of his gem-flashing scimitar, smote off an attendant's head. Gentle owned he was in error, but took care to remove himself without delay from the presence of a critic who illustrated his criticisms in so forcible a manner.—*W. Davenport Adams.*

1412. CRITICS, Use of. When Mendelssohn was about to enter the orchestra at Birmingham, on the first performance of his "Elijah," he said laughingly to one of his friends and critics, "Stick your claws into me! Don't tell me what you like, but what you don't like."—*Smiles.*

1413. CROOKED way, straightened. A child

might say to a geographer, "You talk about the earth being round! Look on this great crag; look on that deep dell; look on yonder great mountain, and the valley at its feet, and yet you talk about the earth being round." The geographer would have an instant answer for the child; his view is comprehensive; he does not look at the surface of the world in mere detail; he does not deal with inches and feet and yards; he sees a larger world than the child has had time to grasp. He explains what he means by the expression, "The earth is a globe," and justifies his strange statement. And so it is with God's wonderful dealings towards us: there are great rocks and barren deserts, deep, dank, dark pits and defiles, and glens and dells, rugged places that we cannot smooth over at all; and yet when He comes to say to us at the end of the journey, "Now, look back; there is the way that I have brought you," we shall be enabled to say, "Thou hast gone before us, and made our way straight."—*Dr. Parker.*

1414. CROSS-BEARING, for Christ. At a large assembly, a Sunday-school anniversary, it was found that the speakers expected had failed, and none were ready to take their places. After some singing the meeting became dull, and the interest seemed to be dying out. The superintendent, who had set his heart on success, was anxious, and at a loss to know what to do, but finally gave a general invitation to the scholars to repeat any texts or hymns they had learned. He was pleasantly answered, but only for a short time. A stranger on the platform had noticed on the front seat a boy of Jewish caste, with piercing eyes, and wondered why he was there. In the midst of deep silence he rose and repeated—

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be"—

in a voice so thrilling as to move the whole audience. Many eyes were moist, for the story of the young Jew was known. His father had told him he must either leave the Sunday-school or quit home for ever, and the hymn showed what he had given up to follow Christ. The meeting was inspired with new life. Friends gathered round him at the close, and business men united in securing him a situation by which he could earn his own living.—*Christian at Work.*

1415. CROSS, Bearing the. Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge, in conversation with a friend, once said, "Many years ago, when I was an object of much contempt and derision in this university, I strolled forth one day, buffeted and afflicted, with my little Testament in my hand. I prayed earnestly to my God that He would comfort me with some cordial from His Word, and that on opening the Book I might find some text which should sustain me. The first text which caught my eye was this, 'They found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear His cross.' You know Simon is the same name as Simeon. What a world of instruction was here! what a blessed hint for my encouragement! To have the cross laid upon me *that I might bear it after Jesus*—what a privilege! It was enough. Now I could leap and sing for joy, as one whom Jesus was honouring with a participation in His sufferings."

They that can take it cheerfully on their backs shall find it just such a burden as wings to a bird or sails to a ship.—*Salter*.

1416. CROSS, Foolishness of. A careful reader of the Bible was assailed by an infidel with such expressions as these: "That the blood of Christ can wash away sin is foolishness; I don't understand or believe it." The Bible student remarked, "You and Paul agree exactly." "How?" "Turn to the first chapter of Corinthians and read the eighteenth verse: 'For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.'"

1417. CROSS, may be made a means of terror. In the sweet valley between Chamouni and the Valais, at every turn of the pleasant pathway, where the scent of the thyme lies richest upon its rocks, we shall see a little cross and shrine set under one of them, and go up to it, hoping to receive some happy thought of the Redeemer, by whom all these lovely things were made, and still consist. But when we come near, behold, beneath the cross a rude picture of souls tormented in red tongues of hell-fire and pierced by demons.—*Ruskin*.

1418. CROSS, our safety. There is an affecting passage in Roman history which records the death of Manlius. At night, and on the Capitol, fighting hand to hand, he had repelled the Gauls and saved the city when all seemed lost. Afterward he was accused, but the Capitol towered in sight of the Forum where he was tried, and as he was about to be condemned he stretched out his hands and pointed, weeping, to that arena of his triumph. At this the people burst into tears, and the judges could not pronounce sentence. Again the trial proceeded, but was again defeated; nor could he be convicted till they had removed him to a low spot, from which the Capitol was invisible. What the Capitol was to Manlius the cross of Christ is to the Christian.—*Preacher's Lantern*.

1419. CROSS, Plea from. A clergyman in Germany, who had exercised the ministerial office for twelve years, while destitute of faith in and love to the Redeemer, one day, after baptizing the child of a wealthy citizen, one of the members of his congregation was invited, with some other guests, to a collation at this person's house. Directly opposite to him, on the wall, hung a picture of Christ on the cross, with two lines written under it:—

"I did this for thee;
What hast thou done for Me?"

The picture caught his attention; as he read the lines they seemed to pierce him, and he was involuntarily seized with a feeling he never experienced before. Tears rushed into his eyes; he said little to the company, and took his leave as soon as he could. On the way home these lines constantly sounded in his ears—Divine grace prevented all philosophical doubts and explanations from entering his soul—he could do nothing but give himself up entirely to the overpowering feeling; even during the night, in his dreams, the question stood always before his mind, "*What hast thou done for Me?*" He died in about three months after this remarkable and happy change in his temper and views, triumphing in the Saviour, and expressing his admiration of His redeeming love.—*Whitcross*.

1420. CROSS, Power of. It is said that the mere mention of the cross was sufficient, frequently, to throw St. John of the Cross into an ecstasy.—*Vaughan's Half-hours with the Mystics*.

1421. CROWN, a valued. Henry, first Duke of Lancaster, being offered the choice of many precious things by the French King, selected a thorn of the Saviour's crown, esteeming it greater riches than all the treasures of France.—*Dr. Halley*.

1422. CROWN, Seeking to obtain. A French officer, who was a prisoner upon his parole at Reading, met with a Bible. He read it, and was so impressed with its contents, that he was convinced of the folly of sceptical principles, and of the truth of Christianity, and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said, in his vindication, "I have done no more than my old schoolfellow, Bernadotte, who has become a Lutheran." "Yes, but he became so," said his associates, "to obtain a crown." "My motive," said the Christian officer, "is the same; we only differ as to the place. The object of Bernadotte is to obtain a crown in Sweden: mine is to obtain a crown in heaven."

1423. CROWN, The Christian's. On one occasion, preaching from the text of St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing," he suddenly stopped, and looking up to heaven, cried with a loud voice, "Paul! are there any more crowns there?" He paused again. Then, casting his eyes upon the congregation, he continued, "Yes, my brethren, there are more crowns left. They are not all taken up yet. Blessed be God! there is one for me, and one for all of you who love the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ."—*Life of Father Taylor*.

1424. CROWN, The heavenly. The Rev. H. Davies, sometimes called "the Welsh Apostle," was walking early one Sabbath morning to a place where he was to preach. He was overtaken by a clergyman on horseback, who complained that he could not get above half a guinea for a discourse. "Oh sir," said Mr. Davies, "I preach for a crown!" "Do you?" replied the stranger; "then you are a disgrace to the cloth." To this rude observation he returned this meek answer, "Perhaps I shall be held in still greater disgrace, in your estimation, when I inform you that I am now going nine miles to preach, and have but sevenpence in my pocket to bear my expenses out and in; but I look forward to that crown of glory which my Lord and Saviour will freely bestow upon me when He makes His appearance before an assembled world."

1425. CRUCIFIXION, as viewed by the innocent. There is a picture I have seen somewhere, painted by a celebrated artist, in which one aspect of the crucifixion is very significantly represented, or rather suggested. It is intended to bring before the mind the after-scenes and after-hours of that memorable day when the crowd had gone back again to pursue its wonted business in Jerusalem, when the thick gloom had been dispelled and the clear light shines once more on that fatal spot called Calvary. The body of the Master has been conveyed to the

sepulchre, the cross itself lies extended on the ground, and a band of little children, bright with the glow of childhood's innocence, led thither by curiosity or accident, are represented as bending over the signs left around of the bloody deed which has that day been accomplished. One of the children holds in his hand a nail, but a short time ago piercing the hand or the foot of that patient Sufferer, and stands, spell-bound with horror, gazing at it. And upon every face the painter has plainly depicted the verdict which innocence must ever give with regard to that dreadful tragedy.—*B.*

1426. CRUCIFIXION, Nature's testimony to. A person who travelled through Palestine told me that an ingenious person, his fellow-traveller, who was a Deist, used to make merry with all the stories that the Romish priest entertained them with as to the sacred places and relics they went to see, and particularly when they first showed him the clefts of Mount Calvary, which is now included within the great dome that was built over it by Constantine the Great. But when he began to examine the clefts more narrowly and critically, he told his fellow-travellers that now he began to be a Christian; "for," said he, "I have long been a student of nature and the mathematics, and I am sure these clefts and rents in this rock were never made by a natural or ordinary earthquake, for by such a concussion the rock must have been split according to the veins, and where it was weakest in the adhesion of the parts; for thus," said he, "I have observed it to have been done in other rocks, when separated or broken after an earthquake, and reason tells me it must always be so. But it is quite otherwise here, for the rock is split athwart and across the veins in a most strange and supernatural manner. This, therefore, I can easily and plainly see to be the effect of a real miracle, which neither nature nor art could have effected; and therefore I thank God that I came hither to see this standing monument of a miraculous power by which God gives evidence, to this day, of the divinity of Christ."—*Fleming.*

1427. CRUELTY, Careless. I came by Beziers, where the Inquisitor cried, "Kill them all; God will know His own;" and they shut them into the Madelaine and killed them all—Catholics as well as Albigenes, till there was not a soul alive in Beziers, and the bones are there to this day.—*Kingsley.*

1428. CULTURE, and its dangers. It is a sad and terrible thing to see men professing to be cultivated, and yet looking round in a purblind fashion and finding no God in this universe! And this is what we have got—all things from frog-spawn: the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and now I stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism, which I learned when a child, and fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, "What is the chief end of man?—Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever."—*Carlyle.*

1429. CULTURE, First efforts of. Hogg taught himself to write by copying the letters of a printed book as he lay watching his flock on the hillside, and had possibly reached the utmost pitch of his ambition when he first found that his artless rhymes could touch the heart of the ewe-milker who par-

took the shelter of his mantle during the passing storm.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

1430. CULTURE, no check to sin. Corinth enjoys the pre-eminence of being at once the wealthiest and most enlightened, but at the same time the most corrupt, of Grecian cities. Prayers were publicly offered there that the gods would increase the number of prostitutes.

1431. CULTURE, Want of, in the pulpit. Father Taylor, the Boston sailor-preacher, began to preach before he had learnt to read. The following incident shows that he felt his lack of culture, and knew how to turn it to advantage. When his friend Mr. Brown was reading the Bible to him, that he might find a text on Christ, he came on the words, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"—"That's it!" he cried, and was instantly ready for the pulpit, preaching all the more powerfully from the consciousness that in some sense he had, in this defect, sympathy with his Master.—*Life of Father Taylor.*

1432. CRUELTY, Heathen. During my stay at Kongke a man quarrelled with his wife about a very trifling affair, when, in a fit of rage, he grasped his spear and laid her at his feet a bleeding corpse. The man walked about without a blush while the body was dragged out to be devoured by the hyæna. When I endeavoured to represent to the chiefs with whom I was familiar the magnitude of such crimes, they laughed at the horror I felt for the murder of a woman by her husband.—*Moffat.*

1433. CRUELTY, Romish. An Irish priest named MacOdeghan captured forty or fifty Protestants, and persuaded them to abjure their religion on a promise of quarter. After their adjuration he asked them if they believed that Christ was bodily present in the Host, and that the Pope was head of the Church, and on their replying in the affirmative, he said, "Now, then, you are in a very good faith!" and for fear they should relapse into heresy he cut all their throats.—*Paxton Hood.*

1434. CRUELTY, Romish. Admiral Coligny was among the earliest victims of Popish treachery and cruelty, in the bloody massacre at Paris in 1572. One Beheme, a German, was the first that entered his chamber, who said, "Are you the Admiral?" "I am," said he; "but you, young man, should have regard to my hoary head and old age." Beheme struck him with his sword. Several other assassins rushed into the room, and the venerable Coligny fell covered with wounds. The Duke of Guise ordered his body to be thrown out at the window, that the people might be assured it was he. His head was cut off, and sent to the King and Queen-Mother, who got it embalmed, and gave it as a present to the Pope. His body was dragged about the streets for three days together. Such was the end of this brave man, who was the first nobleman in France that professed himself a Protestant, and a defender of the Protestant cause.

1435. DANGER and honour, inseparable. At the Round Table of King Arthur there was left always one seat empty for him who should accomplish the adventure of the Holy Grail. It was called the perilous seat, because of the dangers he must encounter who would win it.—*Lowell.*

1436. DANGER, and its remedies. A fox walking by the river-side noticed the fishes therein swimming and swimming to and fro, never ceasing; so he said to them, "Why are ye hurrying? What do you fear?" "The nets of the angler," they replied. "Come, then," said the fox, "and live with me on dry land." But the fish laughed. "And art thou called the wisest of beasts?" they exclaimed. "Verily thou art the most foolish. If we are in danger even in our own element, how much greater would be our risk in leaving it!"—*Rabbi Akiba (Talmud)*.

1437. DANGER, and prayer. I am not ashamed to say that I prayed a great deal during the storm (a thunderstorm at Bramshill), for we were in a very dangerous place in an island under high trees; and it seemed dreadful never to see you again.—*Kingsley (to his wife)*.

1438. DANGER, Boldness in. On the deck he (Nelson) stood, a mark for the enemy—one whose life was worth a legion. There was a carelessness about his own safety that day which was chivalrous, however unwise. . . . He was shot from the mizzen-top of the "Redoubtable," which he supposed had struck. "They have done for me at last," he said; "my backbone is shot through."—*Knight*.

1439. DANGER, Boldness in. The Prince of Condé being taken prisoner by Charles IX., King of France, and put to his choice, whether he would go to mass, or be put to death, or suffer perpetual imprisonment, his noble answer was, that by God's help, he would never do the first, and for either of the latter, he left it to the King's pleasure and God's providence.—*Cyclopædia of Religious Anecdote*.

1440. DANGER, Guidance in. When Mr. Fletcher was a youth, he and his brother went upon the Lake of Geneva in a little boat, and rowed forward, till, being out of sight of land, they knew not what way they were going, nor whether they were approaching or removing farther from the shore from which they had set out. The evening now came on, and it was beginning to grow dark; and as they were proceeding towards the middle of the lake, in all probability they would have been lost, had it not providentially happened that, in consequence of some news arriving in town, the bells began to ring. They could only just hear them, but were soon convinced that, instead of rowing to land, as they had intended, they had been proceeding farther and farther from it. Making now towards the quarter from which they perceived the sound to come, they found they had just strength enough left to reach the shore.—*Life of Rev. J. Fletcher of Madeley*.

1441. DANGER, Imaginary. In the war of 1509 a division of Maximilian's troops was cautiously advancing along one of the slopes of the Dolomite Alps, when the notes of a horn broke suddenly from out the mist which wrapped the mountain-side and hung above the deep gorges. It was but a casual blast, blown by a herdsman, as is still the custom there at certain seasons, to warn off bears. But supposing themselves to be attacked by the Cadore people, panic seized the invaders, and they fled in haste the way they came, over the Santa Croce Pass to Sextem.

1442. DANGER, may be unappreciated. "Look, papa," cried a child, "at the beautiful berries I

have found." The colour fled from the face of the father as he asked in terror, "Have you eaten any of them?" "No, papa, not one." "Then give them every one to me," he said, "that I may fling them all away." "What, fling away my pretty blackberries, that I took so long and worked so hard to find!" There were tears in her eyes, but she gave them up, only asking, "Why, what are they?" Her father answered, "They are the berries of the deadly nightshade."

1443. DANGER, may be unconscious of. Once upon a time a London exquisite descended into a coal-mine. . . . Seated on a cask to rest himself, he proceeded to question the swarthy miner, who was his conductor concerning many things, and especially about the operation of blasting. "And whereabouts, my man," condescendingly said he—"whereabouts do you keep your powder?" "Please, sir," replied the swart one, "you're a-sittin' on it."—*Paxton Hood*.

1444. DANGER, may be unrealised. During the month of December 1847, in the great rise of the Ohio river, a large portion of Cincinnati was overflowed by the water. Multitudes of the inhabitants were driven from their houses in the lower part of the city. Many were subjected to great privations and losses, and many lives lost. In the midst of these scenes of extraordinary and widespread wretchedness, Sheriff Weaver, during his charitable tour through the flooded portions of the city, heard music proceeding from a house, of which the upper storey and roof only were above the water, and several skiffs were hitched to the windows. Upon rowing up, it was discovered that the hall was in full blaze and the waltz in giddy whirl to merry music, male and female participating. This jolly party seemed unconscious of the danger that threatened themselves, and indifferent to the distress which surrounded them.—*Arvine*.

1445. DANGER, may be unrealised. An Irish wayfarer, greatly fatigued from the effects of a long journey, had taken up his quarters in the West Port of Edinburgh, in 1823, the evening before it was destroyed by fire. He was roused during the night by the police, in order to get him out before the flames should render it impossible. At first he could by no means be convinced of the necessity of rising: "He had paid his twopence for his bed, and it would certainly be hard if he could not get his sleep out." The poor fellow was at length rescued against his will.

1446. DANGER, may meet us anywhere. In the year 1752 Dr. Gill had a memorable escape from death in his own study. One of his friends had mentioned to him a remark of Dr. Halley, the celebrated astronomer, that close study preserves a man's life, by keeping him out of harm's way; but one day, after he had just left his room to go to preach, a stack of chimneys was blown down, forced its way through the roof of the house, and broke his writing-table, in the very spot where, a few minutes before, he had been sitting. The doctor very properly remarked afterwards to his friend, "A man may come to danger and harm in the closet as well as in the highway, if he be not protected by the special care of Divine Providence."—*Religious Tract Society Anecdotes*.

1447. DANGER, Parleying with. A very pretty story, written by Mrs. Hannah More, gives an account of a castle besieged by an enemy; and the enemy could not take it, for it was so strong; till at last they found a porter at the gate, and his name was Mr. Parley. The enemy talked to him, and went on giving him pretty presents, persuading him to listen to them; till at last they talked him over, and got him to unlock the gate. So the enemy got in; but they never would have got in if Mr. Parley, the porter of the gate, had not let them in. So, Satan, though he is a person, cannot hurt you, unless you let him in. Never parley with Satan.—*Nye's Anecdotes on Bible Texts.*

1448. DANGER, Playing with. At Kenesaw, during the battle, those who approached a certain tree were almost sure to get shot. Eight men had fallen at that place. A sign was put up, "*Beware!*" A man, in a braggadocio spirit, said, "I am not afraid to stand there. There is no reason why a man should be shot there any more than anywhere else." He stepped up to the tree, and instantly fell—fatally wounded.—*Talmage.*

1449. DANGER, Safety in. Heathen poets describe their gods as brooding over the perilous edge of battle, and snatching away their favourite hero when death threatens him, wrapped in a mantle of invisibility.—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

1450. DANGER, Signs of. "You see that buoy, sir, moored in the bay?" said the captain of the steamship in which I visited the Orkneys. "Yes," I replied, after carefully picking out in the twilight the well-known danger-signal. "Well, there is a reef of rocks which, starting from the shore, runs to a point within ten yards of that buoy. The worst thing about it is, that there is no indication of the existence of the reef; even at low water it is covered, and woe to the ship that should strike upon that dangerous reef. In the dark nights that buoy is an object of deep interest to me; anxiously do I look out for it, and we proceed with care until it is found."—*Henry Varley.*

1451. DANGER, Unconsciousness of. A company of tourists were benighted while strolling among the Bernese Alps. After having groped in the dark for an hour or more, they resolved to spend the night at a certain spot where they felt they were treading on soft mossy soil, although the darkness prevented them from seeing where they were. As they were young, and knew little of the cares of this life, they entertained each other with songs and merry talk, till at length the one after the other stretched himself out on the grass and fell asleep. When, a few hours later, the sun rose, and the morning breeze awoke them, they discovered with horror that they were lying only a few steps from a vast precipice, and that they had been jesting and singing and sleeping on the very brink of what might have been their grave.—*Denton.*

1452. DANGER, Unrealised. During the recent floods in America a cradle was found floating along, in which was a beautiful infant about three months old, comfortably and warmly dressed, gazing up at the sky in wonder.—*Christian World.*

1453. DARKNESS, Dread of. There is no doubt a natural connection between darkness and the fear with which it so commonly affects mankind, espe-

cially the unenlightened and less civilised part of the human race. This, probably, is greatly aided both by ignorance and superstition. But it is found very common, and almost unconquerable. "Having bathed, and dined on bread and cheese, we set out on our return to the bark, our guides urging us to be quick, lest we should be benighted; they said the serpents and other venomous reptiles always came down by night to drink, and they were apprehensive that we should tread on them; they also said that we should meet the robbers at night. These people have a remarkable aversion to being caught in the dark. I remember, when at Dendera, our servant—an Arab—hurried off and left us behind when he thought we should be late in returning to our boat. And whenever our lights have gone out in a tomb or temple, the Arabs have always clapped their hands and made a noise to keep their spirits up till the light returned.—*Irby and Mangles' Travels in Egypt.*

1454. DAUNTLESSNESS, in the face of death. Condorcet, as is well known, even during the Reign of Terror, when himself doomed to the guillotine, employed the time of his imprisonment in drawing up a record of his speculations on the perfectibility of mankind; and full of error as his views are, one cannot withhold all admiration from a dauntlessness which could thus persevere in hoping against hope.—*Julius C. Hare.*

1455. DAY, A lost. It was a memorable practice of Vespasian, the Roman Emperor, throughout the course of his whole life, to call himself to account, every night, for the actions of the past day; and as often as he found he had passed any one day without doing some good, he entered in his diary this memorandum, *Diem perdidit*: "I have lost a day."

1456. DAY, An inauspicious, changed. As Lucullus was going to pass the river to fight Tigranes, the tyrant, some of his officers admonished him to beware of that day, which had been "a black one" to the Romans, for on that day Cæpio's army was defeated by the Cimbri. Lucullus returned that memorable answer: "*I will make this day an auspicious one for Rome.*" He won a complete victory.—*Plutarch.*

1457. DAY, the, Summing up. When travelling in Europe I was so full of excitement and enjoyment that I had not time to keep a journal; so I just put down under each date one single word—the name of the city, or the name of the picture, or the name of the mountain, or the name of the pass, or the name of some person whom I had met; and now I can go back over a month's travels, and, though there are but these single words, that whole history starts up when I look at them. If you regularly take a memorandum book at night, and think back through the day, and bring up before you what God has done for you, what He has shown you, what significant thing has happened, and put down the caption of it under the proper date, you will be surprised to find what a calendar your book will become at the end of every year.—*Beecher.*

1458. DAY, What may be crowded in. "If I had not lived with him" (Mirabeau), says Dumont, "I never should have known what a man can make of one day; what things may be placed within the interval of twelve hours. A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others: the

mass of things he guided on together was prodigious ; from the scheming to the executing not a moment lost. 'Monsieur le Comte,' said his secretary to him once, 'what you require is impossible.' 'Impossible !' answered he, starting from his chair ; 'never name to me that blockhead of a word.'—*Carlyle*.

1459. DEAD, but still standing. Whilst visiting the beautiful island of Tasmania my attention was often called—nay, arrested—to huge trees which appear as "bleached ghosts of the forest." They stand out in the brilliant moonlight with a weirdness alike surprising and magnificent. The reason for their condition is as follows :—On account of their great size and the heavy cost of what is called "grubbing up," the settler leaves them in the ground, and proceeds to hew round the trunk at a height of about four feet from the ground. The axe cuts through the bark, and about an inch into the tree. The effect is, that when the next spring comes the sap from the "gashed wound" exudes, and the giant of the forest dies. The branches wither, the leaves fall off, the bark strips, and a single year suffices for these trees to join the army of the upright dead. The farmer can now plough the ground between, sow his corn, and reap the harvest in the huge mausoleum of the forest. No sheltering foliage hinders the sun's rays, and the wheat-plant thrives and ripens amidst hundreds of towering trees whose only voice is of the silence of the dead. As I looked upon these dead trees I was reminded of an experience which comes to many men who are dead also even while they too, in posture at least, are upright. Hewed round in the trunk of their young and robust life, the axe of "the adversary" has cut until the rising, spreading, and expanding sap of life has been drained. The spring-time of these trees of promise in humanity's forest is also followed by the bleach and ghastly death which comes of the exuding of conscience, honour, strength, and life. Alas, alas ! this vast human mausoleum knows no wheat growth or harvest at its base. The malaria of death, the spreading corruption, infects other trees also, and the forest of the "living dead" extends. Well does the Apostle say of those who serve their lusts and sins, "They wax wanton, and are dead while they live."—*Henry Varley*.

1460. DEAD, Charity towards. The Duke of Marlborough and the first Lord Bolingbroke were in opposite political interests, and on most occasions ranged against each other. Some gentlemen, after the death of the great commander, speaking about his character and his avarice, appealed to Lord Bolingbroke for confirmation. To the honour of that nobleman, he replied, "The Duke of Marlborough was so great a man that *I quite forget his failings*."

1461. DEAD, Curiosity concerning. "Shall we serve the spirits of the dead ?" they asked of Confucius. His answer was, "*If you cannot serve men, how will you serve spirits ?*" "I ventured to ask about death," said a disciple. "You know nothing about life ; how can you know anything about death ?" "Have the dead knowledge ?" still urged the eager student, "You need not know whether they have or not," said the master ; "there is no hurry ; hereafter you shall know."—*Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.*

1462. DEAD, Grief for the. The mother of poor Touda, who heard that I wished to see him once more, led me to the house where the body was laid. The narrow space of the room was crowded ; about two hundred women were sitting and standing around, singing mourning songs to doleful and monotonous airs. As I stood looking, filled with solemn thoughts, in spite of, or rather because of, perhaps, the somewhat ludicrous contrasts about me, the mother of Touda approached. She threw herself at the foot of her dead son, and begged him to speak to her once more. And then, when the corpse did not answer, she uttered a shriek, so long, so piercing, such a wail of love and grief, that tears came into my eyes. Poor African mother ! she was literally as one sorrowing without hope ; for these poor people count on nothing beyond the present life. *For them there is no hope beyond the grave.* "All is done," they say, with an inexpressible sadness of conviction that sometimes gave me a heartache. As I left the hut, thinking these things, the wailing recommenced. It would be kept up by the women, who are the official mourners on these occasions, till the corpse was buried.—*Du Chaillu*.

1463. DEAD, Preaching to. A coachman in a family at the West End of London was taken seriously ill, and a few days afterwards saw him pass into the presence of God. I knew and had visited him before in order to bring to his mind and heart the Saviour of sinners. Again I called at the house, found the door open, and quietly ascended the staircase which led to the room where the sick man lay. There, bent over the prostrate form of the man, was his eldest son, deeply affected and weeping bitterly. His face was close to that of the father's, and I heard him, in an agony of earnest words, say, "Father, This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Oh, my father, do trust Jesus ! His precious blood cleanses from all sin. Only believe. My father ! my father ! O God, save my father !" The hot tears and the intense anxiety of that young man I shall never forget. Poor fellow ! he literally shouted into the ear that lay close to his lips. I had watched the scene for some minutes almost transfixed at the door. At length, approaching the bed, I observed that the father was dead. Tenderly I raised the young man, and quietly said, "His spirit has passed away ; he cannot hear ; you cannot reach him now !" Poor fellow ! he had been speaking into the ear of a corpse ; the father had been dead some minutes.—*Henry Varley*.

1464. DEAD, Voice from. There is one tombstone (in the Kiltearn Churchyard) more remarkable than all the others. It lies beside the church-door, and testifies, in an antique inscription, that it covers the remains of the "GREAT MAN OF GOD AND FAITHFUL MINISTER OF JESUS CHRIST" who had endured persecution for the truth in the dark days of Charles and his brother. He had outlived the tyranny of the Stuarts, and though worn by years and sufferings, had returned to his parish on the Revolution, to end his course as it had begun. Calculating aright on the abiding influence of his own character among them, he gave charge on his deathbed to dig his grave in the threshold of the church, that they might regard him as a sentinel placed at the door, and that his tombstone might speak to them

as they passed out and in. The inscription, which, after the lapse of nearly a century and a half, is still perfectly legible, concludes with the following remarkable words :—"THIS STONE SHALL BEAR WITNESS AGAINST THE PARISHIONERS OF KILTEARN IF THEY BRING AN UNGODLY MINISTER IN HERE."—*Hugh Miller.*

1465. DEAD, yet speaking. It was a touching memorial to their comrade, the warrior of Breton birth, La Tour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France, as he was called, when, after his death, his comrades insisted that, though dead, his name should not be removed from the rolls. It was still regularly called, and one of the survivors as regularly answered for the departed soldier, "Dead on the field." The eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews is such roll-call of the dead. It is the register of a regiment, which will not allow death to blot names from its page, but records the soldiers who have, in its ranks, won honourable graves and long-abiding victories.—*Rev. W. R. Williams.*

1466. DEATH, A Christian philosopher's. Sir Thomas More, a Christian philosopher, evinced that mixture of gaiety and piety which was characteristic of him. To the executioner he said, "Good friend, let me put my beard out of the way, for that has committed no offence against the King."—*Denton.*

1467. DEATH, A Christian philosopher's and hero's. Having taken off his gown, he (Sir Walter Raleigh) called to the headsman to show him the axe, which not being instantly done, he repeated, "I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" He passed the edge lightly over his finger, and smiling, observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," and kissing it, laid it down. Another writer has, "This is that that will cure all sorrows." After this he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to fit himself for the block, he first laid himself down to try how the block fitted him; after rising up, the executioner kneeled down to ask his forgiveness, which Raleigh, with an embrace, did, but entreated him not to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand, and "*then fear not, but strike home.*" When he lay down his head to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his face towards the east. "It was no great matter which way a man's head stood so the heart lay right," said Raleigh; but these were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world with the same intrepidity he had lived in it; for, having laid some minutes on the block in prayer, he gave the signal; but the executioner, either unmindful or in fear, failed to strike, and Raleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to ask, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" In two blows he was beheaded; but from the first his body never shrank from the spot by any discomposure of his posture, which, like his mind, was immovable.—*I. D'Israeli.*

1468. DEATH, A Christian's. "Pray for a quiet passage," said Dr. Candlish to one, and then to his co-pastor he remarked, "Go and pray for a poor dying sinner."—*Dr. Wilson's Life of Dr. Candlish.*

1469. DEATH, a consecrator. To-night I sat

an hour at the western window—my prospect over corn-fields and woods to a broken range of hills beyond. I watched the grand and comforting sunset, and enjoyed, as I could not but phrase it to myself, "the music of the stillness." Then I fell into thought of death as the great consecrator. When our friend is gone, his last days spread a mellow brightness over his life—it becomes a country covered with the evening sunshine. The death on the cross was an awful sunset—the great light of the world went down amidst dark clouds, which it touched with fiery grandeur. And now the whole earthly life of the Redeemer is a rich land of fields and hills, overspread with a light, full, still, and soft.—*Lynch.*

1470. DEATH, A dignified. On the morning of his death he (Dr. Belfrage) said to me, "John, come and tell me honestly how this is to end; tell me the last symptoms in their sequence." I knew the man, and was honest, and told him all I knew. "Is there any chance of stupor or delirium?" "I think not. Death (to take Bichat's division) will begin at the heart itself, and you will die conscious." "I am glad of that. It was Samuel Johnson, wasn't it, who wished not to die unconscious, that he might enter the eternal world with his mind unclouded; but you know, John, that was physiological nonsense. We leave the brain, and all this ruined body, behind; but *I would like to be in my senses when I take my last look of this wonderful world,*" looking across the still sea towards the Argyllshire hills, lying in the light of sunrise, "and of my friends—of you," fixing his eyes on a faithful friend and myself. And it was so; in less than an hour he was dead, sitting erect in his chair—his disease had for weeks prevented him from lying down—all the dignity, simplicity, and benignity of its master resting upon and, as it were, supporting that "ruin" which he had left.—*John Brown, M.D.*

1471. DEATH, A gentle. Our sweet sister left us this morning, having been apparently on the verge of departure for ten days or more, during which time, and to some extent before it, she could be hardly said to have full consciousness at any time. The last eighteen hours were nearly all spent in sleep, like that of a little child, till this morning, with the very slightest start, but with no expression, that I could see, of pain or distress, she was gone. I, indeed, did not see it, though I was very near her, reading now and then a verse from some Psalm (which had all along been what she was feeling after). I fancied she still breathed, and went on for a while; at last I doubted it, and asked the nurse, who said, "*She has been gone this quarter of an hour;*" so you may judge how quiet it was, and from the nature of the illness we had greatly feared it might have been otherwise.—*Keble (to Sir J. T. Coleridge).*

1472. DEATH, A hero's. When he (Sir Henry Vane) attempted to speak, the trumpets sounded to drown his voice. Enthusiasm wept for him while it admired him! At last he turned aside, exclaiming, "It is a bad cause which cannot hear the words of a dying man." He seems to have been permitted to pray a little in peace, such sentences as the following recorded by Sykes: "Bring us, O Lord, into the true mystical Sabbath, that we may cease from our works, rest from our labour, and become a meet habitation for Thy Spirit." His last words were:

"Father, glorify Thy servant in the sight of men, that he may glorify Thee in the discharge of his duties to Thee and to his country." Thereupon he stretched out his arms; in an instant swift fell the stroke, and the head of one of the greatest and purest beings that ever adorned our world fell on the scaffold.—*Paxton Hood.*

1473. DEATH, a liberator. Mr. William Jenkyn, one of the ejected ministers in England, being imprisoned in Newgate, presented a petition to King Charles II. for a release, which was backed by an assurance from his physicians that his life was in danger from his close imprisonment; but no other answer could be obtained than this, "Jenkyn shall be a prisoner as long as he lives." A nobleman having, some time after, heard of his death, said to the King, "May it please your Majesty, Jenkyn has got his liberty." Upon which he asked, with eagerness, "Ay! who gave it him?" The nobleman replied, "A greater than your Majesty—the King of kings;" with which the King seemed greatly struck, and remained silent.

1474. DEATH, a reconciler. A Federal officer was mortally wounded on one of the battlefields of Virginia. As he lay upon the ground far from his comrades, conscious that his end was near, a dismounted Southerner, who had lost his horse, came by. The officer called to him, and asked him in an imploring tone to stop and say a prayer for him. The trooper kneeled down at the side of the dying man and commenced a prayer; and as he uttered one tender petition after another the officer used the little strength that remained to him in creeping closer and closer, until he placed both arms around the neck of the petitioner; and when the last words of the prayer were uttered he was lying on the bosom of his late antagonist in battle, but in the parting hour one with him in the bonds of the Gospel, a brother in Jesus Christ—united in love for evermore.

1475. DEATH, a revealer. Duke Hamilton, a pious young nobleman, during his last illness, was at one time lying on a sofa, conversing with his tutor on some astronomical subject, and about the nature of the fixed stars. "Ah!" said he, "in a very little while I shall know more of this than all of you together." When his death approached, he called his brother to his bedside, and, addressing him with the greatest affection and seriousness, he concluded by saying, "And now, Douglas, in a little while you will be a DUKE, but I shall be a KING!"

1476. DEATH, A silent. The Rev. Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh, said, on his deathbed, "I have no overpowering emotions, but I have a great faith." Such an experience, only, have most of us any reason to look for when our time comes.

I have in mind a dying woman whose life had seemed to observers to be a foregleam of the purity of heaven. She had also a poetic temperament. In prayer she often seemed inspired. Yet she died silently. She succumbed to disease as an infant does, as speechlessly and as trustfully. Most of us must be content with this. We shall not, probably, hear harps of angels, nor see shining forms flitting across streets of gold and over walls of sapphire.—*Professor A. Phelps, D.D.*

1477. DEATH, a sleep. When a person is asleep, what is it that rests? It is simply the muscles and

the nerves and the wearied limbs; the heart goes on beating, the lungs respiring and expiring; and what is remarkable in sleep, the soul never sleeps at all. It seems that when one is asleep, the soul often travels to far-distant lands, or sails upon the bosom of the deep, amid the blue hills and green glens of other parts of the land; exploring, thinking, searching, studying. The soul is never literally dead (though it may sometimes forget) to every thought and object, to all that enters by the avenues of the senses. If sleep be the metaphor of death, it does not prove that the soul is insensible, but only that the body, the outward garment only, having been worn and wasted in the wear and toil of this present life, is folded up and laid aside in that wardrobe—the grave—a grave as truly in the keeping of the Son of God as are the angels of the skies and the cherubim in glory.—*Cumming.*

1478. DEATH, A sudden, desired. The same evening, the 14th of March, Cæsar was at a last supper at the house of Lapidus. The conversation turned on death, and on the kind of death which was most to be desired. Cæsar, who was signing papers while the rest were talking, looked up and said, "A sudden one."—*Froude.*

1479. DEATH, and fear. When Sir Henry Vane was condemned and awaiting execution, a friend spoke of prayer that for the present the cup of death might be averted. "Why should we fear death?" answered Vane. "I find it rather shrinks from me than I from it."—*Little's Historical Lights (abridged).*

1480. DEATH, and judgment. After a mission festival several pastors and deacons continued an hour together, when the conversation drifted from the heathen abroad to those around us, and the following story was told by a village miller:—"I sat at a garden concert with a friend of mine. The first part of the programme was ended, when an acquaintance of my friend's came to us. 'Have you heard,' said he to my friend, 'that Mr. R— died yesterday quite suddenly? A great pity; he was an agreeable and clever business man and a pleasant companion. Ah well! he enjoyed life while he lived, and he was quite right; for when we are once dead it's all finished.' 'Is it all finished? Do you really think there is an end of it?' said I. 'Ah!' returned he, 'I see you are one of the old superstitious ones. What shall come after death greater or better than this life? 'As the tree falls, so it lies.' " 'Quite right,' said I; 'As the tree falls, so it lies;' but—do not take it amiss, friend—when you wish to prove by this quotation that after death it is finished with respect to us, you have not considered the matter on all sides, or your opinion is a blind one. Near my mill I have a woodyard, and now and then I buy some trees to cut down. Often have I stood over the fallen trunks and thought of those words, 'As the tree falls, so it lies;' none will grow one inch taller or thicker, better or worse; *all that be can done in him is done.* But now, dear sir, it is not all finished; does it not rather begin? I go from trunk to trunk proving the wood. 'This,' I say to myself, 'will be good for building purposes, that will prove useful;' but for others, I say it is but fit for the fire. You know now how I think of the text. May God help us to become trees of righteousness."—*Der Glaubensbote.*

1481. DEATH, and preparation. It is said of the noted Cæsar Borgia, that in his last moments he exclaimed, "I have provided in the course of my life for everything except death; and now, alas! I am to die, although entirely unprepared." Such is the awful end of a course of folly and of vice. "What I say unto you, I say unto all,—WATCH!"—Bruce.

1482. DEATH, and sin. Martha Wesley, sister to John and Charles Wesley, criticised most severely Charles's hymn beginning—

"Ah, lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair?"

She did not believe at all in the lovely appearance of death, but thought it repulsive; and she never could look on a corpse, "because," she said, "it was beholding sin on its throne."—*Anecdotes of the Wesleys.*

1483. DEATH, Are we prepared for? Mrs. Fry, as is well known, was one of the Society of Friends. The Sunday preceding her illness was remarkable to her from the solemnity of the occasion. She had urged upon the meeting the question, "Are we all now ready? If the Master should this day call us, *is the work completely finished?* Have we anything left to do?"—solemnly, almost awfully, reiterating the question, "Are we prepared?"—*Life's Last Hours.*

1484. DEATH, Avoiding the thought of. It would seem that the Romans had even an aversion to mention death in express terms, for they disguised its very name by some periphrasis such as, *Discessit e vita*—"He has departed from life;" and they did not say their friend had *died*, but that he had *lived*—*vixit*! Even among a people less refined the obtrusive idea of death has been studiously avoided: we are told that when the Emperor of Morocco inquires after any one who has recently died, it is against etiquette to mention the word "death;" the answer is, "His destiny is closed."—*I. D'Israeli.*

1485. DEATHBED, confession. All my theology is reduced to this narrow compass—*Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.*—*Dr. A. Alexander.*

1486. DEATHBED, converts. When asked what he (Athanasius) thought about the purifying nature of deathbed baptism, he replied, in allusion to such unprofitable converts, "An angel came to my predecessor, Peter, and said, 'Peter, why do you send me these empty sacks?'"—*H. R. Haweis, M.A.*

1487. DEATHBED, not the place for a scene. The late Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, observing an unusually large number of friends around his dying bed, and supposing they had come to watch his departure, said, "You are all on a wrong scent, and are all in a wrong spirit; you want what is called a dying scene. That I abhor from my inmost soul. I wish to be alone with God. Do not let the people come round to get up a scene."—*Spencer Pearsall.*

1488. DEATH, Bound to. In Virgil there is an account of an ancient king who was so unnaturally cruel in his punishments, that he used to chain a *dead man to a living one*. It was impossible for the poor wretch to separate himself from his disgusting burden. The carcass was bound fast to his body,

its hands to his hands, its face to his face, its lips to his lips; it lay down and rose up whenever he did; it moved about with him whithersoever he went, till the welcome moment when death came to his relief.

1489. DEATH, claims all. Cyrus, the Emperor of Persia, after he had long been attended by armies and vast trains of courtiers, ordered this inscription to be engraved on his tomb, as an admonition to all men of the approach of death, and the desolation that follows it; namely, "O man, whatsoever thou art, and whencesoever thou comest, I know thou wilt come to the same condition in which I now am. I am Cyrus, who brought the empire to the Persians: do not envy me, I beseech thee, this little piece of ground which covereth my body."

1490. DEATH, Contrasts in. One of our old Scottish ministers, two hundred years ago, lay dying. At his bedside were several of his beloved brethren, watching his departure. Opening his eyes, he spoke to them these singular words: "Fellow-passengers to glory, how far am I from the New Jerusalem?" "Not very far," was the loving answer; and the good man departed, to be with Christ.

"I'm dying," said one of a different stamp, "and I don't know where I'm going." "I'm dying," said another, "and it's all dark." "I feel," said another, "as if I were going down, down, down!" "A great and a terrible God," said another, three times over; "I dare not meet Him."

"*Stop that clock!*" cried another, whose eye rested intently on a clock which hung opposite his bed. He knew he was dying, and he was unready. He had the impression that he was to die at midnight. He heard the ticking of the clock, and it was agony in his ear. He saw the hands, minute by minute, approaching the dreaded hour, and he had no hope. In his blind terror he cried out, "Stop that clock!" Alas! what would the stopping of the clock do for him? Time would move on all the same. Eternity would approach all the same. The stopping of the clock would not prepare him to meet his God.

1491. DEATH, Comfort in. When I visited, one day, as he was dying, my beloved friend Benjamin Parsons, I said, "How are you to-day, sir?" He said, "My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows—infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom." Preaching in the Canterbury Hall in Brighton, I mentioned this some time since; and many months after, I was requested to call upon a poor but holy young woman, apparently dying. She said, "I felt I must see you before I died; I heard you tell the story of Benjamin Parsons and his three pillows; and when I went through a surgical operation, and it was very cruel, I was leaning my head on pillows, and as they were taking them away, I said, 'Mayn't I keep them?'" The surgeon said, "No, my dear, we must take them away." "But," said I, "you can't take away Benjamin Parsons' three pillows; I can lay my head on infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom."—*Paxton Hood.*

1492. DEATH, Coming on of. When Dr. Adam, the rector of the Edinburgh High School, was dying, and no longer able to see, the old man's mind wandered; he imagined himself in

his class-room, and called aloud, "Now, boys, you may go. It's growing dark!"—*Guthrie.*

1493. DEATH, desired by few. Burckhardt states that although the Arabs are strict predestinarians, yet, when the plague visited Medina, many of the townsmen fled to the desert, alleging as an excuse, that although the distemper was a messenger from Heaven sent to call them to a better world, yet, being conscious of their own unworthiness, and that they did not merit this special mark of grace, they thought it more advisable to decline it for the present, and make their escape from the town. If it really came to the point with those of us who talk of longing for death as a great deliverance, should we not cling to life? It is a question perhaps more easily asked than answered.

1494. DEATH, Desire in. Horace Vernet, the great national painter of France, who lived in battles and in marches, died in his apartment at the Institute on the 17th January 1863. In his delirium his great regret was to die in his bed, and not on the battlefield—he who so loved the army. He desired to the last to see the South once more, exclaiming, "Sun! sun! I will not die here, I will die in the sunshine!"—*Denton.*

1495. DEATH, Desire of. We are told of a Moslem soldier, fourscore years of age, who, seeing a comrade fall by his side, cried out, "O Paradise! how close art thou beneath the arrow's point and the falchion's flash! O Hâshim! *even now I see heaven opened.*" . . . And, shouting thus, the aged warrior, fired again with the ardour of youth, rushed upon the enemy, and met the envied fate.—*Sir William Muir.*

1496. DEATH, Desire of absolution in. That was a sad and most pitiful scene when the world-famous Cardinal Antonelli wrestled with the agonies of death in his Roman palace. Without a drop of joy for his fevered lips, deadly pale, and shivering with dismay, shrinking back with a great dread from the coming stroke of dissolution, he cowered at the feet of the Pope, confessing his sins, and asking absolution from a mortal.

1497. DEATH, easy. An earnest Christian woman in this town was lying in her last illness. The disease made rapid progress, and her friends sent for the doctor about two o'clock in the morning. She was slumbering when he came, but soon opened her eyes, and said, "What brings you here, doctor; it is not your usual time to call?" The doctor said he was sent for. "Am I worse, then?" "Yes; we think you are not so well." "Am I much worse?" "I fear you are." "Well, *if this is dying, it is very easy.*" When she had said this she "fell asleep in Jesus."—*T. Bowick.*

1498. DEATH, Feared. A commander in the French army, when mortally wounded in a great battle, exclaimed, in madness, "*I will not die!*" He invoked the name of Napoleon, as if the mighty Emperor who had taken the lives of millions could save him from death. But he *died!*

1499. DEATH, Fear of. Madame du Barry, the unhappy woman of the French Revolution, could not resign herself to death. On the scaffold she uttered fearful yells, and cried, "O Mr. Executioner! I pray you, one little moment!" The little moment

was denied her, and her head rolled down, while her mouth still gaped with her dying shrieks.—*Denton.*

1500. DEATH, Fear of. Mr. B—— mentioning to Dr. Johnson that he had seen the execution of several convicts at Tyburn, two days before, and that none of them seemed to be under any concern, "Most of them, sir," said Johnson, "have never thought at all." "But is not the fear of death natural to man?" said B—— "So much so, sir," said Johnson, "that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it."

1501. DEATH, Fear of, the means of conversion. The fear of death seldom leads to conversion, but it did in the case of Henry Townley, afterwards minister of Union Chapel, Calcutta. As a young man he was threatened with pulmonary consumption, and thought not to have long to live. Dissatisfaction with his own life and opinions led him to a thorough investigation of the evidences of Christianity, and then came not only intellectual belief, but the consecration of his entire nature to God. His distress of mind was great, and he had not in the circle of his acquaintance a single religious person to assist him towards right. After much mental conflict it came thus. He was looking on Blackfriars Bridge at the setting sun, on a bright, calm evening, and prayed that the Sun of Righteousness might shine on his dark, perplexed state, and immediately the answer came in the melting of his soul towards God and the possession of unspeakable peace.

1502. DEATH, Fear of, natural. I told him (Johnson) that David Hume said to me he was no more uneasy to think he should *not be* after his life than that he *had not been* before he began to exist. "Sir," said Johnson, "if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad. If he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all he has." "Foote, sir, told me that when he was very ill he was not afraid to die." "It is not true, sir," said Johnson. "Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave."—*Boswell.*

1503. DEATH, Jest in. It is related of the Emperor Vespasian, that when dying he jested mournfully on his approaching dignity, observing, as he felt his strength ebbing away, "I think I am becoming a god."—*Denton.*

1504. DEATH, Joy and grief in. William Grimshaw once said, "When I come to die, I shall have my greatest grief and greatest joy: my greatest grief that I have done so little for my Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that my Lord Jesus has done so much for me. My last words shall be, 'Here goes an unprofitable servant.'"—*Miss Robinson.*

1505. DEATH, Knowledge of. The assured knowledge of the exact minute of one's death may be treated religiously as a privilege, after the manner of appeals by jail chaplains to condemned criminals; as where the clergyman of the Tolbooth Church bade Wilson and Robertson, convicted Porteous rioters, not despair on account of the

suddenness of the summons, "but rather to feel this comfort in their misery, that, though all who now" (in that church) "lifted the voice or bent the knee in conjunction with them lay under the same sentence of certain death, *they only had the advantage of knowing the precise moment at which it should be executed upon them.*"—*Francis Jacox.*

1506. DEATH, Light in. "Throw back the shutters and let the sun in," said dying Scoville M'Collum, one of my Sabbath-school boys.—*Talmage.*

1507. DEATH, Longing for. Among Dr. Donne's latest utterances were the words, "I were miserable if I might not die."—*Dr. Fish.*

1508. DEATH, Looking forward to. When the great naturalist, Frank Buckland, lay dying, he said, "God is so good to the little fishes, I do not believe He would let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last. I am going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals. This journey I must go alone."—*Family Circle.*

1509. DEATH, Hope in. The Rev. W. Cowper, some time minister at Stirling, and afterwards Bishop of Galloway, thus spoke of his dissolution to his weeping friends: "Death is somewhat dreary, and the streams of that Jordan which is between us and our Canaan run furiously; but they stand still when the ark comes."—*Religious Tract Society's Anecdotes.*

1510. DEATH, Hope in. "Six feet of earth for my body and the infinite heavens for my soul is what I shall soon have," cried Anne du Bourg (martyred for the Protestant faith), at sight of the scaffold and in presence of her executioners.—*Lamartine.*

1511. DEATH, Indifference in. Mr. Owen visited Alexander Campbell at Bethany, to make arrangements for their discussion on the evidences of Christianity. In one of their excursions about the farm they came to Mr. Campbell's family burying-ground; when Mr. Owen stopped, and addressing himself to Mr. Campbell, said, "There is one advantage I have over the Christians; I am not afraid to die. Most Christians have fear in death; but if some few items of my business were settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment." "Well," answered Mr. Campbell, "you say you have no fear of death; have you any hope in death?" After a solemn pause, "No," said Mr. Owen. "Then," rejoined Mr. Campbell, pointing to an ox standing near, "*you are on a level with that brute.* He has fed until he is satisfied, and stands in the shade, whisking off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear in death."

1512. DEATH, inevitable. John Asgill distinguished himself by maintaining in a treatise, now forgotten, that death is no natural necessity, and that to escape it is within the range of the humanly practicable. But Asgill's biography, like every other, has for a last page the inevitable "And he died."—*Francis Jacox.*

1513. DEATH, inevitable. A California stage-driver, after having been engaged in that business for many years, was dying, and in his last moment he put his foot out of the bed and swung it back and forth. Some one said to him, "Why do you

make that motion with your foot?" He replied, "I am on the down grade, and I cannot get my foot on the brake." When our last moment comes we cannot stop. Our going will be inevitable, and we will not be able to put on the brake.—*Talmage.*

1514. DEATH, Mark of. Mr. George Moir, an eminently pious man, after having been worn out by a long and painful illness, was told by his wife that the change of his countenance indicated the speedy approach of death. "Does it?" he replied. "Bring me a glass." On looking at himself in the glass, he was struck with the appearance of a corpse which he saw in his countenance; but giving the glass back, he said, with calm satisfaction, "Ah! Death has set his mark on my body, but Christ has set His mark upon my soul."

1515. DEATH, Master-idea in. In the last words of Christmas Evans—"Good-bye! drive on!"—we doubtless have an instance of the labour of life pervaded by its master-idea in the hour of death. For upwards of twenty years, as he had gone to and fro, his friends had given to him a gig, that he might go at his ease in his own way, with a horse called Jack, which became very old in his master's service. Jack knew from a distance the very tones of his voice; with him Christmas Evans in long journeys held many a conversation; the horse opened his ears the moment his master began to speak, and made a kind of neighing reply. Then the driver said, as he often did, "Jack, Jack! we have only to cross one low mountain again, and there will be capital oats, and excellent water, and a warm stable." Thus, while he was dying old mountain days came over his memory.—*Denton.*

1516. DEATH, Meditation upon. In the year 1648 the Hon. Robert Boyle made a short excursion to the Hague. Sailing between Rotterdam and Gravesend, he saw, through a perspective glass, a vessel imagined to be a pirate, and to give chase to the ship in which he was embarked. The occasion suggested to him the following judicious reflections:—"This glass does indeed approach the distrusted vessel; but approaches it only to our eyes, not to our ship. If she be not making up to us, this harmless instrument will prove no loadstone to draw her towards us; and if she be, it will put us in better readiness to receive her. Such an instrument, in relation to death, is the meditation of it, by mortals so much and so causelessly abhorred."—*Bruce.*

1517. DEATH, Meeting. Can anything be more melancholy than the spectacle of one who is trying to be young and unable to descend gracefully and with dignity into the vale of years? There is a fine tomb of, I think, Turenne (? Marechal Saxe) at Strasburg. An open grave lies before him; Death at its side, touching him with his dart; and the warrior descends with a lofty step and saddened brow, but a conqueror still, because the act is so evidently his own and embraced by his own will, into the sepulchre.—*Robertson.*

1518. DEATH, natural. It is quite likely that in many mysteries of life and death we resemble the good knight Don Quixote when he hung by his wrist from the stable window, and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Martines cuts the thong with lightsome laughter, and

the gallant gentleman falls—four inches ! Perhaps Nature, so full of unexplained ironies, reserves as blithesome a surprise for her offspring when their time arrives to discover the simplicity, agreeableness, and absence of any serious change in the process called “dying.” Pliny, from much observation, declared his opinion that the moment of death was the most exquisite instant of life. He writes, “*Ipse discessus animæ plerumque fit sine dolore nonnongquam etiam cum ipsâ voluptate.*” Dr. Solander was so delighted with the sensation of perishing by extreme cold in the snow, that he always afterwards resented his rescue. Dr. Hunter, in his latest moments, grieved that he “could not write how easy and delightful it is to die.” The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his “agony” befell, quietly remarked, “*It is really nothing much, after all !*” The expression of composed calm which comes over the faces of the newly dead is not merely due to muscular relaxation. It is, possibly, a last message of content and acquiescence sent us from those who at last know—a message of good cheer and of pleasant promise, not by any means to be disregarded. With accents as authoritative as that heard at Bethany, it murmurs, “Thy brother shall live again !”—*Edwin Arnold.*

1519. DEATH, natural and easy. The death of Mr. National Root, of Coventry, was a very strange one. He was an old man ninety-four years of age, and on the day he died he was apparently unusually well. After breakfast a neighbour came in, and he coolly asked him, “Have you come over to-day to see me die ?” The man questioned thought the inquiry a joke, because he could see nothing in Mr. Root’s appearance that indicated any immediate danger of death. After a short visit the neighbour left, and Mr. Root went, as was his custom, into the fields to work, remaining there all the forenoon, apparently as well as ever. He went to his home at noon-time, and ate his dinner with a good relish ; and upon getting up from the table, he said, in a very cool and undisturbed way, “I guess I’ll now go and lie down and die !” Even this remark was not thought seriously of. He went to his room and lay down on the bed. About half an hour later one of the family went in to see if he was sleeping, and he was found to be dead.—*Christian Age.*

1520. DEATH, No fear of. Among the few remains of Sir John Franklin that were found far up in the Polar regions there was a leaf of the “Student’s Manual,” by Dr. John Todd—the only relic of a book. From the way in which the leaf was turned down, the following portion of a dialogue was prominent :—“Are you not afraid to die ?” “No.” “No ! Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern ?” “Because God has said to me, ‘Fear not. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.’” This leaf is preserved in the Museum of Greenwich Hospital, among the relics of Sir John Franklin.

1521. DEATH, No fear of. Fox relates, in his “Acts and Monuments,” that a Dutch martyr, feeling the flames, said, “Ah, what a small pain is this, compared with the glory to come !”

The same author tells us that John Noyes took up a faggot at the fire, and kissing it, said, “Blessed be the time that ever I was born, to come to this preferment.”

When an ancient martyr was severely threatened by his persecutors, he replied, “There is nothing visible or invisible that I fear. I will stand to my profession of the name and faith of Christ, come of it what will.”

Hilary said to his soul, “Thou hast served Christ this seventy years, and art thou afraid of death ? Go out, soul, go out !”

An old minister remarked, a little before his death, “I cannot say I have so lived as that I should not now be afraid to die ; but I can say I have so learned Christ that I am not afraid to die.”

A friend, surprised at the serenity and cheerfulness which the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine possessed in the immediate view of death and eternity, proposed the question, “Sir, are you not afraid of your sins ?” “Indeed, no,” was his answer ; “ever since I knew Christ I have never thought highly of my frames and duties, nor am I slavishly afraid of my sins.”—*Religious Tract Society Anecdotes.*

1522. DEATH, Not afraid of. “I am so far from fearing death, which to others is the king of terrors,” exclaimed Dr. Donne, “that I long for the time of dissolution.” When Mr. Venn inquired of the Rev. W. Grimshaw how he did, “As happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I were in it : I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into heaven.”

1523. DEATH, not to be bribed. When Runjeet Singh, “the Lion of Lahore,” was dying, with the hope of staying the hand of death, he sent the costliest offerings—offering after offering—to the idol-temples, in order to propitiate the deities. The nearer the dread moment seemed to come, the more eager was his desire for life, and the more boundless his profusion. He would gladly have given all his hoarded wealth for a few additional moments of life. It has been computed that, on the day of his death, the wealth bestowed by Runjeet in pious gifts amounted to more than a million sterling.—*Denton.*

1524. DEATH, not to be put off. Upon the consultation of the physicians in the morning he (the Lord Keeper) was out of comfort, and, by the Prince’s leave, told him, kneeling by his pallet, that his days to come would be but few in this world. “*I am satisfied,*” said the King (James I.) ; “but pray you assist to make me ready for the next world—to go away hence for Christ, whose mercies I call for and hope to find.”—*I. D’Israeli.*

1525. DEATH, of Christian and infidel. The French nurse who was present at the deathbed of Voltaire, being urged to attend an Englishman whose case was critical, said, “Is he a Christian ?” “Yes,” was the reply, “he is—a Christian in the highest and best sense of the term—a man who lives in the fear of God. But why do you ask ?” “Sir,” she answered, “I was the nurse that attended Voltaire in his last illness, and for all the wealth of Europe I would never see another infidel die.”

1526. DEATH, Parting from treasures in. A celebrated actress had spread out upon the coverlid of her dying bed all the jewels given to her by the various crowned heads before whom she had performed ; and she wept bitterly as she looked upon the sparkling gems, and said, “And must I leave all these ?”—*Denton.*

1527. DEATH, Pleasantries in. We are too uncertain about the spiritual state of Charles II. to smile at his apology for being so "unconscionable a time of dying;" but in the case of Dr. Guthrie we have more freedom to enter into his little pleasantries. "Haul away, lads," he said to his sons, who were pulling him up on the pillows "haul away, lads, *I'm no dead yet.*" It was a paraphrase of the words of a poor boy who was entombed some years ago in the ruins of a house that fell in the High Street of Edinburgh. The men engaged in removing the ruins thought they heard a noise below them, and stopped to listen. A child's shrill voice came up through the crevices, "*Howk awa', howk awa', I'm no deid yet!*"—*Dr. Blaikie.*

1528. DEATH, Praise in. A few years ago there was a terrible storm one winter night on the coast of Fife, in Scotland. All the boats had got in from the herring-fishing but one, which struck on a rock just as she was entering the harbour, and upset. As the six men who manned her hung clinging to her keel amid the roar of the wind and the wild dashing of the waves, that threatened every moment to sweep them to the bottom, the captain (he was a Christian young man) cried, "Now is the time to sing praise to God!" and his voice rose above the howling storm—

"My God, I am Thine!
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know
That a Saviour is mine!"

And then came a great wave and dashed him away from the boat straight home. And then another young man, a Christian too, spoke up: "Mates, our skipper's finished the hymn in heaven; let us finish it here;" and he went on—

"And this I shall prove
Till I find it above,
In the heaven of heavens,
In Jesu's own love."

And then another great wave swept them, and he too fell from the boat, and went to join his captain on Canaan's happy shore.—*Dr. Pentecost.*

1529. DEATH, Prayer in. Passing inside, they looked toward the bed; Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backward for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time. The men drew nearer. A candle stuck by its own wax to the top of the box shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them—Matthew—advanced softly to him, and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct for some time, and the body was almost cold: Livingstone was dead.—*Life of Dr. Livingstone.*

1530. DEATH, Preparation for. That very astute, clear-headed, and warm-hearted man, the late Rev. Dr. Spencer, of Brooklyn, tells, in his

"Pastor's Sketches," of a woman who for a long time was in great mental distress about her preparation for death, for which she wanted some "bright witness," such as "a great light shining in her room." One day, after long waiting for it, she asked the doctor, "Why don't I see some such witness?" "For three reasons," was the reply: "first, you are not nervous enough; secondly, you are not imaginative enough; thirdly, you are not quite fool enough."

1531. DEATH, Prepared for. Montmorency, Constable of France, having been mortally wounded at an engagement, was exhorted by those who stood around him to *die like a good Christian*, and with the same courage which he had shown in his lifetime. To this he most nobly replied in the following manner:—"Gentlemen and fellow-soldiers! I thank you all very kindly for your anxious care and concern about me; *but the man who has been enabled to endeavour to LIVE WELL for fourscore years past can never need to seek now how to DIE WELL for a quarter of an hour.*"

1532. DEATH, Preparing for. A mother explained to her little daughter, who could not comprehend her father's death, that God had sent for him, and that by-and-by He would send for them all—how soon they could not tell. "Well, then, mother," said the child, "if God is going to send for us soon, and we don't know just when, hadn't we better begin to pack up and get ready to go?"—*Biblical Museum.*

1533. DEATH, Readiness in. "I am ready," said a dying man to a visitor. "What makes you think yourself ready?" said the visitor. "I am wrapped up in Christ." "Have you nothing else to say about your readiness?" "Nothing; is not that enough?"

1534. DEATH, Ready for. At the time when His Majesty George the Third, desirous that himself and family should repose in a less public sepulchre than that of Westminster Abbey, had ordered a royal tomb to be constructed at Windsor, Mr. Wyatt, his architect, waited upon him, with a detailed report and plan of the building, and of the manner in which he proposed to arrange its various recesses. The King minutely examined the whole, and when finished, Mr. Wyatt, in thanking His Majesty, said he had ventured to occupy so much of His Majesty's time and attention with these details in order that it might not be necessary to bring so painful a subject again under his notice. To this the good King replied, "Mr. Wyatt, I request that you will bring the subject before me whenever you please. I shall attend with as much pleasure to the building of a tomb to receive me when I am dead as I would to the decoration of a drawing-room to hold me while living; for, Mr. Wyatt, if it please God that I shall live to be ninety or a hundred years old, I am willing to stay; but if it please God to take me this night, I am ready to obey the summons."

1535. DEATH, Ready for. The death of Fletcher is particularly interesting. His health had been long on the decline, when he said, "My little field of action is just at my door; so that, if I happen to overdo myself, I have but to step from my pulpit to my bed, and from my bed to my grave."

1536. DEATH, Ready for, when the time comes. The Rev. James Janeway, a Puritan, was remarkable for early piety and devotion. On leaving the university he was tutor some time at Windsor, preaching wherever he had an opportunity, without obtaining any benefice. By the Act of Uniformity he was separated from the Church. During the plague he was assiduous in visiting the sick, being singularly preserved from infection. He collected a congregation at Rotherhithe, where he was very useful, and which, after the plague, became very numerous. This so exasperated the high party that several attempts were made on his life, all of which, as well as the plague, through the intervention of Providence, had no power to hurt him. Upon one occasion, as he was walking along Rotherhithe Wall, a fellow shot at him, and the bullet went through his hat. At another time the soldiers broke into his meeting-house, and would have pulled him down from the pulpit, but the bench on which they stood gave way, and in the confusion he escaped. The troopers made another attempt to seize him when he was preaching at a gardener's house, but he threw himself on the ground, and his friends covered him with cabbage-leaves, by which means he escaped. He died in the thirty-eighth year of his age. In his last illness he had some clouds of melancholy, but it pleased God to dissipate them, and not long before his death he said he could now as easily die as shut his eyes; adding, "Here am I longing to be silent in the dust, and to enjoy Christ in glory."—*Leifechild*.

1537. DEATH, Ready for. John Pask, when on his deathbed, being asked how he felt, said, "Oh, I am all packed up and ready to be off." The ruling passion strong in death.—*W. Antilif, D.D.*

1538. DEATH, realised. When Bernard Gilpin was privately informed that his enemies had caused thirty-two articles to be drawn up against him in the strongest manner, and presented to Bonner, Bishop of London, he said to his favourite domestic, "At length they have prevailed against me. I am accused to the Bishop of London, from whom there will be no escaping. God forgive their malice, and grant me strength to undergo the trial." He then ordered his servant to provide a long garment for him, in which he might go decently to the stake, and desired it might be got ready with all expedition. "For I know not," says he, "how soon I may have occasion for it." As soon as this garment was provided, it is said, he used to put it on every day, till the Bishop's messengers apprehended him.

1539. DEATH, Ruling passion in. Lablache, on his deathbed, said to one of his children, "Go to the piano and accompany me." Broken down with anguish and sorrow at the anticipated death of his father, the youth obeyed. The rich, full tones of the great basso were now mellowed, but he sang, with a celestial beauty, "Home, sweet home." He attempted the second stanza, but his throat had filled, and murmuring the cadenza of the last line, he passed away.—*A. W. Atwood*.

1540. DEATH, Sting of. As his (Simeon's) drew near, he broke out, "It is said, 'O death, where is thy sting?'" Then, looking at us as we stood round his bed, he asked, in his own peculiarly impressive manner, "Do you see any sting here?"—*Life of Simeon*.

1541. DEATH, Sting of, taken away. It was the custom in our village to toll from the old church-bell the age of any one who died. Death never entered that village and tore away one of the inhabitants but I counted the tolling of the bell. Sometimes it was seventy, sometimes eighty; sometimes it would be away down among the teens, sometimes it would toll out the death of some one of my own age. It made a solemn impression upon me. I felt a coward then. I thought of the cold hand of death feeling for the cords of life. I thought of being launched forth to spend my eternity in an unknown land. As I looked into the grave, and saw the sexton throw the earth on the coffin-lid, "Earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust," it seemed like the death-knell to my soul. But that is all changed now. The grave has lost its terror. As I go on towards heaven I can shout, "O death, where is thy sting?" and I hear the answer rolling down from Calvary, "Buried in the bosom of the Son of God."—*Moody*.

1542. DEATH, suddenly realised. After the dreadful accident at Sadler's Wells, in 1807, when twenty-three people were trodden to death, owing to a false alarm of fire, Grimaldi met with a singular adventure. On running back to the theatre that night, he found the crowd of people collected round it so dense as to render approach by the usual path impossible. Filled with anxiety, and determined to ascertain the real state of the case, he ran round to the opposite bank of the New River, plunged in, swam across, and, finding the parlour window open and a light at the other end of the room, threw up the sash and jumped in. What was his horror, on looking round, to discover that there lay stretched in the apartment no fewer than nine dead bodies! These were the remains of nine human beings, lifeless and scarcely yet cold, whom a few hours back he had been himself exciting to shouts of laughter.—*Theatrical Anecdotes*.

1543. DEATH, Summons of. Denuded of all dignities and offices in the University, again a prisoner, Rutherford was summoned to appear before Parliament on a charge of high treason. When the messengers came with their summons, the now dying hero, some of the old fire kindling in his eye, returned it with the answer: "Tell them that I have got a summons already from a superior Judge and Judicatory, and I behave to answer my first summons, and ere your day arrives *I will be where few kings and great folks come*."—*A. Thomson, D.D.*

1544. DEATH, Theatrical. There is poor practical Chevalier Favras, who gets himself hanged for plots amid some loud uproar of the world. Poor Favras! he keeps dictating his last will at the Hôtel-de-Ville through the whole remainder of the day—a weary February day; offers to reveal secrets if they will save him; handsomely declines since they will not; then dies in the flare of torch-light, with politest composure; remarking rather than exclaiming, with outspread hands, "People, I die innocent; pray for me."—*Carlyle's French Revolution*.

1545. DEATH, the appointed time for. In June or July or August, when the apple is green, you may go out and tug at it, and it does not want to leave the bough, and it will not leave the bough.

A multitude of strings tie it to the bough, and it says, "My business is to stick here till I am ripe." But by-and-by, when it is ripe, all those juices which make the apple better, also prepare it to let go. And one after another of the fibres of the stem break, being no longer required to convey the juices from the bough to the fruit. And when, after this preparation, the time arrives for the apple to come off, down it drops so easy that it does not know what made it fall. In the stillness of the night I have lain at my father's house in Litchfield, when it was so still that the silence ached in the ear, and have heard that sound—so joyful a sound to the up-rising boy—the plumping down of the early bough apple in the garden under my windows. It needed no wind, but only the difference of the weight of the dew at night, to pluck it off from the bough. When the time comes for men to die, they die very easy, as a general rule.—*Beecher*.

1546. DEATH, The Christian's. He (Rev. W. Marsh, D.D.) told us of Mr. Simeon's mode of describing a Christian's death. "Who are you?" (looking back). "Sorrow." "And who are you?" "Sighing." Then stretching his hands upward—"And who are you?" "Joy." "And who are you?" "Gladness." "Then, farewell, Sorrow, farewell, Sighing! Joy and Gladness, I will go with you!"—*Miss Marsh*.

1547. DEATH, the common lot. A beautiful story is told of Buddha and a poor woman who came to ask him if there was any medicine which would bring back to life her dead child. When he saw her distress he spoke tenderly to her, and he told her that there was one thing which might cure her son. He bade her bring him a handful of mustard seed—common mustard seed; only he charged her to bring it from some house where neither father nor mother, child nor servant, had died. So the woman took her dead baby in her arms, and went from door to door asking for the mustard seed, and gladly was it given to her; but when she asked whether any had died in that house, each one made the same sad answer—"I have lost my husband," or "My child is dead," or "Our servant has died." So, with a heavy heart, the woman went back to Buddha, and told him how she had failed to get the mustard seed, for that she could not find a single house where none had died. Then Buddha showed her lovingly that she must learn not to think of her own grief alone, but must remember the griefs of others, seeing that all alike are sharers in sorrow and death.

1548. DEATH, the last thing thought of. Mr. Jeaffreson tells us that Lord Palmerston, during his last attack of gout, exclaimed playfully, "Die, my dear doctor! That's the last thing I think of doing."—*W. Davenport Adams*.

1549. DEATH, The thought of. When Boswell once, in conversation, persecuted Johnson on the subject of death, whether we might not fortify our minds for its approach, he answered in a passion, "No, sir! let it alone! It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives! The art of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time!" But when Boswell persisted in the conversation, Johnson was thrown into such a state of agitation that he thundered out, "Give us no more of this!" and, further, sternly told the trembling and too curious philosopher, "Don't let us meet to-morrow!"—*I. D'Israeli*.

1550. DEATH, The true idea of. Elder Bennett said to his friends just before his death, "I have for years *believed and taught* that religion was well adapted to the *dying*; now I *KNOW* it." "My friends talk about my going down into the *valley of the shadow of death*. I am now in it; and when they think me just going into it, I shall be coming out of it into perfect day."

1551. DEATH, to be prepared for. One of the captains of Charles V. of Spain requested the favour of discharge from public service. The Emperor demanded the reason. The thoughtful officer replied, "There ought to be a pause between the tumult of life and the day of death."

1552. DEATH, Uncertainty in. Lord Holland read to Rogers his character of Sheridan. The wind-up he particularly remembered:—"He died with great Christian resignation, joining fervently in the prayers that were read to him when the sacrament was administered." Now Rogers asked Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, what Sheridan's end was like? "He was insensible," said Howley; "Mrs. Sheridan put his hands together in the attitude of supplication, and I read the prayers."—*Timbs*.

1553. DEATH, Unprepared for. It is said of the celebrated Cæsar Borgia, that in his last moments he exclaimed, "I have provided, in the course of my life, for *everything except death*; and now, alas! I am to die, although entirely unprepared."

1554. DEATH, Unprepared for. There was a certain nobleman who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after, the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. The fool came to see him. His sick lord said to him, "I must shortly leave you." "And whither art thou going?" said the fool. "Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you come again?—within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When, then?" "Never." "*Never!*" said the fool. "And what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?" "None at all." "No!" said the fool, "none at all! Here, take my staff; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this."—*Bishop Hall*.

1555. DEATH, Welcoming. A child at school welcomes every messenger from home to him; but he desires most the messenger that comes for him. Joseph sends to Jacob, and for him, at once; and his father not only heard the words, but saw the waggons. "Oh! these are really to carry me to him; I shall soon see my son, and die in peace." Such a messenger, Christian, is death to you. "Come," says God, "you have toiled long enough; you have feared long enough; you have groaned long enough; your warfare is accomplished; enter into the rest which the Lord your God giveth you. Come, for all things are now ready." "But the swelling river rolls between." "Fear not. The ark of the covenant will go before you, and divide the waves, and you shall pass over dry-shod. And then let the streams reunite, and continue to flow on; you will not wish them to reopen for your return."—*Rev. W. Jay*.

1556. DEATH, Welcoming. Of Bradford it is

said, that when the keeper's wife said to him, "O sir, I am come with heavy tidings—you are to be burnt to-morrow;" taking off his hat and laying it upon the ground, and kneeling and raising his hands, he said, "Lord, I thank Thee for this honour. This is what I have been waiting for, and longing for."—*Rev. W. Jay.*

1557. DECAY, certain. Not long ago the crown-jeweller of France solemnly applied to the Academy of Science for the means of preventing the decay and corruption of the precious gems in the royal crown. No satisfactory answer was given, and many highly prized jewels have since then passed away. "Behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."—*Spurgeon.*

1558. DECEIVING, and being deceived. An æsthetic critic remarks on the peculiar influences exerted on architecture and architects by the fact that when what he calls "a spry Yankee" wishes to build a house, he very generally thinks to overreach his architect and builder by pretending that he wants much less accommodation than he is resolved to have; thinking that, the contract once made and begun to be executed, he will be able to squeeze more work out for the same price. "It is gratifying to know that in such cases he usually meets his match, and has to pay smartly. But how lamentable," adds the critic, "that the exercise of a noble art should ever be degraded into a conflict between a couple of rogues, each trying to outwit the other!"—*Preacher's Lantern.*

1559. DECEPTION, kept up to the last. Louis the Eighteenth had been himself studious to conceal his most dangerous symptoms from his attendants. His view of the case found this verbal expression, which is quite a "various reading" of the *textus receptus*: "A king of France," said he, "may die, but he is never ill." He put his theory in practice by receiving diplomatists and playing the monarch to the last.—*Francis Jacox.*

1560. DECEPTION, Religious, illustrated. I have seen in bedlam a man that has held up his face in a posture of adoration toward heaven to utter execrations and blasphemies.—*Steele.*

1561. DECISION, An unshaken. Cyprian, when on his road to suffer martyrdom, was told by the Emperor that he would give him time to consider whether he had not better cast a grain of incense into the fire in honour of idols than die so degraded a death. The martyr nobly answered, "There needs no deliberation in the case."

1562. DECISION, Blessedness of immediate. People came to churches that week who never enter a church, and among them a young woman who had been six years without going to church, and two years without writing to her mother. She was a lost girl; but she was impressed, and stayed for the after-meeting; and a lady dealt with her, and at length she came then and there to Jesus, and believed that "His blood cleanseth from all sin." Just as she was going out, quite bright, she said, "There is one thing I should like—a Bible." The lady, never expecting to see her again, said, "You shall have mine," and gave it just as it was, with her name in it. The next afternoon this lady was, as usual, visiting a large hospital (Guy's, I think), and one of the nurses said, "We had such a bad case

to-day—a young woman run over by an omnibus, and she is dead; and the curious thing is, she had your Bible in her pocket." The lady said, "Did she say anything?" "Yes. When the doctors stood round her bed she asked if it was hopeless; and when they said, 'Quite hopeless,' she said, 'Thank God it was not yesterday; I am going to Jesus.' She had also written to her mother late the night before, saying, 'After so long you will be glad to hear from me. I have given my heart to Jesus, and mean to live for Him.'"—*Esther Beamish.*

1563. DECISION, Early. It is said of Dr. Conyers that he appeared to have had serious impressions from his infancy, and is remembered to have retired at a certain time from his play-fellows, when only five years of age, and to have run down a lane to say his prayers. He was very fond of going to church when a little boy; and if he happened to be at play when the bell tolled for any ordinary service of the day, no solicitations of his juvenile companions could restrain his attendance.—*Bruce.*

1564. DECISION, Final. When Cæsar stood on the banks of the Rubicon, a little stream dividing Italy from Gaul, he paused for a season and deliberated. He knew that, as Pro-consul of Gaul, he could not pass that river without declaring war with the Roman Senate. At length he uttered aloud the cry, "THE DIE IS CAST!" and throwing himself into the stream, he passed over, followed by his army.

1565. DECISION, Final. Antonius Riceto, a Venetian martyr, was offered his life and considerable wealth if he would concede but a little; and when his own son, with weeping, entreated him to do so, he answered that he was resolved to lose both children and estate for Christ.

1566. DECISION, Instant, required. When the packet-ship "Stephen Whitney" struck, at midnight, on an Irish cliff, and clung, for a few moments, to the cliff, all the passengers who leaped instantly upon the rock were saved. The positive step landed them on the rock. Those who lingered were swept off by the returning wave, and engulfed for ever. Your first duty is to flee out of the sinking ship of sin to the everlasting Rock. When in Christ you are safe.—*Christian Age.*

1567. DECISION, Instant, urged. Webb, the celebrated walker, who was remarkable for vigour both of body and mind, drank nothing but water. He was one day recommending his regimen to a friend who loved wine, and urging him with great earnestness to quit a course of luxury by which his health and intellect would be equally destroyed. The gentleman appeared convinced, and told him that he would conform to his counsel, though he thought he could not change his course of life at once, but would leave off strong liquors by degrees. "By degrees!" exclaimed Webb; "if you should, unhappily, fall into the fire, would you caution your servants to pull you out only by degrees?"—*Cyclopædia of Religious Anecdote.*

1568. DECISION, Lacking. "One charge more, gentlemen!—one charge more in the name of God! and the day is ours." He (Charles I., at Naseby) placed himself at the head of the troopers, and a thousand of them prepared to follow him. One

of his courtiers snatched his bridle and turned him from the path of honour to that of despair.—*Paxton Hood.*

1569. DECISION, Pregnant. Some (of the Convention), what is more to the purpose, bethink them of the Citizen Bonaparte, an unemployed artillery officer, who took Toulon. A man of head—a man of action: this young artillery officer is named Commandant. He was in the Gallery at the moment, and heard it; he withdrew some half-hour, to consider with himself. After a half-hour of grim, compressed considering to be or not to be, he answers, "YEA."—*Carlyle (end of French Revolution).*

1570. DECISION, should be prompt. Some time ago a ship's crew stood with speechless terror upon a rugged rock in the midst of the sea. A lifeboat, rowed by strong hands, approached the rock, but was kept at some little distance by the beating surf. It was only by leaping at the precise moment when the boat rose on the swell of the wave that there was any chance of escape. Amongst the shipwrecked crew was a woman, who stood prepared to leap. "Quick! quick!" was the cry. "Leap now, leap now!" She hesitated for a moment, and then sprang off; but in that moment the boat was drawn back by the retreating wave; she sank into the sea, and was never seen again.

1571. DECISION, should be prompt. It is related of Alexander the Great that, being asked how it was that he had conquered the world, he replied, "By not wavering."—*Handbook of Illustrations.*

1572. DECREES, Speculations concerning. A person in the lower ranks, at Lochwinnoch, in Scotland, whose life and practice had not been consistent with that of a genuine Christian, was nevertheless a great speculator on the high points of divinity. This unhallowed humour stuck to him on his death-bed, and he was wont to perplex and puzzle himself and his visitors with knotty questions on the divine decrees, and such other topics. Thomas Orr, a person of a very different character, was sitting at his bedside, endeavouring to turn his attention to what more immediately concerned him:—"Ah, Willam," said he, "this is the decree you have at present to do with: 'HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL BE SAVED; HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT SHALL BE DAMNED.'"

1573. DEFEAT, and death. "Shall I survive," said General Montcalm to the surgeon, as he fell, after vainly attempting to rally his broken regiments after their defeat by Wolfe and the British. "But a few hours at most," he replied. "So much the better," replied the heroic Frenchman; "I shall not live to witness the surrender of Quebec."—*Little's Historical Lights (condensed).*

1574. DEFEAT, Recollection of. The last words pronounced by the Emperor Napoleon III. in his dying moments were addressed to his old and faithful friend, Dr. Conneau. They were: "*Etes vous a Sedan?*"—"Were you at Sedan?" Subsequently, the Empress held his hand in hers, and gently kissed it; the Emperor smiled, and his lips moved as if returning his wife's embrace, but he never uttered another word after that last thought—"Sedan!"—*Figaro.*

1575. DEFEAT, Taught by. Peter the Great was defeated by Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, who was only in his seventeenth year. From that

defeat the military greatness of Russia was born. "I know well," said the Czar, as he was in retreat, "that these Swedes will beat us for a long time; but at last they will teach us how to conquer."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

1576. DEFEATED, yet not conquered. A Spartan who was a giant for size and a very Samson for strength, was wounded in battle by a bow-shot. When ready to expire, he said that he did not lament his death, because he came out resolved to shed his blood for Greece; but he was sorry to die without having once drawn his sword against the enemy.—*Handbook of Illustrations.*

1577. DEFECTS, Covering. His (Pericles') person in other respects was well turned, but his head was disproportionately long. For this reason almost all his statues have the head covered with a helmet, the statuary choosing, I suppose, to hide that defect.—*Plutarch.*

1578. DEFENCE, Ready for. When France was invaded by Charles V. he inquired of a prisoner how many days Paris might be distant from the frontier. "Perhaps twelve; but they will be days of battle." Such was the gallant answer which checked the arrogance of that ambitious prince.—*Gibbon.*

1579. DEGRADATION, Deepest depths of. Father Taylor closed his description of a young man coming from the country full of good resolutions, stored with good lessons, and falling into one temptation after another, till he had become a degraded castaway with the words: "Hush! shut the windows of heaven. *He's cursing his mother!*"

1580. DEISM, not founded on attentive study. He (Johnson) said, "No honest man could be a Deist; for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity." I named Hume. "No, sir; Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham that he had never read the New Testament with attention."—*Boswell's Johnson.*

1581. DELAY, Danger of. A great surgeon stood before his class to perform a certain operation which the elaborate mechanisms and minute knowledge of modern science had only recently made possible. With strong and gentle hand he did his work successfully, so far as his part of the terrible business went; and then he turned to his pupils and said, "Two years ago a safe and simple operation might have cured this disease. Six years ago a wise way of life might have prevented it. We have done our best as the case now stands; but Nature will have her word to say. She does not always consent to the repeal of her capital sentences." Next day the patient died.

1582. DELAY, Danger of. There is an awful truth, if there be also quaintness, in the language of one who said, "My lord, heaven is not to be won by short, hard work at the last, as some of us take a degree at the university, after much irregularity and negligence. I have known," he says, "many old playfellows of the devil spring up suddenly from their deathbeds, and strike at him treacherously, while he, without returning the blow, yet laughed and made grimaces in the corner of the room."—*Canon Farrar.*

1583. DELAY, Danger of. A captain says that on a dark and tempestuous evening he heard the

firing of minute-guns, as signals of distress. He bore down in the direction of the sounds, and saw a large steamer, with her flag at half-mast. He put his trumpet to his mouth and hailed, "What's the matter?" The reply was, "I am in a sinking condition." "Send all your passengers on board my ship." The answer was, "No; lie by me till morning." Again he urged him to send his passengers on board, and again the answer was, "Lie by me till morning." Then he requested him to set his lights, which he did; but in an hour and a half no lights could be seen. It was the ill-fated "Central America," and she had gone down.—*Christian Age*.

1584. DELAY, Fatal. How many lose the battle of life because either they do not start early enough, or they make fatal mistakes after they have been started. For these two reasons Napoleon lost Waterloo. History tells us, and Victor Hugo, in his most popular work, powerfully dramatises the fact, that the night before the memorable June 18, 1815, there was a great deluge of rain, and the ground was so soaked that Napoleon could not move his artillery, and he had to wait until the ground was somewhat settled; so that, instead of opening the battle as he had expected at six o'clock in the morning, he opened it at nearly twelve at noon. Of course, that gave time for Blucher to come up with his reinforcements.—*Talmage*.

1585. DELAY, Instance of. At Paris, during the alterations now being made at the General Post-Office, there was found a letter which had been posted exactly fifty years ago, and which, by some mischance, had got stuck in a panel instead of finding its way into the box. The letter was duly forwarded to the person to whom it was addressed, who proved to be alive. The writer, however, had been dead many years.

1586. DELAY, Pride a cause of. A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards only by staying to put on a band and adjust his periwig. He would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility.—*Abraham Cowley*.

1587. DELIBERATION, Danger of. Nero once tried to disgrace some of the great Roman nobles to so low a level as his own by making them appear as actors in the arena or on the stage. To the Roman noble such an appearance was regarded as the extremest shame and disgrace. Yet to disobey the order was death. The noble Florus was bidden thus to appear in the arena; and, doubtful whether to obey or not, consulted the virtuous and religious Agrippinus. "Go, by all means," replied Agrippinus. "Well, but," replied Florus, "you yourself faced death rather than obey." "Yes," answered Agrippinus; "because I did not deliberate about it." The categorical, imperative "you must," the negative prohibition of duty, must be implicitly, unquestioningly, and deliberately obeyed. To deliberate about it is to be a secret traitor, and the line which separates the secret traitor from the open rebel is thin as the spider's web.—*Canon Farrar*.

1588. DELIVERANCE, Divine aid in. We were very much touched by that picture in a church at Naples, a converted building, once dedicated to Diana of the Ephesians. It represents a statue of

Vice; a young man, athletic and sinewy, strains to disentangle his limbs from a rope-net; an angel is busily giving him aid; and underneath is scrolled the motto from Nahum's prophecy: "For now will I break his yoke from off thee, and will burst thy bonds in sunder." How affecting it seems to think of Divine interposition supplementing human weakness!—*Chas. S. Robinson, D.D.*

1589. DELIVERANCE, Gratitude for. Dr. Doddridge, on one occasion, interested himself in behalf of a condemned criminal, and at length succeeded in obtaining his pardon. On announcing to him the joyful intelligence, he prostrated himself at the doctor's feet, and exclaimed, "Oh, sir, every drop of my blood thanks you, for you have had mercy on every drop of it! Wherever you go, I will be yours!" With how much greater propriety may the Christian prostrate himself at the feet of Christ, and make use of similar language!—*Clerical Library*.

1590. DELIVERANCE, Opportune. One dark and stormy night a vessel was wrecked on a rocky island off the coast of Scotland. The crew had watched with terror the white waves as they dashed on the stately cliffs, and felt that to be driven on these rocks was to seal their doom. The cabin was filled with water, and the captain's wife was drowned. The sailors climbed into the rigging, and prayed as they never had before that God would have compassion upon them. The cruel waves drove the vessel on and on, till the very foot of the awful cliff was reached. Oh, if they could only reach its top! There would be safety, and, no doubt, friendly hands to help them. Just as they struck the rock they espied on the face of the cliff a ladder. Here was their despair changed to joy. They sprang from the rigging, and climbed the ropes as rapidly as their benumbed fingers would permit; so they were all rescued, and in a few moments more the vessel went to pieces. That ladder seemed to them almost a miracle. Yet its presence there was easily explained. It was used by the quarrymen as they climbed up and down to their work every day. Though usually drawn up when they left, the suddenness of the storm that night had caused the workmen to hurry to the shelter of their humble homes, without waiting to remove the ladder.—*British Workman*.

1591. DELIVERANCE, Providential. One Mr. Barber, a Protestant, was, in the reign of Queen Mary, condemned to the flames. The morning of execution arrived. The intended martyr walked to Smithfield, and was bound to the stake. The faggots were piled round him, and the executioner only waited for the word of command to apply the torch. Just at this crisis tidings came of the Queen's death, which obliged the officers to stop their proceedings, until the pleasure of the new Queen (Elizabeth) should be known.

1592. DELIVERANCE, Strange. It was while sailing about Australia that the "Endeavour" (Captain Cook's vessel) had a most strange and narrow escape from destruction. She struck a rock one day with great force, but immediately floated off; and although she leaked badly, the crew managed to keep her afloat until they reached a harbour. What was their astonishment, on docking the ship, to find a large rock stuck in the cavity, which

alone had kept her from going down.—*Cyclopædia of Biography.*

1593. DELIVERER, hailed. Perhaps there is no episode recorded in history more interesting than that of Charles V. when he landed at Tunis. Ten thousand men and women who were slaves within the city, when they heard the approach of their deliverer, rose and broke their chains, and rushed towards the gate as the Emperor was entering the town; and this mighty procession knelt down, hailed him as their deliverer, and prayed God to bless him.

1594. DELUSION, Doubt in. That notorious impostor, Joanna Southcote, as she drew near her last moments, seemed more than once on the point of confessing how much her followers had been misled, and appears, in deceiving others, to have been self-deceived. "My friends," said she, "some of you have known me nearly twenty-five years, and all of you no less than twenty; when you have heard me speak of my prophecies, you have sometimes heard me say that I doubted my inspiration. But, at the same time, you would never let me despair. When I have been alone, it has often appeared delusion; but when the communication was made to me, I did not in the least doubt. Feeling, as I now feel, that my dissolution is drawing near, and that a day or two may terminate my life, it all appears delusion." She was by this exertion quite exhausted, and wept bitterly. The assurances of her attendants, however, recovered her spirits, and she died in her guilt.

1595. DEMONSTRATION, Value of a wise. In the evening he (William of Orange) arrived at Helvoetsluys, and went on board a frigate called the "Bull." His flag was immediately hoisted. It displayed the arms of Nassau quartered with those of England. The motto, embroidered in letters three feet long, was happily chosen. The House of Orange had long used the elliptical device, "I will maintain." The ellipsis was now filled up with words of high import: "The liberties of England and the Protestant religion."—*Macaulay.*

1596. DENIAL of Christ, and prayer. David Straiton, one of the Scottish martyrs, was brought to the knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of John Erskine, of Dun. One day, having retired with the young laird of Laurieston to a quiet and solitary place in the fields to have the New Testament read to him, it happened that, in the course of reading, these words of our Saviour occurred: "He that denieth me before men, in the midst of this wicked generation, him will I deny in the presence of my Father and His angels." On hearing them, he suddenly became as one enraptured or inspired. He threw himself on his knees, extended his hands, and, after looking for some time earnestly towards heaven, he burst forth in these words: "O Lord, I have been wicked, and justly mayest Thou withdraw Thy grace from me; but, Lord, for Thy mercy's sake, let me never deny Thee nor Thy truth, for fear of death and corporal pains." The issue proved that his prayer was not in vain; for at his trial and death he displayed much firmness and constancy in the defence of the truth, and gave great encouragement to another gentleman, Norman Gourlay, who suffered along with him.—*Arvine.*

1597. DENIAL of Christ, impossible. The Prince of Condé, at the massacre of Paris, when the King assured him that he should die within three days if he did not renounce his religion, told the monarch that his life and estate were in his hand, and that he would give up both rather than renounce the truth.—*Cyclopædia of Anecdote.*

1598. DENIAL of Christ, Sorrow for. "Bishop Jewel," says Fuller, "being by the violence of popish inquisitors assaulted on a sudden to *subscribe*, he took a pen in his hand, and said, smiling, 'Have you a mind to see how well I can write?' and thereupon underwrote their opinions." Jewel, however, by his cowardly compliance, made his foes no fewer without, and one the more—a guilty conscience—within him. His life being waylaid for, with great difficulty he got over into Germany. Having arrived at Frankfort, by the advice of some friends, he made a solemn and affecting recantation of his subscription, in a full congregation of English Protestants on a Sabbath morning, after having preached a most tender, penitential sermon. "It was," said he, "my abject and cowardly mind and faint heart that made my weak hand commit this wickedness." He bitterly bewailed his fall; and with sighs and tears, supplicated forgiveness of the God whose truth he had denied, and of the Church of Christ, which he had so grievously offended. The congregation were melted into tears, and all embraced him as a brother in Christ; yea, as an angel of God.—*Arvine.*

1599. DENIAL, Providence in. Dr. Angus, the tutor of the college (into which Mr. Spurgeon desired to enter), visited Cambridge, where I then resided, and it was arranged that we should meet at the house of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher. Thinking and praying over the matter, I entered the house at exactly the time appointed, and was shown into a room, where I waited patiently for a couple of hours. . . . At last I was informed that the doctor had tarried in another room, and could stay no longer, so had gone off by train to London. The stupid girl had given no information that any one had called; consequently the meeting never came about, although designed by both parties.—*Spurgeon.*

1600. DENOMINATIONS, and Christian unity. During a visit of the King of Italy to Naples, the nine Protestant ministers of that city begged the favour of an interview. The young monarch granted their request, and received them with marked courtesy. Imagine his surprise, however, when one was presented to him as a Methodist, another as a Baptist, the third as a Presbyterian, and the fourth as a Waldense, &c. "I do not understand," said the King, "how you can all be ministers of the same Gospel, and yet have so many distinctions. Perhaps one of you will be so good as to explain this to me." The Waldensian minister promptly replied: "In your Majesty's army there are many regiments wearing different uniforms and called by different names; nevertheless, they are all under one commander-in-chief and follow one flag. In like manner, we Protestants are divided into various denominations, but we know only one Chief—Jesus Christ; and we follow but one banner, namely, that of the Gospel of our crucified and risen Lord." The King listened attentively, and then said, "I thank you for this clear explanation. You wish me to under-

stand that while there are differences among you on minor matters, there is unity in all that is essential."

1601. DENOMINATIONS, contrasted. A gentleman travelling in Texas met on a country road a waggon drawn by four oxen, driven by a genuine Texas ranger, who, in addition to the skilful flourish and crack of the whip, was vociferously encouraging the horned beasts in this manner "Haw, Presbyterian! Gee, Baptist! Ahoh, Episcopalian! Get up, Methodist!" The traveller was struck, and also amused, by this strange nomenclature, and stopping the driver, remarked to him that he had never heard such names applied to the dumb creatures before, and asked him why he called his oxen such names. "There," said the man of Texas, "I call this ox Presbyterian because he is true-blue and never fails—pulls through bad places and overcomes difficulties, and holds out to the end; besides, he knows more than the rest. I call this one Baptist because he is always after water, and it seems as though he would never get enough; then, again, he won't eat with the others. I call this Episcopalian because he has a mighty way of holding his head up, and if the yoke gets a little tight he tries to kick clear of things. I call this one Methodist because he puffs and blows, and you would think he was pulling all creation; but he don't pull a pound unless you continually stir him up."—*Christian Age*.

1602. DENOMINATIONS, Enmity a mistake among. When some of the Danish ships which had struck their colours at the battle of the Nile fired upon the boats sent to take possession of them, Nelson wrote to the Crown Prince: "The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English," referring to their common Teutonic origin. How much more, then, should this be felt to be true among Christian Churches?—*B.*

1603. DENOMINATIONS, Mutual respect among. There is one interesting fact with regard to the mission of Tinnevely, which contains the largest number of native Christians in the province of India, and all of these Christians are members of our own beloved Church—the Church of England. There are no Nonconformists in the province. To what is this remarkable instance due? Under God, to the generous and Christian forbearance of the London Missionary Society—the great society of the Congregationalists, an Independent body—the society that was enabled to bring under Christian teaching all the capital of Madagascar. Three of the Church of England missionaries became dissatisfied with their work in the province to which they had been assigned for the propagation of the Gospel. One of these missionaries subsequently died; another went back to the field from which he came in this country; but still another made a proposition to transfer his mission, which was in the district of Tinnevely, right over to the care of the Church Missionary Society of the Congregational Church. He made this proposition, and our Congregationalist brethren acted in this wise. It is said—to the honour of the London Missionary Society be it recorded—that they refused to consent to the reception of this gentleman and that part of the mission which was under his care. They offered to receive him as an individual, and locate him at one of their stations, should he feel disposed to leave; but they declined to receive him while in Tinnevely or any portion of the mission there. All

honour for that noble Christian spirit, and I am most glad to say that the spirit was reciprocated by the Church of England Society in this way. A proposition came up to appoint a bishop of Madagascar. Every individual who had been converted there had been brought to the truth by the efforts of Congregational missionaries; and when the proposition came up to send a missionary bishop there, the answer was at once made, "That is not fair. This must not be done. We cannot afford to distract the Christians of that land by our divisions." The Bishop of Worcester himself, writing to the candidate for this place, says, "After reading the paper of the Church Missionary Society, which I enclose herewith, I have no hesitation in saying that I think it very inexpedient, in the interests of religion and the people of Madagascar, for a bishop to be sent to reside there."—*Report of Church Missionary Society (condensed from)*.

1604. DENOMINATIONS, Secret of harmony amongst. According to the present scientific theory, all of the planets came out of the sun. That central orb sent off ring after ring, and these consolidated into planets, and then, moving within the influence of their common origin, they swing without collision around the grand common centre of the sun itself. So, should not the denominational planets also swing without collision around their great common centre, the Sun of Righteousness, our glorious Lord Jesus Christ Himself? Plutarch, in his "Lives," tells us a beautiful story of a golden tripod fished up from the bottom of the sea. There was a great contention about the possession of it; and when the conflict waxed quite ferocious, a settlement was reached for its possession. The settlement was, that neither of the contending parties should have anything to do with it, but that it should be given to the wisest man, who was to be proclaimed the winner of it. They sent first of all to Thales. He said, "I am not the wisest man. Take it to Bias." Bias, on being approached, said, "Don't bring it here. I am not the wisest man in Greece. I won't have it." And so they sent it from one to another through a circle of the seven wisest men, with a like reception, until at last it was settled that the fair golden tripod should be given to Apollo. Now they all had the modesty of true wisdom; and if all the denominations had only that modesty or real wisdom displayed by these seven wise men, never to make any claim of exclusiveness or superiority, then there would be unbroken peace among them all.—*Rev. H. M. Scudder, D.D.*

1605. DEPENDENCE upon God, Entire. One of the poor members of the flock of Christ was reduced to circumstances of the greatest poverty in his old age. "You must be badly off," said a kind-hearted neighbour to him one day as they met upon the road; "and I don't know how an old man like you can maintain yourself and your wife, yet you are always cheerful!" "Oh no!" he replied, "we are not badly off; I have a rich Father who does not suffer me to want." "What! your father not dead yet? He must be very old indeed!" "Oh!" said he, "my Father never dies, and He always takes care of me."—*John Stevenson*.

1606. DEPENDENCE upon God, repudiated. One of the most wicked men in the neighbourhood of a pious minister, from whom this account was derived, was riding near a precipice, and fell over;

his horse was killed, but he escaped unhurt. Instead of thanking God for his deliverance, he refused to acknowledge His hand in it, and attributed his escape to chance. Afterwards he was riding on a very smooth road; his horse suddenly tripped and fell, threw his rider over his head, and killed him on the spot; but the horse escaped uninjured.—*Arvine*.

1607. DEPRAVITY, Acknowledged. When, nine years after his marriage, the birth of his son Nero was announced to him, he (Nero's father) answered the congratulations of his friend with the remark, that from himself and Agrippina nothing could have been born but what was hateful and for the public ruin.—*Farrar*.

1608. DEPRAVITY, Acknowledged. During the ministry of the Rev. Ralph Erskine, at Dunfermline, a man was executed for robbery, whom he repeatedly visited in prison, and whom he attended on the scaffold. Mr. Erskine addressed both the spectators and the criminal; and, after concluding his speech, he laid his hands on his breast, uttering these words: "But for restraining grace, I had been brought, by this corrupt heart, to the same condition with this unhappy man."—*Arvine*.

1609. DEPRAVITY, denied. Kennet, in his "Roman Antiquities," characterises the Emperor Titus as "the only prince in the world that has the character of *never doing an ill action*." Yet, witnessing the mortal combats of the captives taken in war, killing each other in the amphitheatre amidst the acclamations of the populace, was a favourite amusement with Titus. At one time he exhibited shows of gladiators, which lasted one hundred days, during which the amphitheatre was flooded with human blood.

1610. DEPRAVITY, Human. The first outbreak of Clarendon's rage and sorrow was highly pathetic. "O God!" he ejaculated, "that a son of mine should be a rebel!" A fortnight later he made up his mind to be a rebel himself.—*Macaulay*.

1611. DEPRAVITY, Human. At Stockport Assizes—and this, too, has no reference to the present state of trade, being of date prior to that—a mother and a father are arraigned and found guilty of poisoning three of their children, to defraud a burial society of some £3, 8s., due on the death of each child. They are arraigned, found guilty; and the official authorities, it is whispered, hint that perhaps the case is not solitary—that perhaps you had better not probe further into that department of things.—*Carlyle*.

1612. DEPRAVITY, Knowledge of. The late Rev. Dr. John Thomson, of Markinch, had been preaching on the moral depravity of man and the evils of licentiousness. Returning to the manse through the churchyard, he overheard the following colloquy between Johnny Spittal and Davie Thomson, two of his more errant parishioners:—"Weel Davie, did ye hear a' yon?" "Deed did I, Johnny, man." "An' what thoct ye o't a', Davie?" "Deed, Johnny, man, if he hadna been an awful chield himsel', he wadna ken sae weel about it."

1613. DEPRAVITY, Total, misunderstood. A minister asked an old lady what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she said, "I

think it is a good doctrine, if the people would only live up to it."

1614. DEPRAVITY, Universal. There is a fable among the Hindoos, that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope for life. He sent for his jailer and told him that he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the King, and when that had been done he would be prepared to die. Upon receiving this piece of intelligence, the King at once ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence. The thief explained that he knew the secret of causing trees to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and His Majesty would not lose the opportunity; so, accompanied by his Prime Minister, his courtiers, and his chief priest, he went with the thief to a spot selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted it would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold. "But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean; therefore I pass it to your Majesty." The King took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said, "I remember, in my younger days, that I have filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I hardly say my hand is clean. I pass it, therefore, to my Prime Minister." The latter, after a brief consultation, answered, "It were a pity to break the charm through a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people, and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have been perfectly honest? I must give it to the Governor of our citadel." "No, no," cried the Governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the High Priest plant it." And the High Priest said, "You forget that I have the collecting of tithes and the disbursements of sacrifice." At length the thief exclaimed, "Your Majesty, I think it would be better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us." In spite of the lamentable exposure the King laughed, and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient, that he granted him pardon.

1615. DEPRAVITY, Universal. When Chicago was a small town, it was incorporated and made a city. There was one clause in the new law that no man should be a policeman who was not a certain height—five feet six inches, let us say. When the Commissioners got into power, they advertised for men as candidates, and in the advertisement they stated that no man need apply who could not bring good credentials to recommend him. I remember going past the office one day, and there was a crowd of them waiting to get in. They quite blocked up the side of the street; and they were comparing notes as to their chances of success. One says to another, "I have got a good letter of recommendation from the Mayor, and one from the supreme judge." Another says, "And I have got a good letter from Senator So-and-so. I'm sure to get in." The two men come on together, and lay their letters down on the Commissioners' desk. "Well,"

say the officials, "you have certainly a good many letters, but we won't read them till we measure you." Ah! they forgot all about that. So the first man is measured, and he is only five feet. "No chance for you, sir; the law says the men must be five feet six inches, and you don't come up to the standard." The other says, "Well, my chance is a good deal better than his. I'm a good bit taller than he is"—he begins to measure himself by the other man. That is what people are always doing, measuring themselves by others. Measure yourselves by the law of God, or by the Son of God Himself; and if you do that, you will find you have come short. He goes up to the officers, and they measure him; he is five feet five inches and nine-tenths of an inch. "No good," they tell him; "you're not up to the standard." "But I'm only one-tenth of an inch short," he remonstrates. "It's no matter," they say; "there's no difference." He goes with the man who was five feet. One comes short six inches, and the other only one-tenth of an inch, but the law cannot be changed. And the law of God is, that no man shall go into the kingdom of heaven with one sin on him. He that has broken the least law is guilty of all.—*Moody.*

1616. DEPRAVITY, universality of its effects. Look, as one drop of ink coloureth a whole glass of water, so one gross sin, one shameful action, one hour's compliance with anything of Antichrist will colour and stain all the great things you have suffered and all the good things that ever you have performed.—*Brooks.*

1617. DEPRESSION, and the sense of unworthiness. His (Bunyan's) judgment was in the main satisfied that the Bible was, as he had been taught, the Word of God. This, however helped him little; for in the Bible he read his own condemnation. The weight which pressed him down was the sense of his unworthiness. What was he that God should care for him? He fancied that he heard God saying to the angels, "This poor simple wretch doth hanker after me, as if I had nothing to do with my mercy but to bestow it on such as he. Poor fool, how art thou deceived! It is not for such as thee to have favour with the Highest."—*Froude.*

1618. DEPRESSION, Consolation in. To a gentleman labouring under great nervous depression whom "Sammy Hick" had visited, and who was moving along the street as though every step would shake his system in pieces, he was rendered singularly useful. They met, and Samuel having a deeper interest in the soul than the body, asked, "Well, how are you getting on your way to heaven?" The poor invalid, in a dejected, half-desponding tone, replied, "But slowly, I fear," intimating that he was creeping along only at a poor pace. "Why, bless you, bairn," returned Samuel, "there were snails in the ark." The reply, so earnest and so unexpected, met the dispirited man on his own ground, the temptation broke away, and he was out of his depression.—*Life of Samuel Hick.*

1619. DEPRESSION, Cure of. Once, while under great mental depression, an English minister was reading a book entitled "The Marrow of Modern Divinity," when his eye fell upon this sentence, quoted from Luther: "I would run into the arms of Christ, though He stood with a drawn sword

in His hand." The thought came bolting into his mind, "So will I too;" and those words of Job occurred immediately, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." His burden dropped off, and his soul was filled with joy and peace in believing in Christ. A "venturesome believing" was the means of setting him at liberty.—*Christian Age.*

1620. DEPRESSION, Cure of. There was a period in my ministry when most of my people were in a very desponding state of mind. The more I tried to comfort them, the more they complained of doubt and depression. I knew not what to do or what to think. About this time our attention was directed to the claims of the perishing heathen in India. My people were aroused and interested. They set out with earnestness and zeal in the new path of Christian usefulness. They did what they could; and, while thus engaged, the lamentations ceased, the sad became cheerful, the desponding calm. *God blessed them when they tried to be a blessing.*—*Andrew Fuller.*

1621. DEPRESSION, Despair in. On approaching the bed of the poor dying man, the minister (Mr. Petto) asked him how he was in his mind. "Oh, sir," said he, "never worse—never worse! I am in a lost state!—just dying, and have no hope! I am as sure that I shall go to hell as I am of being a man!" The minister replied, "Friend, I am grieved to find you under so much dejection; but, however, though I dare not positively say that you will not go to hell, from all the accounts I can gather concerning you, I believe you are not likely to stop there long; for you have loved the company of serious Christians, to converse with them on religious subjects; and you were most in your element when you were improving such opportunities. . . . This was the habitual temper and disposition of your mind, and in all the past part of your life, ever since you knew the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . Death will make no change in the habit of your mind. Nay; and if you should even go to hell, you will be the same man; and you will begin to talk on the same subjects. Now, this will never be borne; your company will soon be hateful to the inhabitants of hell, and the devil will soon turn you out again."

This peculiar thought was the means, in the hand of the Spirit, of setting the poor man at liberty; for, with an expressive smile, he exclaimed, "All is well!—all is well!" and departed in a few minutes afterwards.—*Arvine (condensed).*

1622. DEPRESSION, Physical causes of. Doctor Rush, a monarch in medicine, after curing hundreds of cases of mental depression, himself fell sick, and lost his religious hope, and he would not believe his pastor when the pastor told him that his spiritual depression was only a consequence of physical depression. Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, William Cowper, Thomas Boston, David Brainerd, Philip Melancthon, were mighty men for God, but all of them illustrations of the fact that a man's soul is not independent of his physical health. An eminent physician gave as his opinion that no man ever died a greatly triumphant death whose disease was below the diaphragm. Stackhouse, the learned Christian writer, says he does not think Saul was insane when David played the harp before him, but it was a hypochondria coming from inflammation of the liver. The Dean of Carlisle, one of the best men that ever lived, and one of the most useful, sat

down and wrote : "Though I have endeavoured to discharge my duty as well as I could, yet sadness and melancholy of heart stick close by and increase upon me. I tell nobody, but I am very much sunk indeed, and I wish I could have the relief of weeping as I used to. My days are exceedingly dark and distressing. In a word, Almighty God seems to hide His face, and I intrust the secret to hardly any earthly being. I know not what will become of me. There is, doubtless, a good deal of bodily affliction mingled with this, but it is not all so. I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the Cross ; and though I should die without seeing any personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I hope that I shall be found at His feet. I will thank you for a word at your leisure. My door is bolted at the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears."

1623. DESIGN, Comfort from. When the late Rev. John Thorpe, of Masborough, in Yorkshire, had preached for about two years, he was greatly harassed with temptations to Atheism, which continued, with a few intervals, many months. His distress sometimes, on this account, was so great as to embarrass his mind beyond description. Passing through a wood once, however, with a design to preach in a neighbouring village, while he was surveying his hand a leaf accidentally stuck between his fingers. He felt a powerful impression to examine the texture of the leaf. Holding it between his eye and the sun, and reflecting upon its exquisitely curious and wonderful formation, he was led into an extensive contemplation on the works of creation. Tracing these back to their first cause, he had, in a moment, such a conviction of the existence and ineffable perfections of God, which then appeared in every blade of grass, that his distress was removed ; and he prosecuted his journey, rejoicing in God, and admiring Him in every object that presented itself to his view.

1624. DESIRE, and choice. Have you ever noticed what a profusion of apple-blossoms there are every spring, and how few apples there are that come from them ? There are a million blossoms to a bushel of apples. Just so it is with desires and choices. Men have a million of desires to a bushel of choices. Among all the multitudes of desires that men have, there is only here and there one that amounts to a choice.—*Beecher.*

1625. DESIRES, and possession. Menedemus being told one day that it was a great felicity to have whatever we desire—"Yes," said he ; "*but it is a much greater to desire nothing but what we have.*"

1626. DESIRES, colour the truth. When one wants a decision he can get one. When we want to see light, we are apt to look through our own windows ; for, as Henry the Eighth said, "How the Gospel light doth dawn through Anne Boleyn's eyes !" —*George Dawson.*

1627. DESIRES, shape the creed. Three young men who were executed in Edinburgh in 1812, immediately after committing the robberies for which they suffered, had gone to Glasgow ; and one evening they heard the family with whom they lodged employed in the worship of God. This struck their minds exceedingly, and suggested the question whether there is a God and a world to come. After some discussion, they came to this

conclusion—"That there is no God, and no world to come !" —a conclusion, as they themselves acknowledged, to which they came on this sole ground, that *they wished it to be so.* And how much infidelity that abounds in the world rests on no better foundation ! —*Arvine.*

1628. DESPAIR, Influence of. A young woman whom Dr. Gifford visited in prison, and who was to be tried for her life, heard him speak a good while in an awful strain, not only unmoved, but at last she laughed in his face. He then altered his tone, and spoke of the love of Jesus and the mercy provided for chief sinners, till the tears came in her eyes, and she interrupted him by asking, "Why, do you think there can be mercy for me ?" He said, "Undoubtedly, *if you can desire it.*" She replied, "Ah ! if I had thought so, I should not have been here ; I have long fixed it in my mind that I was absolutely lost, and without hope, and this persuasion made me obstinate in my wickedness, so that I cared not what I did." She was afterwards tried, and sentenced to transportation ; and Dr. Gifford, who saw her several times, had a good hope that she was truly converted before she left England.

1629. DESPONDENCY, Influence of. Colton declares that in moments of despondency Shakespeare thought himself no poet, and Raphael doubted his right to be called a painter.—*Spurgeon.*

1630. DESTINY, Our influence upon. In the State of Ohio there is a courthouse that stands in such a way that the rain-drops that fall on the north side go into Lake Ontario and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while those that fall on the south side go into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Just a little puff of wind determines the destiny of a rain-drop for two thousand miles. What a suggestive thought, that you and I may be setting in motion influences that shall determine a man's destiny for eternity ! —*Talmage.*

1631. DESTITUTE, how dealt with sometimes. Some years ago there were published two clever etchings. They represented a stout old gentleman, whose appearance vouched for good living, and plenty of it. He meets in the street a poor shivering woman on a winter day. Touched with her destitution, he bids her follow him home, and sends her down to the kitchen for something to eat, while he makes his own way to the dining-room. He bids her wait after dinner for something further, in the shape of charity, which she can take home with her. And so our benevolent old gentleman sits down to dine with a deeper satisfaction, since he has put a suffering fellow-creature in the enjoyment of the like comfort. His dinner wreathes his face in smiles. But as good digestion waits on appetite, he forgets the poor woman in the kitchen. Presently, dinner being done, Bridget ventures to remind him that there is a poor woman downstairs who is waiting at his request. "Ah ! oh yes, Bridget, I did tell her to wait. She has had some dinner. Tell her—she can go now—the weather has very much moderated !" —*Christian Age.*

1632. DESTRUCTION, Men lured to. The Rev. Rowland Hill began his sermon one morning by saying, "My friends, the other day I was going down the street, and I saw a drove of pigs following a man. This excited my curiosity so that I determined to follow. I did so, and to my great surprise

I saw them follow him to the slaughter-house. I was very anxious to know how this was brought about, and I said to the man, 'My friend, how did you manage to induce these pigs to follow you here?' 'Oh! did you not see?' said the man; 'I had a basket of beans under my arm, and I dropped a few as I came along, and so they followed me.' 'Yes,' said the preacher; 'and I thought so it is the devil has a basket of beans under his arm, and he drops them as he goes along, and what multitudes he induces to follow him to an everlasting slaughter-house! Yes, friends, and all your broad and crowded thoroughfares are strewn with the beans of the devil.'

1633. DESTRUCTION, Saving from. The new Bourse of Hamburg was built a few years before the great fire in 1842, and escaped, almost by miracle, that fearful conflagration. A few heroic men, after the building had been given up to destruction, determined to peril their lives in a desperate effort to save it from the devouring element raging around them. The leader of this forlorn hope afterwards remarked that, while all were fleeing from the edifice, the thought of that man who, in ancient times, fired the costliest building in the world, in order to perpetuate his name even in immortal infamy, darted through his mind; and he paused on the door-stone, and asked himself why he should not do and dare as much to save Hamburg's beautiful temple of commerce.—*Eluku Burritt.*

1634. DESTRUCTION, Snatched from. An engineer on a locomotive going across the Western prairie day after day saw a little child come out in front of a cabin and wave to him; so he got in the habit of waving back to the little child, and it was the day's joy to him to see this little one come out in front of the cabin-door and wave to him while he answered back. One day the train was belated, and it came on to the dusk of the evening. As the engineer stood at his post he saw by the headlight that little girl on the track, wondering why the train did not come, looking for the train, knowing nothing of her peril. A great horror seized upon the engineer. He reversed the engine. He gave it in charge of the other man, and then he climbed over the engine, and he came down on the cow-catcher. He said, though he had reversed the engine, it seemed as though it were going at lightning speed, faster and faster, though it was really slowing up; and with almost supernatural clutch he caught the child by the hair and lifted it up; and when the train stopped, and the passengers gathered around to see what was the matter, there the old engineer lay, fainted dead away, the little child alive and in his swarthy arms.—*Talmage.*

1635. DESTRUCTION, Sudden. Some time since, in Paris, a poor somnambulist was observed pacing backwards and forwards on the top of a house six storeys high, at nightfall. An anxious crowd was assembled to watch her movements. She was evidently dreaming of some coming festival, and was humming to herself a lively air. Again and again she approached the verge of the eminence on which she was standing, and again and again she receded, always smiling and always unconscious. At length her eye caught sight of a candle in an opposite house. She awoke. There was a cry, a heavy fall, and all was over. Thus

will it be at last with the ungodly. The light of the other world, as it streams in upon them, will awaken them from sleep; but as they awake, it will only be to discover the precipice on which they have so long been standing, and down the steps of which they must now plunge.—*Morse's Sermons.*

1636. DETECTION, Strange means of. Once, in a certain part of Germany, a box of treasure that was being sent by railway was found to have been opened and emptied of its contents, and filled with stones and rubbish. The question was, Who was the robber? Some sand was found sticking to the box, and a clever mineralogist, having looked at the grains of sand through his microscope, said that there was only one station on the railway where there was that kind of sand. Then they knew that the box must have been taken out at that station, and so they found out who was the robber. The *dust under his feet*, where he had set down the box to open it, was a *witness against him*.—*Clerical Library.*

1637. DEVELOPMENT, and deformities. It is a remarkable fact that, as the layers of geology rise, and creatures are produced that stand higher in the scale of organic perfection, the number of deformities and retrograde shapes is multiplied. This fact has been strikingly exhibited by Hugh Miller, in refutation of the development theory. It permits another use, taken as a moral type of human history. Thus the serpent race makes no appearance, he observes, till we ascend to the Tertiary formation, and there it wriggles out into being, contemporaneously with the more stately and perfect order of Mammalia. When the mammoth stalks abroad as the gigantic lord of the new creation, the serpent creeps out with him, on his belly, with his bag of poison hid under the roots of his feeble teeth, spinning out three or four hundred lengths of vertebrae, and having his four rudimentary legs blanketed under his skin: a mean, abortive creature, whom the angry motherhood of nature would not go on to finish, but shook from her lap before the legs were done, muttering ominously, "Cursed art thou, for man's sake, above all cattle; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life"—powerful type of man, the poison of his sin, the degradation of his beauty under it, the possible abortion of his noble capacities and divine instincts!—*Bushnell.*

1638. DEVIL, a liar. I was walking along Tremont Street, and the bell of Park Street Church was tolling. I put in, hove to, and came to anchor. The old man, Dr. Griffin, was just naming his text, which was, "But he lied unto him." As he went on, and stated item after item—how the devil lied to men, and how hisimps led them into sin—I said a hearty "Amen;" for I knew all about it. I had seen and felt the whole of it. The salt spray flew in every direction; but more especially did it run down my cheeks. I was melted. Every one in the house wept. Satan had to strike sail; his guns were dismounted or spiked; his various light crafts, by which he led sinners captive, were all beached; and the Captain of the Lord's host rode forth conquering and to conquer. I was young then. I said, "Why can't I preach so? I'll try it."—*Father Taylor (condensed).*

1639. DEVIL, Children of. It is said of Mr.

Haynes, the coloured preacher, that, some time after the publication of his sermon on the text, "Ye shall not surely die," two reckless young men having agreed together to try his wit, one of them said, "Father Haynes, have you heard the good news?" "No," said Mr. Haynes; "what is it?" "It is great news indeed," said the other; "and, if true, your business is done." "What is it?" again inquired Mr. Haynes. "Why," said the first, "the devil is dead." In a moment the old gentlemen replied, lifting up both hands, and placing them on the heads of the young men, and in a tone of solemn concern, "Oh, poor fatherless children! what will become of you?"

1640. DEVOTION, Complete. One of the women encountered the vanquished army returning to Medina. "Where is my father?" asked she of the soldiers. "He is slain," was the reply. "And my husband?" "Slain also." "And my son." "Slain, with them," said they. "But Mahomet?" "He is here alive," replied the warriors. "Very well," said she, apostrophising the prophet; "*since thou livest still, all our misfortunes are as nothing.*"—*Lamartine.*

1641. DEVOTION for souls, Heroic. For an example of heroic devotion let us go, not to our own sacred book, but to a heathen story in the "Mahabharat." Have you read of Yodhishtera, the stainless king, who, on account of his pure life and tender pity for all that lives, is allowed to enter heaven without tasting death? But, arrived in the presence of the immortal gods, he misses the faces of brothers and friends whom he had loved and lost, and bliss is not blissful to him, and he cries, "Show me those souls; I cannot tarry where I have them not. Heaven is there where love and faith make heaven; let me go." "I do desire," he said, "that region, be it of the blest, as this, or of the sorrowful, some other where, where my dear brothers are. So where they have gone there will I surely go." He quits the heaven he has gained, and hellwards turns. But while he traverses the place of dread, again the angels invite his return. He answers, "Go to those thou serveest, tell them I come not thither; say I stand here, in the throat of hell, and here will bide, nay, even perish, if my well-beloved may win ease and peace by any pain of mine." Are we going backward? Have we no passion for saving?—no sympathy with the "them also I must bring?"

"Heaven is not heaven to one alone;
Save thou one soul, and thou mayest save thine own."
—*Mrs. E. Campagnac.*

1642. DEVOTION to duty, Complete. When the Bishop (of Bristol) desired him to quit his diocese, Wesley replied, "My business on earth is to do what good I can; wherever, therefore, I think I can do most good, there must I stay, so long as I think so. At present I think I can do most good by staying here; *therefore here I stay.*"—*J. R. Andrews.*

1643. DEVOTIONS, A place for. The thrushes in our fields have a chosen branch on which they continually perch for their morning and evening songs. It is said of Washington that, when encamped in the woods, he always reserved to himself a thicket where he could have his devotions undis-

turbed; and Bishop Leighton frequented a grove in a public park in Ireland, and at last it was left entirely to him, as if it was his own property. You may have read the story of "The Path to the Bush," the beaten track through the forest to the "praying huts" of the native converts, and the faithful girl hinting to her sister that the grass was growing in her path to the bush. Secure to yourself a "sanctuary." It may be difficult to obtain it in a small and busy dwelling, but there must be opportunities, despite disadvantages, where the will will hit upon the way. The starling will discover a hole for her nest when the nesting season arrives, or will bore it for herself if she can't; and the timid hare will find a lair for herself on the barest common, or scratch it for herself if she can't.—*Rev. James Bolton.*

1644. DIE, Not afraid to. When Gordon Pasha was taken prisoner by the Abyssinians, he completely checkmated King John. The King received his prisoner seated on his throne, a chair being placed for him considerably lower than that on which the King sat. Gordon, taking his chair and placing it alongside that of His Majesty, sat down, informing him that he met him as an equal, and would only treat him and be treated as such. "Do you know," said the angry monarch, "that I could kill you on the spot if I liked?" "I am perfectly aware of it, your Majesty," said the Pasha; "do so at once, if it is your royal pleasure—I am ready." "What! ready to be killed?" said the King. "Certainly," replied Gordon. "I am always ready to die; and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favour on me by so doing—you would relieve me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future may have in store for me." This completely staggered King John, who gasped out, "Then my power has no terrors for you?" "None whatever," was the laconic reply.

1645. DIFFERENCES, Mutual respect in. As the Protector wished to see Fox, the latter was taken one morning to him, in Whitehall, for an interview. The man who only feared God, when he went into the room where Oliver was, said, "Peace to this house!" and exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from Him; that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hands to God's glory. Cromwell, it is said, was much interested in Fox's words upon many subjects; and when the honest Quaker was turning to go (because many people were coming in), the Protector caught him by the hand, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "Come again to my house; for if thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should be nearer one to another." Fox was brought into a great hall, and asked, by the Protector's order, to dine with the gentlemen of the palace; but he bade Captain Drury let the Protector know that he would not eat of his bread nor drink of his drink. When that astute ruler heard these words, he said, "Now I know that there is a people risen that I cannot win, either with gifts, honours, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can."—*Christian World.*

1646. DIFFICULTIES, are phantoms. There is a beautiful tradition among the American Indians that Manatou was travelling in the invisible world, and that he came upon a hedge of thorns, and after a while he saw wild beasts glare upon him from the

thicket, and after a while he saw an impassable river; but, as he determined to proceed, and did go on, the thorns turned to phantoms; the wild beasts, a powerless ghost; the river, only the phantom of a river. And it is the simple fact of our lives that the vast majority of the obstacles in our way disappear when we march upon them.—*Talmage*.

1647. DIFFICULTIES, How to deal with. Dr. Raleigh told of an old Scotch minister who, when he came to a peculiarly difficult passage of Scripture, would say to his people, "No doubt, my brethren, there is great difficulty here; all the commentators are agreed upon that; so let us look the difficulty boldly in the face, and—pass on."

1648. DIFFICULTIES, How to deal with. Two skillful engineers had been sent to explore the path (across the Alps), and to do whatever could be done in the removal of obstructions. They returned with an appalling recital of the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the way. "Is it possible?" inquired Napoleon, "to cross the pass?" "Perhaps," was the hesitating reply, "it is within the limits of possibility." "Forward, then," was the energetic reply.—*Abbott*.

1649. DIFFICULTIES, How to deal with Scriptural. When Dr. Doddridge was troubled about some difficult passage, he usually found help by taking it to some unlettered but spiritual pastor of his acquaintance.—*New York Independent*.

1650. DIFFICULTIES, How to meet. Apollinaris, the grammarian, formerly of Alexandria, held the office of presbyter in the church of Laodiceæ, and his son Apollinaris, an accomplished rhetorician, that of *reader*, an ancient ecclesiastical office, in the same Church. This younger Apollinaris was a man of indomitable energies and most practical inferences; and when the edict of Julian forbade to the Christians the study of Grecian letters, he stood strong in the gap, not in the attitude of supplication, but in power and sufficiency to fill up the void and baffle the tyrant. "Does Julian deny us Homer?" said the brave man—"I am Homer!" and straightway he turned the whole Biblical history, down to Saul's accession, into Homeric hexameters. "Does Julian deny us Euripides?" said Apollinaris again—"I am Euripides," and up he sprang as good an Euripides (who can doubt it?) as ever he was a Homer. "Does Julian forbid us Menander?—Pindar?—Plato?—I am Menander!—I am Pindar—I am Plato!" And comedies, lyrics, philosophies, flowed fast at the word; and the gospels and epistles adapted themselves naturally to the rules of Socratic disputation.—*Mrs. Browning (condensed)*.

1651. DIFFICULTIES, How to meet. One of these dames (schoolmistresses of Cumberland) is still remembered by many now living in the parish of Torpenhow. The book used in the school after the spelling-book was the New Testament. When a child came to a word the mistress did not know, she would say, "Spell it; call it summat, and go on."—*Samuel Smiles*.

1652. DIFFICULTIES, point out new ways of usefulness. One of the first persons Whitefield met during one of his later visits to Philadelphia was the Commissioner, who informed him that he could no longer permit him the use of the pulpit there.

"Thanks be to God," exclaimed the great preacher, "the fields are open."—*J. R. Andrews*.

1653. DIFFICULTIES, religious, One way of meeting. The chief objection to receiving the Christian faith among the Finns lay in the long and severe fasts imposed by the Greek Orthodox Church; but this difficulty was overcome by assuming that they need not be strictly observed. At first, in some districts it was popularly believed that the Icons (picture-images) informed the Russian priests against those who did not fast as the Church prescribed; but experience gradually exploded this theory. Some of the more prudent converts, however, to prevent all possible tale-telling, took the precaution of *turning the face of the Icon* to the wall when prohibited meats were about to be eaten.—*D. M. Wallace, M.A.*

1654. DIFFICULTIES, Scriptural, Candour in connection with. A theological professor, lecturing to his class upon heaven as the glorious abode of saints already departed, when he came to consider Acts ii. 34: "For David is not ascended into the heavens," frankly confessed, "I do not understand it."

1655. DIFFICULTIES, Success under. Quintin Matsys is said to have had all his tools except his hammer and file taken from him by his fellow-workmen, and to have produced his famous well-cover without them. So much the more honour to him! Great credit is due to those workers for God who have done great things without helpful tools.—*Spurgeon*.

1656. DIFFICULTIES, Work under. It is almost awful to think of Milton issuing from the arena of controversy victorious and *blind*, putting away from his dark brows the bloody laurel, left alone after the heat of the day by those for whom he had combated; and originating in that enforced dark and quietude his Epic vision for the inward sight of the unborn; so to avenge himself on the world's neglect by exacting from it an eternal future of reminiscence. . . . O noble Christian poet! Which is hardest?—self-renunciation, and the sackcloth and the cave—or grief-renunciation, and the working on, on, under the strife? He did what was hardest. He was Agonistes building up, instead of pulling down, and his high religious fortitude gave a character to his works.—*Mrs. Browning*.

1657. DIGNITY, in man, not in his station. Alexander the Great once degraded an officer of distinction by removing him to an inferior situation. He, some time after, asked the officer how he liked his new office. "It is not the station," replied the officer, "which gives consequence to the man, but *the man to the station*. No situation can be so trifling as not to require wisdom and virtue in the performance of its duties." The monarch was so pleased with this answer that he restored him to his former rank.

1658. DILIGENCE, in sin and divine things. An Egyptian hermit, seeing by chance a beautiful dancing-girl, was moved to tears. In reply to the question why he wept, he said that she should be at so much pains to please men in her sinful vocation, and we use so little holy diligence to please God.—*Trench*.

1659. DILIGENCE, rewarded. Quintin Matsys

was a blacksmith at Antwerp. When in his twentieth year he wished to marry the daughter of a painter. The father refused his consent. "Wert thou a painter," said he, "she should be thine; but a blacksmith—never!" "*I will be a painter,*" said the young man. He applied to his new art with so much perseverance that in a short time he produced pictures which gave a promise of the highest excellence. He gained for his reward the fair hand for which he sighed, and rose ere long to a high rank in his profession.

1660. DILIGENT, to the end. John Eliot, on the day of his death, in his eightieth year, was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. "Why not rest from your labours?" said a friend. "Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to make me useful in my sphere, and He has heard my prayer; for now that I can no longer preach, He leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

1661. DIRECTNESS, Wisdom of. One of Nelson's frequent injunctions was, "Never mind manœuvres; always go at them."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

1662. DISADVANTAGES, Overcoming. Many years ago a poor ragged boy seated himself on the cold door-step of a New York newspaper office, asked for and obtained employment to sweep out the office, and in time the lad became Horace Greeley, the prince of American journalists. So in like manner with the puny, delicate, stone-deaf lad whose thirst for knowledge and love of reading, prosecuted under the disadvantages of poverty and bodily affliction, developed in after years into the ripe learning and world-renowned scholarship of Dr. Kitto.

1663. DISAPPOINTMENTS, sent of God. Some years ago there was a good minister of the Gospel in England whose name was the Rev. John Fletcher. When he was a young man he was very anxious to join the army and go to South America. His friends had consented for him to go. They had secured an appointment for him in the army. His passage was taken; the vessel was ready to start; but the very morning on which he was to have sailed, the servant, in bringing his breakfast to him, stumbled and spilled a tea-kettle of boiling water over him. This scalded him so severely that he could not go. It was a great disappointment to him. But *that* was God's way of telling him not to go in that vessel; for the vessel was lost, and all on board perished.—*Rev. Richard Newton.*

1664. DISCIPLE, should be like his master. "What I wish to do," said Mencius, the ablest expounder of the Confucian system—"what I wish to do is to learn to be like Confucius."—*Dr. Legge.*

1665. DISCIPLINE and training, Severity of. For a period of five years, we are told, Porpora, who trained the great singer Caffarelli, would permit him to try nothing but a series of scales and exercises, all of which he wrote down successively on a single sheet of paper. In the sixth year he proceeded to give his scholar instructions in articulation, pronunciation, and declamation. Caffarelli submitted without a murmur to this unexampled discipline, though even at the end of six years he imagined he had got a very little way beyond the mere rudiments of the art; but, to his astonish-

ment, his master one day thus addressed him: "Young man, you may now leave me. You have nothing more to learn from me, and are the greatest singer in the world."—*Musical Anecdotes.*

1666. DISCIPLINE, Triumph of. In 1852 the troopship "Birkenhead" struck on a sunken rock off the African coast; she had on board drafts of the 12th Lancers and other regiments, with 124 women and children. These were got into the boats, while the men, drawn up by their officers as on parade, saw without a murmur the boats shove off, and went down with the sinking ship. The word of command was given by Major Seton, "Stand still, and die like Englishmen;" and those four hundred and fifty-four men went down to their sea-grave that day in soldierly order, firm, steady, and satisfied, since there was only room in the boats for the women and little ones. When the story was made public, the King of Prussia commanded that it should be read out at the head of every company in the Prussian army; and stout Berliners and Pomeranians who would have sworn with guttural oaths that they themselves were as good as the best at fighting, uttered an admiring "Ach Himmel!" and gave the drowned Englanders a cheer of thunder for that matchless act of duty. It may be added that Montalembert, in his book, "*Avenir Politique d'Angleterre,*" quotes the incident as the most striking proof of the discipline of the British army.—*Miss Robinson.*

1667. DISCIPLINE, Uses of. I have a comely fruit-tree in the summer season, with the branches of it promising plenteous fruit; the stock was surrounded with seven or eight little shoots of different sizes, that grew up from the root at a small distance, and seemed to compose a beautiful defence and ornament for the mother tree; but the gardener, who espied their growth, knew the danger; he cut down those tender suckers one after another, and laid them in the dust. I pitied them in my heart, and said, "How pretty were those young standards! how much like their parent! how elegantly clothed with the raiment of summer! And each of them might have grown to a fruitful tree." But they stood so near as to endanger the stock; they drew away the sap, the heart and strength of it, so far as to injure the fruit and darken the hopeful prospect of autumn. The pruning-knife appeared unkind indeed, but the gardener was wise, for the tree flourished more sensibly, the fruit quickly grew fair and large, and the ingathering at last was plenteous and joyful.—*Dr. Watts.*

1668. DISCOURAGEMENT, Argument against. One Monday—I had had a very barren Sunday—I was in my study in the morning, and I couldn't keep back the tears. It seemed as if there wasn't any pleasure in working for God where there was no fruit. Well, one of my Sabbath-school teachers came in—his Sabbath-school lessons are equal to a sermon—and he said to me, "Well, Moody, what kind of a time did you have yesterday?" "Truly," said I, "about as dark a Sabbath as I have ever had. What kind of a time did you have?" "Oh, I had one of the best times I have ever had in my life." Said he, "I was on Noah yesterday. Did you ever preach on his character?" I said, "No, I didn't think I had studied it particularly." "Now," said he, "if you think you are not doing

anything, you read it. I advise you to take that subject up and study it a little." And when he went away I got out my Bible, and the thought came over me, here is a man who laboured and talked a hundred years, and didn't get a convert; and he didn't get discouraged. Here is a man that never led one soul to God outside his own family. I closed my Bible, and went down town with my head up and the darkness all gone. In the meeting a man got up and put his hand on my chair, trembling in every limb, and said he, "My friend, I am lost. I wish you would pray for my soul." I thought to myself, What would Noah think of that? He had been at work a hundred years, and never had a man ask him that; and yet he hadn't grown discouraged.—*Moody.*

1669. DISCRETION, Safety in. Euler, the mathematician, lived at St. Petersburg during the tyrannical administration of the Empress Anna. Subsequently he removed to Berlin, where his fame made him much noticed and sought after, and the Queen of Prussia took pains to converse with him. She could scarcely make him speak, and when she wondered at his taciturnity, he said, "I come from a place where if a man says a word he is hanged. Silent and peaceable people rarely come to harm or do harm."

1670. DISCRIMINATION, Necessity of. A set of half-witted people went to the sea to gather precious stones. Not being well able to discriminate between true and false stones, they took for precious a lot of common pebbles, thinking they must be good because they were of bright colour and heavy. The really precious stones, being of uncertain colour and light weight, they rejected as worthless."—*Rev. J. Gilmour, M.A. (from the Monogolian).*

1671. DISCUSSION, Not afraid of. It was asked (at the first Wesleyan Conference), Should they be afraid of thoroughly debating every question which might arise? What are we afraid of? Of overturning our first principles? If they are false, the sooner they are overturned the better. *If they are true, they will bear the strictest examination.* Let us pray for a willingness to receive light, to know every doctrine whether it be of God.—*Stevens.*

1672. DISINTERESTEDNESS, and nobility of character. The late Archbishop Hare was once, when tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, giving a lecture, when a cry of "Fire" was raised. Away rushed his pupils, and forming themselves into a line between the building, which was close at hand, and the river, passed buckets from one to another. The tutor, quickly following, found them thus engaged. At the end of the line one youth was standing up to his waist in the river. He was delicate, and looked consumptive. "What!" cried Mr. Hare; "you in the water, Sterling; you, so liable to take cold!" "Somebody must be in it," the youth answered; "why not I as well as another?" The spirit of this answer is that of all great and generous doing. Cowardice and coldness, too, say, "Oh, somebody will do it," and the speaker sits still. He is not the one to do what needs doing. But nobility of character, looking at necessary things, says, "Somebody must do it; why not I?" And the deed is done.

1673. DISINTERESTEDNESS, True. Arch-

bishop Warham died, says D'Alembert, "as a bishop ever should die, without debts and without legacies." Though he had passed through the highest offices in the Church and the State, he left little more than was requisite to pay for his funeral. Not long before his death he asked his steward how much money he had in his hands, who told him that he had about thirty pounds. "Well then," replied he cheerfully, "that is enough to last me to heaven."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

1674. DISCIPLINE, Effects of. Dr. Parr was one day dining with a miscellaneous company when the conversation turned upon training in schools and colleges; and there was a self-sufficient young man at table who made himself conspicuous by a disagreeable and noisy denunciation of discipline as something that was calculated to break down a youth of spirit. Parr said nothing for a while; but at last, taking advantage of a pause, he turned to the young man and said, in his lisping way, "I'm not thurprithed, thir, at your objection to dithipline. Dithipline, thir, maketh the thcholar; dithipline, thir, maketh the gentleman, and the lack of dithipline hath made you, thir—what you are."

1675. DISOBEDIENCE, Penalty of. Two servants of a certain Raja in the East Indies once paid a dreadful penalty for the sin of disobedience. One of them had been strictly ordered to keep away from a cave in a wood near the residence of the Raja, and to prevent any other person from going there also. This servant, instead of resolving at once to obey the command he had received, began to consider the probable reason of his having been forbidden to enter the cave, and persuaded himself that his master had a great treasure hid there. He at length resolved to get possession of it. Knowing that he could not roll away the stone from the mouth of the cave himself, he communicated his design to a fellow-servant, who willingly engaged in the plot, on being promised a part of the booty. When the night came they stole quietly into the wood and approached the cave, thinking only of the manner in which they should dispose of their treasure. But, alas! what sudden calamities come upon evil-doers! No sooner had they, with great labour, rolled away the stone, than a tremendous tiger, with eyes glaring like fury, sprang upon them and tore them to pieces.—*Biblical Treasury.*

1676. DISORDER, and its fruits. Sans-cultottism grows by what all other things die of. Stupid Peter Baille almost made an epigram, though unconsciously, and with the patriot world laughing not at it but at him, when he wrote, "*Tout va bien ici; le pain manque*"—"All goes well here; food is not to be had."—*Carlyle.*

1677. DISPLAY, Natural love of. As the old Scottish Borders were indifferent about the furniture of their houses, so much exposed to be burnt and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

1678. DISSATISFACTION, Mission of. "God," said a minister to a boy who stood watching a caterpillar spinning a very beautiful cocoon—"God sets that little creature a task to do, and diligently and skilfully he does it; and so God gives us good works to perform in His name and for His sake. But were

the insect to remain satisfied for ever in the silken ball which he is weaving, it would become not his home, but his tomb. By forcing his way through it, and not resting in it, will the winged creature reach sunshine and air. He must leave his own works behind if he would shine in freedom and joy. And so it is with the Christian. If he rest in his own works, whatever they may be, he is dead to God and lost to glory; he is making of what he may deem *virtues* a barrier between himself and his Saviour."—*A.L.O.E.*

1679. DISSENSIONS, Danger of. The Jesuits who came to Germany were called "Spanish priests." They took possession of the universities. "They conquered us," says Ranke, "on our own ground, in our own homes, and stripped us of a part of our country." This, the acute historian proceeds to say, 'sprang certainly from the want of understanding among the Protestant theologians, and of sufficient enlargement of mind to tolerate unessential differences. The violent opposition among each other left the way open to these cunning strangers, who taught a doctrine not open to dispute.'—*Hallam.*

1680. DISUNION, Cause and consequence of. When the troops of Mounmouth were sweeping the bridge (at the battle of Bothwell Brig), and Claverhouse, with his dragoons, was swimming the Clyde, the Covenanters, instead of closing their ranks against their common foe, were wrangling about points of doctrine and differences of opinion. In consequence, they were scattered by enemies whom, if united, they might have withstood and conquered.—*Guthrie.*

1681. DIVINE intervention, needless. A Free-thought lecturer had just delivered himself of the following sentence:—"If there is a God in heaven, why does He not paralyse this right arm or strike me dead?" when a sturdy butcher stepped to the front, saying, "My man, the Almighty does na' think it worth His while to strike you, but His servant will do it in His name." The *argumentum ad hominem* which followed brought the lecturer to the ground, and the lecture to an abrupt conclusion.—*Durham County Chronicle.*

1682. DIVINE Presence, needed. Captain Richardson, of the Sailors' Home, was recently speaking of a pious sailor, one of their boarders, who spends much time in trying to do good to his brother seamen, in their boarding-houses and other places. One morning he noticed him coming out of his room and going forth into the streets. Shortly after he returned to his chamber, and after remaining there some time, he again came down to go out. Captain Richardson, having observed something peculiar in his manner, inquired after the reason of his movements. He replied, "After I got out I found Jesus was not with me. I could not go without Jesus, so I went back to my closet to find Him; now He is with me, and I can go."

1683. DIVINE will, Submission to. A gracious woman in deep affliction was once heard to say, "I mourn, but I do not murmur." We have read of one who, when informed that her two sons, her only children, were drowned, said, in all the majesty of grief, and with a heavenly composure, "I see God is resolved to have all my heart, and I am resolved He shall have it."—*Rev. W. Jay.*

1684. DIVINITY, how learned. I did not learn my divinity at once, but was constrained by my temptations to search deeper and deeper; for no man without trials and temptations can attain a true understanding of the Holy Scriptures. St. Paul had a devil that beat him with fists, and with temptations drove him diligently to study the Holy Scripture. I had hanging on my neck the Pope, the universities, all the deep-learned, and the devil; these hunted me into the Bible, wherein I sedulously read, and thereby, God be praised, at length attained a true understanding of it. Without such a devil we are but only speculators of divinity, and, according to our vain reasoning, dream that so-and-so it must be, as the monks and friars in monasteries do. The Holy Scripture of itself is certain and true; God grant me grace to catch hold of its just use.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

1685. DIVINITY, Neglect of. 'Tis a sort of proverbial dying speech of scholars—at least it is attributed to many—that which Anthony Wood reports of Nathaniel Carpenter, an Oxford Fellow. "It did repent him," he said, "that he had formerly so much courted the maid instead of the mistress" (meaning philosophy and mathematics), "to the neglect of divinity." This, in the language of our time, would be ethics.—*Emerson.*

1686. DIVISIONS, Cause of. Victor, Bishop of Rome, A.D. 196, arrogantly ordered the Asiatics to conform to the practice of Rome. They temperately but firmly resisted the aggression. Irritated by their refusal, he issued an edict of excommunication against all the Churches of Asia. This act contained the first germ of papal arrogance, and occasioned a schism between the East and West which was not healed for one hundred and thirty years.—*Harris's Union.*

1687. DIVISIONS, drive men from the Church. One of the two reasons assigned for the apostasy of Julian is, that when he saw the dissensions of the Christians, and their rancour against each other, he took refuge from their broils in the quiet of Paganism.—*Harris's Union.*

1688. DIVISIONS, How to heal. When so much had been done at Marburg to effect an agreement between Luther and the Helvetians, Zwingle and his friends, he magnanimously resolved that they should not make larger grants for peace, nor carry away the honour of being more desirous of union than he. He suggested that both "the interested parties" should "cherish more and more a truly Christian charity for one another," and earnestly implore the Lord by His Spirit to confirm them in "the sound doctrine."—*B.*

1689. DIVISIONS, How to hinder. When any member of Mr. Kilpin's church at Exeter came with details of real or supposed injuries received from a fellow-member, after listening to the reporter, Mr. Kilpin would inquire if they had mentioned these grievances to their offending brother or sister. If the reply was in the negative—and usually it was so—he would then calmly order a messenger to fetch the offender, remarking that it would be ungenerous to decide, and unscriptural to act, merely from hearing the statement of one party. This determination always produced alarm, and the request that nothing might be mentioned to the party implicated. Assertions and proofs are very different grounds

for the exercise of judgment, and are more distinct than angry persons imagine.—*Arvine.*

1690. DOCTRINE, and practice. A prelate, since deceased, was present whose views were not favourable to the doctrine of Election. "My lord," said he, addressing the Archbishop, "it appears to me that the young clergy of the present day are more anxious to teach the people high doctrine than to enforce those practical duties which are so much required." "I have no objection," said His Grace, "to high doctrine *if high practice* be also insisted upon; otherwise it must, of course, be injurious."—*Life of Archbishop Whately.*

1691. DOCTRINE, how it progresses sometimes. When Oxford refused to allow Newton's "*Principia*" to be taught, teaching Aristotle's falsities, they taught "Aristotle on Cosmogony, with Notes," and the notes confuted the text all the way through. And so, little by little, they got the liberty in Oxford to teach the true doctrine. The result is, that Aristotle has gone under, and Newton's is in ascendency.—*Beecher.*

1692. DOCTRINE, may be misconceived. Wyclif's teaching, that our Lord permitted wicked men to have dominion over Him, and Satan himself to tempt Him, was strangely perverted by his opponents, and he was charged with teaching that "God ought to obey the devil."—*Dr. Green.*

1693. DOCTRINES, and duties. Some of our hearers do not desire to hear the whole counsel of God. They have their favourite doctrines, and would have us silent on all besides. Many are like the Scotchwoman who, after hearing a sermon, said, "It was very well if it hadna been for the trash of duties at the hinner end."—*Spurgeon.*

1694. DOCTRINES, Established. There are gentlemen alive who imagine there are no fixed principles to go upon. "Perhaps a few doctrines," said one to me—"perhaps a few doctrines may be considered as established. It is, perhaps, ascertained that there is a God; but one ought not to dogmatise upon His personality: a great deal may be said for Pantheism."—*Spurgeon.*

1695. DOCTRINES, may be distorted. A man's nose is a prominent feature in his face, but it is possible to make it so large that eyes and mouth and everything else are thrown into insignificance, and the drawing is a caricature and not a portrait. So certain important doctrines of the Gospel can be so proclaimed in excess as to throw the rest of truth into the shade, and the preaching is no longer the Gospel in its natural beauty, but a caricature of the truth; of which caricature, however, let me say, some people seem to be mightily fond.—*Spurgeon.*

1696. DOCTRINES, System of. Although over the whole surface of the globe plants of every form and family seem thrown at random, yet amid this apparent disorder the eye of science discovers a perfect system in the floral kingdom; and just as, notwithstanding that God has planted these forms over the face of nature without apparent arrangement, there is a botanical system, so there is as certainly a theological system, though its doctrines and duties are not classified in the Bible according to dogmatic rules.—*Guthrie.*

1697. DOCTRINES, Ultra-Calvinistic. Griffiths

says that travellers in Turkey carry with them lozenges of opium on which is stamped "*Mash Allah*"—"The gift of God." Too many sermons are just such lozenges. Grace is preached, but duty denied. Divine predestination is cried up, but human responsibility is rejected. Such teaching ought to be shunned as poisonous; but those who, by reason of use, have grown accustomed to the sedative condemn all other preaching, and cry up their opium lozenges of high doctrine as *the truth*, the precious gift of God.—*Spurgeon.*

1698. DOGMATISM, Absurd. John Hind, a scientific magnate from Sydney, was dining with the eminent Dr. Whewell. Hind was very deaf, and he popped up his ear-trumpet and said to Whewell, "I don't quite hear what you say, but I beg entirely to differ from you."

1699. DOING, and talking. Dr. Chalmers, when he was preparing the plan for building schools for St. John's parish, Glasgow, fixed upon a site which belonged to the college of which Dr. Taylor was head. Dr. Chalmers called on him, and expressed his hope that it might be obtained reasonably. Dr. Taylor replied, "The project is not a new one. We have talked of building schools in Glasgow twenty years." "Yes, sir," said the Doctor; "and how long would you go on talking? *We want to be doing!*"

1700. DOING, and talking. Two rival architects were once consulted for the building of a certain temple at Athens. The first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up after him, only observed that what his brother had *spoken* he could *do*, and thus he gained the cause.

1701. DOING good, Happiness of. A few years since a wealthy gentleman of Paris, who lived in idleness, became weary of life, and left his house one evening with the intention of drowning himself in the River Seine. It being yet twilight when he arrived at its bank, he concluded to walk about a short time till it was darker, so that he should not be discovered. While thus engaged he put his hand in his pocket, and felt a purse which was filled with gold. He concluded to go and find some poor family, and give it to them, as it would do no one any good if he cast himself into the river with the money. He soon found a dwelling that bespoke poverty within; he entered it, and there he beheld the mother of the family stretched on a bed of sickness, and some six children in rags, crying for bread. He gave them his purse of gold, and immediately their tears of sorrow were transformed into tears of joy; and their gratitude was so ardent and simple to their benefactor as to fill his heart with joy and peace, and he exclaimed, "I did not before know that there was so much happiness in doing good! I abandon the idea of killing myself, and will devote the remnant of my life to doing good." He did so, and was much distinguished for his deeds of benevolence.—*H. L. Hastings.*

1702. DOING good, Pleasure of. Alexander, the late Emperor of Russia, in one of his journeys, came to a spot where they had just dragged out of the water a peasant, who appeared to be lifeless. He instantly alighted, had the man laid on the side of the bank, and immediately proceeded to strip him,

and to rub his temples, wrists, &c. Dr. Wylie, his Majesty's physician, attempted to bleed the patient, but in vain; and after three hours' fruitless attempts to recover him, the doctor declared that it was useless to proceed any further. The Emperor entreated Dr. Wylie to persevere, and make another attempt to bleed him. The doctor, though he had not the slightest hopes of success, proceeded to obey the injunctions of his Majesty, who, with some of his attendants, made a last effort at rubbing. At length the Emperor had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing the blood make its appearance, while the poor peasant uttered a feeble groan. His Majesty, in a transport of joy, exclaimed that *this was the brightest day of his life*, while tears stole involuntarily down his cheek. Their exertions were now redoubled; the Emperor tore his handkerchief, and bound the arm of the patient, nor did he leave him till he was quite recovered. He then had him conveyed to a place where proper care could be taken of him, ordered him a considerable present, and afterwards provided for him and his family.

1703. DOOM, Certain. "A Swiss traveller," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "describes a village, situated on the slope of a great mountain, of which the strata shelve in the direction of the place. Huge crags, directly overhanging the village, massive enough to sweep the whole of it into the torrent below, have become separated from the main body of the mountain in the course of ages by great fissures, and now scarce adhere to it. When they give way the village must perish; it is only a question of time, and the catastrophe may happen any day. For years past engineers have been sent to measure the width of the fissures, and report them constantly increasing. The villagers, for more than one generation, have been aware of their danger; subscriptions have been once or twice opened to enable them to remove; yet they live on in their doomed dwellings, from year to year, fortified against the ultimate certainty and daily probability of destruction by the common sentiment, 'Things may last their time, and longer.'"

1704. DOMESTIC pleasures, Love of. "I told Albert," the Queen says, "that formerly I was too happy to go to London, and wretched to leave it, and how since the blessed hour of my marriage, and still more since the summer, I dislike and am unhappy to leave the country, and would be content and happy never to go to town." She adds—this is written in the year 1840, when she was a young lady of twenty-one, with all the world at her feet, and all its pleasures and splendours—"The solid pleasures of a peaceful, quiet, yet merry life in the country, with my inestimable husband and friend, my all in all, are far more durable than the amusements of London—though we don't despise or dislike them sometimes."

1705. DOUBT, as to the future. Mr. Justice Maule having asked a little girl tendered as a witness if she knew where she would go after death if she told a lie, and the child replied, "No, sir," the judge was overheard to mutter to himself, "No more do I."—*Denton*.

1706. DOUBT, Folly of. I once heard of a poor coloured woman who earned a precarious living by daily labour, but who was a joyous, triumphant

Christian. "Ah, Nancy," said a gloomy Christian lady to her one day, who almost disapproved of her constant cheerfulness, and yet envied it—"Ah, Nancy, it is all well enough to be happy now; but I should think the thoughts of your future would sober you. Only suppose, for instance, you should have a spell of sickness, and be unable to work; or suppose your present employers should move away, and no one else should give you anything to do; or suppose"—"Stop!" cried Nancy, "I never suppose. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I know I shall not want. And, honey," she added to her gloomy friend, "it's all dem *supposes* as is makin' you so mis'able. You'd better give dem all up, and just trust de Lord."—*Anon*.

1707. DOUBT, Folly of. I told my people the other morning, when preaching from the text, "My grace is sufficient for thee," that for the first time in my life I experienced what Abraham felt when he fell upon his face and laughed. I was riding home, very weary with a long week's work, when there came to my mind this text: "My grace is sufficient for thee;" but it came with the emphasis laid upon two words: "*My* grace is sufficient for *thee*." My soul said, "Doubtless it is. Surely the grace of the infinite God is more than sufficient for such a mere insect as I am;" and I laughed, and laughed again, to think how far the supply exceeded all my needs. It seemed to me as though I were a little fish in the sea, and in my thirst I said, "Alas! I shall drink up the ocean." Then the Father of the waters lifted up His head sublime, and smilingly replied, "Little fish, the boundless main is sufficient for thee." The thought made unbelief appear supremely ridiculous, as indeed it is.—*Spurgeon*.

1708. DOUBT, Secret. "Dost thou believe this doctrine that I ask thee of? Dost thou hold it firmly?" "Indeed I do, sir. I keep it most carefully." "Keep it carefully! What dost thou mean?" "I have it, sir, folded away in a napkin." "A napkin! What is the name of that napkin?" "It is called secret doubt." "And why dost keep the truth in the napkin of secret doubt?" "They tell me that if exposed to the air of inquiry it will disappear; so, when asked for it, I shall not have it, and shall perish." "Thou art foolish, and they that have told thee this are foolish. Truth is corn, and thou wilt not be asked for the corn first given thee, but for sheaves. Thou art as if keeping thy corn in the sack of unbelief. The corn shall be taken from thee if thou use it not, and thyself put in thy sack of unbelief, and drowned in the deep, as evil-doers were punished in old times."—*Thomas T. Lynch*.

1709. DOUBTS, and certainties. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke said of a Scotch law-book called "Dirleton's Doubts"—being a discussion of several moot points in that law—"Dirleton's doubts are better than most people's certainties."

1710. DOUBTS, How to deal with. A great deal of study and experience has been devoted to the construction of a steam-engine that will consume its own smoke. The advantages to be secured are greater power, greater economy, and greater comfort. Doubtless, it was with these thoughts in mind that one of our most beloved professors answered a student who inquired if he never had any "difficulties." "A minister should burn his own smoke." The analogy holds good throughout.

The man who keeps his doubts to himself until he has laid them will find that he has gained power in resisting those that come in the future, and in helping others to overcome theirs.

1711. DOUBTS, not to be lived in. "Is it always foggy here?" inquired a lady passenger of a Cunard steamer's captain, when they were groping their way across the Banks of Newfoundland. "How should I know?" replied the captain gruffly; "I do not *live* here." But there are some of Christ's professed followers who do manage to live in the chilling regions of spiritual fog for a great part of their unhappy lives.—*Cayler*.

1712. DOUBTS, Overcoming. One morning, as Fox (the Quaker) sat silently by the fire, a cloud came over his mind; a baser instinct seemed to say, "All things come by nature;" and the elements and the stars oppressed his imagination with the vision of Pantheism. But as he continued musing, a true voice arose within him and said, "There is a God." At once the clouds of scepticism rolled away.—*Bancroft*.

1713. DOUBTS, Prayer dispels. Mr. Kidd, minister of Queensferry, near Edinburgh, was one day very much depressed and discouraged. He sent a note to Mr. L——, minister of Culross, a few miles off, informing him of his distress of mind, and desiring a visit as soon as possible. Mr. L—— told the servant he was so busy that he could not wait upon his master, but desired him to tell Mr. Kidd to remember Torwood. When the servant returned, he said to his master, "Mr. L—— could not come, but he desired me to tell you to remember Torwood." This answer immediately struck Mr. Kidd, and he cried out, "Yes, Lord! I will remember Thee, from the hill Mizar, and from the Hermonites!" All his troubles and darkness vanished upon the recollection of a day which he had formerly spent in prayer along with Mr. L—— in Torwood, where he had enjoyed eminent communion with God.

1714. DREAMS, Persuasions in. Captain Yonnt, an old Californian trapper, gave me this story. In a midwinter's night he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants arrested by the snows of the mountains, and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops, rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress. He woke, profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in shortly with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognising, without hesitation, the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the pass answered exactly to his description. By this the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men, with mules and blankets and all necessary provisions. The neighbours were laughing in the meantime at his credulity. "No matter," said he; "I am able to do this, and I will,

for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream." The men were sent into the mountains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass. And there they found the company in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.—*Bushnell*.

1715. DRESS, A rule for. A lady asked the Rev. J. Newton what was the best rule for female dress and behaviour. "Madam," said he, "so dress and so conduct yourself that persons who have been in your company shall not recollect what you had on."—*Clerical Library*.

1716. DRESS, Extravagance in. "Speaking of extravagance in dress," writes Captain Crosstree, "the most expensively dressed man I ever saw was an African chief on the Gold Coast. His wives had anointed him thoroughly with palm-oil, and then powdered him from head to foot with gold-dust. You never saw in your life a man got up so 'utterly regardless of expense.'"—*Christian Age*.

1717. DRESS, Extravagance in. On the 11th of April, in the course of an action brought by the well-known *modiste*, Madame Rosalie, against a gentleman of property to compel him to pay a debt contracted by his wife, it was stated in evidence that from £500 to £2000 a year might be considered a reasonable sum for a lady moving in good society to expend in dress. The gentleman's wife, in the witness-box, repudiated with lofty scorn the idea that the former amount was sufficient. . . . We wonder how much of the extravagance of female dress could be traced in the man-millinery of Anglican priests. We have read of altar frontals which have taken years to finish and are valued at more than £500.—*Spurgeon*.

1718. DRESS, Extravagance in. The married daughter of a Christian merchant recently gave sixty guineas for a dinner dress made in exact copy of one worn by a popular but second-rate actress! Well may "the bitter cry" ascend, and the Lord's missionaries go begging.—*The Christian*.

1719. DRESS, Fondness for. The Rev. John Harrison, a Dissenting minister at Denton, in Norfolk, had two daughters who were much too fond of dress, which was a great grief to him. He had often reproved them in vain; and preaching one Sabbath-day on the sin of pride, he took occasion to notice, among other things, pride in *dress*. After speaking some considerable time on this subject, he suddenly stopped short, and said, with much feeling and expression, "But you will say, '*Look at home*.' My good friends, I do look at home, till my heart aches."

1720. DRESS, Preaching against. On Sunday my lord of London preached to the Queen's Majesty (Elizabeth), and seemed to touch the vanity of decking the body too finely. Her Majesty told the ladies that "if the Bishop held more discourse on such matters, she would fit him for heaven, but he should walk thither without a staff, and leave his mantle behind him."—*Sir John Harrington*.

1721. DRINK, a poison. Cyrus, when a youth, being at the court of his grandfather Cambyses, undertook one day to be cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquid before it was presented to the King. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in

a very graceful manner to his grandfather. The King observed the omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. "No," replied Cyrus, "I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor; for, not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic. Even you, sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a king."

1722. DRINK, a stumbling-block. On one occasion, while a British officer was urging a native to examine the claims of Christianity, two drunken English soldiers passed. "See," said the native, "do you wish me to be like that? As a Moham-medan I could not; as a Christian I might."—*J. B. Gough.*

1723. DRINK, Bribe of. Till after the Union Irish chiefs were permitted by the Lord of Kenmare to rule as his representatives on the scene of their ancient dominions. The time came when the English landlord desired to take matters into his own hands. To soften the blow he was about to administer, he sent Macfinnan Dhu—the black Macfinnan—the then ruler, a lamper of wine. It duly arrived from London. Macfinnan carried it to the top of a rock, and there called up every Irish curse which hung in song or prose in the recollection of the valley on the intruding stranger who was robbing the Celt of the land of his fathers. At each imprecation he smashed a bottle on the stone, and only ceased his litany of vengeance when the last drop had been spilt.—*Rev. J. R. Wood.*

1724. DRINK, Cure of. A young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber of New York recently, and asked for the governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the Secretary. "Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the Secretary, "I can tell you something better than a sinecure; you had better go and try a *water cure*."

1725. DRINK, Curse of. "I will tell you," said a gentleman not long since, when conversing with a friend on temperance, "how much it cost me to open my eyes on this subject. I commenced house-keeping with a bountiful supply of liquors; I continued in this way until my son became a drunkard! Then my eyes were opened."—*Christian Age.*

1726. DRINK, Curse of. While I was in San Francisco a number of young men came to me up the back-stairs of the hotel after dark and revealed awful histories. One man lay on the carpet at my feet, exclaiming, "Send me home; for the love of God, get me out of here! I will go in a freight or cattle train—anything to get out of here." It was the cry all around, "Drink is my curse." Everywhere we hear it, "Drink is my curse."—*J. B. Gough.*

1727. DRINK, Effects of. The parents of a beautiful and hitherto well-behaved young girl, a member of one of the Bible-Classes, came to us in great distress one Sunday night, as she had not returned home. For a week they sought her in vain. At length she was found in great distress in one of the lowest haunts of vice. All she knew was, that on the Sunday evening she was accosted by a young man of her acquaintance, who invited her to take a glass of wine with him. She became uncon-

scious till she awoke in shame and misery, and dreaded to return home.—*Newman Hall.*

1728. DRINK, Effects of. A stockbroker, returning to his office after a substantial luncheon with a client, said, complacently, to his head clerk, "Mr. Putkin, the world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him." "Yes, sir," replied the clerk, significantly; "and he looks different to the world."

1729. DRINK, Effects of. A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and asked for a drink. "No," said the landlord; "you had *delirium tremens* once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a young man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck in body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me; but they can be saved. Do sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for Heaven's sake sell no more to them." The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "So help me, God! this is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!" And he keeps his word.—*Christian Age.*

1730. DRINK, Infatuation of. A wretched debauchee, who had brought himself, by his excesses, to life's last hour, persisted in the determination that he would die drunk, as indeed he did.—*Life's Last Hour.*

1731. DRINK, Manufacture of. "I am so glad," said a missionary to an Indian chief, "that you do not drink whisky; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," said the red man, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it; "we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

1732. DRINK, Opinions on. Justice Grove tells us, "Men go into public-houses respectable and respected, and come out felons." Another—Baron Huddleston—says, "Almost all the crimes that disgrace our country are attributable to the fatal propensity to drink." Another—Justice Fitzgerald—says, "Nineteen-twentieths of the crimes in this country (Ireland) arise from intemperance."

1733. DRINK, Power of. As a preacher on temperance none could excel Father Taylor. In 1836, called to fill the pulpit of Rev. W. A. Clapp, of the Congregational Church, Easton, Massachusetts, he chose as his text Hosea iv. 11: "Wine and new wine take away the heart." His list of facts was almost endless, all told in his inimitable manner. One was that of a vessel captured by pirates. The crew and passengers were all destroyed, except a young mother and her babe. None of the pirate crew would molest her. The astonished captain ordered "grog" to be served, and soon his order for the death of mother and child was obeyed. "Those men," said the speaker, "had a

heart till a gill of rum and molasses took it away." When he had finished his recital of those thrilling stories, that caused the flesh to creep, his manner changed, and with a cool, almost sardonic, smile, he said, "*Shout, if you want to, and I'll wait for you!*" He paused. The silence was painful. "Nobody says 'Hurrah!' There is as much reason for it now as there will be till the monster is driven from the world."

1734. DRINK, Recommending. Baron Stockmar, in his affecting narrative of the death of the Princess Charlotte, describes the royal lady as piteously crying out upon her deathbed, "Doctor, they have made me tipsy!" In the past decade alcohol was undoubtedly popular with the medical profession, but, thanks to the researches and the example of some of our most famous brain-working physicians, it is becoming less so. It is on record that Dr. Monroe, of Hull, once said, "It is a great sorrow to me now to think of, that for twenty years I made many families unhappy. I believe I have made many drunkards—not knowingly, nor purposely—but I have recommended the drink. It makes my heart ache, even now, to see the mischief I have made in years gone by—mischief never to be remedied by any act of mine."—*Christian Chronicle*.

1735. DRINK, Treatment of. The Government of Madagascar is compelled by treaty stipulations to admit French spirits; but since the Queen renounced idolatry, it levies its duties in kind on these imports, and then *publicly destroys this tenth part by emptying the barrels into the ocean.*

1736. DRINK, True name of. "You remember Mr. —, sir?" "Yes, very well." "Were you aware of his fondness for brandy and water?" "No." "It was a sad habit; but it grew out of his love of story-telling; and that also is a bad habit—a very bad habit—for a minister of the Gospel. As he grew old his animal spirits flagged and his stories became defective in vivacity; he therefore took to brandy and water—weak enough, it is true, at first, but soon nearly 'half-and-half.' Ere long he indulged the habit in a morning; and when he came to Cambridge he would call upon me, and before he had been with me five minutes, ask for a little brandy and water, which was, of course, to give him artificial spirits to render him agreeable in his visits to others. I felt great difficulty; for he, you know, sir, was much older than I was; yet, being persuaded that the ruin of his character, if not of his peace, was inevitable unless something was done, I resolved upon one strong effort for his rescue. So the next time that he called, and, as usual, said, 'Friend Hall, I will thank you for a glass of brandy and water,' I replied, 'Call things by their proper names, and you shall have as much as you please.' 'Why! do I not employ the right name? I ask for a glass of brandy and water.' 'That is the current, but not the appropriate name. Ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation, and you shall have a gallon!' Poor man! he turned pale, and for a moment seemed struggling with anger. But, knowing that I did not mean to insult him, he stretched out his hand and said, 'Brother Hall, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.' From that time he ceased to take brandy and water."—*Robert Hall*.

1737. DRINK, Victims of. A young lawyer won

and married a bride that was the object of her parents' refined and devoted love and the favourite of all the circle of her numerous friends. A beautiful cottage, elegantly located and beautifully furnished by her parents, was the happy home of this favoured pair. Several years glided by, and the husband began to ply the sparkling glass. Warnings from the Bible, entreaties from his devoted partner, the solemn pleadings of all his friends, could not arrest his downward path. One fierce wintry night he came home reeling through the deep snow, and found his wife with a miserable cold room, an invalid, and trying to keep her two babes warm. The drunken madman swore he would soon have it warm enough. Midnight came. The tempest had increased. The elements were in fierce conflict, and the raging fiend in human form was within. How he fired his home will never be known. Madmen care for nothing. The flames, fanned by the winds, drove out the wife, bearing her darlings, to face that awful tempest. A quarter of a mile off stands the nearest house. Soon exhausted, she sank down in the deep snow, with her helpless babes clinging to their mother. But a few minutes sufficed to reduce their lovely home to ashes. In the morning the sobered author of this ruin, with the parents and friends, were searching under snowdrifts for the lost ones. At length, wrapped in a spotless winding-sheet, they were found. White as marble, the lovely features of the mother disclosed frozen, silent tears on her cheeks, and the cherub forms clasped in her arms.—*Dr. Van Doren*.

1738. DRUNKARD, and children. "My early practice," said the Doctor, "was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely girl; two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete. But I was invited often to social parties where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We became wretchedly poor, so that my family were pinched for daily bread. One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church, and left me lying on a lounge, sleeping off my previous night's debauch. I was aroused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes, and saw my little boy of six years old tumbling upon the carpet. His older brother said to him, 'Now get up and fall again. *That's the way papa does;* let's play we are drunk!' I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to an actor. I arose and left the house, groaning in an agony of remorse. I walked off miles into the country, thinking over my abominable sin and the example I was setting before my children. I solemnly resolved that, with God's help, I would quit my cups, and I did."—*Christian Age*.

1739. DRUNKENNESS, and Christianity. A Kaffir one day pointed to one of our men in a state of intoxication, and then significantly to himself, saying, "They would make us like that."—*Robertson*.

1740. DRUNKENNESS, Beginnings of. "Mamma," said my little Harry, looking out of the window as a drunken man went reeling by, "why do men stagger through the street?" "Because they are drunk," I said. "But, mamma, why do

they not stop drinking?" "Because they either cannot, or think they cannot." "Well, then, mamma," said Harry, lifting his little earnest face to mine, "why do they ever begin?"

1741. DRUNKENNESS, Insidious growth of. St. Austin affirms that the keenest personality may produce a wonderful effect, in opening a man's eyes to his own folly. He illustrates his position by a story of his mother. St. Monica certainly would have been a confirmed drunkard had not her maid timely and outrageously abused her. "My mother," he says, "had by little and little accustomed herself to relish wine. They used to send her to the cellar, as being one of the soberest in the family; she first sipped from the jug and tasted a few drops, for she abhorred wine and did not care to drink. However, she gradually accustomed herself, and from sipping it on her lips she swallowed a draught. As people from the smallest faults insensibly increase, she at length liked wine, and drank bumpers. But one day, being alone with the maid who usually attended her to the cellar, they quarrelled, and the maid bitterly reproached her with being a *drunkard*. That single word struck her so poignantly that it opened her understanding; and reflecting on the deformity of the vice, she desisted for ever from its use.—*I. D'Israeli*.

1742. DRUNKENNESS, rebuked. Diogenes, being presented at a feast with a large goblet of wine, threw it on the ground. When blamed for wasting so much good liquor, he answered, "Had I drunk it there would have been double waste. I as well as the wine would have been lost!"

1743. DRUNKENNESS, rebuked. Anachonis, the philosopher, being asked by what means a man might best guard against the vice of drunkenness, answered, "By bearing constantly in his view the loathsome, indecent behaviour of such as are intoxicated." Upon this principle was founded the custom of the Lacedæmonians, of exposing their drunken slaves to their children, who by that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational.

1744. DRUNKENNESS, Sermon on. On one occasion Mr. Dodd, of Cambridge, when challenged to preach against drunkenness, delivered the following unpremeditated short sermon under a tree by the roadside, from the word *malt*. He commenced by stating that he had chosen a short text, which could not be divided into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; he therefore divided it into letters, thus:—"M is moral. A is allegorical, L, is literal, T is theological." His exposition ran as follows:—"The moral is, to teach you good manners; therefore, M, my masters, A, all of you, L, leave off, T, tripping. The allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of and another meant. The thing spoken of is malt, the thing meant is the spirit of malice, which you make, M, your meat, A, your apparel, L, your liberty, and T, your trust. The literal is according to the letters, M, much, A, ale, L, little, T, trust. The theological is, according to the effects it works, in some, M, murder, in others, A, adultery, in all, L, looseness of life, and in many, T, treachery."—*Clerical Anecdotes*.

1745. DRUNKENNESS, Sin of. A friend of Tedyuscung once said to him, when he was a little

intoxicated, "There is one thing very strange, and which I cannot account for; it is, why the Indians get drunk so much more than the white people." "Do you think strange of that?" said the old chief; "why, it is not strange at all. The Indians think it no harm to get drunk whenever they can; but you white men say it is a sin, and yet get drunk nevertheless!"—*Arvine*.

1746. DUES, God's, to be looked after. Deacon Ranson Parker, of New York, says, "It is all very well to talk about the cattle of a thousand hills being the Lord's, but the fact is, some one must collect them together and drive them to market before they can be of much service to the Lord's cause."—*Clerical Library*.

1747. DUTY, Absorbed in. It is said that after the toils of the day Michael Angelo would sometimes be so wearied that he would get into bed without undressing; and as soon as refreshed by sleep, would get up again, and with a candle stuck in his hat—so that the light might properly fall on the figure on which he was at work—he would pursue his beloved art. Living in a state of celibacy, he was accustomed to say that his art was his wife, and his works his children, who would perpetuate his memory. And when some persons reproached him with leading so melancholy and solitary a life, he said, "Art is a jealous jade; she requires the whole and entire man."

1748. DUTY, accomplished, and rest. "One more thing done," he would say, "thank God," as each letter was written, each chapter of a book or page of a sermon dictated to his wife; "and, oh! how blessed it will be, when it is all over, to lie down together in that dear churchyard!"—*Life of Kingsley*.

1749. DUTY, and Christian humility. Duty can be satisfied with its doings, but love has never done enough. "Thank God," said the dying Nelson, "I have done my duty." "Alas!" says the expiring Christian after all he has done, "I have been an unprofitable servant." This is the radical difference between the Christian and other men.—*Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D.*

1750. DUTY, and determination. Amompharetus, an intrepid man, who had long been eager to engage (the Greeks had removed their camp from before the Persian invaders), and uneasy to see the battle so often put off and delayed, plainly called this decampment a disgraceful flight, and declared he would not quit his post, but remain there with his troops, and stand it out against Mardonius. And when Pausanius represented to him that this measure was taken in pursuance of the counsel and determination of the confederates, he took up a large stone with both his hands, and throwing it at Pausanius' feet, said, "This is my ballot for a battle, and I despise the timid counsels and resolves of others."—*Plutarch*.

1751. DUTY, and devotions. Although St. Francesca was unwearied in her devotions, yet if, during her prayers, she was called away by her husband or any domestic duty, she would close the book cheerfully, saying that a wife and mother, when called upon, must quit her God at the altar to find Him in her household affairs."—*Legends of the Monastic Orders*.

1752. DUTY, and emotional religion. One of the chief masters of the sect of German devotees called "The Friends of God," of the fourteenth century, set down by their enemies as visionaries and dreamers, is found writing these words, worthy of any humanity preacher of the nineteenth: "For my part, I would rather there were less of excitement and transport, less of mere sweet emotion, so that a man were diligent and right manful in working, for in such exercises do we best know ourselves. These raptures are not the highest order of devotion. And this I say, that if it happened to me that I had to forsake that lofty, inward work to go and prepare comfort to some sick person, I should go cheerfully, believing not only that God would be with me, but that He would vouchsafe me, it may be, even greater grace and blessing in that external work, undertaken out of true love in the service of my neighbour, than I should receive in my season of loftiest contemplation." All fair history confirms what right reason would expect, that there is no fountain of good labours so rich and unfailing as a heart that ever waits and calls on God.—*Huntington.*

1753. DUTY, and God. When Sir Thomas More took office, it was with the open stipulation, "First to look to God, and after God to the King."—*History of English People.*

1754. DUTY, and its evasion, illustrated. When the preliminary survey was being made for the line between St. Petersburg and Moscow, Nicholas learned that the officers intrusted with the task were being influenced more by personal than technical considerations, and he determined to cut the Gordian-knot in true imperial style. When the Minister laid before him the map, with the intention of explaining the proposed route, he took a ruler, drew a straight line from the one terminus to the other, and remarked in a tone that precluded all discussion, "You will construct the line so." And the line was so constructed.—*D. M. Wallace, M.A.*

1755. DUTY, and our success in. A missionary in China was greatly depressed by the carelessness of his hearers. One day the words of Isa. liii. 1 came to his mind as sent from above, and they were followed by a dream. He thought he was standing near a rocky boulder, and trying with all his might to break it with a sledgehammer; but blow after blow had no effect—there was no impression made. At length he heard a voice, which said, "Never mind, go on; I will pay you all the same, whether you break it or not." So he went on doing the work that was given him, and was content.

1756. DUTY, and pay. They asked Confucius, "What is shameful in a Government official?" "To think only of his salary in serving the Prince; a superior man will put duty first and pay last." Of himself he said, "I am not careful to be without office, but careful to fit myself for it."—*Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.*

1757. DUTY, and peace of mind. In 1593 Richard Grenville fought the Spanish fleet from three in the afternoon till daybreak next morning, with great odds against him. He was wounded three times, but he again and again repulsed the enemy. At length, when further resistance was impossible, the ship lying like a log upon the water, he proposed

to blow her up rather than surrender. The crew, however, compelled him to yield himself a prisoner. He died a few days afterwards, his last words being, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour."

1758. DUTY, and resting in God. A friend of mine once asked the wife of Havelock how her husband bore himself during the terrible conflicts in India. She replied, "I know not. But I know he is trusting in God and doing his duty." These glorious words may bind us all together; wherever we are, if those who know us best can say with certainty, when asked about us, "They are trusting in God and doing their duty," we shall have the blessed peace that was given to Havelock.—*Dean Stanley.*

1759. DUTY, and reward. Sydney, charging at Marston Moor, fell to the ground disarmed by many wounds, and would have either bled to death or fallen into the enemy's power had not a trooper, fired by his heroic temper, dashed from the line, driven off his foes, and borne him to the rear. "Your name, brave fellow?" gasped the wounded man. "Excuse me, sir," the trooper said, "I have not done this thing for a reward." He rode away into the fight, and Sydney never learned to whom he owed his life that day.—*Dixon.*

1760. DUTY, Being found at. The Legislature of Connecticut happened to be sitting during a day of remarkable gloom, long remembered as "the dark day," which overspread that and neighbouring states. It was supposed by many that the Last Day—the Day of Judgment—had come, and in the consternation of the hour some member moved the adjournment of the House. Straightway there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, and said that if the Last Day had come, he desired to be found in his place and doing his duty; for which reasons he moved that candles should be brought, so that the House might proceed with its debate.

1761. DUTY, Choice in. On the occasion of a regiment of calvary being ordered unexpectedly to the Cape of Good Hope, one of the officers, not very remarkable for his zeal in the performance of his duty, applied for leave to remain at home. The Duke's answer was very laconic—"Sail or sell."—*Gleig's Life of Wellington.*

1762. DUTY, Claims of. I remember Bowyer saying to me once when I was crying, the first day of my return after the holidays, "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying."—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

1763. DUTY, Conscientious discharge of. "I notice," said the stream to the mill, "that you grind beans as well and as cheerfully as fine wheat." "Certainly," clacked the mill; "what am I for but to grind? And so long as I work, what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a whit more useful when I turn out fine flour than when I make the coarsest meal. My honour is not in doing fine

work, but in performing any that comes as well as I can."

1764. DUTY, Consecration to. When, during his first agreeable furlough and happy marriage (1840-42), after the terrible rising of the Afghan tribes on our demoralised army at Cabul, Lord Lawrence was seized with a long and dangerous illness, which made his doctors tell him that he must give up all idea of returning to India—so strong was his determination to go back to his duty, that he said, "If I can't live in India, I must go and die there."

1765. DUTY, Cost of. It is said that at the end of a very difficult operation Sir Henry Thompson has exclaimed, "There's another nail in my coffin."
—*J. B. Gough.*

1766. DUTY, Devotion to. In January of 1869 the "Triumph" was in the Bay of Biscay, on a voyage from Liverpool to Spain. The storm raged, the sea ran mountains high, and the ship dashed to and fro, when the captain gave orders to the men to stow the main-top-gallant sail, but none would venture. But Jack called out, "I will venture my life to save the ship and crew, and if I die, I will die at my duty." With a smile on his face, he quickly climbed the mast. He was a true missionary, with a single object in view, and that object was to save the lives of others, even if he lost his own. He clung hard to the ropes, stowed the main-top-gallant sail, when suddenly, to the horror of the crew, a sea came and washed the main-mast overboard, with poor Jack upon it! They heard him cry, "O my God!" and then they saw him no more! He had sacrificed himself for them.

1767. DUTY, Devotion to. An instance of heroic devotion is recorded of John Maynard, "the helmsman of Lake Erie," who, with the steamer on fire around him, held fast by the wheel in the very jaws of the flames, so as to guide the vessel into harbour, and save the many lives within her, at the cost of his own fearful agony, while slowly scorched to death by the flames.

1768. DUTY, Devotion to. The pious, good-natured Dr. Heim had no time, as he was wont to say, "to get ill." Always busy, ever pleased to visit the cottage of the poorest as the mansions of the rich, all classes of Berlin joined to do honour to the good old man on the Jubilee of his fiftieth year of service. The festivities lasted three days. The constant noise and excitement had made the Doctor more than usually tired. Late at night a poor woman came to beg him to visit her child, who was taken suddenly ill. The servants had orders to send all applications away, as the Doctor felt he needed rest; but the woman, knowing the house, managed to get to the Doctor's private room to plead her cause. Still Dr. Heim said he could not go. After all had retired to rest Madame Heim said to her husband, "What is the matter with you, Doctor? Why don't you sleep?" "Because I can't," he said; "it's a curious thing with my conscience; I must go and see that child." He rang the bell, and forgetting his fatigue, ran to the sick child, whom he was the means of restoring to health. After the visit he returned and slept soundly.

1769. DUTY, Dying engaged in. It was the happy, and, at his advanced age the singular, fate

of Moses neither to survive his honour nor his usefulness. The day he laid down his leadership saw him lay down his life. Death found him standing at his post—Palinurus was swept from the helm.—*Guthrie.*

1770. DUTY, Dying for. During the American war a gentleman and his lady were coming from the East Indies to England. His wife died while on the passage, and left two infants, the charge of whom fell to a Negro boy seventeen years of age. The gentleman went on board the commodore's vessel, with which they sailed. There came on a violent storm, and the vessel in which the children was on board was on the point of being lost; they despatched a boat from the commodore's ship to save as many as they could; they had almost filled the boat, and there was just room enough for the infants or the Negro boy. What did he do? He did not hesitate a moment, but put the children in the boat, and said, "Tell my master that Cuffy has done his duty"—meaning his duty to the children; and that instant he sank to rise no more.

1771. DUTY, Faithfulness in. Prince Mentchikoff had occasion, during the siege of Sebastopol, to send an important message to the Czar; and ordered an officer not to halt or delay until he reached St. Petersburg, and not to lose sight of the message he bore. At the end of each twenty miles the officer found fresh horses awaiting him; these were harnessed to his sleigh, in place of the weary animals, and the servants would cry out, "Your Excellency, the horses are ready." "Away, then!" and off he would go at the most rapid pace of which the horses were capable. Riding in this way for several days and nights, the officer, weary with watching, at length reached the palace of the Czar, and was ushered into his presence. He had no sooner handed the Emperor the letter of the general than he sank into a chair and fell fast asleep. When the Czar had read the despatch the officer could not be awaked. The attendants called to and shook him, but all in vain, and at last declared the poor fellow was dead. The Czar felt his pulse, put his ear down to his side, and declared he could hear his heart beat. He was only asleep. But the exhausted officer could not be roused. At length the Czar, stooping down, cried in his ear, "Your Excellency, the horses are ready." At these words, which he had heard every twenty miles of his journey, and the only ones he had listened to for days, the faithful officer sprang to his feet and cried, "Away, then!" Instead of driver and horses, he found the Czar before him, smiling at his confusion and dismay.

1772. DUTY, Faithfulness to. It is said that when a Roundhead in St. Andrew's, Holborn, levelled a musket at the breast of the venerable prelate Hacket, and bade him desist from preaching, he never hesitated for one moment, but simply said, "Soldier, do your duty; I shall continue to do mine."—*Denton.*

1773. DUTY, Fidelity to. As a train near Madras was entering a siding, a snake crawled over the foot of the pointsman who was in attendance. The man, although in extreme terror, with dog-like fidelity, retained his hold of the switch-handle until the train had passed him. If he had let go, derailment must have occurred.—*Sunday at Home.*

1774. **DUTY, fulfilled.** Whitfield and a pious companion were much annoyed one night at an inn by a set of gamblers in a room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamour and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitfield's pious abhorrence that he could not rest. "I will go to them and reprove their wickedness," said he. His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof were apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he lay down to sleep. His companion asked him, "What did you gain by it?" "A soft pillow," he said, and soon fell asleep. A good conscience gives a soft pillow.

1775. **DUTY, Heroic sense of.** At the foundering of that noble steamer the "London," an instance of death occurred arising out of an heroic sense of duty. When the only boat that remained left the ill-fated ship, the sailors urged their captain (Martin) to leave the vessel; but the brave man waved his hand, and said, "I will go down with the passengers; but I wish you God speed and safe to land."—*Denton.*

1776. **DUTY, Homely.** The Princess Alice, the beloved daughter of Queen Victoria, after an ancient custom of royalty, chose the lark as her emblem, because, as she said, while it lived on the ground and obscurely, it taught that in the discharge of homely duties we find the strength, the knowledge, and the inspiration to fill the air with joyous and soul-stirring music. If this woman of noble birth, the Lady Bountiful in the little state over which her husband ruled, the founder of orphanages and schools, could choose such an emblem, it may well be appropriated by those who move in the ordinary circles of influence and experience. It is in everyday life that opportunity comes to do the best things and gains its sweetest reward of happiness.

1777. **DUTY, Honour of.** Alexander, otherwise called Severus, degraded a legion of his army by depriving them of their arms and dismissing them from his service. One of the severest threats he could use towards them was, "I shall no longer style you soldiers, but *citizens*." To be allowed to serve was looked upon as honour enough, to be dismissed from duty was counted as infamy.—*B.*

1778. **DUTY, Inadequate notions of.** Bishop Bloomfield once reproved a clergyman for drunkenness. The clergyman replied, "But, my lord, I never was drunk on duty." "On duty!" exclaimed the Bishop; "when is a clergyman not on duty?" "True," said the other; "I never thought of that."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

1779. **DUTY, Individual and immediate.** Trajan was a very just emperor, and one day, having mounted his horse to go into battle with his cavalry, a woman came and seized him by the foot, and, weeping bitterly, asked him and besought him to do justice upon those who had, without cause, put to death her son, who was an upright young man. And he answered and said, "I will give thee satisfaction when I return." And she said, "And if thou dost not return?" And he answered, "If I do not return, my successor will give thee satisfaction." And she said, "How do I know that?" And suppose he do it, what is it to thee if another do good? Thou art my debtor, and according to thy deeds shalt thou be judged; it is a fraud for a

man not to pay what he owes; the justice of another will not liberate thee, and it will be well for thy successor if he shall liberate himself." Moved by these words, the Emperor alighted, and did justice, and consoled the widow, and then mounted his horse, and went to battle and routed his enemies.—*Longfellow.*

1780. **DUTY, Life's, over.** Captain Adair, of the Guards, just before the advance of that gallant corps (at Waterloo), received a mortal wound in his breast. He staggered and fell. "Forward, Captain Adair!" said the commanding officer, thinking he had merely stumbled. Upon which the dying man tore open his coat, showed the blood streaming from the wound, and calmly responded, "How can I go forward?"—*Lord William Lennox.*

1781. **DUTY, in trying times.** Many years ago I met Carlyle in St. James's Park, and walked home with him to his own house. It was during the Crimean War; and after hearing him denounce, with his vigorous, and perhaps exaggerated, earnestness, the chaos and confusion into which our Administration had fallen, I ventured to ask him, "What, under the circumstances, is your advice to a canon of an English cathedral?" He grimly laughed at my question, paused for a moment, and then answered in homely and well-known words, but which are, as it happens, especially fitted to situations like that for which he was asked to give counsel, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." That is no doubt the lesson which he leaves each one of us in this weary world—the world of which he felt the weariness as age and infirmity grew upon him—but a lesson which in his more active days he practised to the full.—*Dean Stanley.*

1782. **DUTY, keeps out of mischief.** A ship on her way to Australia met with very terrible weather and sprang a leak. There happened to be a gentleman on board whose garrulous tongue was calculated to alarm all the passengers. When the storm came on, the captain, who knew what mischief may be done by a talkative individual, managed to get near him, with a view to rendering him quiet. Addressing the captain, the gentleman said, in a tone of alarm, "What an awful storm! I am afraid we shall go to the bottom, for I hear the leak is very bad." "Well," said the captain, "as you seem to know it, and others do not, you had better not mention it to any one, lest you should frighten the passengers or dispirit my men. Perhaps, as it is a very bad case, you would lend us your help, and then we may possibly get through it. Would you have the goodness to stand here and hold on to this rope; pray do not leave it, but pull as hard as ever you can till I tell you to let it go." The gentleman clenched his teeth, put his feet firmly down, and held to the rope with all his might. The storm abating, the ship was safe, and he was released from his rope-holding. As the captain did not seem very grateful, he ventured, in a roundabout style, to hint that such valuable services as his, having saved the vessel, ought at least to be acknowledged. "Oh," said the captain, "I only gave you hold of that rope to keep you out of mischief, and to prevent you alarming the rest of the passengers."

1783. **DUTY, Love of.** Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, when he was a general of a brigade,

entailed the censure of the great Napoleon, although the latter admired him for his bravery. The Emperor, in one of his characteristic fits of passion, deprived him of his command, telling him he should never again draw a sword in the service of France. Some months after, and while reviewing his troops, Napoleon saw a private in the ranks whose appearance was strikingly like that of the degraded general. The Emperor advanced towards him, and at once recognised in the humble soldier his once distinguished brigadier. "Lannes," said Napoleon, "I thought I ordered that you should never again draw a sword in the French service." "You did, sire," replied the private; "but you can't prevent me from fighting for my country with a musket." Napoleon acknowledged the true nobility of the man, and immediately restored him to his command. Pious confidence to work and wait, and never rebel, may be long-suffering, but it cannot finally go wrong. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

1784. DUTY, Love of heroic. Lieutenant Parry's appointment as commander of the Arctic Expedition was the result of his love of heroic adventure. He had written to a friend expressing a great desire to take part in a party about to be formed for exploring the River Congo. As he concluded it his eye fell upon a paragraph in the newspapers stating that the Government were about to attempt the North-West Passage. He reopened his letter, mentioned the fact to his friend, and concluded it with these words: "Hot or cold is all one to me—Africa or the Pole." This letter was shown to the Secretary of the Admiralty, and within a week Lieutenant Parry received the offer of the command which has since made him famous.—*B.*

1785. DUTY, must be done. King Henry V. never swore a profane oath. He had only two ways of expressing his utmost determination and what his resolution was. When anything wrong was proposed to him, his one word was "Impossible." When anything in the shape of duty came before him, he had only one expression, "It must be done."—*Dean Stanley.*

1786. DUTY, not to be left. When persecution arose in Rome, the Christians, anxious to preserve their great teacher Peter, advised him to flee. He was in the act of leaving the city when he met our Lord. "Lord, whither goest Thou?" asked the apostle. "I go to Rome," was the answer, "there once more to be crucified." Peter understood the rebuke, returned at once, and was crucified.—*Legend from St. Ambrose.*

1787. DUTY, or love? I make it a point to go and see my widowed mother at Northfleet once a year. Now, suppose I should go there next Thanksgiving Day, and say, "Mother, I did not want to come this time, but a sense of duty compelled me," don't you think that mother would very soon tell me if that was all that brought me I need not come again? And yet is not that the way that many Christians go about the Lord's work? They have no love for it.—*Moody.*

1788. DUTY, our own, Sticking to. An artilleryman at Waterloo was asked what he had seen. He replied that he saw nothing but smoke. The artilleryman was next asked what he had been doing. He replied that he had "just blazed away at his own gun."—*Guthrie.*

1789. DUTY, The lower, faithfully performed. For no less than ten years, 1804–1814, Hange (the Norwegian evangelist) remained in his prison, with the exception of a short interval, during which the Government took him out. At this time England was blockading the Norwegian coast, and the country was in dire need of everything, even of salt. The Government needed practical men who could prepare this from sea-water. Their thoughts fell upon Hange, and he was released from prison in order that he might travel round the coast and set saltworks going. When, to the great satisfaction of the Government, he had finished this task, he was compelled to go back to his prison until his earthly trials came to an end in 1814.—*Richard Lovett, M.A.*

1790. DUTY, The private Christian's. "You are not called on," said Mr. Shore, "to preach. The star did not speak to those who followed it to where it hung over Bethlehem; it only shone."—*Daily Telegraph.*

1791. DUTY, Thought of, in death. The general who does his duty falls on the field and is happy. "They run; they run!" cried an eager soldier on the heights of Abraham. "Who run?" eagerly inquired the dying Wolfe. "The French," was the answer. "Then I die happy; I have done my duty."—*Denton.*

1792. DUTY, to be done, and left with God. In 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the Continent, Massena suddenly appeared on the heights above the town of Feldkirch at the head of 18,000 men. It was Easter Day, and the rays of the rising sun glittered on the weapons of the French, as they appeared drawn up on the hills to the west of the town. The Town Council were hastily called together to consult what was to be done. To defend the town was out of the question. What, then, were they to do? After much discussion, the old Dean of the Church rose and said, "My brothers, it is Easter Day! We have been reckoning our own strength, and that fails. Let us turn to God. Ring the bells and have service as usual, and leave the matter in God's hands." They agreed to do as he said. Then from the church-towers in Feldkirch there rang out joyous peals in honour of the Resurrection, whilst the streets were full of worshippers hastening to the house of God. The French heard the sudden clangour of the joy-bells with surprise and alarm, and concluding that the Austrian army had arrived to relieve the place, Massena suddenly broke up his camp, gave the order to march, and before the bells had ceased ringing not a Frenchman was to be seen.

1793. DUTY, towards others. "Is there one word which expresses the whole duty of man?" Confucius was once asked. He seems to have paused, unwilling to dismiss so lightly such a momentous topic; but recovering himself, "Yes," he said, "there is one word, Reciprocity!" which, he explained, was simply the doing unto others as we would they should do to us.—*Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.*

1794. DUTIES, Preaching and practising. One of the martyrs in Queen Mary's days confessed that his prejudice against the Protestants was for their insisting so much on faith and things of a myste-

rious nature. "But," says he, "when, among the Papists, I heard nothing but works, I scarce did any; now, where duties are preached less, I find them practised more."—*Whitecross*.

1795. DYING, and good deeds. When a man dies, they who survive him ask what property he has left behind: the angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.—*Mahomet*.

1796. DYING, Aversion to. An athlete of Avignon, noted for his great strength, literally struggled with death. His last words were, "O Death, if you were a man what short work I'd make of you!"—*New Handbook of Illustrations*.

1797. DYING, Aversion to. A few years ago, a gentleman in London, when on his deathbed, felt so strong an aversion to dying and leaving behind him his wealth, that he hastily rose from his bed, went out, and walked in his yard, exclaiming that he would not die! But the unhappy man's strength being soon exhausted, his affrighted friends carried him back to his bed, where he soon expired.

1798. DYING, Compunction at. Edward III. departed in great compunction. "What for weakness of body, contrition of heart, sobbing for his sins, his voice and speech failed him; and, scarce half pronouncing the word 'Jesu,' he, with his last word, made an end of his speech, and yielded up the ghost."—*Life's Last Hours*.

1799. DYING, for Christ. The priests retired, leaving the martyrs to take their last meal; but as they had now no further need to sustain their mortal life, they only thought of giving to their souls the mystic feast of exhortations, prayers, and hymns, the aliments of immortality. Their calm and pious raptures touched the jailers and the soldiers; but when the captives thanked them for their good offices, and begged them to forgive any involuntary wrongs, the guards melted into tears. One of them particularly appeared much moved. "My friend," said Rochette to him, "are not you ready to die for your king? Why, then, do you grieve at our dying for God?"—*The Pastor of the Desert*.

1800. DYING, for others. The plague was making a desert of the city of Marseilles; death was everywhere. The physicians could do nothing. In one of their councils it was decided that a corpse must be dissected; but it would be death to the operator. A celebrated physician of the number arose and said, "I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly, I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe." He immediately left the room, made his will, and spent the night in religious exercises. During the day a man had died in his house of the plague; and at daybreak on the following morning the physician, whose name was Guyon, entered the room and critically made the necessary examinations, writing down all his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, that they might not convey the disease to another, and retired to a convenient place, where he died in twelve hours.

1801. DYING, for others. When, in the extreme

South, a boat containing a party of our men had struck on the shoals, and they were obliged to lie down to escape the shower of balls that were flying in every direction, a stout black man said, "Somebody must be hit to get dis yer boat out of danger," and sprang overboard and put his shoulder to the gunnel, and shoved her off; and while the party escaped, he, pierced, fell into the stream and died. He knew what he risked, but he said, in his soul, "Here are these my friends. They must all perish, or some one must take the risk. I take it."—*Beecher*.

1802. DYING, going home. "Dying," said the Rev. S. Medley, "is sweet work! sweet work! Glory, glory! Home, home!" "Life," said the departing Camerarius, "is to me death—death, life."—*Life's Last Hours*.

1803. DYING, is serious work. Fixing his eyes on two or three of his relations at his bedside, he addressed them in the most affectionate manner: "O sirs! dying-work is serious!—serious work indeed!—and that you will soon find, as strong as you are."—*Life of Rev. John Brown of Haddington*.

1804. DYING, Preparing for. I once saw the sweetest sight—a little, weary child falling asleep upon the grass, with a posy of flowers in its hand. By degrees the little fingers relaxed their hold, the little head drooped gently, the little eyes closed, and the child slept. God grant that when I fall into my last sleep my poor fingers may have in them some posy, some sweet flowers! Is there anything in my little garden that I may hold in my hand when I come to die? Righteousness? Ah! that is a poor weed at its best. Genius? What will that do for me in that sublime hour when the babe and the suckling have more knowledge of the things of God than the very wisest of this world. Great riches? Even the man of the world will laugh at you if you propose to hold those in your hand in the hour of death. A worldling made himself famous by telling a man who was on his deathbed, but did not want to part from his riches, "Where you are going," said he, "your gold would melt, even if you could take it with you." But there grows sometimes in the deep, shadowed part of a man's heart the sweetest flower—lowliness towards God; and another flower—humbleness towards man. But even that does not make a handful. When a man is sinking to his last sleep let him turn to the fulness of God. Then gathers he, if he be wise, the flower of forgiveness, the great passion-flower of God's love, the crown of thorns, the blood-red rose and the amaranth of the Eternal Realm.—*George Dawson*.

1805. DYING, Voice from. Perhaps there is scarcely on record a more beautiful anecdote than that which Bishop Middleton relates of this most exemplary soldier of the cross (Wartz). He was lying, apparently lifeless, when Gericke, a worthy fellow-labourer in the service of the same society, who imagined that the immortal spirit had actually taken its flight, began to chant over his remains a stanza of the favourite hymn which used to soothe and elevate him in his lifetime. The verses were finished without a sign of recognition or sympathy from the still form before him; but when the last clause was over the voice which was supposed to be hushed in death took up the second stanza of

the same hymn, completed it with distinct and articulate utterance, and then was heard no more.—*Religious Tract Society Anecdotes.*

1806. EARLY impressions, abiding. Goldsmith says that he brought from Ireland nothing but his brogue and his blunders, and they never left him.—*Washington Irving.*

1807. EARLY impressions, Permanence of. Some years ago a native Greenlander came to the United States. It was too hot for him there; so he made up his mind to return home, and took passage on a ship that was going that way. But he died before he got back, and as he was dying, he turned to those who were around him, and said, "Go on deck and see if you can see ice." "What a strange thing!" some would say. It was not a strange thing at all. When that man was a baby the first thing he saw, after his mother, was ice. His house was made of ice. The window was a slab of ice. He was cradled in ice. The water that he drank was melted ice. If he ever sat at a table, it was a table of ice. The scenery about his home was ice. The mountains were of ice. The fields were filled with ice. And when he became a man he had a sledge and twelve dogs that ran him fifty miles a day over ice. And many a day he stooped over a hole in the ice twenty-four hours to put his spear in the head of any seal that might come there. He had always been accustomed to see ice, and he knew that if his companions on the ship could see ice it would be evidence that he was near home. The thought of ice was the very last thought in his mind, as it was the very first impression made there. The earliest impressions are the deepest. Those things which are instilled into the hearts of children endure for ever and for ever.—*Clerical Library.*

1808. EARLY indulgences, regretted. Lord Chancellor Northington had in his youth enjoyed the pleasures of the table; but many a severe fit of the gout was the result of his early indulgences. When suffering from its effects one day he muttered, after a painful walk between the woollack and the bar, "If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a Chancellor, I had taken better care of them when I was a lad."—*Croake James.*

1809. EARNESTNESS and solemnity, Effects of. We shall never forget an occasion when the manner of the preacher in giving out his text was such that no sermon followed. It was that passage in Jeremiah: "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and ye are not saved!" The slow, solemn earnestness of the speaker whilst giving out these words had such an effect that a prayer-meeting took the place of a sermon.—*J. E. Taylor, Ph.D.*

1810. EARNESTNESS, Christian, illustrated. When Xavier was preparing to go forth upon his mission through the East, his friend Rodriguez, who shared his apartment in the hospital at Rome, was awakened in the night by his earnest exclamations. He heard him tossing restlessly on his bed, and at times there came from the lips of the sleeping man the agitated appeal, "Yet more, O my God!" It was not until many months afterwards that he revealed the vision. He had seen in his slumber the wild and terrible future of his career spread out before him. There were barbarous regions, islands, and

continents, and mighty empires which he was to win to his faith. Storms, indeed, swept around them, and hunger and thirst were everywhere, and death in many a fearful form; yet he shrank not back. He was willing to dare the peril if he could but win the prize; nay, he yearned for still wider fields of labour, and with an absorbing passion that filled every faculty and haunted him even in his slumber, he exclaimed, "Yet more, O my God! yet more!"—*Kip's Conflicts of Christianity.*

1811. EARNESTNESS, Effects of. A poor old woman had often in vain attempted to obtain the ear of Philip of Macedon to certain wrongs of which she complained. The King at last abruptly told her he was not at leisure to hear her. "No!" exclaimed she; "then you are not at leisure to be king." Philip was confounded; he pondered a moment in silence over her words, then desired her to proceed with her case; and ever after made it a rule to listen attentively to the applications of all who addressed him.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

1812. EARNESTNESS, Effects of. Governor Bradford, of New Plymouth, tells the story of Barrowe's conversion. He was walking in London one Lord's Day with one of his companions, and heard a preacher at his sermon very loud as they passed by the church. Upon which Mr. Barrowe said to his consort, "Let us go in and hear what this man saith that is thus in earnest." "Tush!" saith the other. "What! shall we go to hear a man talk?" But in he went and sat down. And the minister was vehement in reproofing sin, and sharply applied the judgment of God against the same. Barrowe was touched to the quick, and from that time lived a new life, becoming one of the leaders of the Puritan party.—*Dr. Dale.*

1813. EARNESTNESS, for Christ. The Rev. James Hervey did not confine his preaching to the church, but took every opportunity to speak of Christ. A constant hearer of his related, that one day, after he had preached on Gen. xxviii. 12: "And behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven," &c., which he considered as a type of Christ; as he came down the lane leading from the church to his own house, his hearers, as usual, stood on each side of it to pay him their respects. As soon as he came to the top of the lane he lifted up his hands, and as he passed along addressed them, "O my friends, I beg of God you may not forget this glorious ladder that Almighty God hath provided for poor sinners—a ladder that will conduct us from this grovelling earth—a ladder that will raise us above our corruption, unto the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

1814. EARNESTNESS for Christ, Thoughtful. Several young ladies, of a proud, gay and fashionable character, lived together in a fashionable family. Two men were strongly desirous to get the subject of religion before them, but were at a loss how to accomplish it, for fear they would all combine, and counteract or resist every serious impression. At length they took this course: they called, and sent their card to one of the young ladies by name. She came downstairs, and they conversed with her on the subject of her salvation; and as she was alone, she not only treated them politely, but seemed to receive the truth in seriousness. A day or two afterwards they called in like manner

on another, and then another, and so on till they had conversed with every one separately; and in a little time, I believe, they were all converted.—*Arrive.*

1815. EARNESTNESS, for salvation. There is a story told of a vessel that was wrecked and was going down at sea. There were not enough lifeboats to take all on board. When the vessel went down some of the lifeboats were near the vessel. A man swam from the wreck, just as it was going down, to one of the boats, but they had no room to take him in, and they refused. When they refused he seized hold of the boat with his right hand, but they took a sword and cut off his fingers. When he had lost the fingers of his right hand, the man was so earnest to save his life that he seized the boat with his left hand; and they cut off the fingers of that hand too. Then the man swam up and seized the boat with his teeth, and they had compassion on him and relented. They could not cut off his head, so they took him in, and the man saved his life. Why? *Because he was in earnest.* Why not seek your soul's salvation as that man sought to save his life?—*Moody.*

1816. EARNESTNESS, Influence of. A man of great capacity and culture, with a head like Benjamin Franklin's, an avowed unbeliever in Christianity, came every Sunday afternoon, for many years, to hear him (Dr. Brown). I remember his look well, as if interested, but not impressed. He was often asked by his friends why he went when he didn't believe one word of what he heard. "Neither do I; but I like to hear and to see a man earnest once a week about anything." It is related of David Hume that, having heard my great grandfather preach, he said, "That's the man for me; he means what he says; he speaks as if Jesus Christ was at his elbow."—*John Brown, M.D.*

1817. EARNESTNESS, in preaching. If at an assize town at the time of any celebrated trial, and the prisoner had been found guilty and sentenced to death, he (Whitefield) would, at the close of his sermon, his eyes full of tears, pause for a moment, and then, after a terrible denunciation upon those who neglect so great salvation, exclaim, "I am now going to put on my condemning cap; sinner, I must do it. I must pronounce sentence against you." And then he would repeat the awful words of our Lord, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."—*Winter.*

1818. EARNESTNESS, in warning men. A story is told of a traveller who was journeying in the darkness along a road that led to a deep and rapid river, which, swollen by sudden rains, was chafing and roaring within its precipitous banks. The bridge that crossed the stream had been swept away by the torrent, but he knew it not. A man met him, and after inquiring whither he was bound, said to him in an indifferent way, "Are you aware that the bridge is gone?" "No," was the answer. "Why do you think so?" "Oh, I heard such a report this afternoon; and though I am not certain about it, you had perhaps better not proceed." Deceived by the hesitating and undecided manner, the traveller pushed onward. Soon another, meeting him, cried out in consternation, "Sir, sir, the bridge is gone!" "Oh yes," replied the wayfarer, "some one told me that story a little distance back; but,

from the careless tone with which he told it, I am sure it is an idle tale." "Oh, it is true, it is true!" exclaimed the other. "I know the bridge is gone, for I barely escaped being carried away with it myself. Danger is before you, and you must not go on." And in the excitement of his feelings he grasped him by the hands, and besought him not to rush upon manifest destruction. *Convinced by the earnest voice, the earnest eyes, the earnest gestures, the traveller turned back and was saved.*

1819. EARNESTNESS, Irresistible. Whitefield was standing with his arms extended, inviting sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Just as Tanner was preparing to throw a stone he heard the preacher exclaim in a voice of thunder, "Thou art the man!" Struck with amazement, his resolution failed him, and he remained listening with astonishment to the end of the sermon. From that day forward he became a changed, a converted man, and subsequently a preacher of the Gospel.—*J. R. Andrews, Life of Whitefield.*

1820. EARNESTNESS, makes up for other things. Abd-el-Mourad, a dervish, and a favourite warrior of Orkhan, made a vow never to employ in battle but a sabre made of the plane-tree. The vigour of his arm gave, it is said, to this weapon the weight and the edge of one of iron.—*Lamartine.*

1821. EARNESTNESS, with affection, Power of. Years ago three American ministers went to preach to the Cherokee Indians. One preached very deliberately and coolly; and the chiefs held a council to know whether the Great Spirit spoke to them through that man; and they declared He did not, because he was not so much engaged as their head men were in their national concerns. Another spoke to them in a most vehement manner; and they again determined in council that the Great Spirit did not speak to them through that man, because he was mad. The third preached to them in an earnest and fervent manner; and they agreed that the Great Spirit might speak to them through him, because he was both earnest and affectionate. The last was ever after kindly received.

1822. EARTH, and heaven. Mr. John Elliot was once on a visit to a merchant, and finding him in his counting-house, where he saw books of business on the table, and all his books of devotion on the shelf, he said to him, "Sir, here is earth on the table, and heaven on the shelf. Pray, don't think so much of the table as altogether to forget the shelf."

1823. EARTHLY glory, Worth of. Alexander the Great wandered to the gates of Paradise, and knocked for entrance. "Who knocks?" demanded the guardian angel. "Alexander." "Who is Alexander?" "Alexander—the Alexander—Alexander the Great—the conqueror of the world." "We know him not," replied the angel; "this is the Lord's gate; only the righteous enter here."—*Talmud.*

1824. EARTHLY grandeur, and the future. An Egyptian mummy was unrolled at Paris at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1867. Mummies have often been unrolled before, and perhaps nothing worthy of special record would have been noted of this embalmed body but for the singular accompaniment of a few leaves in its armpits and the

complete preservation of their forms, although they had lost their colour. That man who goes from this world with no other acquisition than gold or the memory of bodily satisfactions and enjoyments is most fitly symbolised by this mummy, which bore no other final token of its earthly grandeur or industry than a few dead leaves under its arm.—*The Higher Ministry of Nature.*

1825. EASE and progress, illustrated. A traveller who had ridden all day over a hard, stony road came at length to a piece of about a mile in length, which, having been macadamised, was exceedingly pleasant to ride upon. On this little tract he trotted backwards and forwards for some time, to the great astonishment of all who observed him, one of whom, at last, asked what he meant by such strange conduct. "Indeed," said he, "and I like to let well alone; now I have got upon a good bit of road, why, sure, I should make the best of it; from what I have seen, I don't expect to get a better bit of ground the whole way."—*Irish Anecdotes.*

1826. EASTER morning, Tradition of. The simple-hearted peasants in the south of Ireland have a tradition that every Easter morning the sun, as the mists of dawn clear away, and his full-orbed splendour is about to break upon the world, turns round three times in his place, and scatters a shower of radiant beams over earth and sky; after which he shines steadily, as on other and lesser days. So, in the faint twilight of the early morning, when the darkness of the night has scarcely melted into the first pearly softness of the coming day, old men and little children, matrons and maids, climb the nearest hill, and from its summit stand gazing, as did the wondering apostles on Ascension Day, into the blue heaven above them. . . . We smile at the folly that is so apparent in this figment of an untutored fancy, while, as in all myths and traditions, we catch a glimpse of the beautiful thought that lies at its root. For are not all things glad when the Easter morning breaks? Does not the sun, even to our dull vision, seem to rise with a grander meaning of triumph than on common days? Do not our hearts thrill with an intenser joy as we come from the gloom of the place where they laid Him, to stand with His beloved ones, looking on the empty sepulchre, or seeing with Mary the stately, gentle, and benignant form of the risen Christ?—*Christian Age.*

1827. ECCLESIASTICISM, absurd. The Scottish Episcopal Church owes its origin to Archbishop Laud, whose High-Church principles are supposed to pervade it till this day. An anecdote is told of two ministers of that communion who both attached much virtue to ecclesiastical order and adherence to the ecclesiasticism of the past. "I find I can make no impression on my people," said the one. "No wonder," replied the other; "your church stands north and south."—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

1828. EDIFICATION, the aim of Christian speech. When Handel's oratorio of the "Messiah" had won the admiration of many of the great, Lord Kinnoul took occasion to pay him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town. "My lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better." It is

to be feared that many speechmakers at public meetings could not say as much; and yet how dare any of us waste the time of our fellow immortals in mere amusing talk! If we have nothing to speak to edification, how much better to hold our tongue!—*Spurgeon.*

1829. EDUCATION, A mother's. The first determining accident in the career of Washington was the fact that he had an excellent mother. But her mere physical maternity had but little to do with his character; she was his teacher, and to that very circumstance may be ascribed the nature of his early tastes and habits. Her aim reached higher than the frivolous ambition of making her son a bright boy; she educated him for a man. She had no weak predilection for brilliant parts; she aimed at a perfect whole. With the magic of a mother's touch, which is a secret between her and Heaven, she gave an exquisite symmetry to his moral and intellectual character.—*Elihu Burritt.*

1830. EDUCATION, and economy. When William Penn was about to leave his family for America, his wife, who was the love of his youth, was reminded of his impoverishment because of his public spirit, and recommended economy—"Live low and sparingly till my debts be paid." Yet for his children he adds, "Let their learning be liberal; spare no cost for such parsimony; all is lost that is saved."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

1831. EDUCATION, and life. Once, while Father André was preaching in a country church, a pack of cards flew out of his sleeve, and fell among the audience. Every one began laughing. The preacher, without being in the least disconcerted, called on the larger children that happened to be there to collect them together, and, as they brought them, inquired how the different cards were called. The answers were promptly given. He then put some questions out of the Catechism, which, however, they were unable to reply to. Then, addressing the fathers and mothers—"Is it thus," said he, "that you neglect the education of your children? You introduce them into the vanities of life, and by the most criminal carelessness permit them to lose their immortal souls."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

1832. EDUCATION, Difficulties of. I went to one of the principal schools for boys in Hong-Kong, and there found a large number of youngsters hard at work. I began to ask questions as to their studies. I said to the master, "Do these boys learn geography?" "No," he said, "What are they doing in arithmetic?" "Nothing." "What history do they read?" "None." "Then what our earth are they doing?" "Oh, they are learning the classics." And then the explanation followed that the unfortunate Chinese child has to go to school for four years in order to learn the characters of his language and their sounds, without having during that time a ghost of an idea of the meaning of what he is learning. On the termination of that period he enters into the mystery of connecting meaning with sign; and the end of all this learning is merely to introduce him to the four great Chinese classics—the books which are the standard of all literary excellence, and which are the foundation of all their knowledge.—*Wardlaw Thompson.*

1833. EDUCATION, Distrust of. The Goths had no national literature; literature, in fact, they

despised. A curious instance of this is given in the opposition they raised to the purpose of Amalasunta, who was eager to give the advantage of a liberal education to her son Alaric. "No, no," said the assembled warriors; "the idleness of study is unworthy of a Goth; high thoughts of glory are not fed by books, but by deeds of valour; he is to be a king whom all should dread. Shall he be compelled to dread his instructors? No."

✓ 1834. EDUCATION, God left out of. A child (in a French school) was asked the question, so common in the training of the young, "To whom do you owe all that you are enjoying here—this fine schoolroom, these pictures, these books, this splendid city, all that gives security, comfort, and pleasure to your life;—who gives it all to you?" I listened languidly at first, but my interest awoke as it occurred to me: Surely all this can be leading up to but one answer—the established answer—God, and that answer may not be given here. And it was not given. The answer at last to the question put to the child, "Who is your benefactor?" was this, "*Et bien, c'est le pays*"—"Your benefactor is your country"). The force of civic instruction, whatever we may say as to moral, could hardly, perhaps, further go.—*Matthew Arnold.*

1835. EDUCATION, God remembered in. Napoleon is said to have cherished a profound reverence for the religion of the Bible. When the schedule of study for Madame Campan's female school was presented to him, he found as one regulation, "The young ladies shall attend prayers *twice a week.*" He immediately took his pen and erased the latter words, substituting "*every day.*"

1836. EDUCATION, Man's, in this world. At Salisbury there was a foundry; and I remember that there, for the first time, I saw the way in which iron was polished. Hearing creakings and groanings, I went in and found a vast hollow wheel into which castings were thrown, a ton at a time. This wheel was revolved, and inside of it these castings were revolved; and there they crashed, and crashed, and crashed on each other; and the results of their tumblings one upon another, with nothing but the law of gravity to bring them together, was that they finally ground each other smooth, rubbed off all the rough edges, so that when they were taken out and washed a little they were bright. The whole world is turned much in that manner, and men are tumbled together in mutual attrition. Some are ruined by it, and some are made by it. This is the order of Providence, this the method of education, by which the race has been developed up to its present condition. It has been by rude raspings and conflicts that manhood has been made. Now pain, and sorrow, and disappointments, and discouragements seem essential to the production of higher forms of manhood in this life.—*Beecher.*

1837. EDUCATION, means a higher life. Aristotle being asked in what the educated differ from the uneducated, he said, "As the living differ from the dead."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

1838. EDUCATION, never finished. Some time after Louis XIV. had collated the celebrated Bossuet to the bishopric of Meaux, he asked the citizens how they liked their new bishop. "Why, your Majesty, we like him pretty well." "Pretty well! Why, what fault have you to find with him?" "To tell your

Majesty the truth, we would have preferred having a bishop who had finished his education; for whenever we wait upon him we are told that he is at his studies."

1839. EDUCATION, of the young. A lady was once talking with an archbishop upon the subject of juvenile education, and, after some time, the lady said, "Well, my lord archbishop, as for myself, I have made up my mind never to put my child under religious instruction until he has arrived at years of discretion." He replied, "If you neglect your child all that time, the devil will not."—*Clerical Library.*

1840. EDUCATION, valued. When Robert was a little boy I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defects, but that I would put him to a good school and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man. . . . I betook myself to mending my neighbour's clocks.—*The Father of Robert Stephenson.*

1841. EFFEMINACY, Influence of. When Cyrus received intelligence that the Lydians had revolted from him, he told Croesus, with a good deal of emotion, that he had almost determined to make them all slaves. Croesus begged him to pardon them. "But," said he, "that they may no more rebel or be troublesome to you, command them to lay aside their arms, to wear long vests and buskins; that is, to vie with each other in the elegance and richness of their dress. *Order them to drink and sing and play,* and you will soon see their spirits broken, and themselves changed to the effeminacy of women, so that they will no more rebel, nor give you further uneasiness."

1842. EFFORT, Encouraging to. Sir Walter Scott relates, in his autobiography, that when he was a child one of his legs was paralysed, and when medical skill failed a kind uncle induced him to exert the muscles of the powerless limb by drawing a gold watch before him on the floor, tempting him to creep after it, and thus keeping up and gradually increasing vital action and muscular force. So God deals with us in our spiritual childhood and the weakness of our faith. He holds the blessings before us, so as to tempt us to creep after them.—*Clerical Library.*

1843. EFFORT, Individual. I remember once seeing nearly a thousand men marching through the streets of a Northern city when the clocks in the church-towers were tolling out the midnight hour. Neither moon nor star appeared in the sombre sky, and the lamps along the streets were only twinkling beams of light, which vainly tried to lighten the gloom of the dull November air. But wherever the trampling of those feet was heard a light—clear, full, and brilliant—lit up the streets and houses, illumined the statues, and was flashed back from every window and friendly gilded sign. Every face shone bright, every form stood clear, and the dull dark night, right up into the gloom, glowed and gleamed as with the light of morn. How was that? Every man carried a pitch-pine torch, each flashing its little measure of light upon the sombre night, and so together they conquered and created day. To every Christian it is given not only to carry a torch, but to be a torch. He himself is to be set alight, to move in and out

through this world's sad shadow-land—a peripatetic illumination to give light to them that sit in darkness, and to guide their feet into the way of peace.
—Rev. Jackson Wray.

1844. EFFORT, for others and prayer. When Duke George of Saxony lay on his deathbed and was yet in doubt to whom he should flee with his soul, whether to the Lord Christ and His dear merits, or to the Pope and his good works, there spoke a trusty courtier to him: “Your Grace, *straightforward makes the best runner.*” That word had lain fast in my soul. I had knocked at men's doors (for missionary schemes in Africa), and found them shut; and yet the plan was manifestly good and for the glory of God. What was to be done? *Straightforward makes the best runner.* I prayed fervently to the Lord, laid the matter in His hand, and as I rose up at midnight from my knees I quied, with a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room, “*Forward now, in God's name.*” From that moment there never came a thought of doubt into my mind.—*Louis Harm.*

1845. EFFORT, Individual. When John Williams, the martyr missionary of Eromanga, went to the South Sea Islands, he took with him a *single* banana-tree from an English nobleman's conservatory. And now, from that single banana-tree, bananas are to be found throughout whole groups of islands. Before the Negro slaves in the West Indies were emancipated a regiment of British soldiers was stationed near one of the plantations. A soldier offered to teach a slave to read, on condition that he would teach a second, and that second a third, and so on. This he faithfully carried out, though severely flogged by the master of the plantation. Being sent to another plantation, he repeated the same thing there, and when at length liberty was proclaimed throughout the island, and the Bible Society offered a New Testament to every Negro who could read, the number taught through this slave's instrumentality was no less than 600.—*Irish Congregational Magazine.*

1846. EFFORT, Individual, illustrated. The Rev. Spencer Compton, the earnest evangelical Episcopal minister at Boulogne, relates the following incident:—“During a voyage to India I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and I was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of “Man overboard!” made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. “*What can I do?*” I asked myself, and instantly unhooking my lamp, I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bull's-eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, ‘It's all right; he's safe;’ upon which I put my lamp in its place. The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.”

1847. EFFORT, Misapplied. As soon as the weather would permit, the Jamestown colonists began to stroll about the country digging for gold. In a bank of sand some glittering particles were found, and the whole settlement was in a blaze of

excitement. . . . Fourteen weeks of the precious spring-time, that ought to have been given to ploughing and planting, were consumed in this stupid nonsense. Even the Indians ridiculed the madness of the men who, for *imaginary* grains of gold, were wasting their chances for a crop of corn.—*Ridpath, History of W. S. (condensed).*

1848. EFFORT, not to be wasted in a crisis. “It is false,” says Napoleon, “that we fired first with blank charge; it had been waste of life to do that! Most false, the firing was with sharp and sharpest shot.”—*Carlyle, End of French Revolution.*

1849. EFFORT, Personal. In a meeting held in the Meionian, in Boston, January 5th, 1869, the subject of personal effort and personal influence was introduced; and after others had alluded to its importance, an intelligent man arose, and briefly said, “Ten years ago a deacon of the church came to me, and taking me by the hand, and putting his hand on my shoulder, and calling me by name, said, ‘*Isn't it time for you to find your Saviour?*’ I turned to him and said, ‘Deacon, you mind your business, and I will mind mine.’ He left me, but those words, ‘Isn't it time for you to find your Saviour,’ followed me, and I could not escape from them until I found my Saviour and was forgiven.”

1850. EFFORT, Victory of. I have a door with a patent lock, which was designed to keep burglars out, and which I know will, because it keeps the owner out a good deal of the time! I go and put in the key, and push, and wait for the bolt to fly back with a click—for only when that is heard is it worth while to attempt to open the door; but it does not come. The door now and then has the sulks; and I have sometimes stood, and stood, and stood, working at that lock. There was no help for it. It was a choice between staying out and opening that door. I have had to try perhaps twenty times before I could just exactly hit that little slide inside. And I have taken hold of the handle and pushed, and pushed, and said, “I am bound to get in; I *must* get in; I *will* get in.” And after infinite attempts, at last I hear the welcome click. If I had given up after a few trials, I might have found my lodging where I could; but I said to the door, “You have got to come open; you *shall* come open; and I did get it open, and got in.”—*Beecher.*

1851. EFFORTS, seemingly hopeless at first. If we look back to the history of efforts which have made great changes, it is astonishing how many of them seemed hopeless to those who looked on at the beginning. Take what we have all heard and seen something of—the effort after the unity of Italy. Look into Mazzini's account of his first yearning, when he was a boy, after a restored greatness and a new freedom to Italy, and of his first efforts as a young man to rouse the same feelings in other young men and get them to work towards a united nationality. *Almost everything seemed against him:* his countrymen were ignorant or indifferent, Governments hostile, Europe incredulous. Of course the scorners often seemed wise. Yet you see the prophecy lay with him.—*George Eliot.*

1852. EFFORTS, Value of indirect. You see that this wrought-iron plate is not flat; it sticks up a little towards the left—“cockles,” as we say. How shall we flatten it? Obviously, you reply, by hitting

down on the part that is prominent. Well, here is a hammer, and I give the plate a blow as you advise. Harder, you say. Still no effect. Another stroke. Well, there is one, and another, and another. The prominence remains; you see the evil is as great as ever—greater, indeed. But this is not all. Look at the warp which the plate has got near the opposite edge. Where it was flat before it is now curved. A pretty bungle we have made of it. Instead of curing the original defect we have produced a second. Had we asked an artisan practised in “planishing,” as it is called, he would have told us that no good was to be done, but only mischief, by hitting on the projecting part. He would have taught us how to give variously directed and specially adjusted blows with a hammer elsewhere, so attacking the evil not by direct but *indirect* action.—*Herbert Spencer.*

1853. EGOTISM, and misanthropy. In order to be a misanthrope one must be an egotist dwarfing the objects of his spite, and exaggerating the small atom that has arrayed itself against the universe. It is a species of insanity, wherein a mind has lost perception of the correct relationship between different existences. The poor hypochondriac who imagined himself a mountain was a living satire on many of his fellow-creatures, who differed only in being able to keep similar delusions to themselves.—*E. P. Roe.*

1854. EGOTISM, End of. The wise old Greeks say that the lovely youth Narcissus resisted every charm, until he came to look in a still and clear pool. It shone like a mirror. In it he saw his own beautiful form, and fell in love with it, thinking it a deity. That love, necessarily unrequited, was his death, as all self-love must ever be.—*Rev. R. H. Lovell.*

1855. EGOTISM, Example of. “Sandy, what is the state of religion in your town?” “Bad, sir; very bad. There are no Christians except Davis and myself, and I have many doubts about Davis.”—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

1856. EGOTISM, the source of self-deception. To his own mind he (Napoleon) was the source and centre of duty. He was too peculiar and exalted to be touched by the vulgar stain called guilt. *Crimes ceased to be such when perpetrated by himself.* Accordingly he always speaks of his transgressions as of indifferent acts. He never imagined that they tarnished his glory or diminished his claim on the homage of the world. In St. Helena, though talking perpetually of himself, and often reviewing his guilty career, we are not aware that a single compunction escapes him.—*Channing.*

1857. ELECT, and love for souls. Looking through a large library the other day, I came upon an old collection of tracts, printed some two hundred years ago, and one of them, written by an Oxford professor, bore the wonderful title, “Moral reflections upon the number of the elect, proving plainly that not one in a hundred thousand, probably not one in a million, from Adam to our time, shall be saved.” Another Oxford professor, Dr. Legge, when visiting York some years ago, gave me an extract from a Buddhist liturgy in use in China at the present hour. I frankly confess that in all religious literature outside of the New Testament I know nothing equal to this Buddhist vow which expressed the

purpose of Gotama:—“*Never will I seek or receive private salvation, never enter final peace alone; but for ever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature.*” There can be no difficulty in determining which of the two statements is most representative of the spirit and purpose of Jesus Christ.—*Rev. John Hunter (condensed).*

1858. ELECT, Feeling of unworthiness in. That Calvinism was not very dark or sulphurous seems to be shown from his (Rev. John Newton) repeating with gusto the saying of one of the old women of Olney when some preacher dwelt on the doctrine of predestination. “Ah, I have long settled that point; for if God had not chosen me before I was born, I am sure He would have seen nothing to have chosen me for afterwards!”—*Smith's Couper.*

1859. ELECT, Final perseverance of. “It is terrible, yea, it is very terrible,” he (Cromwell on his deathbed) murmured three times in succession, “to fall into the hands of the living God! Do you think,” said he to his chaplain, “that a man who has once been in a state of grace can ever perish eternally?” “No,” replied the chaplain; “there is no possibility of such a relapse.” “Then I am safe,” replied Cromwell; for at one time I am confident that I was chosen. . . . I am the most insignificant of mortals,” continued he after a momentary lapse; “but I have loved God, praised be His name, or, rather *I am beloved by Him.*”—*Lamartine.*

1860. ELECT, Final perseverance of. The wearied one, that very night before the Lord took him to his everlasting rest, was heard thus, with oppressed voice, speaking, “Truly God is good; indeed He is; He will not”—— Then his speech failed him; but I apprehend it was, “He will not leave me.”—*Carlyle (Cromwell's Life and Letters).*

1861. ELECT, how chosen. “The elect are *whosoever will.*” Beecher once said; “the non-elect are *whosoever won't.*”—*B.*

1862. ELECT, Small number of. When Dr. Hussey preached at Watford on the small number of the elect, he asked whether, if the arch of heaven were to open, and the Son of man should appear to judge His hearers, it were quite certain that one of us, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, would be saved. During the whole of this apostrophe the audience was agonised. At the ultimate interrogation, we are told, there was a general shriek, and some fell to the ground.—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

1863. ELECTION, Conditional. A man of colour who had received the Gospel became a preacher amongst his brethren. He was addressed on one occasion by his master in these words: “And so I hear that you have become a preacher, Sam, and that you believe in election.” “Well, yas, sah, I believe dat truth is clearly revealed in the Word of God.” “And I suppose, Sam, that you think that you are one of the elect,” rejoined the master. “Well, sah, I'se prepared to say dat I gib all diligence to make my calling and election sure, dat is true.” “But I suppose you don't think I am one of the elect,” said Sam's master. The sable preacher gave an answer which is well worth quoting. Sam knew his master was given to the pursuit of pleasure,

money, and the service of sin. Very quietly he replied, "Wall, massa, I am not sure about dat; dis I know—I neber knew of an election where dar was no candidate."—*Henry Varley.*

1864. ELECTION, Test of. A gentleman of Arminian principles, being about to pay a Cornish miner, who was a Calvinist, a certain sum of money, addressed him thus: "Is it decreed that I shall pay thee this money?" The miner promptly replied, "Put it into my hand, and I'll tell you." Is it not to be wished that many professors of religion would imitate the conduct of the miner, and infer their "election of grace" merely from their actually possessing the blessing of grace?—*Clerical Library.*

1865. ELEVATING men, Secret of. A gentleman, going into the room where his son was taking lessons in singing, found the tutor urging the boy to sound a certain note. Every time the lad made an attempt, however, he fell short, and his teacher kept saying, "Higher! higher!" But it was all to no purpose, until, descending to the tone which the boy was sounding, the musician accompanied him with his own voice, and let him gradually up to that which he desired to sing; and then he sounded it with ease. We must put ourselves in some respects upon a level with those whom we would elevate, if we would be successful in raising them.

1866. ELEVATION, sometimes a loss. When the Duke of Orleans proposed to make Fontenelle perpetual President of the Academy of Sciences, his reply was, "Take not from me, my lord, the delight of living with my equals."—*Horace Smith.*

1867. ELOQUENCE, Cultivation of. Demosthenes took, as you know, unbounded pains with his voice, and Cicero, who was naturally weak, made a long journey into Greece to correct his manner of speaking. With far nobler themes, let us not be less ambitious to excel. "Deprive me of everything else," says Gregory, of Nazianzen, "but leave me eloquence, and I shall never regret the voyages which I have made in order to study it."—*Spurgeon.*

1868. ELOQUENCE, consecrated, Power of. The late Rev. Dr. Andrew Carstairs, minister of Anstruther-Wester, was reputed for the excellence of his communion addresses. He was in the habit of exhorting tables at the celebration of the communion at Dunino. The parish minister asked an elderly widow as to her opinion of the Doctor's services. "'Deed, sir," said the widow, "I just begin to greet whan Dr. Carstairs begins to speak, for I ken I'm sure he'll mak' me greet before he's dune."—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

1869. ELOQUENCE, may be ineffective. There is a story told of a saint who preached to the fishes a most delightful sermon. The fishes were all charmed; but the narrator says—

"The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing;
The eels went on eeling;
Much delighted were they—
But preferred the old way."

It is well to please an audience; but please it to its edification. Make the truth stick.—*Spurgeon.*

1870. ELOQUENCE, ought not to be misused. Papinian, the counsellor of Severus, was put to

death, so Gibbon tells us, because he refused to use his eloquence in apologising for a murder. "It was easier," he said, "to commit than to justify a parricide."—*B.*

1871. EMANCIPATION, Hour of. The 1st of August 1834 was the day on which the emancipation of 700,000 of our colonial slaves took place. "Throughout the colonies the churches and chapels were thrown open, and the slaves crowded into them on the evening of the 31st July. As the hour of midnight approached they fell upon their knees and awaited the solemn moment, all hushed in silent prayer. When twelve sounded from the chapel bells they sprang upon their feet, and through every island rang the glad sound of thanksgiving to the Father of all, for the chains were broken and the slaves were free."—*Heroes of Britain.*

1872. EMOTIONS, as toward man and God, contrasted. All human emotion towards human beings is fluctuating, and made up of opposite ingredients, even towards our earthly father: towards God, unmingled and one, and this unmingledness and oneness is in truth a new emotion; it exists nowhere else. Men's conduct seldom shows this; but it is in the soul of many, most men. I once saw in a dream a most beautiful flower, in a wide bed of flowers, all of which were beautiful. But this one flower was especially before my soul for a while as I advanced towards the place where they all were growing. Its character became more and more transcendent as I approached, and the one large flower of which it consisted was lifted up considerably above the rest. I saw that it was Light—a prismatic globe, quite steady, and burning with a purity and sweetness, and almost an affectionate spirit of beauty, as if it were alive.—*Professor Wilson.*

1873. ENCOURAGEMENT, and faith. When menaced by Indian war and domestic rebellion, when distrustful of those around him, and apprehensive of disgrace at court, he (Columbus) sank for a time into complete despondency. In this hour of gloom, when abandoned to despair, he heard in the night a voice addressing him in words of comfort, "O man of little faith! why art thou cast down? Fear nothing, I will provide for thee. The seven years of the term of gold are not expired; in that, and in all other things, I will take care of thee."—*Washington Irving.*

1874. ENCOURAGEMENT, Timely. As Luther was passing to the assembly-room of the Diet a noted commander, George Von Frundsberg, touched him on the shoulder, and said, "My dear monk, thou art now about taking a step the like of which neither I nor many a commander on the hardest-fought battlefield has ever taken. If thou art right and sure of thy cause, proceed in God's name, and be of good cheer; God will not forsake thee."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

1875. ENCOURAGEMENT, Use of. Once a house caught fire, and a little child was seen at a window in the topmost of three stories. A fireman went up the ladder to the rescue, but when he reached the second floor smoke and fire burst upon him, and he wavered. Some one in the crowd cried, "Cheer him!" and cheer upon cheer went up; and up went the man and rescued that little child.—*Moody.*

1876. **END, Premonitions of.** Dr. Arnold's last subject given to his pupils for an exercise was, "*Domus ultima*" ("The last house"); the last translation for Latin verses, Spenser's verses on the death of Sidney, and the last words in his lecture on the New Testament, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." He observed with solemnity that "the mere contemplation of Christ shall transform us into His likeness."—*Life's Last Hours.*

1877. **END, Unconscious sense of.** Churchill, in the unfinished "Journey," the last fragment found among his papers, showed a strange unconscious kind of sense of being near his end. He calls it the plain unlaboured Journey of a Day, and closes with the line—

"I on my journey all alone proceed!"

The poem was not meant to close here, but a greater Hand interposed. That line of mournful significance is the last that was written by Churchill!—*Timbs.*

1878. **ENDEAVOUR, Fruitless.** A tale of chivalry relates how the fair Astrid wandered in the moonlight seeking flowers for the wreath she was twining, but always when the last had just been woven in the garland it would drop asunder in her hands, and she had to begin again her sad endeavour, ever renewed, and ever in vain. It is an allegory of the ceaselessness, and yet the fruitlessness, of these human endeavours and enterprises of ours.—*B.*

1879. **ENDEAVOURS, Value of.** Sir Richard Sutton, when ambassador to Prussia, was taken by Frederick the Great to see his regiment of giants. He said, "Do you think any regiment in the English army could fight my men, man for man?" "Well, your Majesty," he said, "I don't know; but I know half the number would try at it." It often happened that those who tried at a thing did it.—*Spurgeon.*

1880. **ENDOWMENTS, Danger of.** Some one offered me money the other day to found a scholarship in connection with my college. I declined. Why should I gather money which would remain after I am gone to uphold teaching of which I might entirely disapprove? No! Let each generation provide for its own wants. Let my successor, if I have one in the college, do as I have done, and secure the funds which he needs for his own teaching. I wish there were no religious endowments of any shape or kind among Dissenters or Churchmen, for I never yet knew a chapel enjoying an endowment which did not find that instead of its being a blessing it was a curse. One great object of every religious teacher should be to prevent the creation of external appliances to make his teaching appear to live when it is dead. If there were no endowments an error would soon burst up, whereas an artificial vitality is imparted to it by bolstering it up with endowments.—*Spurgeon.*

1881. **ENDOWMENTS, Danger of.** An old tradition bears, that when Constantine, the Emperor, first endowed the Church a voice was heard from heaven crying out, "*This day is poison poured into her!*" Whatever may be thought of the tradition, no one can doubt the fulfilment of the prophecy.—*Horace Smith.*

1882. **ENDURANCE, Courting.** St. John of the Cross had two places offered him to die at. At one of them his enemy was the prior. He bade them carry him hither, for there he would have most to endure. The infamous prior treated him with the utmost severity, although his implacable hatred had already heaped every wrong in his power on the dying saint.—*Vaughan.*

1883. **ENDURANCE, Patient.** Speaking of the silent and patient endurance of the Irish peasantry during the famine in 1847, Elihu Burritt says:—"I spent four days in Skibbereen, the most distressed district of Ireland. From morning till night I was out, exploring the dark habitations of hunger, and saw sights and heard sounds of the human voice which haunted my dreams for years afterwards. . . . One misty morning I lifted a piece of old tarpaulin from a form lying on a dung-heap in a farmer's barn-yard. And there was the dead body of a man who had laid down there and died among the farmer's pigs and poultry, when a single chicken would have saved his life. But they were the property of another; and at death's door, with sweet life pleading within him with its thousand longings, he dared not slay and eat in the dark the smallest of the brood to save him from dying on the dung-heap."

1884. **ENDURANCE, Patient, necessary.** As to the fighting part of the matter, the men of all nations are pretty much alike; they fight as much as they find necessary, and no more. But, sir, for the grand essential in the composition of the good soldier give me the Dutchman—he starves well.—*General Daniel Morgan.*

1885. **ENDURANCE, silent, Secret of.** There lived in a village near Burnley a girl who was persecuted in her own home because she was a Christian. She struggled bravely, seeking strength from God, and rejoicing that she was a partaker of Christ's sufferings. The struggle was too much for her, but He willed it so; and at length her sufferings were ended. When they came to take off the clothes from her poor dead body, they found a piece of paper sewn inside her dress, and on it was written, "He opened not His mouth."

1886. **ENEMIES, conquered.** Some courtiers reproached the Emperor Sigismund that, instead of destroying his conquered foes, he admitted them to favour. "Do I not," replied this illustrious monarch, "effectually destroy my enemies when I make them my friends?"

1887. **ENEMIES, Detraction of.** In the Roman Catholic Church the person who shows cause against the canonisation of one proposed for sainthood is called *advocatus diaboli*. He insists upon the weak points in the good man's or woman's life. Hence the name is sometimes applied to all who detract from the character of good men. Most men have their *advocatus diaboli*.—*American Cyclopædia.*

1888. **ENEMIES, Gentleness towards.** The only point Luther promised to reconsider when before the Diet at Worms was the violence of his language against his enemies.—*Good Words.*

1889. **ENEMIES, help a good cause.** Sir Thomas More, being Lord Chancellor, and having several persons accused of heresy and ready for execution,

offered to compound with one of them, named George Constantine, for his life upon the easy terms of discovering to him who they were in London that maintained Tindal beyond the sea. After the poor man had obtained as good a security for his life as the honour and truth of the Chancellor could give, he told him it was the Bishop of London who maintained him, by purchasing the first impression of his Testaments. The Chancellor smiled, and said he believed that he spoke the truth.

1890. ENEMIES, Love of. The venerable Dr. Duff once read the Sermon on the Mount to a number of Hindoo youths, and when he came to the passage: "I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you," so deep and intense was the impression produced on one of them that he exclaimed in ecstasy, "Oh! how beautiful, how divine! this is the truth, this is the truth!" and for days and weeks he could not help exclaiming, "*Love your enemies!*" constantly exclaiming, "How beautiful! Surely this is the truth."

1891. ENEMIES, Love your. A little before Tetzels death, Luther, hearing of his anguish of mind, and sympathising with him in his distress, wrote to him in the most kind and consolatory strains, and begged him not to be distressed at the recollection of anything that had passed between them.

1892. ENEMIES, of the upright. A certain honest and God-forsaking man, at Wittenberg, told me that though he lived peaceably with every one, hurt no man, was ever quiet, yet many people were enemies unto him. I comforted him in this manner: "Arm thyself with patience, and be not angry though they hate thee; what offence, I pray, do we give the devil? What ails him to be so great an enemy unto us? Only because he has not that which God has; I know no other cause of his vehement hatred towards us. If God give thee to eat, eat; if He cause thee to fast, be resigned thereto; gives He thee honours, take them; hurt or shame, endure it; casts He thee into prison, murmur not; will He make thee a king, obey him; casts he thee down again, heed it not."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

1893. ENEMIES, Treatment of. When Marshal Narvaez, it is related, was on his deathbed, his confessor asked him if he freely forgave all his enemies. "I have no enemies," replied the dying Marshal proudly. "Everybody must have made enemies in the course of his life," suggested the priest, mildly, "Oh, of course," replied the Marshal, "I have had a great number of enemies in my time, but I have none now. I have had them all shot!"

1894. ENEMIES, Treatment of. During the American Revolutionary War there was living in Pennsylvania Peter Miller, pastor of a little Baptist church. Near the church lived a man who secured an unenviable notoriety by his abuse of Miller and the Baptists. He was also guilty of treason, and was for this sentenced to death. No sooner was the sentence pronounced than Peter Miller set out on foot to visit General Washington at Philadelphia, to intercede for the man's life. He was told that his prayer could not be granted. "My friend!" exclaimed Miller; "*I have not a worse enemy living*

than that man." "What!" rejoined Washington, "you have walked sixty miles to save the life of your enemy? That, in my judgment, put's the matter in a different light; I will grant you his pardon." The pardon was made out, and Miller at once proceeded on foot to a place fifteen miles distant, where the execution was to take place on the afternoon of the same day. He arrived just as the man was being carried to the scaffold, who, seeing Miller in the crowd, remarked, "There is old Peter Miller. He has walked all the way from Ephrata to have his revenge gratified to-day by seeing me hung." These words were scarcely spoken before Miller gave him his pardon, and his life was spared.

1895. ENEMY, Loving. A slave, who had, by the force of his sterling worth, risen high in the confidence of his master, saw one day, trembling in the slave-market, a Negro, whose grey head and bent form showed him to be in the last weakness of old age. He implored his master to purchase him. The old man was bought and conveyed to the estate. When there, he who had pleaded for him took him to his own cabin, placed him in his own bed, fed him at his own board, gave him water from his own cup; when he shivered, carried him into the sunshine; when he drooped in the heat, bore him softly to the shade. "What is the meaning of all that?" asked a witness. "Is he your father?" "No." "Is he your brother?" "No." "Is he, then, your friend?" "No; *he is my enemy.* Years ago he stole me from my native village, and sold me for a slave; and the good Lord has said, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

1896. ENEMY, Treatment of. A certain Italian, having his enemy in his power, told him there was no possible way for him to save his life unless he would immediately deny and renounce his Saviour. The timorous wretch, in hopes of mercy, did it; when the other forthwith stabbed him to the heart, saying that now he had a full and noble revenge, for he had killed at once both his body and soul.

1897. ENERGY and decision, Effects of. At the Battle of Fort Donelson, when ready for the final assault, General Buckner, the Confederate commander, proposed an armistice to settle terms of capitulation. Grant wanted no armistice. He knew his advantage, and replied, "No terms but unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. *I propose to move immediately upon your works.*" Buckner surrendered forthwith.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

1898. ENERGY, counts as well as numbers. Darius sent to Alexander the Great a bag of sesame-seed, symbolising the number of his army. In return Alexander sent a sack of mustard-seed, showing not only the numbers, but the *fiery energy* of his soldiers.—*D'Herbelot.*

1899. ENERGY, Worth of. With such tremendous energy did Napoleon attack the English and Austrian armies that he received from his antagonists the sobriquet of the *one hundred thousand men*, his presence in the field being considered equal to that force.—*Life of Napoleon.*

1900. ENGAGEMENTS, how kept sometimes. I had engaged to give a lecture for five dollars.

After it was over a grave-looking deacon came to me and said, "Mr. Holmes, we agreed to give you five dollars, but your talk wasn't just what we expected, and I guess that tew-fifty will dew."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

1901. ENJOYMENT, All that is left of. A more extraordinary legacy than that bequeathed to his fellow-citizens by Father la Loque cannot well be imagined. At his death his body was found stretched on a miserable bed in an attic of the Quartier de Grenelle, which is anything but a fashionable district of Paris. He was an old man, had lived in the simplest way, sustaining himself almost entirely on bread. His room contained hardly any furniture, yet hid in a corner was found a little cupboard with numerous shelves, and on these were sorted with the greatest order regiments of corks. In the centre was a manuscript written by the Père la Loque, on which he stated that he had formerly been in possession of considerable wealth, now squandered; that of all his greatness there remained but these corks, drawn in better times to welcome many a friend who now had forgotten him; that age and ruin had taught their moral, and that on each cork would be found written its history. This the old man did, hoping that it would serve as a timely warning, and that, placed on the shelves of some museum or of a philosopher's study, they might be found to illustrate human nature. On one of the corks was an inscription to this effect—"Champagne cork; bottle emptied 12th of May 1843, with M. B—, who wished to interest me in a business by which I was to make ten millions. This affair cost me 50,000 f. M. B— escaped to Belgium. A caution to amateurs." On another appears the following note:—"Cork of Cyprus wine, of a bottle emptied on the 4th of December 1850, with a dozen fast friends. Of these I have not found a single one to help me on the day of my ruin."—*Once a Week.*

1902. ENJOYMENT, may surfeit. In travelling abroad, in going through Switzerland, in visiting galleries, in seeking out those rarities of which I had read, and about which I knew much, but which I had never beheld, with good health and pleasing society, I went from day to day to the maximum of possibility. I enjoyed until there was no more power in me to enjoy, and stopped long before the sun went down, simply because I was used up. I could carry a pretty good load for a while; but I frequently had a realising sense that there was a definite limit to the capacity of a man to carry things, even when they were accessible to him. You may look until your eye ceases to see what you look upon. You may listen until your ear fails to hear the sounds which fall upon it. You may enjoy until the fibre says, "I cannot vibrate any more." And a man thanks sleep at last, as the unnamed and unknown luxury of luxuries.—*Beecher.*

1903. ENJOYMENTS, Fleeting nature of. Monsieur de L'Enclos, a man of talent in Paris, educated his daughter Ninon with a view to the gay world. On his deathbed, when she was about fifteen, he addressed her in this language—"Draw near, Ninon; you see, my dear child, that nothing more remains for me than the sad remembrance of those enjoyments which I am about to quit for ever. But, alas! my regrets are useless as vain. You, who will

survive me, must make the best of your precious time."

1904. ENNUI, Cure of. An Eastern caliph, being sorely afflicted with *ennui*, was advised that an exchange of shirts with a man who was perfectly happy would cure him. After a long search he discovered such a man, but was informed that the happy fellow had no shirt.

1905. ENTERPRISE, and perseverance. Years ago a young civil engineer, surveying a great national road, came upon the Niagara river some miles below the cataract. Carefully he approached the precipitous bank and looked over; and as he saw, hundreds of feet below, the wild torrent, rushing and roaring through the mighty chasm, dashing its breakers twenty feet high against its adamant barriers, he recoiled disheartened, affrighted. Here seemed a physical ordinance of heaven that he could not—dare not pass. But as he considered, he grew bolder. He might cross it—he would cross it. Presently you find him pledging himself to the company concerned in the road, that, on certain conditions, he would at the expiration of a twelvemonth drive a harnessed horse right over the abyss. The conditions were agreed to. Then he approached the precipice. With a child's kite he bore a small cord to the far side; with that a stronger cord was carried over; then a rope; then a great cable; and then granite piers were raised, supporting iron cables, whereon to lay timbers. The twelvemonth passed, and though the work was unfinished, yet the young man's fears were gone. He was bound to keep his promise. A single row of planks lay along the half-appointed wires, without guard or balustrade. He appeared with his harnessed horse on the brink, and though the creature trembled in every limb, and the planks shook at the tread, and the frail roadway swayed in the strong wind, yet, with an iron will and hand, the fearless driver forced it on and over that terrible path. And to-day behold how the immense commerce of two nations and the wealth and fashion of all lands rush thoughtlessly, fearlessly, over that grand barrier of nature, filling all the air with the hum of industry and the joyous songs of pleasure!—*Wadsworth.*

1906. ENTERPRISE, Stimulus to. The ancient islanders of the Mediterranean, in order to teach their children the use of the bow and the art of war, suspended their breakfast every morning from the bough of a tree, and made them shoot for it, well knowing that their hunger would sharpen their aim as well as their appetites. So a benevolent Providence, in order to impose upon us a similar necessity and motive of mental activity, has hung not only our food, but the gratification of every sense, as it were, upon a tall tree, and taught our ideas to shoot for it—or, without the figure, to think for it.—*Elihu Burritt.*

1907. ENTHUSIASM, Absorbing nature of. Such was his (Don's) enthusiastic love of alpine plants, that he spent whole months at a time collecting them among the gloomy solitudes of the Grampians; his only food a little meal or a bit of crust, moistened in the mountain burn, and his only couch a bed of heather or moss in the shelter of a rock.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

1908. ENTHUSIASM, Absorbing nature of. Dronais, a pupil of David, the French painter, was

a youth of fortune, but the solitary pleasure of his youth was his devotion to Raffaele; he was at his studies from four in the morning till night. "Painting or nothing!" was the cry of this enthusiast. "First fame, then amusement," was another. His sensibility was great as his enthusiasm; and he cut in pieces the picture for which David declared he would inevitably obtain the prize. "I have had my reward in your approbation; but next year I shall feel more certain of deserving it," was the reply of this young enthusiast.—*I. D'Israeli.*

1909. ENTHUSIASM, Absorbing power of. When I have stood looking at that picture (Raffaele's "Transfiguration"), from figure to figure, the eagerness, the spirit, the close unaffected attention of each figure to the principal action, my thoughts have carried me away, that I have forgotten myself, and for that time might be looked upon as an enthusiastic madman; for I could really fancy the whole action was passing before my eyes.—*Reynolds.*

1910. ENTHUSIASM, A child's, contagious. I heard of a minister who went to preach somewhere in the north, and he was directed to tell the driver when he got to the station to drive him to "Ebenezer" Chapel. He acted upon these instructions, when the driver turned to his "fare" and said, "Ebenezer! Oh, you mean Little Charley's Chapel, don't you?" "Little Charley's Chapel! No, I mean Ebenezer." "Yes; we old folks know it as Little Charley's Chapel," he said. "Why do you call it Little Charley's Chapel?" "Little Charley laid the foundation-stone. The fact is, a few years ago we wanted a new chapel, but times were very bad, and the people were very poor, and labour and materials were very dear, so we resolved to give it up. But a day or two after the meeting a little boy came to the minister's door and rang the bell. The minister came out himself, and found the little fellow with his face all flushed and the perspiration standing on his forehead, and his little toy wheelbarrow, in which there were six new bricks. At last he found breath to answer the minister's wondering question, 'Well, Charley, what is it?' 'Oh, please, sir,' said Charley, 'I heard you wanted a new chapel, and were thinking of giving it up; so I begged these few bricks from some builders down the village, and I thought they would do to begin with.' The minister called the committee together again, and Charley's little barrowful of bricks was brought before them. The child's enthusiasm was contagious, and the desponding committee plucked up heart; and little Charley laid the first stone of the big chapel, which will hold 1000 people, and cost £6000; and now it is out of debt."—*Rev. A. Mursell.*

1911. ENTHUSIASM, Blundering. Now-a-days we hear men tear a single sentence of Scripture from its connection, and cry, "Eureka! Eureka!" as if they had found a new truth; and yet they have not discovered a diamond, but a piece of broken glass. *Spurgeon.*

1912. ENTHUSIASM, Effects of. One thing I admire about Garibaldi—his enthusiasm. In 1867, when he went on his way to Rome, he was told that if he got there he would be imprisoned. Said he, "If fifty Garibaldis are imprisoned, let Rome be free!" And when the cause of Christ is buried so

deep in our hearts that we do not think of ourselves and are willing to die, then we will reach our fellow-men. Five years ago I went to Edinburgh, and stopped a week to hear one man speak—Dr. Duff, the returned missionary. A friend told me a few things about him, and I went to light my torch with his burning words. My friend said that the year before he had spoken for some time, and had fainted in the midst of his speech. When he recovered he said, "I was speaking for India, was I not?" And they said he was, "Take me back, that I may finish my speech." And notwithstanding the entreaties of those around, he insisted on returning; and they brought him back. He then said, "Is it true that we have been sending appeal after appeal for young men to go to India, and none of our sons have gone? Is it true, Mr. Moderator, that Scotland has no more sons to give to the Lord Jesus? If true, although I have spent twenty-five years there, and lost my constitution—if it is true that Scotland has no more sons to give, I will be off tomorrow, and go to the shores of the Ganges, and there be a witness for Christ."—*Moody.*

1913. ENTHUSIASM, Need of. The late Rev. William Arnot of Edinburgh used to tell a story of his being at a railway station, where he grew weary of waiting for the train to move. He inquired of one of the train-men what the trouble was, and asked if it was want of water. "Plenty of water," was the quick reply; "but it's no b'ilin'." . . . We have no lack of religious machinery in church and Sabbath-school and benevolent societies. The engines are on the track and train-men in their places; and if there is little or no progress, may it not be because the water is "no b'ilin'?"—*Dr. Cuyler.*

1914. ENTHUSIASM, Power of. The first followers of the apostles, no doubt, were, like their teachers, unlearned and ignorant men. They had no printed books; they had short creeds and very simple forms of worship. I doubt much if they could stand an examination in the Thirty-nine Articles or the creed of Athanasius, or even in the Church Catechism. But what they knew they knew thoroughly, believed intensely, and propagated earnestly with a burning enthusiasm. They grasped with both hands, and not with finger and thumb, the truths on which they lived, and for which they were ready to die. Armed with these truths, without gold to bribe or the sword to compel assent, they turned the world upside down, confounded the Greek and Roman philosophers, and altered in two or three centuries the whole face of society.—*Bishop Ryle.*

1915. ENTHUSIASM, Pulpit. A pastor had once to preach a collection sermon, when he inquired to what the offertory was to be devoted. He was told that it was to go for the purchase of a stove and warming apparatus. "Put a stove into the pulpit," was his comment afterwards, and a wise one too.—*Rev. J. T. Briscoe.*

1916. ENTHUSIASM, Reasonableness of. Rowland Hill was a man of powerful voice, and was sometimes completely carried away by the impetuous rush of his feelings. On one such occasion, while preaching at Wotton, he exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. But I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the

country I was working on yonder hill. I saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at the distance of a mile. Help came and rescued the poor sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then. And when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and I call aloud to them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now?"

1917. ENTHUSIAST, Misunderstood. George Stephenson was accounted a madman by a committee of the House of Commons for devising a system of locomotion which will render his name illustrious till time shall be no more.—*Dean Hook.*

1918. ENTHUSIAST, Value of. A century ago the first Lord Lansdowne asked what he could possibly do to reform the profligate people of Calne (for they were so then), and even the Arian Dr. Price replied, "Send them an enthusiast!" It was sound advice. An enthusiast alone is likely to be a divinely successful missionary to heathen at home or abroad.—*Rev. Charles Stanford.*

1919. ENVY, and malevolence. Mutius, a citizen of Rome, was noted to be of such an envious and malevolent disposition, that Publius, one day, observing him to be very sad, said, "Either some great evil is happened to Mutius, or some great good to another."—*Buck.*

1920. ENVY, and malevolence. Dionysius the tyrant, out of envy, punished Philoxenus the musician because he could sing, and Plato the philosopher because he could dispute better than himself.—*Plutarch.*

1921. ENVY, in a Christian. "Who is this elder son?" the question was once asked in an assembly of ministers at Elberfeldt. Daniel Krummacher made answer, "I know him very well; I met him yesterday." "Who is he?" they asked eagerly; and he replied solemnly, "Myself." He then explained that on the previous day, hearing that a very ill-conditioned person had received a very gracious visitation of God's goodness, he had felt not a little envy and irritation.—*Stier's Words of Jesus.*

1922. ENVY, in Christian circles. The late Dr. Waugh, of London, being once present in a company consisting of nearly forty gentlemen, when a young man, who was then a student for the ministry, was entertaining those around him with ungenerous strictures upon a popular preacher in the city, he looked at him for a time with a strong mixture of pity and grief in his countenance. When he had by this manner arrested the attention of the speaker he mildly, but pointedly, remarked, "My friend, there is a saying in a good old book which I would recommend to your reflection: 'The spirit that dwelleth within us lusteth to envy.'"—*Whitecross.*

1923. ENVY, in literary circles. Why does Plato never mention Xenophon, and why does Xenophon inveigh against Plato, studiously collecting every little rumour which might detract from his fame? They wrote on the same subject. The studied affectation of Aristotle to differ from the doctrines of his master, Plato, while he was following them, led him into ambiguities and contradictions which have been remarked. The two fathers

of our poetry, Chaucer and Gower, suffered their friendship to be interrupted towards the close of their lives. Chaucer bitterly reflects on his friend for the indelicacy of some of his tales: "Of all such *curst stories* I say fy!" and Gower, evidently in return, erased those verses in praise of his friend which he had inserted in the first copy of his "Confessio Amantis." Why did Corneille, tottering to the grave, when Racine consulted him on his first tragedy, advise the author never to write another? Why does Voltaire continually detract from the sublimity of Corneille, the sweetness of Racine, and the fire of Crebillon? Why did Dryden never speak of Otway with kindness but when in his grave, then acknowledging that Otway excelled him in the pathetic? Why did Leibnitz speak slightly of Locke's essay, and meditate on nothing less than the complete overthrow of Newton's system?—*I. D'Israeli.*

1924. ENVY, magnifies defects. A number of physicians, it is told, were once disputing as to what would be the best to sharpen the sight. Some recommended one thing and some another, till at length one said there was nothing would do it like envy, for it magnifies and multiplies all the errors of man.—*New Handbook of Illustration.*

1925. ENVY, punishes itself. A Burmese potter says the legend, became envious of the prosperity of a washerman, and, to ruin him, induced the King to order him to wash one of his black elephants white, that he might be lord of the white elephant. The washerman replied, that, by the rules of his art, he must have a vessel large enough to wash him in. The King ordered the potter to make him such a vessel. When made, it was crushed by the first step of the elephant in it. Many trials failed, and the potter was ruined by the very scheme he had intended should crush his enemy.—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdote.*

1926. EQUALITY, in the Church. When Eulogius, Bishop of Alexandria, as was common with the Greeks, employed in one of his letters to Gregory the term, "As you commanded," Gregory prayed him always to avoid such expressions; "for I know who I am, and who you are. According to rank you are my brother; according to piety you are my father. *I have not commanded you, but only sought to explain to you what seems to me to be profitable.*"—*Dean Hook.*

1927. EQUIVOCATOR, Fate of. Erasmus used to say, "Let others aspire to martyrdom; as for me, I do not think myself worthy of it. I fear, if any disturbance were to arise, I should imitate Peter in his fall." Duke George of Saxony, having received a shifty answer to a question he had put to him, said, "My dear Erasmus, wash me the fur without wetting it!" Secundus Curio, in one of his works, describes two heavens—the papal and the Christian. He found Erasmus in neither, but discovered him *revolving between both in never-ending orbits.*—*D'Aubigne (condensed).*

1928. ERROR, Danger of a single. Some time ago a party of workmen were employed in building a very tall shot-tower. In laying a corner one brick, either by accident or carelessness, was set a little out of line. The work went on without its being noticed, but as each course of brick was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not

put up exactly, straight, and the higher they built the more insecure it became. One day, when the tower had been carried up about fifty feet, there was a tremendous crash. The building had fallen, burying the men in its ruins. All the previous work was lost, the materials wasted, and, worse still, valuable lives were sacrificed, and all this from one brick laid wrong at the start. How little the workman who laid that one brick wrong thought of the mischief he was making for the future! That one faulty brick, which the workman did not see, caused all this trouble and death.

1929. ERROR, Vastness a cause of. Admiral Magalhaens, sailing along the coast of Brazil in search of what he fancied might be an entrance leading into the Pacific Ocean, was lured into the broad mouth of the La Plata, and for some time thought he had found what he sought. The enormous size of the estuary had deceived him; but, discovering his mistake, he was compelled to continue his search farther southward.

1930. ESCAPE, A narrow. On a bright July morning a famous scientist of England started with two gentlemen to ascend the Fiz Morteratsch, a steep and lofty snow-mountain in Switzerland. Though experienced mountaineers, they took with them Jenni, the boldest guide in that district. After reaching the summit of the Morteratsch, they started back, and soon arrived at a steep slope covered with thin snow. They were lashed together with a strong rope, which was tied to each man's waist. "Keep carefully in my steps, gentlemen," said Jenni, "for a false step here might start the snow, and send us down in an avalanche." He had scarcely spoken when the whole field of snow began to slide down the icy mountain-side, carrying the unfortunate climbers with it at a terrible pace. A steeper slope was before them, and at the end of it a *precipice*! The three foremost men were almost buried in the whirling snow. Below them were the jaws of death. Everything depended upon getting a foothold. Jenni shouted loudly, "Halt, halt!" and with desperate energy, drove his iron-nailed boots into the firm ice beneath the moving snow. Within a few rods of the precipice Jenni got a hold with his feet, and was able to bring the party up all standing, when two seconds more would have swept them into the chasm.—*Cuyler*.

1931. ESCAPE, now or never. There are bays along rocky coasts. Where promontories stretch out, a bay runs in. When the tide is out, it is charming to walk about on the sand. But when the tide comes in there is danger, unless one is on the alert; for it comes stealing in almost imperceptibly, and often shuts off the promontories long before it runs up into the bay. And if a man is amusing himself there with no heed and no outlook, the insidious tide, which comes in sweet as the blossoming of a flower, but with all the power of the ocean behind it, will overtake him. If he does not flee before the promontories are shut off, he will never flee. It is *now or never* with him. There is many and many a man hemmed in between two promontories which invite the tide and the ocean. Now is your time to escape. If you wait till the tide comes in you will be drowned. If there are any here in whom the tide of appetite, or the tide of passion, or the tide of infatuation for gambling, or the tide of corruption is out, now is the time

for you to flee. Do not wait for it to come back again. Be precipitate, and save your souls.—*Beecher*.

1932. ESCAPE, Seeking a way of. Along the sea-shore, in some places, there are ranges of high rocks. Against these the winds and storms often drive the waves and tides of the sea with great fury. But when the tide is down, and the heavens are calm, a broad sandy place is left between the sea and these rocks, and one who had never seen the sea in a storm there would suppose the waves never reached those rocks. One day a gentleman was walking along on the sand between the rocks and the sea, picking up shells and little stones. The day was bright and calm, and the grand sea on one side, and the rugged rocks on the other, made him forget that the tide would soon be up. So he went on gathering shells. Presently he felt a little breeze fanning his face; the sea began to roar; he looked, and a wave was seen in the distance. He said, "Oh, I have time enough yet. Yonder is a place in the rocks where I can easily get up." The shells were pretty, and he went on gathering them. But the waves came on one after another, nearer and nearer; at last they lashed his very feet. He then moved off to make his escape. But he had deceived himself in supposing the rocks were so near him. He flew for his life, while the waves pursued him like some terrible enemy. He mounted the rocks at the nearest possible point. He did not ask, "Will my hands be torn in the attempt to climb? Will not the storm cease?" He did not say, "I am not to blame for my dangerous situation." No. He struggled for life, and by tremendous effort, and through great danger, he escaped by climbing to the top.—*Bishop Meade*.

1933. ESTATE, Care for its advantages. Edmund Waller, the poet, was born to a fair estate, by the parsimony or frugality of a wise father and mother, and he thought it so commendable an advantage, that he resolved to *improve it with his utmost care*.—*Clarendon*.

1934. ETERNAL happiness, Thought of. An eminent minister, after having been silent in company for a considerable time, on being asked the reason, signified that the powers of his mind had been solemnly absorbed with the thought of eternal happiness. "Oh, my friends," said he, with an energy that surprised all present, "consider what it is to be *for ever with the Lord*—for ever, for ever, for ever!"—*Whitcross*.

1935. ETERNAL punishment, Doctrine of. I do not accept the doctrine of eternal punishment because I delight in it. I would cast in doubts, if I could, till I had filled hell up to the brim. I would destroy all faith in it; but that would do me no good; I could not destroy the thing. . . . I cannot alter the stern fact. The exposition of future punishment in God's Word is not to be regarded as a threat, but as a merciful declaration. If, in the ocean of life, over which we are bound to eternity, *there* are these rocks and shoals, it is no cruelty to chart them down; it is an eminent and prominent mercy.—*Beecher*.

1936. ETERNITY, Admonition concerning. A Christian traveller tells us that he saw the following religious admonition on the subject of eternity printed on a folio sheet, and hanging in a public

room of an inn in Savoy; and it was placed, he understood, in every house in the parish:—"Understand well the force of the words—a God, a moment, an eternity; a God who sees thee, a moment which flies from thee, an eternity which awaits thee; a God whom you serve so ill, a moment of which you so little profit, an eternity which you hazard so rashly."—*Arvine.*

1937. ETERNITY, a stimulus to work. That eminent American preacher, the seraphic Summerfield, when he lay a-dying, turned round to a friend in the room and said, "I have taken a look into eternity. Oh, *if I could come back and preach again*, how differently would I preach from what I have done before!"

1938. ETERNITY, and fashion. A lady whom the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan was one day visiting, having made many inquiries and remarks relating to his birth, family, and connections, "My dear Madam," said Mr. Cadogan, "I wonder you can spend so much time upon so poor a subject! I called to converse with you upon the things of eternity!"

1939. ETERNITY, and the Christian. Being asked if he were not afraid to enter into a world of spirits, he answered, "No; a persuasion that Christ is mine makes me think that when I first appear in that world all the spirits there will use me well on Christ's account."—*Life of Rev. John Brown, of Haddington.*

1940. ETERNITY and time, Happiness in. A profligate young man, as an aged hermit passed by him barefoot, called out after him, "Father, what a miserable condition you are in if there be not another world after this!" "True, my son," replied the anchorite; "but *what will thine be* if there be?"

1941. ETERNITY, Employment of. "What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?" said Ducros, as the Girondins (French Revolution) were whiling away their last evening here on earth. And each of them replied as the humour took him or the subject impressed him. The favourite answer seems to have been, "We shall sleep after the fatigues of the day."—*Francis Jacox.*

1942. ETERNITY, Important things belong unto. Over the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, "All that which *pleases* is but for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, and there are the words, "All that which *troubles* us is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription, "*That only is important which is eternal.*" If we realise always these three truths, we will not let trifles trouble us, nor be interested so much in the passing pageants of the hour. We would live, as we do not now, for the permanent and the eternal.—*Christian Age.*

1943. ETERNITY, Labour for. "There," exclaimed an artist, on finishing a perishable work on perishable material, "it is done!—and it has been thirty years in doing!" We labour for eternity; and shall we think a life long to devote to endless results?—*Dr. A. Reed.*

1944. ETERNITY, Length of. "Johnny Stittle," a redoubtable preacher who used to hold forth at Cambridge, compared eternity, in one of his sermons, to a great clock, which said "tick" in one century, and "tack" in the next. Then, suddenly turning to some gowmsmen, he said, "Now go home and calculate the length of the pendulum."—*Alford.*

1945. ETERNITY, Nearness to. "I was struck," says a lady, in a confidential letter to a friend, "with his (Burns') appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was imprinted on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, 'Well, madam, have you any commands for another world?'"—*Currie's Life of Burns.*

1946. ETERNITY, Power of the word. A certain lady, having spent the afternoon and evening at cards and in gay company, when she came home found her servant-maid reading a pious book. "Poor melancholy soul," said she, "what pleasure canst thou find in poring so long over a book like that?" When the lady went to bed she could not fall asleep, but lay sighing and weeping so much, that her servant, overhearing her, came and asked her, once and again, what was the matter with her. At length she burst out into a flood of tears, and said, "Oh! it was one word I saw in your book that troubles me; there I saw that word—ETERNITY." The consequence of this impression was, that she laid aside her cards, forsook her gay company, and set herself seriously to prepare for another world.

1947. ETERNITY, Preaching. Massillon in his first sermon found his audience inclined to be drowsy, but his manner of beginning speedily changed this. He pictured a trial upon some momentous subject as before competent judges. Then he went on to say *a more important issue was before them*, their "eternal happiness or misery;" the cause undetermined, and perhaps that very moment might decide the irrevocable decree. The attention thus gained he held unto the end.—*B.*

1948. ETERNITY, Preaching. It was a question asked of the brethren, both in the classical and provincial meetings of ministers, twice in the year, if they preached the duties of the times? And when it was found that Mr. Leighton did not, he was censured for this omission, but said, "If all the brethren have preached to the times, may not one poor brother be suffered to preach on eternity?"—*Buck.*

1949. ETERNITY, Preaching for. It was a favourite maxim with Whitefield to preach as Apelles painted—for eternity. He was much struck with a remark Dr. Delany made one day at the table of Archbishop Boulter—"I wish, whenever I go into the pulpit," said the Doctor, "to look upon it as the last time I may ever preach, or the last time the people may hear."—*J. R. Andrews.*

1950. ETERNITY, Prepared for. The Rev. Matthew Warren being asked, in his last hours, how he was, answered, "I am just going into eternity; but I bless God I am neither ashamed to live nor afraid to die."

1951. ETERNITY, Spell of. "Eyes of mine, what is it that perplexes you?" "I have looked," says the eyes, "into the face of a good man, and

seen it to be troubled and full of restlessness." "Hast thou anything in thy experience, O my soul, that can interpret this?" "Just a little" says the soul. "I prayed a while ago to be allowed a glimpse of the unveiled face of Truth. And for days afterwards everything earthly seemed full of imperfections. I have a friend, too, who has lived here an exile from his fatherland for twenty long years in contentment. But a while ago they sent him the picture of his mother, and ever since he has been full of restlessness, and I know before long he will be going home to see her. And when men come under the spell of the eternities, they sometimes have this far-off restless look until God calls them to Himself."—*B.*

1952. **ETERNITY, The thought of.** M. Brideine, a French missionary, and the peer of the most renowned orators of that eloquent nation, preached a sermon at Bagnoli. At the end of it he lifted up his arms, and thrice cried in a loud voice, "O eternity!" At the third repetition of this awful cry the whole audience fell upon their knees. During three days consternation pervaded the town. In public places young and old were heard crying aloud, "O Lord, mercy!"—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

1953. **ETERNITY, Unprepared for.** A couple of friends of mine in the war called upon one of our great Illinois farmers, to get him to give some money for the soldiers, and during their stay he took them up to the cupola of his house and told them to look over yonder, just as far as their eyes could reach, over that beautiful rolling prairie, and they said, "That is very nice." Yes, and it was all his. Then he took them up to another cupola, and said, "Look at that farm, and that, and that:" these were farms stocked, improved, fenced; and they said, "Those are very nice;" and then he showed them horses, cattle, and sheep-yards, and said, "They are all mine." He showed them the town where he lived, which had been named after him, a great hall, and building lots, and those were all his; and, said he, "I came out West a poor boy, without a farthing, and I am worth all this;" but when he got through my friend said, "How much have you got up yonder?" and the old man's countenance fell, for he knew very well what that meant. "What have you got up there—in the other world?" "Well," he says, "I have not got anything there." "Why," says my friend, "what a mistake! A man of your intelligence and forethought and judgment to amass all this wealth; and now that you are drawing to your grave, you will have to leave it all. You cannot take a farthing with you, but you must die a beggar and a pauper;" and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, "It does look foolish." Only a few months after he died, as he had lived, and his property passed to others.—*Moody.*

1954. **ETIQUETTE, Claims of, put aside.** Madame Rudersdorf, the famous singer, who has died lately, was once visiting the Crown Princess of Prussia, when the following incident occurred:—After the marriage of the Princess, Madame sang at a court concert at Berlin, and was invited by the Crown Princess to breakfast with her. They breakfasted together informally, and afterwards Madame sang several songs of Handel's, the Princess's favourite composer, her royal hostess playing her accompaniments. The Princess proposed a visit to the nursery. As Madame was sitting on the floor with

one child playing with the charms on her watch-chain, another hanging over her shoulder, and the baby in her arms, the door opened, and the Crown Prince walked into the midst of the frolic. The Princess arose and introduced her visitor. Madame looked up, and with her ready tact and wit said, "Your Royal Highness, I must either disregard court etiquette or drop the court baby." The Prince bowed courteously, and said, with a smile, "Do what you like with etiquette, but regard the baby."

1955. **ETIQUETTE, Regard for.** Strict Roland, compared to a *Quaker endimanché*, or Sunday Quaker, goes to kiss hands at the Tuilleries, in round hat and sleek hair, his shoes tied with mere riband or ferrat. The supreme Usher twitches Dumoiriez aside: "Quoi, Monsieur! No buckles to his shoes?" "Ah, Monsieur," answers Dumoiriez, glancing towards the ferrat, "all is lost, *tout est perdu*."—*Carlyle.*

1956. **EULOGY, Fulsome.** The Rev. Dr. C—— at one time had as a co-presbyter Daniel V. Thomson, one of the ministers of Kilmarnock, whose portly appearance will still be remembered by those to whom his presence was familiar in Edinburgh and Kilmarnock. On one occasion Mr. Thomson delivered a speech strongly eulogising Dr. C——. The Doctor returned thanks, remarking that he had long known that Mr. Thomson possessed a great deal of the milk of human kindness; "but on this occasion," he said, "I fear he has fairly churned it into butter."—*James Douglas, Ph.D.*

1957. **EVANGELICAL truth, Opposition to.** The Council of the "infallible" Church, sitting in judgment on the astronomer Galileo, declared that "the proposition that the sun is the centre of the universe and immovable, and that the earth is not the centre but moves, is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical." But as, when compelled to "adjudge, curse, and detest the said heresies," on rising from his knees he whispered to a friend, "*E pur se muove*;" even so shall every assault be equally impotent on the great cause of evangelical truth and liberty, which, when superstition and infidelity have done their worst, "moves for all that."—*Newman Hall.*

1958. **EVANGELISTS, Warning to.** About two years since a very zealous, but equally unintelligent man, connected with the Wesleyan Methodists, went to preach in a certain town in Staffordshire. His excitable manner and energetic character drew together large assemblies of the people. In a short time large numbers were attracted to "the penitent form," and "hundreds" were spoken of as "really converted." The Word of God, however, had but little honour from the preacher, who thrilled his audiences with startling incidents and wonderful stories. The result has been exactly what might have been predicted; the great bulk of these professed converts have gone back, not from Christ or from real change of heart—for these I am persuaded they never possessed—but from the mere excitement and worked-up condition of an unhealthy religious frenzy.—*Henry Varley.*

1959. **EVENTS, cannot be forecast.** The *Times* spoke thus of an honoured and lamented nobleman the day before his death:—"Lord Iddesleigh will go to-morrow to Osborne, will then deliver up his seal of office, and will on Friday return to The Pynes, Exeter." Let us listen, however, to Holy Scrip-

ture: "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city; . . . whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow." Even journalists might well remember this.—*The Christian*.

1960. EVENTS, depend one upon another. Before his name was known or his authority established, chased by enemies who sought his life, Mahomet fled into a cave. Over the mouth of that cave there hung a branch, which he had to displace as he entered. A moment after a bird sat down upon that branch. His pursuers reached the spot, disturbed the bird, and saw it rise and fly. "He can't be there," they said, "or that bird would not be sitting so quietly upon that branch." Had the bird not been there the cave had been entered. If the cave had been entered, Mahomet had been slain. If Mahomet had been slain, the empire of the Moor and of the Saracen had never been established, and those great events which shook the globe for three-quarters of a century would never have transpired.—*Dr. Jack*.

1961. EVENTS, Subtle connection of. He (Carlyle) was honest and true, and cognisant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects all the future. "Christ died on the tree, that built Dunscore Kirk yonder: that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence."—*Emerson*.

1962. EVENTS, Subtle preparatory nature of. One day, at Augsburg, a schoolfellow said to him (Gossner), "I have a book in which the name of Jesus stands on every page." "And I," replied Gossner, "have a book in which the name of Jesus is never mentioned. Shall we exchange?" The offer was accepted, and he obtained "Lavater's Letters to a Young Man." . . . One day Sommer spoke of Terstegen. Gossner read him as he had read Lavater, with blessing and delight. . . . They heard presently that a manuscript of Martin Boos, with the pregnant title, "Christ for us and in us," was circulated in the neighbourhood. This also was eagerly read. But three years before Gossner had begun to study the Bible; and as he felt less peace and comfort, he studied it the more, and mostly upon his knees; and when he mentions his conversion he says, "*The Bible opened my eyes and heart.*"—*Dr. Stephenson's Praying and Working*.

1963. EVIL and good, Receiving. The famous Oriental philosopher, Lokman, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all. "How was it possible," said his master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?" Lokman replied, "*I have received so many favours from you, it is no wonder I should, for once in my life, eat a bitter melon from your hand.*" This generous answer of the slave struck the master so forcibly that he immediately gave him his liberty.

1964. EVIL, Avoiding. "Wanted, a coachman who understands his business. None but those with steady hands and cool heads need apply." Three candidates applied for the situation. "Well," said Mr. Cautious to the first, "how near can you drive to the edge of a precipice without throwing the carriage over?" "*Within a yard,*" said the self-confident Jehu. The same question was put to the second, who boldly declared that he durst go *within a foot* of the brink. The third man was put to the same test. "Well, sir," said he, "I never tried to

see how near I could drive to a dangerous place. I always try to *keep as far off as I can.*" "You are the man for me," said Mr. Cautious, and straightway dismissed the other two, who were too clever by half.

1965. EVIL, Avoiding the cause of. When I go to Monaco, the grounds of the gambling-hell there are the most beautiful in the world. I never go near them; and why? Not because I think there is any danger of my passing through the gardens to the gaming-tables. No! But a friend of mine once related the following incident to me:—"One day M. Blanc met me, and asked me how it was I never entered his grounds. 'Well, you see,' I said, 'I never play; and as I make no return whatever to you, I hardly feel justified in availing myself of the advantages of your grounds.' 'You make a great mistake,' said M. Blanc. 'If it was not for you and other respectable persons like yourself who come to my grounds, I should lose very many of my customers who attend my gambling saloons. Do not imagine that, because you do not play yourself, you do not by your presence in the grounds contribute very materially to my revenue. Numbers of persons who would not have thought of entering my establishment feel themselves quite safe in following you into my garden; and from thence to the gaming-table the transition is very easy.' After I heard that I never went near the gardens."—*Spurgeon*.

1966. EVIL, Fear and dread of. Whole villages (of the Kohls in India) were found in ruins; for "an evil spirit has settled in them." "Get up! be off!" shouted the excited people to the missionaries as they camped on a little green knoll near the hamlet. "Why?" "That is our devil's place; you must not inconvenience our devil."—*Dr. Stephenson*.

1967. EVIL habits, Illustration of. On the Moyne River, in Victoria, a diver went to the bottom to gather aquatic specimens. He knew that the natives of New Caledonia fish for devil-fish with their naked arms, and so when he saw a devil-fish hole in the mud in went his right arm. But instead of taking hold of something, something took hold of him. The loose clay was stirred up, and he could not see what had happened for a few moments. Then he beheld one feeler of a large octopus writhed round his hand, while the suckers of the animal closed on his arm like mouths. The pain was so great that the octopus seemed to be tearing his hand to pieces. If he gave the signal to be raised to the surface he would inevitably leave his arm, and probably a large portion of his frame, in the possession of the devil-fish. As the air inflated the diver's dress he was in danger of being lifted off his feet into a position where he would have no purchase. By great presence of mind he got hold of an iron bar and cut himself loose enough to rise. He bore to the surface a piece of the devil-fish more than eight feet across. Men, with like desperation, must cut themselves loose from sins which beset them, or evil habits which have fixed themselves upon them.

1968. EVIL habits, Treatment of. A poor woman in the North of Ireland experienced a change of heart. She had made a living by selling whisky without a license. Her business had been illegal before God and man. She realised this, and resolved that the change of heart must be followed by a change of life. On reaching her little shanty she

brought out the huge demijohn in which she kept the poisonous compound, and in her own characteristic way she thus addressed it—"Now, you and I have lived together for a great many years, but the Lord Jesus Christ is coming to live with me now, and you and He cannot get on together, so one of you must go ; it must be you." So saying, she took the great jar and dashed it to pieces on the stones in her yard.

1669. EVIL, Insidiousness of. Seldom will Satan come at first with a gross temptation. A large log and a candle may safely be left together. But bring a few shavings, and then some small sticks, and then some larger, and soon you may bring the green log to ashes.—*Leighton*.

1770. EVIL, Little, Neglect of. A man at work one frosty morning got a slight scratch on the back of his hand. A minute's attention to it would have caused it to heal up in a day or two. It was neglected. A slight inflammation appeared, which a single poultice would have reduced, but it was neglected. The whole hand became inflamed, and should have had medical attention, but it was neglected. The arm, shoulder, and back were seized with pain, and now all was alarm and confusion. Physicians were soon in attendance to consult upon the case. The question was, whether cutting off the limb would save the man's life, and it was decided to be *too late* ! The disease had gained a mortal hold, and no skill could arrest it. A vicious habit, an indulged sin, a neglected duty, how easily are they taken care of if we are in season with them, but how stubborn and ruinous they become if let alone !—*American National Peacher*.

1771. EVIL, may not be known as evil. As a little girl was playing round me one day with her white frock over her head, I laughingly called her "Pishashee," the name which the Indians give to their white devil. The child was delighted with so fine a name, and ran about the house crying to every one she met, "I am the Pishashee, I am the Pishashee ! " Would she have done so had she been wrapped in black, and called *witch* or *devil* instead ? No ; for, as usual, the reality was nothing—the sound and colour everything. But how many grown-up persons are running about the world quite as anxious as the little girl was to get the name of Pishashees ! Only she did not understand it.—*Augustus Hare*.

1772. EVIL, Origin of. "Many have puzzled themselves," says Mr. Newton, "about the origin of evil ; I observe there *is* evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end."

1773. EVIL, punished by being made known. Samuel Wesley was supported at Epworth by tithes paid by his parishioners. One day he went into his field where the corn-tithes were laid out. He found a dishonest farmer very deliberately at work with a pair of shears cutting off the ears of corn and putting them in a bag. Wesley said not a word, but took him by the arm and marched him into the town. When they were in the marketplace he seized the bag, and turning it inside out before the people, told them what the farmer had been doing. He then left him with his ill-gotten gains to the judgment of his neighbours, and walked quietly home.

1774. EVIL, Providing against. 'Tis a hard

and ill-paid task to order all things beforehand by the rule of our own security, as is well hinted by Machiavelli concerning Cesar Borgia, who, saith he, "had thought of all that might occur on his father's death, and had provided against every evil chance *save only one* : it had never come to his mind that when his father died *his own death would quickly follow*."—*George Eliot*.

1775. EVIL, sometimes beyond recall. Robert Burns, in his last visit to Mrs. Riddle, a few weeks before his death—when, as he was shown into the room, with a ghastly hue on his face which much appalled her, he asked her if she had any commands for the other world—said, in the course of their conversation, and with deep feeling too, that he had dropped from his pen to friends, or in familiar company, many improper lines that he had never intended for publication, but which he could not now recall ; all which, he much feared, would be raked together after his death, among his collected writings, to the injury of his memory.—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

1776. EVIL, Speaking, condemned. "Is she a Christian ? " asked a celebrated missionary in the East of one of the converts who was speaking unkindly of a third party. "Yes, I think she is," was the reply. "Well, then, since Jesus loves her in spite of that, why is it that you can't ?"—*Biblical Treasury*.

1777. EVIL, sufficient unto the day. A certain lady had met with a serious accident which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and many months' confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was about taking his leave, the patient asked, "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless ? " "Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer ; and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back, with its quieting influence. Sydney Smith recommended taking "short views" as a good safeguard against needless worry ; and one far wiser than he said, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

1778. EXAMPLE, and precept. A profane father in one of the American States one day learned that his little son had uttered some blasphemous expressions, doubtless a second edition of his own. He called the child to account for his vicious conduct, reproved him severely for his profanity, and then commenced whipping him and scolding him at the same time ; and while whipping his son for his profanity he swore several profane oaths himself.

1779. EXAMPLE, Evil. Judge Buller, when in the company of a young gentleman of sixteen, cautioned him against being led astray by the example or persuasion of others, and said, "If I had listened to the advice of some of those who called themselves my friends when I was young, instead of being a judge of the King's Bench, I should have died long ago a prisoner in the King's prison."

1780. EXAMPLE, Force of. Dr. Percy called upon Johnson to take him to Goldsmith's lodgings ; he found Johnson arrayed with unusual care in a new suit of clothes, a new hat, and a well-powdered

wig, and could not but notice his uncommon spruceness. "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great slob, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."—*Washington Irving.*

1981. EXAMPLE, Influence of. When, in the Mexican War, the troops were wavering, a general rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting, "Men, follow!" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him, and gained the victory. What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them.—*Talmage.*

1982. EXAMPLE, Influence of. In a town—or city, as it called itself—where I had a former parish there were but two or three gardens, and I undertook to preach the Gospel by the garden as well as by the pulpit. I had my little acre, and filled it full of things that I could ill afford to buy, and which I could not beg; and on Sundays I used to see many of the German population out looking at them. I had a bed of three thousand hyacinths one year; and they were an attraction to a great many of the common folks. And, to their honour, I will say that I never lost a flower. But then they were *Germans!* My roses and other plants blossomed, and the neighbours continually saw them. And my efforts in this direction were not without their fruit; for, though I never said a word on the subject, it was not long before my example began to be followed by others. Now and then there was one that came and looked over the fence and shook his head as though he doubted the wisdom of my devoting so much land and so much time to the cultivation of flowers. I recollect that an old elder of my church stopped one day, as he was passing, and, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Wall, I s'pose you enjoy all these things. I think the purtiest flower I ever seen was a cabbage"—which was very well for him. Nevertheless, taking the young and old, they saw my bright flowers, and the love of flowers grew, and it was not more than two or three years before there were ten times as many flowers in that town as there ever had been before. It was a small and humble way of fulfilling the law, "*Let your flowers so shine, that men, seeing how beautiful they are, will go and make gardens for themselves.*"—*Beecher.*

1983. EXAMPLE, Power of. Before us was a narrow bridge, and between us and the bridge were several thousand sheep. They would have taken a long time going over, and would effectually have checked our entrance into the town, but for a clever plan for getting the sheep quickly over. A few sheep are trained as a sort of decoy. They are at first pet lambs, and then in time become pet sheep. They are kept by the authorities who have control of the bridge, and are let to the sheep-drovers for so much, in order to effect a speedy passage of the bridge. The keepers of the pets go first, then follow the three or four pets, and then away after them the three or four thousand of the mob, as they are called here.—*Rev. H. T. Robjohns, Australia.*

1984. EXAMPLE, Stimulus of. One night the Sailors' Home in Liverpool was on fire. It was supposed that all the inmates had left the burning building. Presently, however, two poor fellows were seen stretching their arms from an upper window, and were shouting for help. What could be done

to save them? A stout marine from a man-of-war lying in the river said, "Give me a long ladder and I will try it." He mounted the ladder. It was too short to reach the window. "Pass me up a small ladder," he shouted. It was done. Even that did not reach to the arms stretched frantically out of the window. The brave marine was not to be balked. He lifted the short ladder up on his own shoulders, and, holding on by a casement, he brought the upper rounds within reach of the two men, who were already scorched by the flames. Out of the window they clambered, and creeping down over the short ladder, and then over the sturdy marine, they reached the pavement amid the loud hurrahs of the multitude.—*Cuyler.*

1985. EXAMPLE, Stimulus of. Whilst stationed in Scotland, Colonel Durnford happened to be between Berwick and Holy Island, where a small craft had stuck on the coast during a storm. Seeing the hesitation of the fishermen to go to the rescue, he jumped into a boat, calling out, "Will none of you come with me? If not, I shall go alone;" and a volunteer crew at once joined him, and succeeded in rescuing those in peril.—*Literary World.*

1986. EXAMPLE, Thought of. "Don't you ever take wine?" said a hospitable, easy-souled bishop to a friend, before whom he pushed the Madeira. "Are you afraid of it?" "No," replied his wiser friend; "I am afraid of the *example.*"

1987. EXAMPLE, Use of. A Polish prince was accustomed to carry the picture of his father always in his bosom; and on particular occasions used to take it out and view it, saying, "Let me do nothing unbecoming so excellent a father."

1988. EXCELLENCE, Cost of, sometimes. Antisthenes, . . . when told that Ismenias played excellently upon the flute, answered properly enough, "Then he is good for nothing else; otherwise he would not have played so well."—*Plutarch.*

1989. EXCELLENCE, How to attain. Once, when Domenichino was blamed for his slowness in finishing a picture which was bespoken, he made answer, "I am continually painting it within myself."—*Smiles.*

1990. EXCELLENCES, Must be harmony in. The Greek that designed to make the most exquisite picture that could be imagined fancied the eye of Chione, and the hair of Pægnium, and Tarsia's lip, Philenium's chin, and the forehead of Delphia, and setting all these upon Milphidippa's neck, thought that he should outdo both art and nature. But when he came to view the proportions, he found that what was excellent in Tarsia did not agree with the other excellency of Philenium; and although singly they were rare pieces, yet in the whole they made a most ugly face. The dispersed excellences and blessings of many men, if given to one, would not make a handsome, but a monstrous fortune.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

1991. EXCELLENCY, of man's work but superficial. Where would you look for the excellency of a statue but in that part which you see of it? 'Tis the polished outside only that has the skill and labour of the sculptor to boast of; what is out of sight is untouched. Would you break the head or cut open the breast to look for the brains or the heart, you would only show your ignorance and destroy the workmanship.—*Mandeville.*

1992. **EXCESSES, One secret of.** When, in after life, Goldsmith heard himself spoken of as gay and frolicsome at college, because he had joined in some riotous excesses there, "Ah, sir," replied he, "I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. *I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit.* So I disregarded all power and all authority."—*Washington Irving.*

1993. **EXCITEMENT, Religious.** A somewhat unlettered but celebrated evangelist years ago, face to face with the culture of Harvard, was accused of leading audiences into excitement. "I have heard," said he in reply, "of a traveller who saw at the side of the way a woman weeping and beating her breast. He ran to her and asked, 'What can I do for you? What is the cause of your anguish?' 'My child is in the well! My child is in the well!' With swiftest despatch assistance was given, and the child rescued. Farther on this same traveller met another woman wailing also and beating her breast. He came swiftly to her, and with great earnestness asked, 'What is your trouble?' 'My pitcher is in the well! My pitcher is in the well!' Our great social and political excitements are all about pitchers in wells, and our religious excitements are about children in wells."—*Joseph Cook.*

1994. **EXCITEMENT, Religious.** To-day came one that was pleased to fall into a fit for my entertainment; he beat himself heartily; I thought it a pity to hinder him.—*Wesley.*

1995. **EXCUSE, A flimsy.** Mr. Macdonald, the minister of Rogart, tells the story of a pastor of a seaside village in the North of Scotland, who, a short time ago, edified his flock at the close of the forenoon by announcing, "There will be no service here this evening, as there is *something wrong with the bell-rope.*"—*Sunday Talk.*

1996. **EXCUSE, A ready.** A gentleman once called on the late Mr. Astor to solicit a donation for a charitable purpose. He gave five dollars. "Why, Mr. Astor," said the solicitor, "how is it you give so little? Your son John Jacob gave us one hundred dollars." "Well," replied the old man, "he could afford it. He has a rich father, and I have not."

1997. **EXCUSE, Base and selfish.** Henry VIII. married Jane Seymour the next day after the official murder of Anne Boleyn. He looked upon matrimony as an indifferent official act which his duty (?) required at the moment.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

1998. **EXCUSES, easily made.** I have often wondered at the cleverness with which people make excuses for neglecting heavenly things. A poor woman was explaining to me why her husband did not attend church. "You see, poor working folks now-a-days are so halden down and wearied out that they are glad to rest a day in the house when Sunday comes. An unopened letter was lying on the table, which she asked me to read, believing that it was from her sick mother. It was a notice to her husband that the football team, of which he was captain, was to meet on Saturday at 3 P.M., and that, like a good fellow, he must be forward in good time. And that was the man for whom my pity was asked, as being so worn out with his work

that he could hardly creep up to the church! Another woman admitted to me that she never read her Bible, but pled that she was too busy and had too many cares. My eye caught a great bundle of journals above the clock. She confessed that these were novels, on which she spent 2½d. every Saturday, and that she read them on the Sabbath. If you wish an excuse, the smallest thing will give you stuff enough for the weaving of it.—*Rev. James Wells.*

1999. **EXCUSES, Inadequacy of.** When Washington's secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance, and laid the blame upon his watch, his master quietly said, "Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary."—*Smiles.*

2000. **EXCUSES, Inadequacy of.** The Rev. Mr. Shirra had repeatedly nominated one of his hearers to an office in the kirk-session, but the office-bearer elect had always made some excuse immediately prior to his ordination. As the Doctor was proceeding to the act of ordination on one occasion, the person in question rose and said that he was not suited for such an office. Mr. Shirra promptly answered his hesitating hearer, "Come awa' doon; do ye no ken that the Master had ance need of an ass?"—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

2001. **EXCUSES, Inappropriate or futile.** Fuseli, when he failed in any of his serious caricatures, used to complain that nature put him out; and the sluttish housemaid, when scolded for the untidiness of the chambers, exclaimed, "I'm sure the rooms would be clean enough if it were not for the nasty sun, which is always showing the dirty corners."—*Horace Smith.*

2002. **EXCUSES, in sin.** When Bishop Howley very delicately reproved the Duke of York for Sabbath desecration, he declined to alter his practice; but added that, "though it was true he travelled to the races on Sunday, *he always had a Bible and Prayer-Book with him in the carriage.*"

2003. **EXISTENCE, a difficulty.** When Fontenelle was dying his doctor asked, "Do you suffer?" "No," said the philosopher; "I only feel some difficulty in existing."—*Henry S. Leigh.*

2004. **EXISTENCE, a fact.** The Puritan mother of Samuel Mills, who, when her son, under the stress of morbid religious feeling, cried out, "Oh that I had never been born!" said to him, "My son, you are born, and you cannot help it," was more philosophical than he who says, "I am, but I wish I were not." A philosophy that flies in the face of the existing and the inevitable forfeits its name.—*T. T. Munger.*

2005. **EXISTENCE, An aimless.** A Frenchman whom I met at Brussels, about thirty years old apparently, had been staying there several months, had abundance of money, was regular in his habits, but had no particular object in view, and seemed like a man who knew not what to do with himself. In answer to my inquiries he gave me the following account of himself:—"I was left, at a very early period of my life, heir to a very considerable estate, the annual revenues of which soon came to be at my disposal. I had an eager desire to travel, which I gratified, and spared no expense for the accomplishment of my object. I have visited Europe and the

East, have been in both the Indies, and through Switzerland, France, and England. I have met with but few disasters, and with but little interruption to my health; while, as yet, my resources are unimpaired." He surprised me by the extent and accuracy of his information. I found by his ready answers to questions relative to places which I had seen that he was perfectly correct in his statements. He had read much, indeed all the books that came in his way, till he found authors only repeating each other in different modes of expression. "And now," said he, "I am at a loss what to do. I know not where to go or what to see that I am not already acquainted with. There is nothing new to sharpen my curiosity or to stimulate me to exertion. I am sated. Life to me has exhausted its charms; the world has no new face for me, nor can it open any new prospect to my view."—*Leifchild (abridged)*.

2006. EXODUS, Meaning of. The Jews are said to have been particularly affected by the exodus of the Protestants of Salzburg, in the seventeenth century, driven out of their houses among the beautiful mountains and valleys of the Tyrol, as they were, on account of their religion. A Jew at Batzheim, seeing two hundred of them passing, and hearing the pathetic story of their wanderings, said, "Sure God designs to do some great work by them."—*B.*

2007. EXPERIENCE, A dead. In my Bible at home I have in the Old Testament a folded sheet of paper, in which are tastefully arranged some flowers and leaves. I was looking at it this morning, and it was very beautiful. Every colour was fading; but I saw, by the help of imagination, what they had been. If, however, I had no other summer than that it would be poor indeed; but I have roses and daisies, and honeysuckles and asters, and various other flowers, all of which are fresh every year, and some of which are fresh almost every month of the year; and I am not obliged to make this herbarium leaf of dried flowers my only summer. But I have known Christians that had but three or four old leaves in their Bible which they would go and pull out and show you every time they alluded to their religious history. They would say, "I was converted so-and-so," then they would exhibit these dry memorials, and then they would put them up again very carefully, and leave them; and the next time they talked with you they would show you these old experiences again—the same dry flowers and leaves—no more and no less.—*Beecher*.

2008. EXPERIENCE, a stimulus to generosity. Diderot rose on Shrove Tuesday morning, and groping in his pocket, found nothing wherewith to keep that day, which he spent in wandering about Paris and its precincts. He was ill when he got back to his quarters, went to bed, and was treated by his landlady to a little toast and wine. "That day," he often told a friend in after-life, "I swore that, if ever I came to have anything, I would never in my life refuse a poor man help, never condemn my fellow-creature to a day as painful."—*Francis Jacox*.

2009. EXPERIENCE, Advantage of. He (Father Taylor, the sailor-preacher of Boston) has a great advantage over other preachers in being able to speak to his hearers from the ground of their com-

mon experience—in being able to appeal to his own sea-life. He can say, "You have lodged with me in the fore-castle. Did you ever know me profane? You have seen me land from a long voyage. Where did I betake myself? Am not I a proof that a sea-life need not be soiled with vice on land?"—*Harriet Martineau*.

2010. EXPERIENCE, and imagination. Miss Edgeworth, while a guest at Abbotsford, asked Sir Walter to visit with her the ruins of Melrose Abbey by night, at the same time quoting his famous lines—

"If you would view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

"Yes," answered Scott, "let us go by all means, for I have never so seen it."

2011. EXPERIENCE, and sin. Some persons are always confessing and re-confessing, repenting and re-repenting, and never can look upon any portion of their religious experience as a settled and accomplished fact. A writer represents a minister to whom a deacon told over his tale of perpetual dolour as saying, "Deacon, I remember your son stoutly rebelled against your authority some time ago, but afterward felt sorry and repented of his sin, and humbly asked your forgiveness. Did you forgive him?" "Of course I did." "What did you forgive him for?" "Because I could not help it, when I saw how sorry he was." "And does he still ask forgiveness?" "No—no! Nothing is said about it. It is all settled for ever." "Now, do you believe that you can be better to your son than God is to you? He pardons like a father."—*Christian Age*.

2012. EXPERIENCE, brings sympathy. The story goes that Harry the Eighth, wandering one night in the streets of London in disguise, was met at the bridge-foot by some of the watch, and not giving a good account of himself, was carried off to the Poultry Compter, and shut up for the night without fire or candle. On his liberation he made a grant of thirty chaldrons of coals and a quantity of bread for the solace of night prisoners in the Compter.—*Spurgeon*.

2013. EXPERIENCE, Christian, a fact. It was in the course of studies in the Campo Santo of Pisa, in 1845, assisted by daily reading of the Bible, that Mr. Ruskin came into vital knowledge "of the relations that might truly exist between God and His creatures." On his journey homewards he became ill, and the thought of the pain which his death might occasion to his father and mother preyed upon his mind. He thereupon "fell gradually into the temper, and more or less tacit offering, of very real prayer." Through "two long days, and what I knew of the nights," he continued in this mental attitude of earnest prayer. What followed is the memorable experience of which we have spoken. "On the third day, as I was about coming in sight of Paris, what people who are in the habit of praying know as the consciousness of answer came to me; and a certainty that the illness, which had all this while increased, if anything, would be taken away. Certainty in mind, which remained unshaken, through unabated discomfort of body, for another night and day, and then the evil symptoms vanished in an hour or two, on the road beyond

Paris; and I found myself in the inn at Beauvais entirely well, with a thrill of conscious happiness altogether new to me." The "happy sense of direct relation with Heaven" experienced by Mr. Ruskin was not permanent. "Little by little, and for little, yet it seemed invincible, causes," he says, "it passed away from me." But he chronicles its departure as the gravest of all his losses, and evinces no doubt that it was a reality while it lasted. The same state of mind has, he remarks, been "known evidently to multitudes of human souls of all faiths, and in all lands." Often it was, he has no doubt, a dream; but often, also, he conceives it to have been "demonstrably a reality." If it has been a reality, in the innumerable multitude of cases in which it has been experienced, from that of Abraham to that of Bishop Hannington, then the fact of intercourse between God and man is scientifically verified.—*Christian World*.

2014. EXPERIENCE, confirms men in the right. A man propounds the wonderful discovery that honey is not sweet. "But I had some for breakfast, and I found it very sweet," say you, and your reply is conclusive. He tells you that salt is poisonous; but you point to your own health, and declare that you have eaten salt these twenty years. He says that to eat bread is a mistake—a vulgar error, an antiquated absurdity; but at each meal you make his protest the subject for a merry laugh. If you are daily and habitually experienced in the truth of God's Word, I am not afraid of your being shaken in mind in reference to it.—*Spurgeon*.

2015. EXPERIENCE, Fruit of, in preaching. Dr. Lyman Beecher was asked how long it took him to write a sermon he had just delivered, greatly to the edification and delight of those who heard it. It was a masterly discourse, packed with thought and powerful in argument. "Thirty years," was the Doctor's reply; meaning by this it was the gathered cream of thirty years' thought and experience.

2016. EXPERIENCE, Necessity of. "How can I take portraits," said Marmotel, "before I have beheld faces?" Voltaire embraced him in reply.—*Mrs. Browning*.

2017. EXPERIENCE, Power of. Said a poor pious widow to a scoffing sceptic, when he asked, "How do you know your Bible is true? What proof have you of its truth?"—"Sir, my own experience—the experience of my heart." "Oh," said he, contemptuously, "your experience is nothing to me." "That may be, sir; but it is everything to me."

2018. EXPERIENCE, Singularities of. I said to a doubter the other day, who seemed to be wandering in a maze, "Well, really, I cannot understand you; but I am not vexed, for I never could understand myself;" and I certainly meant what I said. Watch the twists and turns and singularities of your own mind, and the strangeness of your own experience; the depravity of your heart, and the work of divine grace; your tendency to sin, and your capacity for holiness; how akin you are to a devil, and yet how allied to God Himself! Note how wisely you can act when taught of God, and how foolishly you behave when left to yourself.—*Spurgeon*.

2019. EXPERIENCE, Testimony of. From curiosity, a lawyer entered a meeting for the relation of Christian experience, and took notes. But so impressed was he that at the close he arose and said, "My friends, I hold in my hands the testimony of no less than sixty persons who have spoken here this morning, who all testify with one consent that there is a Divine reality in religion; they having experienced its power in their own hearts. Many of these persons I know. Their word would be received in any court of justice. Lie they would not, I know; and mistaken they cannot all be. I have hitherto been sceptical in relation to these matters. I now tell you that I am fully convinced of the truth, and that I intend to lead a new life. Will you pray for me?"—*Dr. Haven*.

2020. EXPERIENCE, Things of the Spirit contrary to. A North American Indian returned to his tribe to recount the wonders he had witnessed at Washington. They were listened to with doubt, until he declared that he had seen the white people attach a great ball to a canoe, and so rise into the clouds and travel the heavens. This was pronounced to be an impossibility, and a young warrior, in a paroxysm of anger, levelled a rifle at his head, and shot him dead on the spot, as too great a liar to be permitted to live. If, then, what takes place in another climate, or in a different state of society, appears absurd because contrary to experience, shall we wonder that the things of the Spirit of God should be foolishness to all who are alienated from the life of God?

2021. EXPERIENCES, differ. At a meeting appointed for relating Christian experience, two elderly brethren, both highly esteemed and fully approved as faithful disciples of Christ, gave an account of their conversion. "I can remember," said one, "the very place where I knelt in prayer and besought the mercy of God. As I prayed, suddenly a great peace filled my soul. I knew that moment I was forgiven, that Christ accepted me, that I was a child of God. That hour, that place, that prayer, that sense of God's mercy, will never be forgotten." Then the other rose to give his testimony. "I cannot tell when I found Christ. One spring I became concerned for my soul; I began to pray. At first I got no light; I went on seeking and praying for two or three months, and yet had no thought I was a Christian. But one day I began to compare my feelings with those I had formerly. I found that now I loved God and my Saviour, and prayer, and the Bible. All things seemed different to me. I believed myself to be a child of God. But when the change came I cannot tell. It was somewhere along the course of those two or three months. I began then a stranger to God; I came out of them, as I trust, a Christian." Here was a marked contrast between the experiences of these brethren. And yet the result was the same in each.

2022. EXPERIENCES, how they agree. When Mr. Occam, the Indian preacher, was in England he visited Mr. Newton, of London, and they compared experiences. "Mr. Occam," says Mr. Newton, "in describing to me the state of his heart, when he was a blind idolater, gave me, in general, a striking picture of what my own was in the early part of my life; and his subsequent views correspond with mine, as face answers to face in a glass,

though, I dare say, when he received them he had never heard of Calvin's name."

2023. EXPERIENCES, how they vary. A man is gazing intently down a deep still well, where he sees the moon reflected, and thus remarks to a friendly bystander—"How beautifully fair and round she is to-night! how quietly and majestically she rides along!" He has just finished speaking, when suddenly his friend drops a small pebble into the well, and he now exclaims, "Why, the moon is all broken to shivers, and the fragments are shaking together in the greatest disorder!" "What gross absurdity!" is the astonished rejoinder of his companion. "*Look up, man! the moon hasn't changed one jot or tittle. It is the condition of the well that reflects her that has changed.*" Your heart is the well. When there is no allowance of evil the Spirit of God takes of the preciousness of Christ, and reveals them to you for your comfort and joy. But the moment a wrong motive is cherished in the heart, or an idle word escapes the lips unjudged, the Holy Ghost begins to disturb the well, your happy experiences are smashed to pieces, and you are all restless and disturbed within, until in brokenness of spirit before God you confess your sin (the disturbing thing), and thus get restored once more to the calm, sweet joy of communion.—*W. Kelly.*

2024. EXPERIMENTS, in vice. Byron's Italian excesses were not from love of vice, but experiments for a new sensation on which to speculate. After debauchery he hurried away in his gondola and spent the night on the waters. On board the Greek ship, when touching a yataghan, he was overheard to say, "I should like to know the feelings of a murderer."—*Haydon.*

2025. EXPLANATION, May be too late for. Over some mystery of wrong a duel arose. The fallen party, death-stricken, looked up, and leaning on his hand, with a glance indescribably eager, made intense efforts to speak, as if to divulge the whole mystery, but his lungs filled with blood, and falling back, he and his secret expired together.—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

2026. EXTERNALISMS, and life. You enter a great mill driven by steam or water-power. All the machinery is in motion, and what an incessant clatter it makes! It is whiz, whiz, clank, clank, until your sense of hearing is deadened by the confused din. The wheels revolve, the pistons play, the shuttles dart to and fro with lightning-like speed, the hammers descend with their thud, thud, or make the anvil ring, as the case may be. Now all that deafening noise and bewildering movement are produced by the pressure of an external force on lifeless things. Step outside, and what a contrast presents itself! The water glides smoothly along, the fish sport noiselessly in the stream; the cattle lounge peacefully in the meadow, the trees spread out their leaves to catch the showers or the sunbeams. No clatter or bustle here like as in the scene you have just left. And yet they are living things here, and dead things yonder. These living things are also operated on by external forces. But the living things have power to resist the external forces as the dead things have not. And the result is, that while the dead things are moved as the external powers determine, the living, in spite of them, are moved by an internal power in accordance with their own law of

development. So is it sometimes with churches. They are full of noise and bustle which are signs of death rather than life. Their movements are those of a galvanised corpse. They are the result of an external pressure which they have not life and strength enough to resist. They are produced by startling sights and sounds, and show no more life than when dead leaves are tossed about by the blasts of autumn, or your house is shaken to its foundation by the concussion of the thunder-peal.—*Dr. Landels.*

2027. EXTERNALS, not everything. Johnson once went prying in his short-sighted way about Goldsmith's lodgings, so as to make the poet apprehensive that he was about to find fault. "I shall soon be in better chambers than these," said Goldsmith. "Nay, sir, never mind that," replied Johnson; "*Nil te quæsieris extra,*" implying that his reputation rendered him independent of outward show.—*Life of Goldsmith.*

2028. EXTERNALS, and a change of heart. Rabbi Abraham Schwartzberg, of Warsaw, had irritated the Jews, who accused him before the magistrates of being a mocker of all religions, saying, "You see this man is not a Christian, for he wears the garb of a Jew" (the flowing robes and dangling locks peculiar to the Jews in Poland). "*We know he is not a Jew, since he neither attends the synagogue nor believes in the Talmud.*" "What and who do you profess to be?" inquired the magistrate of him. "I was a Jew, but now I am a Christian," was the rejoinder, as, drawing from his pocket his Hebrew Testament, he added, "I do not find in this book any command to doff my flowing robe, so I still wear it; I only find inculcated in these pages the necessity of a change of heart."—*Miss H. M. Wright (Jewish Herald).*

2029. EXTERNALS, Unimportance of. I preached the other Sabbath evening in Albany Street chapel. I took John Towert, as usual, with my gown, cassock, bands, and thin shoes; and was in the act of pulling off my coat, when I saw some of the deacons eyeing my paraphernalia very sad-like. Immediately it occurred to me that they might not like a gown. "Gentlemen, any objection? As to me, it is a matter of moonshine." "We would like you, sir, as well without." So away go the gown and cassock. Mechanically I began putting on the bands, and saw them looking at me as if I were cutting my throat. "Any objection, gentlemen?" "We would be better pleased without them." Away go the bands; and then John, who was looking awfully wicked at the honest men, produced my thin shoes. "Any objection to these, gentlemen?" as I held the slippers forth. This fairly tickled them; and these grave deacons exploded into a laugh most loud and hearty.—*Guthrie.*

2030. EXTERNALS, Worth of. The separation is broad and deep. On one side are all externals, rites, ceremonies, politics, church arrangements, form of worship, modes of life, practices of morality, doctrines, and creeds—all which are externals to the soul; on the other is faith working through love, the inmost attitude and deepest emotion of the soul. The great heap is fuel. The flame is loving faith. *The only worth of the fuel is to feed the flame.* Otherwise it is of no avail, but lies dead and cold

—a mass of blackness. We are joined to God by faith. Whatever strengthens that is precious as a help, but is worthless as a substitute.—*Maclaren*.

2031. EXTRAVAGANCE, and virtue. The profligate Duke of Warton, being one day in company with Swift, recounted several extravagances he had run through. Swift kindly observed to him, "You have had your frolics, my lord; let me recommend one more to you. Take a frolic to be virtuous; take my word for it, that one will do you more honour than all the other frolics of your whole life."

2032. EXTRAVAGANCE, ends in ruin. Dante records of Stricca and his comrades that they sold their land estates and bought palaces of pearly grandeur where they might revel in unbridled appetites. They were set on rushing headlong into every tempting pleasure. They ran into wildest extravagances. Their horses' shoes were made of silver, and if one came off, the servants were forbidden to pick it up. They disdained such mean economy. They were spoiled with riches, and arrogant and proud in their luxurious *abandon*. But their vast resources failed in twenty months, and there came a financial panic; while their lives, wrecked by lust and wretched at last, extended over into the desert-time which is more dreadful than death itself.

2033. EXTRAVAGANCE, in Christian efforts. A new church was being built at Kussowlie, and a great deal of money had been spent—and, as Sir John Lawrence thought, wasted—upon its steeple, which was still quite unfinished. Sir John, who happened to be on the spot, was asked to subscribe towards its completion. He first walked into the church, and, finding that nothing whatever had been done towards seating it or fitting up its interior, while a very large sum had been spent on its spire, "You might as well ask me," he said, "to subscribe to get a man a hat who hasn't got any breeches!"

2034. EYE, never satisfied. Alexander the Great, wandering to the gates of Paradise, begged for something to prove that he had been there, and a small piece of a skull was given to him. He showed it to his wise men, who placed it in one scale of a balance. Alexander poured gold and silver into the other scale, but the small bone weighed heavier; he poured in more, adding his crown jewels, his diamonds; but the bone still outweighed them all. Then one of the wise men, taking a grain of dust from the ground, placed that upon the bone, and lo! the scale flew up. The bone was that which surrounds the eye of man—the eye of man which naught can satisfy save the dust which covers it in the grave.—*Talmud*.

2035. EYE, All-seeing. What a sense of responsibility was that which led the Greek to be as diligent in working out that part of the statue which would be hidden by the wall of the temple as to that part which would be exposed to the eye, because the gods would look on both!—*F. D. Maurice*.

2036. EYE, The All-seeing. A father said to his son, who attended at a Sabbath-school, and had seriously thought of what he heard there. "Carry this parcel to such a place." "It is the Sabbath," replied the boy. "Put it into your

pocket," replied the father. "God can see into my pocket," answered the child.

2037. EYE, The seeing. Emerson tells us that "the eyes of Lyncæus were said to see through the earth," and that the British bards had for their title, "Those who are free throughout the world." What he uses to illustrate the poetic vision, we may apply to the Christian. The truth has made him free. His eyes are opened; *he sees things as they are*, and not as men fancy them to be.—*B.*

2038. EYES, and no eyes. A judicious traveller once went to see one of the greatest wonders of the world. He gazed and gazed, each minute saw more, and might have gone on seeing into the thing for weeks, he said. Two regular tourists walked in, glanced about them, and almost before he could look round they were gone.—*Sir Arthur Helps*.

2039. FACTS, must be faced. An old farm-labourer found a friend of his fixed in the village pillory for some little offence. "Why, Jack," said the former, "what's this? They can't put you in here!" "Can't they?" said the poor culprit, looking with a wry face at his aching hands and feet; "but they *have*!"—*Christian World*.

2040. FACULTIES, Decay of. In his old age, after taking a ride in a chaise, when he came into his house he observed, "Reading tires me, walking tires me, riding tires me; but were I once with Jesus, fellowship with Him would never tire: 'So shall we be ever with the Lord!'"—*Life of Rev. John Brown, of Haddington*.

2041. FACULTIES, should be exercised. The skulls of persons who have been blind for a period become depressed over the perceptive faculties, showing that these organs have shrunk from not being exercised.—*Dr. Hands*.

2042. FAILINGS noticed, whatever else may be. A tutor of one of the Oxford colleges, who limped in his walk, was some years ago accosted by a well-known politician, who asked him if he was not the chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The Doctor replied that he was. The interrogator observed, "I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the Doctor, "it seemed my limping made a deeper impression than my preaching." "Ah, Doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

2043. FAILURE, and God's power. When intelligence of the destruction of the Spanish Armada arrived at Madrid, the behaviour of Philip the Second upon that occasion was, it must be owned, truly magnanimous. "God's holy will be done," said he. "I thought myself a match for the power of England, but I did not pretend to fight against the elements."—*Little's Historical Lights (condensed)*.

2044. FAILURE, and self-denial. A little child was suffering in one of our hospitals from diphtheria. It was thought that its life might be saved by an operation. So the operation was performed by a talented London physician, a young man a little over thirty. Then it was found necessary to suck the virus from the child's windpipe. This would be attended with great danger, yet he volunteered to do it. He sucked the poison, but in vain. The

child died. Then the brave doctor took the complaint, and died also. Our noblest self-denials do not always produce the effects we could wish. The mind of Christ may be in us, although that is not always, here upon earth, the earnest of success.—*B.*

2045. FAILURE, and success. One morning a friend called to see Sir Thomas Lawrence, then engaged in painting the Infanta of Portugal, taking with him a young art student. They found Sir Thomas in the act of painting out the head of the Infanta, covering it completely with pure white, in preparation for a renewed attempt. Very few painters would allow themselves to be surprised at such an occupation, but Lawrence could well afford to be frank. "I am glad you came this morning," he said to the art student, since you may learn a lesson that will be useful. You see *I have made a failure*, and am going to begin again. Recollect, when you are not so successful as you wish, that even we who are supposed to be at the head of the profession do not *always* succeed. And take my advice—when you have made a blunder, and have found it out, it is much better to destroy your work and start afresh than to patch it with alterations."—*Leisure Hour.*

2046. FAILURE, Benefits from. In the olden time, when the Government of England had resolved to build a wooden bridge over the Thames at Westminster, after they had driven a hundred and forty piles into the river, there occurred one of the most severe frosts in the memory of man, by means of which the piles were torn away from their strong fastenings, and many of them snapped in two. The apparent evil in this case was a great good; it led the Commissioners to reconsider their purpose, and a substantial bridge of stone was erected.—*Spurgeon.*

2047. FAILURE, Commencement with. In his first address Demosthenes was laughed at and interrupted, for the violence of his manner threw him into a confusion of periods and a distortion of his argument. Besides, he had a weakness and a stammering in his voice, and a want of breath, which caused such a distraction in his discourse that it was difficult for the audience to understand him. Upon his quitting the assembly, Eunomus, the Thracian, a man now extremely old, found him wandering in a dejected condition in the Piræus, and took upon him to set him right. "You," said he, "have a manner of speaking very like that of Pericles, and yet you lose yourself out of mere timidity and cowardice. You neither bear up against the tumults of a popular assembly, nor prepare your body by exercise for the labour of the rostrum, but suffer your parts to wither away in negligence and indolence."—*Plutarch.*

2048. FAILURE in the higher life, Cause of. I had moved into a new house, and in looking over it I noticed a very clean-looking cask headed up at both ends. I concluded, as it looked empty and nice, to leave it undisturbed, especially as it would be quite a piece of work to get it upstairs. I did not feel quite easy. Every spring and fall I would remember that cask with a little twinge of conscience, for how could I know but under its fair exterior it contained some hidden evil? For two or three years the innocent-looking cask stood quietly in my cellar, then most unaccountably moths began to fill the house. They increased rapidly, and

threatened to ruin everything I had. I suspected carpets, and had them cleaned. I suspected my furniture, and had it newly upholstered. At last the thought of the cask flashed upon me. It was brought up, its head was knocked in, and thousands of moths poured out. In the same way, some innocent-looking habit or indulgence, about which we now and then have little twinges of conscience, lies at the root of most of the failure in this higher life.—*The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.*

2049. FAILURE, Secret of. In two or three of the battles which were lost in the late American War the result is said to have been due to the bad gunpowder which was served out by certain "shoddy" contractors to the army, so that the due effect of a cannonade was not produced. So it may be with us. We may miss our mark, lose our end and aim, and waste our time through not possessing true vital force within ourselves, or not possessing it in such a degree that God could consistently bless us.—*Spurgeon.*

2050. FAILURE, Secret of a. A prominent business man failed in the spring of 1877. He had been for years a prominent and consistent member of a Christian church. He had even supported a church once almost entirely. Nothing was known against his character; no one knew the reason why, but there it was—*failure*. At last, in moments of bitter repentance before God, he unbosomed himself to his pastor, and said, "Long ago I promised to give the Lord one-tenth of all the profits I gained from my business, and while I did so I was immensely prosperous; but I forgot my promise, stopped giving, thought that I did not need to spend so much, and I began to invest my means in real estate. When I stopped giving I stopped getting. Now all is gone. *I lost my all because I did not keep my promise to the Lord.*"—*Henry T. Williams (abridged).*

2051. FAIR-WEATHER Christians. Captain Speke tells a good story concerning the habits of some of the nations on the coast of Western Africa. In the course of his explorations the good Captain, commiserating the scanty apparel of his negro attendants, gave each of them a fine goat-skin mantle, thinking thereby to subvert the propieties as well as to increase their comfort, and afford them a protection from the severe storms incident to that latitude. The simple natives were in ecstasies of delight at the gift, and strutted about in their new finery, greatly to the amusement of the Captain, who reflected upon the fact that now these poor people would have some protection from the chilling autumnal rains. Things went on well for several days. The sun shone with tropical power, but the natives sweltered away bravely under their unwanted load of clothing, and seemed rapidly learning the habits and customs of civilised life. At length the expected storm arrived, and what was Captain Speke's chagrin to see every one of his men, as soon as it began to sprinkle, take off their mantles, fold them up carefully, wrong side out, thrust them under their arms, and go about shivering in the rain! Some people wear their religious profession very much in the same way. It is an excellent garment to look at. It does admirably in fair weather.—*Preacher's Lantern.*

2052. FAITH, A child's. There was a little

child whose father and mother died, and she was taken into another family. The first night she asked if she might pray as she used to do. "Oh yes," said they. So she knelt down and prayed as her mother taught her, and when that was ended she added a little prayer of her own: "O God, make these people as kind to me as father and mother were." Then she paused, and looked up, as if expecting her answer, and then added, "Of course you will."—*Moody*.

2053. FAITH, A child's. The night before the Queen left Windsor for Sandringham, when the Prince of Wales was most dangerously ill, she told his children that their father was very ill, and perhaps they would never see him again; and bade the elder, Prince Albert Victor, pray to God for his father. The next morning he said to the Queen, "Grandmamma, father will not die. I have been to God, and He says father shall not die."

2054. FAITH, A faltering. On one occasion, when Luther and Dr. Bugenhagen were together, and when Luther's faith was for the moment eclipsed, his friend, looking up, exclaimed, as if in despair of making any impression on him, "The Lord God is perplexed to know what to do with you! He says, 'What am I to make of this man?' I have given him so many and so rare gifts, and he won't believe in me!"—*George Wilson, M.A.*

2055. FAITH, A faulty. A priest who sprinkled a young Protestant lady in Ireland with holy water remarked, "If it does you no good, it will do you no harm."—*Christian World*.

2056. FAITH, A fearless. Sir Henry Vane, who supported the Commonwealth, was, after the restoration of Charles II., pronounced guilty of treason and confined in the Tower. His enemies urged his execution. Writing to his wife from prison, he says—"They that press so earnestly to carry on my trial do little know what presence of God may be afforded me in it, and issue out of it, to the magnifying of Christ in my body, by life or by death. Nor can they, I am sure, imagine how much I desire to be dissolved and be with Christ, which of all things *that can befall me I count the best.*"—*Little's Historical Lights (altered)*.

2057. FAITH, A mother's. A notable answer to prayer has been made public in Boston. A mother had prayed for years that a wayward son might be brought to Christ, and died in the firm faith that her petition would be granted. Not long had her body reposed in its quiet resting-place in the cemetery ere a letter came to an editor in this city recounting the sins and the final conversion of the missing young man. The poor mother had no assurance that her son was alive, and had requested information through the papers. In a far-away city he saw the notice, sat down and wrote the editor a letter for publication, and therein told how his soul had been saved by that mother's prayers.

2058. FAITH, A simple. A peasant of singular piety, being upon a particular occasion admitted to the presence of the King of Sweden, was asked by him what he considered to be the nature of true faith. The peasant entered fully into the subject, and much to the King's comfort and satisfaction. When the King was on his deathbed he had a return of his fears as to the safety of his soul,

and still the same question was perpetually put to those around him, "What is real faith?" The Archbishop of Upsal, who had been sent for, arrived, and entering the King's bedchamber, commenced in a learned, logical manner a scholastic definition of faith, which lasted an hour. When he had finished the King said, with much energy, "All this is ingenious, but not comfortable; it is not what I want. Nothing but the farmer's faith will do for me."—*Dawson's Life, by J. Everett*.

2059. FAITH, A simple. The eccentric Cornish preacher, Billy Bray, was on one occasion met by a member of the Society of Friends. "Mr. Bray," said the kind-hearted Quaker, "I have often observed thy unselfish life, and feel much interested in thee, and I believe the Lord would have me help thee; so if thou wilt call at my house I have a suit of clothes, to which thou art very welcome if they will fit thee." "Thank'ee," said Billy; "I will call; thee need have no doubt that the clothes will fit me. If the Lord told thee that they were for me they're sure to fit, for He knows my size exactly."

2060. FAITH, a source of fearlessness. Captain D— had a little girl on board, just eight years old, who, of course, awoke with the rest in the midst of a violent storm. "What's the matter?" said the frightened child. They told her a squall had struck the ship. "Is father on deck?" said she. "Yes; father's on deck." The little thing dropped herself on her pillow again without a fear, and in a few moments was sleeping sweetly in spite of winds or waves.

2061. FAITH, Blessedness of. When Dr. Arnold was suddenly stricken with his mortal agony, he was seen, we are told, lying still, with his hands clasped, his lips moving, and his eyes raised upwards, as if engaged in prayer, when all at once he repeated, firmly and earnestly, "And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."—*Canon Westcott*.

2062. FAITH, Confession of. A little girl was sent to the Evangelical school at Jerusalem. Her father was a poor Jew who depended for his living on the alms given to him by the Rabbis. When it was known that his daughter went to the school, they threatened to take their support from him if the girl continued to attend. The child had become much attached to the school, and the father chose rather to lose the alms than to take her away. Not long after the old man was taken very ill. Bishop Gobat, hearing of his sad case, sent a doctor and other support. In the last days it was noticed that so soon as the girl returned from school she was shut in with her father for some hours. Later it was known that she read the Bible to her father. On his deathbed the poor Jew sent for the Rabbis and some Christians, when, raising himself, he said, "I have sent for you all that you may hear my last confession. I die in the faith of Jesus of Nazareth."—*Der Glaubensbote*.

2063. FAITH, Dying for. "We walk by faith, not by sight." These were the words that arose to our recollection in visiting that old Castle of St. Andrew, out of which Hamilton and Wishart, our first Scotch martyrs, came to die for God's truth at the stake. Groping our way along a tortuous pas-

sage, we descended by some steps into an inner prison, and there, by a beam of light that streamed through a loophole of the massive wall, we saw an opening in the rocky floor. It looked like a draw-well. Candles lighted and let down showed a shaft descending into the bowels of the rock, where, widening out like the neck of a bottle, it formed a dark, dank, dreary dungeon—a dreadful dungeon. It was called—and justly called—an *oublicette*, or place of forgetfulness, because those that black mouth swallowed up were ever after lost to life, to light, to liberty, and friends, as much as they that “in the grave forgotten lie.” It made one shudder to stand on the edge and look down into that horrible pit; nothing seen but the blackness of darkness—nothing heard but the muffled sound of the waves, as bursting on its rocky walls they seemed to moan for the deeds that had been perpetrated there. “There,” says John Knox, speaking of that very place, “many of God’s children suffered death, pining away slowly till their life lapped up like the tide on the shore, or was suddenly destroyed by the blow of the assassin.” Such were the bloody days and deeds of Popery; never more, we trust, to return. But as our fancy called up the men who, enduring hardships—good soldiers of Jesus Christ—entered that low door to be let down like a coffin into the grave—into that living sepulchre—never to come out but to die on the scaffold or the stake, the words that sprang to our memory, if not to our lips, were these—“They walked by faith, not by sight.”—*Guthrie*.

2064. FAITH, Dying in. As Luther lay dying Dr. Jones said to him, “Reverend father, do you die firm in the faith you have taught?” He opened his eyes, which were half closed, looked fixedly at Jones, and replied, firmly and distinctly, “Yes.” He then fell asleep. Soon after those nearest him saw him grow paler and paler; he became cold, his breathing was more and more faint; at length he sent forth one deep sigh, and the great Reformer was dead.—*Michélet*.

2065. FAITH, Expression of. In December of that year (1830) Ray Palmer sat down one day in his room, and wrote in his pocket memorandum-book four simple verses, which, he says, “were born of my own soul,” and were not written to be seen by another eye. He wrote them rapidly, and with his eyes swimming in tears. The first verse reads thus—

“My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!”

He put the memorandum-book into his pocket, and carried it there for two whole years, little dreaming that he was carrying about with him his own passport to immortality. One day Dr. Lowell Mason met him in the streets of Boston, and asked him to furnish some hymns for the volume of “Spiritual Songs” which he and Dr. Thomas Hastings were about to publish. The young college graduate drew from his pocket the lines—

“My faith looks up to Thee.”

Dr. Mason went home, and catching a similar inspiration to that of the author of the lines, composed for them that beautiful tune of “Olivet,” to which the hymn is wedded unto this day. Dr. Mason

met the author a few days afterwards, and said to him prophetically, “Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think that you will be best known to posterity as the author of this hymn.”—*Dr. Pentecost*.

2066. FAITH, Getting rid of. Men are like four-year old children, that, going down to the shore from the cottage on the seaside, and finding fastened there a boat, with various appliances with which to manage it, think they will try their hand at navigation. It has been the custom of their elders and betters to have, as a means of navigating boats, sails and oars and a tiller, with a rudder attached; but these children say, “Let us not be bound by our fathers’ notions.” And so, with might and main, they heave the mast and the sails overboard, and then one oar goes over, and then the other goes over, and then, unfastening the painter, they climb into the boat. And then, laughing and saying, “Now for a voyage of the newest fashion!” they push off. And when once the boat is set free, the tide takes her, and as there is nothing to steer her, she goes whirling round and round, or drifting in this direction or that, at the mercy of the waves. And when they are far from the land, and the night is coming on, and the sea begins to get turbulent, then, without sails, without oars, without rudder, and without the capacity to manage the boat, with their little palms they try, over the side, to paddle her back. But what can those little four-year old children do toward paddling that masterly boat, with the wind and tide against them, and with no power but that of their little palms? And yet they are mighty to manage that boat, compared to men who unharness faith, and throw off its spars, its oars, its ordinary means of navigation, and say, “Now, having got rid of these superstitions, we will paddle our new views and systems in our own way.”—*Beecher*.

2067. FAITH, God’s response to. A German writer gives this incident in the life of Johannes Bruce, the founder of the order of the Carmelites, who, though a Romish priest, was a saint indeed, distinguished for his love to God and his faith. The convent was poor; and the friars, dependent on charity for daily bread, were often compelled to console themselves with the passage, “Man does not live by bread alone.” One day the brethren found, when they had assembled for dinner, that their whole stock of food was a single piece of dry bread. They sat down; they asked God’s blessing upon their crust. Then Johannes arose, and poured forth such words of encouragement and consolation concerning the love of Christ and the great promises He had given His people, that all of them arose delighted and refreshed, and, without partaking of their bread, returned to their cells. They had scarcely reached them when the bell rang at the convent-gate, and a man entered with a large basket of provisions, which were carried, with a letter, to the prior, who was on his knees praying. He read, the letter dropped from his hands, and he began to weep bitterly. The porter, surprised, said, “Why do you weep? Have you not often said that we should weep for nothing but our sins?” Johannes replied, “Brother, I do not weep without reason. Think how weak the Lord must see our faith to be, since He is unwilling to see us suffer want a single day without sending visible aid. He foresaw that before evening we should despond unless He sent

immediate help to our faith by means of this charitable gift. It is because we possess so little confidence in the rich Lord in whom we are encouraged to trust that my tears flow."—*Charles Finney.*

2068. FAITH, helped by love. In the Highlands of Scotland there is a mountain gorge twenty feet in width and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation save in their crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a Highland boy a handsome reward if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope, and would gather a little basket of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor; but when he gazed at the yawning chasm he shuddered, shrank back, and declined. But filial love was strong within him, and after another glance at the reward, and at the terrible fissure, his heart grew strong, his eyes flashed, and he said, "I will go, if my father will hold the rope." And then, with unshrinking nerves, cheek unblanched, and heart firmly strung, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into that abyss, and to suspend him there while he filled his little basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the love of a father's heart gave him courage and power to perform it.

2069. FAITH, illustrated. A man once dreamed that he was in a deep pit, sinking fast in the mire—feet, knees, body, neck, gone down beneath the surface—when he heard a voice, "Look up." Looking up, he saw a star; and, while gazing at it, he began to rise. Then, congratulating himself on his escape, he turned his eyes from the star to himself, and immediately he began to sink again. All efforts of his own to rise but sank him deeper; and when almost gone he again heard the voice, "Look up." Then once more gazing at the heavenly star, he began to rise higher and higher, till he was almost free; then, turning to help himself, and to remove the mire clinging to him, he forgot to look up, and again he sank. Once more the voice came, "Look up; for only while you look you rise." And looking steadfastly, he rose from the mire, and was saved.

2070. FAITH, illustrated. Some years ago there was a crossing-sweeper in Dublin, with his broom, at the corner, and in all probability his highest thoughts were to keep the crossing clean and look for the pence. One day a lawyer put his hand upon his shoulder and said to him, "My good fellow, do you know that you are heir to a fortune of ten thousand pounds a year?" "Do you mean it?" said he. "I do," he said; "I have just received the information. I am sure you are the man." He walked away, and forgot his broom. Are you astonished? Why, who would not have forgotten a broom when suddenly made possessor of ten thousand a year? So, poor sinners, who have been thinking of the pleasures of the world, when they hear that there is heaven to be had, may well forget the deceitful pleasures of sin and follow after higher and better things.

2071. FAITH, Implicit, answered. On one occasion, when dining at a lady's house in Regent's Park with the late Dr. Brock, Mr. Spurgeon remarked that £2000 had to be forthcoming for the builder on the morrow, and although nothing was in hand, the money would be paid at ten o'clock.

"I wish you would not say that," Dr. Brock replied; but immediately afterwards, while they were still at the table, a telegram came to say that A. B. had just left £2000 for the Orphanage; and then, confessing that he had never seen anything like that, the Doctor called upon all to put down their knives and forks and return thanks to God. They never knew who A. B. was, nor whence he came.—*Christian World.*

2072. FAITH, implicit but ignorant. Implicit faith has been sometimes styled *fides carbonaria*, from the story of one who, examining an ignorant collier on his religious principles, asked him what it was that he believed. He answered, "I believe what the church believes." The other rejoined, "What, then, does the church believe?" He replied, readily, "The church believes what I believe." The other, desirous, if possible, to bring him to particulars, once more resumed his inquiry—"Tell me, then, I pray you, what it is which you and the church both believe?" The only answer the collier could give was, "Why, truly, sir, the church and I both believe the same thing."—*Arvine.*

2073. FAITH, in Christ. An Evangelical clergyman, visiting the late Princess Charlotte at Claremont, Her Royal Highness said to him, "Sir, you are a clergyman; will you have the goodness to give me an answer to a question which I wish to propose to you?" The clergyman replied, "Most readily shall I answer any question your Royal Highness shall please to put to me." "Then, sir," said the Princess, "which is the way a sinner can be saved?" The clergyman modestly replied that Her Royal Highness must be informed upon that subject, and had frequent opportunities of knowing the opinions of eminent persons respecting it. Her Royal Highness said she put the same question to every clergyman, and their opinions being at variance, she requested to have his. He then replied, "Through faith in the sacrifice and work of the Lord Jesus Christ." Her Royal Highness then observed, "That is what my grandfather told me; he said, 'Faith in Christ is everything in religion.'"—*Religious Tract Society Anecdotes.*

2074. FAITH, in death. A dying sailor was near his end, and the death-sweat stood upon his brow. A friend said, "Well, mate, how is it with you now?" The dying man, with a smile, made answer, "The anchor holds—the anchor holds." God grant that every one of you may be able to say this, for His name's sake. Amen.—*Rev. A. G. Brown.*

2075. FAITH, in God. A little blind child, close clasped up against her father, was carried by him into a room in a strange house. One who was in the room stepped quietly up, unclasped his arms, and without saying a word or making a sign, lifted the child away. "You seem not to be much frightened," said the father; "do you know who has you?" "No," she said; "but I am not afraid, for I know you know who has me."—*Clerical Library.*

2076. FAITH, in God. A gentleman in the inquiry-room rose from the side of a man to whom he had long been speaking, and begged of one well advanced in years to take his place, saying that he could not get the inquirer to see salvation. As requested, the aged man took his seat. "What is

wrong?" he said. "Wrong! *Everything* is wrong. My soul is lost, and I have only found it out now." "Are there no people known to you whom you can believe, whatever they say to you?" "Yes," said the sorrowing one. "Just as you believe them, will you now believe God? Gods says in His Word, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and I will'!"—"I wish to see it for myself," said the man. His aged guide was taking out his spectacles to read the words, but this would not do. "Give me the book, that I may read it for myself." With his finger fixed on the spot, he read them over and over and over again. "God, I take you at your word," he cried. Before they parted his friend asked him, "How is it now?" "My burden is gone," said he.

2077. FAITH, in scientific deductions. Few can have forgotten the astonishment with which the discovery of the planet Neptune was received, due not to a lucky or accidental pointing of the telescope towards a particular quarter of the heavens, but to positive calculations worked out in the closet. The distant Uranus—a planet hitherto orderly and correct—begins to show unusual movements in its orbit. Two mathematicians (Leverrier and Adams), as yet but little known to fame, living apart in different countries and acting independently of each other, concentrate the force of their penetrating intellects to find out the cause. By profound calculations each arrives at the conclusion that nothing can account for the "perturbations" except some hitherto unknown mass of matter in a certain quarter of the heavens. So implicit, so undoubting is the faith of Leverrier, that he requests a brother astronomer in Berlin to look out for this mass at a special point on a particular night, and there, sure enough, the disturber immediately discloses himself.—*G. Chaplin Child, M.D. (condensed)*

2078. FAITH, in the Christian labourer. A short time ago a poor missionary among the pagan tribes of Africa, labouring, like his Master, with hardly a place to lay his head, and living on the food of almost savages, sent across the sea a packet of letters directed to different friends in America. It reached New York *via* England, charged with five dollars and seventy-five cents postage (£1, 4s.)! Of course, the American Missionary Association, to whose care it was directed, paid this charge, and took it from the office; for they recognised the handwriting of a faithful labourer. But this heavy postage was to be paid out of the little gifts dropped into the treasury of this Christian mission.—*Elihu Burritt.*

2079. FAITH, Justified by. A minister of the gospel was once preaching in a public hospital. There was an aged woman present, who for several weeks had been aroused to attend to the concerns of her soul. When she heard the Word of God from the lips of his servant, she trembled like a criminal in the hands of the executioner. Formerly she had entertained hope of acceptance with God; but she had departed from her comforter, and now she was the prey of a guilty conscience. A short time after this the same minister was preaching in the same place; but during the first prayer his text and the whole arrangement of his discourse went completely from him; he could not recollect a single sentence of either; but Romans v. 1 took possession of his whole soul: "Therefore, being justified by faith,

we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." He considered this a sufficient intimation of his duty, and desecrated freely on justification by faith and a sinner's peace with God through the atonement of Christ. It was the hour of mercy to this poor distracted woman. A ray of divine consolation now penetrated her soul; and she said to the minister, when taking his leave, "I am a poor vile sinner, but I think, being justified by faith, I begin again to have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. I think Christ has now got the highest place in my heart; and, oh! I pray God He would always keep Him there."

2080. FAITH, Justifying and saving. Mr. Samuel Walker was for some time a preacher before he experienced the power of godliness on his own heart. About a year after he came to Truro, being in company with some friends, the subject of whose conversation turned upon the nature of justifying and saving faith, he, as he freely owned afterwards, became sensible that he was *totally unacquainted with that faith which had been the topic of discourse*, and also convinced that he was destitute of something which was of the greatest importance to his own, as well as the salvation of the people committed to his charge. He said nothing at that time, but was ever ready afterwards, as opportunity offered, to enter upon the subject. He now began to discover that he had hitherto been ignorant of the gospel salvation, inattentive to the spiritual state of his own, and the souls of others, and governed in all his conduct, not by the only Christian motives of love to God and man, but purely by such as were sensual and selfish; he found he was a slave to the desire of man's esteem; and, in short, as he himself expressed it, had been *all wrong* both within and without. Having, by prayer and study of the Scriptures, under the Divine blessing, obtained just views of Divine truth, and experienced the power of religion on his own mind, he became a distinguished and successful preacher of the Gospel.

2081. FAITH, kept. When the Oregon controversy between England and the United States was tending to a serious crisis, two enormous Paixhan guns were wrought in England for the American navy. These terrible engines of destruction had such direct reference to the hostile issue of that question, that one was called "The Oregon," and the other "The Peacemaker." The latter, however, burst on an amateur trial, and killed on the spot the Secretary of the American Navy and one or two other Cabinet Ministers. But not the slightest suspicion ever attached to the good faith of the English makers of the great gun. It was believed universally that they did their best to produce an engine of the greatest capacity of destructiveness, in view of the almost moral certainty that, if ever tested in earnest, it would be first upon the ships of their own nation; that its crater-mouth would pour the first eruption of its iron missiles upon their own countrymen.—*Elihu Burritt.*

2082. FAITH, kinds of. Suppose I should meet a person to-night when I go away from here—a person that I had met in rags every day—and should see him all dressed up, and should say to him, "Halloa, beggar!" "Why, Mr. Moody, I ain't no beggar; I ain't." "Well, you were last night. I know you. You asked me for money." "True;

but I was standing here, and a man came along and put ten thousand dollars in my hand, real money, and I've got it in the bank now." "How do you know you stretched out the *right* hand to take it?" "Hand! What do I care which hand! I've got the *money*, I have." And so people talk about the *right kind* of faith. *Any* kind of faith will do that will get the good. There would be no trouble about peace and happiness if men had faith in Christ.—*Moody*.

2083. FAITH, Living by. In Bristol, as at Teignmouth, though he (George Müller) continued to live without any regular income, God never allowed him nor his family to want, and, with the Apostle Paul, he was generally able to say, "I have all and abound." . . . Sometimes it happened that not only was there no money left, but that all the provisions likewise in the house were gone—a trying state of things indeed; the Lord never suffered them, however, to be confounded.—*Life of George Müller*.

2084. FAITH, Living by. The Rev. Hansard Knollys was among the Christian ministers who, in the seventeenth century, were the subjects of persecution. He was persecuted in the high commission court, and fled to America, from whence, after a time, he returned. Having lived for some time in obscurity in London, he had but sixpence left, and no prospect of being able to provide for the support of his family. In these circumstances he prayed, encouraged his wife to remember the past goodness of God, and to reflect on the promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," paid his lodging, and then went out, not knowing where the providence of God would lead him. He had walked but a few steps, when he was met by a woman, who told him that some Christian friends had prepared a residence for him and his family, and had sent him money and other comforts. They were impressed with this manifestation of Divine goodness to them, and his wife exclaimed, "Oh! dear husband, how sweet it is to live by faith, and trust God's faithful Word! Let us rely upon Him whilst we live, and trust Him in all straits."

2085. FAITH, Measure of. A Christian sailor, who lost one of his legs in the battle of Trafalgar, said that he could often measure the faith of the people who conversed with him by the way in which they alluded to his misfortune. Nine out of ten would exclaim, "What a pity that you lost your leg!" and only one in ten, "What a blessing that the other was preserved!"

2086. FAITH, must express itself. One of his sailor-boys, warming up in an exhortation, speaking of faith, said, "It's like tinder in an old-fashioned tinder-box. Shut it up, and it will go out; give it vent, and it will burn." Slapping him on the back, Father Taylor exclaimed, "Well done, Peter! the Bishop couldn't better that."—*Life of Father Taylor*.

2087. FAITH, not creed, determines religion. Are you any more a Christian because of all that intellectual assent to these solemn verities? Is not your life like some secularised monastic chamber, with holy texts carved on the walls, and saintly images looking down from glowing windows on revellers and hucksters who defile its floors? Your faith, not your creed, determines your religion. Many a "true believer" is a real infidel.—*MacLaren*.

2088. FAITH, not works, saves. Some years ago two men, a bargeman and a collier, were in a boat above the rapids of Niagara, and found themselves unable to manage it, being carried so swiftly down the current that they must both inevitably be borne down and dashed to pieces. At last, however, one man was saved by floating a rope to him, which he grasped. The same instant that the rope came into his hand a log floated by the other man. The thoughtless and confused bargeman, *instead of seizing the rope, laid hold on the log*. It was a fatal mistake; they were both in imminent peril; but the one was drawn to shore, because he had a connection with the people on the land, while the other, clinging to the loose, floating log, was borne irresistibly along, and never heard of afterwards. Faith has a saving connection with Christ. Grapple our virtues as tightly as we may, even with hooks of steel, they cannot avail us in the least degree; they are the disconnected log which has no hold-fast on the heavenly shore.

2089. FAITH, overcoming the world. In the English Channel there are three tiers of rocks known as the Eddystone Rocks, which from time immemorial have been a terror to sailors. On the principal one of these rocks various attempts had been made to erect a lighthouse, as a guide to the mariner. By a combination of undercurrents all such attempts had proved unsuccessful. In 1696 Henry Winstanley succeeded in completing a structure, by ingrafting one stone into another, which he supposed immovable. Having completed the whole, he remained within the solid work, and said he would like to stay there during the most stormy night ever known. Old Ocean heard that challenge. Wave summoned wave to the trial. The night came on, dark and furious. Surge after surge beat against the boastful work, and overwhelmed its summit. The night passes away, and a calm, peaceful morning follows; but the lighthouse and its builder are nowhere seen. The waves murmur to each other as if in triumph and mockery over the ruin. "Still," said England's mechanics, "it can be done." In 1709 another was built; but this too was swept away. "Still," said John Smeaton, "*it can be done!*" In 1759 he completed another structure on a different plan, which has now stood for more than a century, looking down in proud defiance on Ocean's stormiest hour, and guiding thousands into port. So, in planting the lighthouse of the gospel to guide our wrecked humanity over life's troublous sea, if the first or second effort is not successful, Faith, looking forward to the promises, and backward to Omnipotence, cries, "*It can be done.*"—*Preacher's Lantern*.

2090. FAITH, Playing with. Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, took his followers to a deep stream, that they might see him walk dryshod over it. "Have you faith," said Joseph, "that I can walk across without wetting my feet?" "We have, we have!" cried his enthusiastic people. "Then," said the prophet, "that is as good as if I were to do it fifty times—the end is gained."

2091. FAITH, Power and place of. Look at that locomotive as it snorts like a giant war-horse to its place in the station at the head of a train. In that engine there is power of amplest capacity to drag at swiftest pace the far stretch of carriages. All its parts—boiler, tubes, pistons, fire, steam—are

in perfect order ; the bell has rung as a signal for starting, and yet there is no departure, no movement, nor would be till "crack of doom" *as long as the uniting hooks that bind the engine and train are wanting.* But when, like two great hands, they have clasped, and a screw has so riveted engine and carriage that they form, as it were, one thing, one whole, the train moves. Without that hook, or link, or coupling, the train would stand still for ever. So in relation of faith to Christ. It is not our faith that saves us, but Christ.—*Dr. Grosart.*

2092. FAITH, Reward of. The discovery of the New World, as the continent of America and its islands are called, was not, like many discoveries, an accident ; it was the reward of faith—the reward of Christopher Columbus's faith. He found fruits on the shores of Western Europe, cast up by the Atlantic waves, and brought there, as we now know, by the Gulf Stream, perfectly diverse from any that the temperate, fiery, or frozen zones of the Old World produced. So one day, let me say, strolling by the sea-shore, he saw a nut. He takes it in his hand and looks at it ; he takes it into his capacious mind, and out of that little seed springs his faith in another world beyond that watery horizon, where, as he believed, and events proved, the sea had pearls, and the veins of the earth were filled with silver, and the rivers that flowed through spicy groves ran over sands of gold. They thought him mad to leave his sweet bays, and his land, and his pleasant home to launch on a sea which keel had never ploughed, in search of a land man had never seen. I tell that infidel that I know in whom I have believed ; I can give a reason for the faith that is in me ; and so he could. And so he launched his bark on the deep, and with strange stars above him, and strange seas around him, storms without, and mutinies within, no man of all the crew hoping but himself, with a courage nothing could daunt, and a perseverance nothing could exhaust, that remarkable man stood by the helm, and kept the prow of his bark onward and westward till lights gleamed on San Salvador's shore, and as the day broke the joyful cry, "Land !" rang from the mast-head ; and faith was crowned with success, and patience had her perfect work.—*Guthrie.*

2093. FAITH, Reward of. Sir William Napier once in his walks met with a little girl of five years old sobbing over a pitcher she had broken. She, in her innocence, asked him to mend it. He told her that he could not mend it, but that he would meet her trouble by giving her sixpence to buy a new one, if she would meet him there at the same hour the next evening, as he had no money in his purse that day. When he returned home he found that there was an invitation waiting for him, which he particularly wished to accept. But he could not then have met the little girl at the time stated, and he gave up the invitation, saying, "I could not disappoint her ; she trusted in me so implicitly."

2094. FAITH, Reward of. I remember the story of a preacher who got out great placards, and placarded the town, stating that if any man in the town owed any debt, and would come round to his office between nine and twelve o'clock on a certain day, he would pay the debt. Of course that went through the town like wildfire. One said to the other, "John, do you believe that ?" "No ; I am not going to believe that any stranger is going to pay

our debts." No one believed it, although there were a good many, no doubt, that would have liked to get their debts paid. Well, the day came, and at nine o'clock the man was there. At ten o'clock none had come. At eleven o'clock a man was seen walking up and down, looking over his shoulder, and finally he put his head in at the door, and said, "Is it true that you will pay any man's debt ?" The other said, "Yes. Do you owe any debt ?" "Yes." "Have you brought the necessary papers ?" The placard had told them what to do. "Yes." So the man drew a cheque and paid the other's debt, and kept him and talked with him till twelve o'clock ; and before twelve o'clock two other men came and got their debts paid. At twelve o'clock the man let them out, and the people outside said to them, "He paid your debts, did he not ?" "Yes, he did," they answered. But the people laughed, and made fun of them, and would not believe it till they pulled out the cheque, and said, "There it is ; he has paid all the debt." And then the people said, "What fools we were we did not go in and get our debts paid !" But they could not ; *it was too late ; the door was closed ; the time was up.* And then the man, as before, preached the gospel, and great crowds went to hear him ; and he said, "Now, my friends, that is what God wants to do, but you will not let Him do it."—*Moody.*

2095. FAITH, Simplicity of. I was sent for in great haste to visit a woman who was said to be dying, and who very much desired to see me. I went immediately to her house. She was a member of my church, whom I had known very well for years. I said to her, "Mrs. M—, you seem to be very sick ?" "Yes," she said ; "I am dying." "And are you ready to die ?" She lifted her eyes to me, with a solemn and fixed gaze, and, speaking with great difficulty, she replied, "Sir, God knows—I have taken Him—at His word—and—I am not afraid—to die."—*Dr. Spenser.*

2096. FAITH, Simplicity of. Dr. William Anderson was journeying to Kilsyth to help in the revival which was then going on. He met with a boy who told of the death of his little brother. The lad seemed sure that his brother had gone to heaven. Dr. Anderson asked him for the ground of his confidence. He replied, "Because he had faith." "But," says the Doctor, "how do you know ?" "Weel, sir, when he was dying he seemed afraid. I told him to trust in Jesus. He asked me what that meant—what he was to do. I said, 'Pray to Him.' He replied, 'I'm too weak ; I'm not able to pray.' Then I said, 'Just hold up your hand—*Jesus will see you, and know what it means.*' And he did it. Now, was not that faith ?" Dr. Anderson was a great theologian, yet he often pointed to that dying lad with the uplifted hand as a beautiful illustration of the simplicity of faith.—*Clerical Library.*

2097. FAITH, The, can defend itself. Henry VIII., King of England, wrote a silly book against Martin Luther, for which the Pope conferred on him the title "*Defender of the Faith.*" As that tyrant appeared to be overjoyed at the acquisition, the Jester of the court asked the reason ; and being told that it was because the Pope had given him that new title, the *shrewd fool* replied, "My good Harry, let thee and me defend each other, and let the faith alone to defend itself."

2098. FAITH, Triumph of. At the close of the American civil war the friends of consecrated learning gathered about the ruins of what had been Cumberland University, in Lebanon, Tennessee. A row of columns was all that was left of the proud old buildings. All that fire could burn was gone. All the endowment, too, was gone. A minister who had been educated in this institution walked around its ruins and wept. Then, suddenly drying his tears, he walked up to one of the columns and wrote upon it, "*Resurgam.*" The word was caught up. It became the text for thrilling speeches, and was engraved on the new seal of the University. Two daring steps were taken—one to appoint a full corps of professors, and guarantee their salaries for a time; the other, to promise free tuition and board to candidates for the ministry. For the fulfilment of these promises not one dollar was on hand. Over sixty candidates came the first year, and steadily, ever since, the boarding-house has kept and fed many scores of these young men. The "Preachers' Home" was bought and paid for. No debts were incurred; all who came were cared for. Vast as were the difficulties to be met, God has not disappointed the hopes nor withhold His blessings from those who, in His name, re-spread the banner of the University to the breeze.

2099. FAITH, Victory of. It was by faith that Leonidas charged with three hundred men for the salvation of Greece, encountering eight hundred thousand Persians. His country had sent him to die at Thermopylæ. What he did was by no means reasonable, according to ordinary views.—*Vinet.*

2100. FAITH, Victory of. The emigrant who sees the blue hills of his native land sink beneath the wave, and goes away to the land of gold, has seen and handled the gold dug from the mines or washed from the waters of that distant land. He has seen those who have been there; he has seen them go out poor and come back rich; he has seen them go out empty and come back full. These have taught him to believe in a land beyond the waters; but I believe in a land, not beyond the seas, but beyond the grave, to which I have seen hundreds go, but none come back to unveil its secrets. I believe in a Saviour I never saw, and never saw the man that saw; and commit to His keeping, not my money, but what is more precious than all the gold of the Bank of England—I commit to Him my precious soul.—*Guthrie.*

2101. FAITH, Vision of. Such confidence and faith must appear to the world strange and unaccountable. It is like what his fellow-citizens may be supposed to have felt (if the story be true) toward that man of whom it is recorded that his powers of vision were so extraordinary, that he could distinctly see the fleet of the Carthaginians enter the harbour of Carthage while he stood himself at Lilybæum, in Sicily. A man seeing across an ocean, and able to tell of objects so far off! He could feast his vision on what others saw not. Even thus does faith now stand at its Lilybæum, and see the long-tossed fleet entering safely the desired haven, enjoying the bliss of that still distant day, as if it was already come.—*Andrew A. Bonar.*

2102. FAITH, Want of. Among Gilpin's numberless acts of benevolence, it is related that, in one of his rides, seeing a man much cast down by the loss

of a horse that had just fallen dead, he told the man he should have the one on which his servant was mounted. "Ah, Master," said the countryman, "my pocket will not reach such a beast as that." "Come, come," answered Gilpin, "*take him*; and when I demand my money, then thou shalt pay me."—*Julius C. Hare.*

2103. FAITH, Want of. What power had the last Brutus at the moment when he abandoned his faith? From the time of his melancholy vision, produced by a diminution of that faith, it might have been predicted that his own destiny and that of the republic were finished. He felt it himself; it was with a presentiment of defeat that he fought at Philippi. And such a presentiment always realises itself.—*Vinet.*

2104. FAITH, what it is. A doctor, who was once visiting a Christian patient, had himself long been anxious to feel that he was at peace with God. The Spirit of God had convinced him of his sin and need, and he longed to possess "that peace which the world cannot give." On this occasion, addressing himself to the sick one, he said, "I want you just to tell me what it is, this believing and getting happiness—faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing, that brings peace." His patient replied, "Doctor, I have felt that I could do *nothing*, and I have put my case in your hands—I am *trusting in you*. This is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus."

2105. FAITH, what it is. The Rev. David Nelson relates that, after attending a brilliant party at the house of a young man of wealth, he sat down with him for the purpose of religious conversation. His young friend acknowledged that he would gladly become a Christian if he knew what to do. "Suppose," said Dr. Nelson, "the Lord Jesus stood in this room, and you knew it was the Lord Jesus, and He should look kindly on you, and stretch out His hand towards you, and should say, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' what would you do?" "I would go to Him, and fall down before Him, and ask Him to save me," was the reply. "But what if your gay young companions were in the room, and they should point and laugh at you?" "I should not care for that. I should go to the Lord Jesus." "Well, the Lord Jesus is really in this room, though you cannot see Him; and He stretches out His hand to you, and says, 'Come unto Me,' and you should believe what He says in His letter, the Bible, as much as though you heard the words." Soon after the conversation Dr. Nelson had the pleasure of meeting this young man at the Table of our Lord.

2106. FAITHFULNESS, a duty. A dying nobleman once sent for the clergyman on whose ministry he had attended, and said to him, "Do you not know that my life has been licentious, and that I have violated the commandments of God? Yet *you never warned me of my danger!*" The clergyman was silent. When the nobleman repeated the question, he replied, "Yes, my lord, your manner of living was not unknown to me; but your kindness, and my fear of offending you, deterred me from reproving you." "How cruel! how wicked!" said the dying man. "The provision I made for you and your family ought to have induced care and

fidelity. You have neglected to warn and instruct me, and now my soul will be lost !”

2107. FAITHFULNESS, A servant's. The Abbé Barruel, in the account he gives of the closing scenes of Diderot's life, tells us that he had a Christian servant, to whom he had been kind, and who waited upon him in his last illness. This servant took a tender interest in the melancholy situation of his master, who was just about to leave this world, without preparation for another. Though a young man, he ventured one day, when he was engaged about his master's person, to remind him that he had a soul, and to admonish him, in a respectful manner, not to lose the last opportunity of attending to its welfare. Diderot heard him with attention, melted into tears, and thanked him. He even consented to allow the young man to introduce a clergyman, whom he would probably have continued to admit to his chamber, if his infidel friends would have suffered the minister to repeat his visits.

2108. FAITHFULNESS, and expectation. One winter day a gentleman riding on horseback along a Kentucky road met an old coloured slave plodding on through the deep snow toward the house of God, which was four miles from his home. “Why, uncle,” cried the gentleman, “you ought not to venture out such a distance on such a day ! Why in the world don't you stay at home ?” “Ah, massa,” was the answer, “I darn't do dat ! ‘Cause, you see, *I dunno when de blessing gwine to come.* An' 'spose it 'ud come dis snowy mornin', and I away ? Oh no ! dat 'ud nebber do.” Would God's service ever be dishonoured by empty houses of worship were all Christians possessed of such faith ?

2109. FAITHFULNESS, and prayer. There was once an insurrection in one of the West Indian islands. Among other things, the rioters resolved to break up the religious meetings of the slaves in the neighbourhood. These meetings were generally conducted by an old slave called Uncle Ben. The rioters went to the negroes' meeting-house at the time of service for the purpose of breaking it up, and, not finding Ben there, they seized the leader of the service and put him to death, and with his head upon a pole, marched to Ben's dwelling. When he appeared, the leader pointed to the bleeding head on the pole, and asked, “Do you know that head, Ben ?” “Yes, massa,” said Ben, “I knows him.” “Well, that's what he has got for his praying ; and if you don't stop praying we'll just do the same with your head.” Ben looked the leader of the mob full in the face, and said, “Massa, do you mean dat ?” “To be sure I do,” said the man ; “and if you wish to keep your head upon your shoulders, you'll give up praying at once.” All were waiting anxiously, when the old negro turned to his fellow-slaves and said, “Bredren, let us pray !” Then he kneeled down in the presence of these fierce, lawless men, and poured out his soul in prayer. He prayed that God would pardon their sin, and show them the evil of their ways, and change their hearts by grace. When he ceased, he rose up and went into his cabin. God's power was on the hearts of these rioters, so that they went away without offering to touch him.

2110. FAITHFULNESS, in death. During the American War of Independence Lord Rawdon,

when he was in South Carolina, had to send an express of great importance through a country filled with the enemy, which a corporal of the 17th Dragoons, of known courage and intelligence, was selected to escort. They had not proceeded far when they were fired upon, the express killed, and the corporal wounded in the side. Careless of his wounds, he thought but of his duty. He snatched the dispatch from the dying man and rode on, till, from the loss of blood, he fell, when, fearing the dispatch would be taken by the enemy, he thrust it into the wound until it closed upon it. He was found next day by a British patrol, with a smile upon his countenance, with only life sufficiently remaining to point to the fatal depository of his secret. In searching the wound was found to be the cause of his death ; but the surgeon declared that it was not itself mortal, but rendered so by the insertion of the paper.

2111. FAITHFULNESS, Individual. The Congregational church at Llanvaches, formed in 1639, was the first Nonconforming church in Wales. The cause at one time had been reduced to such a low estate that only one elderly woman participated of the Lord's Supper with the pastor. Feeling greatly discouraged, he said to her that the place should be closed, promising to visit her occasionally at her house ; but she remonstrated with him, saying, with tears, “*Do not give up ; come here at least once more ; the Lord may visit us again.*” And the Lord did visit them. Before the next Communion Sabbath five or six persons had become candidates for membership.—*Dr. Rees.*

2112. FAITHFULNESS, in judging. When Aristides sat as judge, it is said that one, thinking to strengthen his cause, mentioned the injuries that his opponent had done to Aristides. “Mention the wrongs *you* have received,” replied the equitable Athenian ; “I sit here as judge, and the lawsuit is yours, and not mine.”

2113. FAITHFULNESS, Ministerial. President Davis preached before James I. of England, who was James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take ? The King was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did President Davis preach about to this man who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland ? He took for his text, James i. 6 : “He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven of the winds and tossed.”—*Tulmage.*

2114. FAITHFULNESS, Ministerial. Louis the Fourteenth sent for the famous Bourdaloue to preach the Advent sermon in 1670, which he did with such success that he was many years retained at court. He was called the king of preachers, and the preacher to kings ; and Louis himself said that he would rather hear the repetitions of Bourdaloue than the novelties of another. With a collected air, Bourdaloue had little action ; he generally kept his eyes half closed, and penetrated the hearts of the people by the sound of a voice uniform and solemn. On one occasion he turned the peculiarity of his external aspect to a very memorable advantage. After depicting, in soul-awakening terms, a sinner of the first magnitude, he suddenly opened his eyes, and casting them full on the King, who sat opposite to him, he added in a voice of thunder, “*Thou art the man !*” The effect was confounding.

When he had finished his discourse he went and threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and said, "Sire, behold at your feet one who is the most devoted of your servants, but punish him not that in the pulpit he can own no other master but the King of kings."

2115. FAITHFULNESS, Ministerial. The late Rev. Leland Howard, of Rutland, Vermont, in the discharge of his pastoral duties, took occasion to urge, personally, on one of his hearers an attention to religion. At length the conversation became so distasteful that the man repelled all further advances by declaring most emphatically that if he ever took that liberty again he would never pay another penny toward his salary. With a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and a wisdom often born of love, he forbore all personal conversation when they met, but he would simply ask, "Does it pay?" Time went on, and the pastor, crowned with the honours of a useful life, went to be with Christ. But his words remained like a nail fastened by the Master of assemblies; and the man whose salvation he so often sought became a Christian. Then he told what feelings that brief question produced. "I had rather he had said the whole than to ask the question, 'Does it pay?' And oh," said he, "if he were only living now, that I could tell him so, what a privilege it would be!"

2116. FAITHFULNESS, Ministerial. The Rev. John Howe, having preached before Cromwell, so pleased the Protector that he was appointed his domestic chaplain. To some of Cromwell's peculiar notions Mr. Howe could not assent, and in one instance had the boldness to preach against them in his presence, believing that they might lead to practical ill consequences. The friends of the preacher were alarmed, and predicted that he would find it difficult to regain the Protector's favour. "I have," said Mr. Howe, "*discharged my conscience, and the event must be left to God.*"

2117. FAITHFULNESS, not to be silenced. The Pope requests a Dominican bishop to repair to Florence and answer the abbot's (Savonarola's) sermons. "Holy Father, I will obey; but I must be supplied with arms." "What arms?" "This monk," replied the bishop, "says we ought not to keep concubines, commit simony, or be guilty of licentiousness. If in this he speaks truly, what shall I reply?" "What shall we do?" said the Pope. "Reward him, give him a red hat, make a Cardinal and a friend of him at once." Savonarola kindly receives the papal messenger, and for three days listens to his arguments, but is unconvinced. The tempting bribe is then offered. "Come to my sermon to-morrow morning and you shall hear my answer." How great was the emissary's surprise at hearing more daring denunciations than ever from Savonarola, who exclaimed, "No other red hat will I have than that of martyrdom, coloured with my own blood."—*Newman Hall.*

2118. FAITHFULNESS, reciprocated. I was seventeen years old when I went to Boston. On Sunday I went into a Bible-class in one of the churches. I had been there but a few Sundays before that teacher came down into the shoe-store where I was engaged, and put his hand on my shoulder, and spoke to me about my soul. *He was the first man that ever spoke to me about my soul.* He

shed tears. I forget now what he said, but I never will forget the pressure of his hand and those tears. Seventeen years rolled away, and one dark, rainy night I was speaking in Worcester; a young man, after the meeting, came up the aisle and said to me, "I have heard my father speak of you, so after that I thought I would like to become acquainted with you." "Who is your father?" "Edward Kemble." My old teacher! The thought passed across my mind, "Oh, if I could do for his son what he did for me." I put my hand on his shoulder, and said, "Henry, are you a Christian?" The tears started as he said, "No, sir; but would like to be." Thank God for that! I preached Christ to him; but he could believe all that was in the Bible against sinners, like many others, but not what was for them. . . . Briefly, he believed at last, and comforted his dying mother with the knowledge of this fact. And his sister's conversion followed.—*Moody.*

2119. FAITHFULNESS, Rest not thought of in. When the battle of Corioli was being won through the stimulus given to the soldiers by the impassioned vigour of Caius Marcius, they mourned to see their leader covered with wounds and blood. They begged him to retire to the camp, but, with characteristic bravery, he exclaimed, "*It is not for conquerors to be tired!*" and joined them in prosecuting the victory to its brilliant end.—*New Handbook of Illustrations.*

2120. FAITHFULNESS, Results of. Once, when John Newton preached in a village, such was the indifference that only a handful came to hear him. But he was loyal to Christ, and gave the best he had. Among that little number of hearers was Thomas Scott. The sermon turned his thoughts toward the truth, and all the Christian influence of "Scott's Commentary" may be traced to that sermon.

2121. FAITHFULNESS, rewarded. When Charles II. went to Winchester with the Court, the house of Dr. Ken was destined to be the residence of Nell Gwynn. The good little man declared that *she should not rest under his roof.* He was as steady as a rock; and the intelligence was brought to the King, who said, "Well, then, Nell must take lodgings in the city." All the Court were shocked at Dr. Ken's rigid conduct, saying that he had ruined his fortune, and would never rise in the Church. Some time afterwards the bishopric of Bath and Wells became vacant; the Ministers recommended some learned and pious divines, but the King answered, "No, none of them shall have it, I assure you. What is the name of that little man at Winchester that would not let Nell Gwynn lodge at his house?" "Dr. Ken, please your Majesty." "Well, he shall have it, then; I resolved that he should have the first bishopric that fell, if it had been Canterbury."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

2122. FAITHFULNESS, rewarded. A young Christian soldier in the army was often assaulted by his tent-mates while at prayer at night. He sought advice of his chaplain, and by his counsel omitted his usual habit. His ardent heart could not endure this. He chose rather to have prayer with persecution than peace without it, and resumed his old way. The result was, that, after a time, all his ten or twelve companions knelt in prayer with him. In reporting to his chaplain he said, "*Isn't it better to keep the colours flying?*"

2123. FAITHFULNESS, to liberty. Lorenzo, on his deathbed, did homage to the faithful monk, as a true servant of God. He could not die in peace without his benediction. Savonarola, standing beside the dying man, demanded compliance with three conditions before he would grant absolution. He must have sincere faith in Christ. This he professed. He must make restitution of whatever he had unjustly obtained. This he promised. He must liberate Florence from the despotism of his family (the Medici) and re-establish the ancient republic. Lorenzo was silent. Could he undo the labour of his life? *The uncompromising monk immediately left him unabsolved!*—*Newman Hall.*

2124. FAITHFULNESS, to the sinful. I confess, to my shame, that I remember no sin that my conscience doth so much accuse and judge me for as for doing so little for the salvation of men's souls, and dealing more earnestly and fervently with them for their conversion. I confess that when I am alone, and think of the case of the poor, ignorant, worldly, unconverted sinners, that live not to God, nor set their hearts on the life to come, my conscience telleth me that I should go to as many of them as I can, and tell them plainly what will become of them if they do not turn to the Lord. And though I have many excuses, yet none of them do satisfy my own conscience, when I consider what heaven and hell are, which will, one of them, be the end of every man's life. My conscience tells me that I should follow them night and day, with all earnestness, and take no denial till they return to God.—*Baxter.*

2125. FAITHFUL, to the death. On the 28th March 1849 fourteen Christians were condemned to death on account of their faith. The place at which they suffered was a precipitous rock on the west side of Antanàrivo, the capital of Madagascar, at least 150 feet in depth. On arriving at the edge of the rock a rope was firmly tied round the body of each, and one by one they were lowered a little way over the precipice. While in this position, and when it was hoped by their persecutors that their courage would fail, the executioner, holding a knife in his hand, stood waiting for the command of the officer to cut the rope. Then for the last time the question was addressed to them, "*Will you cease to pray?*" But the only answer returned was an emphatic "*No.*" Upon this the signal was given, the rope was cut, and in another moment their mangled and bleeding bodies lay upon the rocks below.

2126. FAITHFUL, to the death. An American received a telegram that a vessel called the *Congress*, which was commanded by his son, had struck her flag. "*Then Joe is dead,*" he said. And so it proved. The father had felt that nothing less than the death of his son could account for the surrender.

2127. FAITHFUL, to the death. At the critical moment in the battle of Waterloo, when everything depended on the steadiness of the soldiery, courier after courier kept dashing into the presence of the Duke of Wellington, announcing that, unless the troops at an important point were immediately relieved or withdrawn, they must yield before the impetuous onsets of the French. By all of these the Duke sent back the same spirit-stirring message, "*Stand firm!*" "But we shall perish!" remon-

strated the officer. "Stand firm!" again answered the iron-hearted chieftain. "*You'll find us there!*" rejoined the other, as he fiercely galloped away. The result proved the truth of his reply, for every man of that doomed brigade fell, bravely fighting at his post.

2128. FAITHLESSNESS, Death the penalty of. A great captain thought he gave that soldier but his due whom he ran through with his sword because he found him asleep when he should have stood sentinel, excusing his severity with this, that he left him but as he found him—"Mortuum inveni, et mortuum reliqui"—"I found him dead in sleep, and left him but asleep in death."—*Gurnal.*

2129. FAITHLESSNESS, Reward of. We are astonished when we read that animated oration of Cicero the First against Catiline (denouncing his conspiracy), and know that the traitor had the audacity to sit in the Senate-house while it was delivered, and while every man of worth or regard for character deserted the bench on which he sat, and left him a spectacle to the whole assembly.—*Tytler.*

2130. FAITHLESSNESS, in Christian work. A gentleman who assisted the Countess of Huntingdon in the management of Spa-fields Chapel, called upon her one day to expostulate with her on the impropriety of entering into engagements without having the means of honourably fulfilling them. Before he left the house her letters arrived. As she opened one her countenance brightened and her tears began to flow. The letter was to this effect:—"An individual who has heard of Lady Huntingdon's exertions to spread the gospel requests her acceptance of the enclosed draft to assist her in the laudable undertaking." The draft was for five hundred pounds—the exact sum for which she stood engaged. "Here," said she, "take it, and pay for the chapel, and be no longer faithless, but believing."

2131. FALL, of man. The fall was a giant stride in the history of the human race.—*Schiller.*

2132. FALL, Secret of. Remember that solemn, strange legend which tells us that on the night before Jerusalem fell the guard of the Temple heard through the darkness a voice, mighty and sad, saying "Let us depart," and were aware as of the sound of many wings passing from out of the Holy Place; and on the morrow the iron heels of the Roman legionaries trod the marble pavement of the innermost shrine, and heathen eyes gazed upon the empty place where the glory of the God of Israel should have dwelt, and a torch, flung by an unknown hand, burned with fire the holy and beautiful house where He had promised to put His name for ever.—*Maclaren.*

2133. FALL, The, and God's love. If the course of a mighty river were blocked up by the fall of a great mass of rock or soil from the mountain-side, it might be needful, at the cost of great labour and expense, to cut out a fresh channel, and then it would flow forth again, bringing fertility to whole valleys and countries. Thus man's fall and disobedience, so to speak, blocked up the channel, and put a hindrance in the way of our being benefited by God's love. But He still loved us, and opened a new and blessed way by which His love might again be poured forth in abundant measure on the children of men. He gave Jesus to die.

2134. FALLEN, the, Care for. A writer in one of the English reviews relates that during a conversation with George Eliot, not long before her death, a vase toppled over on the mantelpiece. The great writer quickly and unconsciously put out her hand to stop its fall. "I hope," said she, replacing it, "that the time will come *when we shall instinctively hold up the man or woman who begins to fall* as naturally and unconsciously as we arrest a falling piece of furniture or an ornament."

2135. FALLING away, Danger of. A Christian said to a minister of his acquaintance, "I am told you are against the perseverance of the saints." "Not I, indeed," he replied; "it is the perseverance of sinners that I oppose." "But do you not think that a child of God can fall very low, and yet be restored?" "I think it would be *very dangerous to make the experiment.*"

2136. FALSEHOOD, Cure of. A king of Tenedos decreed that there should always stand behind the judge a man holding an axe, ready to execute justice on any one convicted of falsehood. Hence the Greek proverb, to describe a person of unquestionable veracity, "He is a man of Tenedos!"—*I. D'Israeli.*

2137. FALSEHOOD, Danger of. Benvenuto Cellini records in his autobiography the bitter experiences he endured in being tempted to lie to the Duke, his patron, lest he should forfeit the favours of the Duchess—he, who "was always a lover of truth and an enemy to falsehood, being then under a necessity of telling lies." "As I had begun to tell lies, I plunged deeper and deeper into the mire," till a very slough of despond it became to him.—*Francis Jacob.*

2138. FALSENESS, in character. Do you think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended? Cast them all aside; they may be light and accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke of the pit for all that.—*Ruskin.*

2139. FAME, A lasting. At a large dinner-party given by Lord Stratford, when peace had been made after the Crimean War, it was proposed that every one should write on a slip of paper the name which appeared to him most likely to descend to posterity with renown. The names were written and given to the proposer of this benevolent form of ostracism. The papers were opened and read; every one of them contained the name of Miss Nightingale. An enthusiastic cheer was raised, in which the two commanders-in-chief of the army and navy were the most clamorous in their applause.

2140. FAME, Another steps into. Of all the wrongs done to the memory of Columbus, perhaps the greatest was that which robbed him of the name of the new continent. This was bestowed upon one of the least worthy of the many adventurers whom the genius and success of Columbus had drawn to the West (Amerigo Vespucci).—*Ridpath.*

2141. FAME, Fading away of. We can conceive few subjects more worthy of Shakespeare than the mind of Napoleon at the moment when his fate was sealed, when the tide of his victories was suddenly stopped and rolled backward. . . . The intense agony of that moment when he gave the unusual orders to retreat (from Moscow); the desolation of his soul when he saw the brave soldiers and

his chosen guards sinking in the snows and perishing in crowds around him; his unwillingness to receive the details of his losses, lest self-possession should fail him; the levity and badinage of his interview with the Abbe de Pradt at Warsaw—all discover a mind labouring to throw off an unsupportable weight, wrestling with itself, struggling against misery.—*Channing.*

2142. FAME, Forgotten. In his ninetieth year Rogers' (author of "Pleasures of Memory") memory began to fail in a manner that was painful to his friends. He was no longer able to relate his shortest stories or welcome his constant companions with his usual complimentary expressions. He began to forget familiar faces, and at last *forgot that he had ever been a poet.*—*Timbs.*

2143. FAME, Good and evil. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

2144. FAME, Image of. Besides the letters (cuneiform inscriptions at Nineveh), another curious and interesting impression is observable on one of these bricks; it is that of *the footsteps of a weazel* which must have sported over the recent brick before it had left the hand of the fabricator. The little animal and the mighty king have stamped the record of their existence on the same piece of clay.—*Bonomi.*

2145. FAME, Universal love of. Chatterton, the poet, wished to be painted as an angel blowing a trumpet with his own name on it. "What shall I do to be for ever known?" asks Schiller.—*J. Hain Friswell.*

2146. FAMILY, Bond of. Immediately before the battle of Verona he (Theodoric) visited the tent of his mother and sister, and requested them on a day, the most illustrious festival of his life, they would adorn him with the rich garments they had worked with their own hands. "Our glory," said he, "*is mutual and inseparable.* You are known to the world as the mother of Theodoric; and it becomes me to prove that I am the genuine offspring of those heroes from whom I claim my descent."—*Gibbon.*

2147. FAMILY, Government of. There are many persons who have heard so much of family government that they think there cannot be too much of it. They imprison their children in stiff rooms, where a fly is a band of music in the empty silence, and govern at morning and govern at night, and the child goes all day long like a shuttle in the loom, back and forward, hit at both ends. Children subjected to such treatment are apt to grow up infidels through mere disgust.—*Beecher.*

2148. FAMILY PRAYER, Duty of. Howard, the philanthropist, never neglected the duty of family prayer, even though there was but one, and that one his domestic, to join him in it; always declaring that where he had a tent God should have an altar.

2149. FAMILY PRAYER, Love of. Arrived at the inn of Souceboz, my father (Cæsar Malan), as he was unbuckling his knapsack, said to the mistress of the house that after supper he should have even-

ing worship with us, and that she would be welcome if she liked to be present at it with the people. "We don't want that sort of thing here!" said the woman, and added some expression of impatience. Thereupon my father took up his bag and stick and said to me, "Do you feel up to another hour's walking, my boy?" Then, without waiting, he added, to the astonishment of our hostess, who was preparing to detain us, "Come along, my lads; I will not pass the night under a roof where prayer is made light of and where the fear of God is unknown."—*La Vie de César Malan, par un de ses fils.*

2150. FAMILY PRAYER, Remembrance of. Much as I can speak and hear, I am alone—alone. My brave father, now victorious from his toil, was wont to pray in evening worship: "Might we say we are not alone, for God is with us?" Amen! Amen!—*Carlyle.*

2151. FANATICISM, Image of. It is recorded of Mahomet, that, upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to convey him upwards—as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven on nothing but his ass.—*Swift.*

2152. FANATICISM, Inconsistency of. A fanatic named Lacy called at Chief-Justice Holt's house, and when brought into his presence addressed him as follows:—"I come to you a prophet from the Lord God, who has sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *nolle prosequi* for John Atkins, His servant, whom thou hast cast into prison." Holt's answer was prompt and decisive enough. "Thou art a false prophet and a lying knave," he said. "If the Lord God had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General, for He knows that it belongeth not to the Chief-Justice to grant a *nolle prosequi*; but I, as Chief-Justice, can grant a warrant to commit thee to bear him company," which was accordingly done.—*Croake James.*

2153. FANATICISM, Influence of. In the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and under the auspices of Torquemada, Inquisitor-General, an order for the wholesale expulsion of the Jews from Spain was about to be issued. The Jews offered the King thirty thousand pieces of silver as a gift if they were permitted to remain. The offer was about to be accepted, when Torquemada rushed into the royal presence, and, crucifix in hand, exclaimed, "Judas sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver: your Highnesses are about to do the same for thirty thousand; behold Him, take Him, and hasten to sell Him!" The savage fanaticism of the Dominican wrought a sudden change in the mind of the sovereigns, and the decree of expulsion was issued; the Jews were to leave their gold and silver behind them; and a contemporary historian, Andrew Bernaldez, declares that "he saw the Jews give a house for an ass, and a vineyard for a small quantity of cloth or linen."

2154. FAREWELL, The last. Maccail, a probationer preacher, was arrested for joining the insurgents in Scotland against Charles the Second. He died in torture, having a pair of iron boots on his legs, with wedges driven between iron and flesh. He was in rapture of soul; his last words were, "Farewell, sun, moon and stars—farewell, kindred and friends—farewell, world and time—farewell,

weak, frail body—welcome, eternity—welcome, angels and saints—welcome, Saviour of the world, and welcome God the Judge of all!"—*Little's Historical Lights.*

2155. FASHION, not allied to benevolence. A lady of title, who has been making considerable efforts to get money for a charitable institution, states that she has great difficulty at the West End in doing so. She found it easier to get £50 east of Temple Bar than to get £5 west of it.—*Christian World.*

2156. FASHION, to the last. A lady of rank was dangerously ill. Her nurse, a Christian woman, when she saw the end approaching, said to her, "My lady, do you know that very soon—this evening perhaps—you will have to meet the Lord Jesus?" "Meet the Lord Jesus!" she replied. "O nurse, what shall I do? I have never been introduced to Him."

2157. FASHIONABLE children, neglected. "These," said a humorous divine, sadly and with a touch of grimness, as he indicated a crowd of fashionable youngsters, "are children of the neglected classes."

2158. FASTIDIOUSNESS, Hypocritical. Josephus records that when God was determined to punish His chosen people, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, who, while they were breaking all His other laws, were scrupulous observers of that one which required them to keep holy the Sabbath-day. He suffered this hypocritical fastidiousness to become their ruin; for Pompey, knowing that they obstinately refused even to defend themselves on that day, selected it for a general assault upon the city, which he took by storm, and butchered the inhabitants with as little mercy as he found resistance.—*Horace Smith.*

2159. FASTING, for worldly purposes. The celebrated jockey, Fred Archer, was in the habit of fasting for days before racing, in order to reduce his weight. To ride St. Mirin for the Cambridge-shire at something like the horse's handicapped weight he underwent great privation; and for three consecutive days went without food, not a bit of any sort passing through his lips; whilst, on the other hand, he drenched himself with trying medicines, and spent the best part of his time in the Turkish bath attached to his private residence at Falmouth House. This was undoubtedly one of the causes of his prostration under an attack of typhoid fever, during which he committed suicide.—*B.*

2160. FASTING, Religious, revived. Four fasts were appointed for each year on every circuit. . . . The earliest historian of Methodism remarks that it was the custom of its people "to observe formerly all Fridays as days of fasting or abstinence."—*Stevens.*

2161. FASTING, should be real. The Rev. William Tennant was once passing through a town in the State of New Jersey in which he was a stranger, and stopping at a friend's house to dine, was informed that it was a day of fasting and prayer in the congregation, on account of a very severe drought. His friend had just returned from church, and the intermission was but half an hour. Mr. Tennant was requested to preach, and with

great difficulty consented, as he wished to proceed on his journey. At church the people were surprised to see a preacher wholly unknown to them ascend the pulpit. His whole appearance, being in a travelling dress, covered with dust, engaged their attention and excited their curiosity. On his rising up, instead of beginning to pray he looked around the congregation with a piercing eye, and after a minute's profound silence, addressed them with great solemnity in the following words:—"My beloved brethren, I am told you have come here to-day to fast and pray—a very good work indeed, *provided you have come with a sincere desire to glorify God thereby.* But if your design is merely to comply with a customary practice, or with the wish of your church-officers, you are guilty of the greatest folly imaginable, as you had much better have stayed at home. But if your minds are indeed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and you are really desirous of humbling yourselves before Almighty God, come, join with me, and let us pray." This had an effect so extraordinary on the congregation that the utmost seriousness was universally manifested. The prayer and the sermon added greatly to the impressions made, and many had reason to bless God for this unexpected visit, and to reckon this day one of the happiest in their lives.

2162. FATE and free will. All great truths consist of two opposites which are not contradictory. "All is free"—that is false; "All is fated"—that is false. "*All things are free and fated*"—that is true. I cannot overthrow the argument of the man who says that everything is fated, or, in other words, that God orders all things, and cannot change that order. If I had not met a certain person, I should not have changed my profession; if I had not known a certain lady, I should not, probably, have met this person; if that lady had not had a delicate daughter who was disturbed by the barking of my dog, if my dog had not barked that night, I should now have been in the dragoons, or fertilising the soil of India. Who can say that these things were not ordered, and that, apparently, the merest trifles did not produce failure and a marred existence.—*Robertson.*

2163. FATE, Consciousness of. "This place has long groaned for me," Latimer said as he passed through Smithfield on his way to prison, consigned there by Mary shortly after she ascended the throne.

2164. FATE, Our, misunderstood. A Persian fable mentions a drop of water which had been disengaged from a cloud and was falling into the ocean, as deploring its fate, and saying, "I shall soon be absorbed in the world of waters, and lose all my consequence for ever." It happened, however, that this drop of water fell into an oyster, and there very shortly became a pearl.

2165. FATHER, Absence of, in preaching. Billy Bray, the Cornish miner, on the occasion of the opening of one of the five chapels which he was instrumental in erecting, was appealed to as to his opinion of the sermon that was preached. Billy had been induced to secure the service of a man who prided himself upon his intellectual power. Billy's answer was characteristic and capital. "What be my pinion? I'll tell 'ee—a great deal o' grammar and very little of the Faither."

2166. FATHER, acknowledged. Archbishop Tillotson's father, who was a plain Yorkshireman, approached the house where his son resided, and inquired whether John Tillotson was at home. The servant, indignant at what he thought his insolence, drove him from the door; but the Dean, who was within, hearing the voice of his father, instead of embracing the opportunity afforded him of going out and bringing in his father in a more private manner, came running out, exclaiming, in the presence of his astonished servants, "It is my beloved father!"

2167. FATHER, A forgetful. Lady Bloomfield, in her "Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life," tells a curious anecdote about her own father, who isolated himself from the younger members of his family on account of his dislike to the noise of children. "It is said," she writes, "that one day my father was walking in Portland Place, when he met a nurse carrying a baby in her arms; and being struck by the beauty of the infant, he inquired whose it was. The nurse, much astonished, answered, 'Your own, Sir Thomas!'"

2168. FATHER, A tender. It is related of the warlike Agesilaus that he was, within the walls of his own house, one of the most tender and playful of men. He used to join with his children in all their innocent gambols, and was once discovered by a friend showing them how to ride upon a hobby-horse. When his friend expressed some surprise at beholding the great Agesilaus so employed, "Wait," said the hero, "*till you are yourself a father,* and if you then blame me, I give you liberty to proclaim this act of mine to all the world."

2169. FATHER, A worldly. A father who had a son at college requested a minister who was going through the town where he was to call on him and converse with him in reference to the salvation of his soul. The minister called, agreeable to the request of the father. He alluded to the feelings and request of the father, who wished him by all means to attend first to the salvation of his soul. The young man replied, "Did my father send such word as that?" "He did," was the reply. "Then," said the young man, "my father is a dishonest man." "But why do you say he is dishonest?" said the minister. "Because," replied the student, "he has often advised me, in regard to the course he would have me pursue in life, how to gain the riches, honours, and pleasures of the world, but he is not the man that has ever manifested any interest in regard to the salvation of my soul, any more than if I had no soul!"—*Cyclopædia of Religious Anecdote.*

2170. FATHER, Coming to know. A young man, nineteen years of age, by the circumstances of the late war made a constant companion of his father far from home, said to a mutual friend, "The more I become acquainted with my father the better I like him. When a boy at home I thought he was a nice man, but I didn't know him much."—*Christian Age.*

2171. FATHER, Convert of a. When a little boy, the son of a Christian merchant in New York, was dying, he said, "O father, don't weep for me! don't cry, father. When I die I am going to heaven; and when I get there I will go right up

to Jesus and tell Him that it was through you I came there."—*Clerical Library.*

2172. FATHER, Influence of. A young man, when about to be ordained as a Christian minister, stated that at one period of his life he had been nearly betrayed into the principles of infidelity. "But," he added, "there was one argument in favour of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father."—*Innes's Domestic Religion.*

2173. FATHER, Love of. A grey-headed and pious father had a very wicked son. The old man had often prayed and wrestled with God on his behalf. But he became worse and worse. Never did the father close his doors against him. One day one of the father's neighbours addressed him with considerable severity, saying, "Why harbour that reprobate son of yours? Why don't you turn him out of doors and banish him from your house?" "Ay, ay," said the aged saint, his grey locks trembling with emotion, "you can all turn him out of doors but his own father."—*Biblical Museum.*

2174. FATHER, Love of. There was a father had a stubborn son who ran away from home with a large sum of money. Some time afterwards the old man was told that this lad had returned to London, and was very ill in a house of shame. The father thought, "Shall I go to see him there?" At length, with a detective, he went. He was horribly disgusted when he entered the house, and more so at the companion with whom he found his son. But when he looked upon the bed, and saw the young man asleep, he noticed his eyelash tremble, and then there came from under it a tear. This moved the father's heart, and he said, "I am his father; he is my child!" The old man put from his mind his disgust at the whole surroundings, and awakening his son, looked tenderly upon him, saying, "*My poor boy, will you come home!*" The wretched youth whispered, "Father, if you can forgive me, take me away from here." It was a sad coming home, but all the way the old man said, "He is my boy!" and the youth said, "It is my father!"—*Clerical Library.*

2175. FATHER, Love of. It will give a notion of my father's tenderness if I set down just one tiniest instance of his attention to me. The forenoon was oppressive. I was sitting under a tree, trying to read, when he came up to me. There was a wooden gate, with open bars near. He went and set it wide open, saying, "There, my love, you will fancy yourself cooler if I leave the gate open." Will you laugh at me for mentioning such a trifle? I think not; for it went deep to my heart, and I seemed to know God better for it ever after. A father is a great and marvellous truth, and one you can never get at the depth of, try how you may.—*George Macdonald.*

2176. FATHER, Longing for. The last words of a little child scarcely three years old, the son of a friend, as he went down the river-bank and his tiny feet touched the cold waters, were, "I want my papa." Chilled by the approach of the last enemy, standing on the border-land of the unseen, his humanity craved human aid, and he longed for the support of some seen presence in the final struggle. This pathetic cry of the child only voices the need

of every soul when it faces the invisible. In the fulness of life, when death stands in the background, men but dimly appreciate the worth of a friend that can pilot one through the depths, leaving them as on the dry land. It is only when they hear the deep roar of the waters that they reach out for help. Then comes from the heart the cry, "I want my Father."—*Talmage.*

2177. FATHER, Sense of presence of. I remember very well being waked up, on dreamy moonlight nights, by the whip-poor-will. Its wild, strange song trumpeted through the air, and I was seized with I know not what inspiration. My soul exhaled, and I quivered with a kind of pleasant terror. I would fain have called out, but that I did not dare to hear my own voice in the silence. The light of the moon, streaming through the window and filling the room, brought tears, half of pleasure and half of terror, which ran down my cheeks. Presently I heard my father hem in an adjoining room; and then it was all peace. Just that simplest inarticulate sound, that brought quick through my fancy a sense of my father's presence, dissipated all terror I was myself again in an instant. From this least hint and sign of personality, how quick the whole person came! *We must needs have a clear sense of God real and personal*, with an intellect, with moral feelings, with a will, with affections, with a nature like our own; for we cannot understand anything outside of our own nature, absolutely.—*Beecher.*

2178. FATHER, the, Face of. At a rehearsal for a Sabbath-school entertainment, some time since, a little five-year-old Bessie was placed upon the platform to recite a short poem. She commenced very bravely, but her eyes wandered all round the church, gathering more and more of disappointment into her face. Soon the lips began to quiver, and the little form shook with sobs. Her father stepped from behind a pillar, from whence he had been watching her, and taking her into his arms, said, "Why, darling, what is the matter? I thought my little girl knew the verses so well." "So I do, papa; but I couldn't see you. Let me stand where I can look right into your face, papa, and I won't be afraid." And is it not so with our heavenly Father's children? We stand too often where we cannot look into His face. Darling sins and our pride, like pillars, rise up between us and God, and disappointment and tears are ours, until, casting these behind us, we stand in the light of the Father's face.—*Christian Age.*

2179. FATHERHOOD, Bond of, responded to. One day Fletcher having offended his father, who threatened to correct him, he did not dare to come into his presence, but retired into the garden; and when he saw him coming toward him he ran away with all speed. But he was presently struck with deep remorse, and said to himself, "What! do I run away from my father? Perhaps I shall live to have a son that will run away from me!" And it was several years before the impression which he then received was worn off.—*Life of Rev. J. Fletcher, of Madeley.*

2180. FATHERHOOD, Suppressed. At the battle of Malvern Hill, in Virginia, the son of Major Peyton, but fifteen years of age, called to his father for help. A ball had shattered both his legs. "When we have

beaten the enemy then I will help you," answered Peyton; "I have here other sons to lead to glory. Forward!" But the column had advanced only a few paces when the major himself fell to the earth a corpse.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

2181. FATHERS, to be read cautiously. We must read the Fathers cautiously, and lay them in the gold-balance, for they often stumbled and went astray, and mingled in their books many monkish things. Augustin had more work and labour to wind himself out of the Fathers' writings than he had with the heretics. Gregory expounds the five pounds mentioned in the gospel, which the husbandman gave to his servants to put to use, to be the five senses, which the beasts also possess. The two pounds he construes to be the reason and understanding.—*Luther.*

2182. FAULTS, brought to light. Here is a large brilliant diamond. You look at the stone, and it pleases you by its wondrous whiteness and lustre. You admire it; you praise it very highly. You say, "This stone is without fault of any kind—a most beautiful and precious gem." The lapidary places in your hand a magnifying-glass of great power, and bids you look at the centre of the stone. You look. The lapidary inquires what you see, and you reply, "Why, there is a black spot at its very centre! I did not see that without the glass. *To the naked eye the stone looked perfectly white—entirely without flaw or fault*; and yet now that I look at the stone through the glass, why, I wonder that I could not have seen so great a speck as that!" The lapidary says the naked eye cannot receive it, neither can it know it, because it is microscopically discerned. And nobody arises to contest the reasoning of the lapidary; no man ventures to say to him, "Sir, you have introduced a most painful mystery into human thought and human inquiry." Such people are rather glad that a medium has been supplied by which the most hidden fault can be brought to light.—*Dr. Parker.*

2183. FAULTS, Covering. Dr. F——, physician in Dumfries, who was a member of the kirk-session, had severely admonished the parish sexton on account of his habits of intemperance, and threatened, in the event of a continuance of his irregular practices, to expose him. "Ah, Doctor," said the gravedigger, with a roguish smile, "I've happit (covered) mony o' your *faults*, an' ye maun just sae hide mine."—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

2184. FAULTS, Direction of. Dr. Tye, a famous musician, when playing difficult pieces of composition in Queen Elizabeth's chapel, on several occasions received the message from Her Majesty that he played out of tune, whereupon he sent the reply by the verger back again, that the fault was not in him; *Her Majesty's ears were out of tune.*—*Musical Anecdotes.*

2185. FAULTS, how dealt with. In the ancient fable a man carried two bags slung over his shoulders. In the one in front he carried his neighbour's faults; in the one behind, out of sight, he carried his own—the exact reverse of the Christian way.

2186. FAULTS, in a good man. A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do coloured garments much soiled; so a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than great offences in bad men.—*Biblical Museum.*

2187. FAULTS, Little. Foolish birds are the turkeys, that never lift up their heads when they are feeding, and never let them down when they are not. So, in the West, men are accustomed to select a sort of slope or side hill, and cut a little channel or path, and surround it with a kind of rail-fence, without roof or any protection. Along this path they strew corn. And the wild turkeys come in flocks and pick up the corn, following the path, and do not look to see where they are being led to, till they have passed under the lower rail and got into the enclosure; and then, there being no corn there, they lift up their heads, and see where they are. They cannot fly over the fence (a turkey cannot rise on his wings unless he has a chance to run), and they cannot get out unless they lower their heads, and that they will not do; and so they are caught. The corn is not bad in itself, *but see what it leads to.* Of thousands of faults men say, "This is not much." No, it is not much; but it is laid along your path in such a way that the first thing you know you will find yourself surrounded by a pen of dishonesty from which you cannot creep nor fly out.—*Beecher.*

2188. FAULT-FINDING, and idleness. The tyrant Dionysius, to palliate his (Plato's) enmity, previous to his departure, made pompous entertainments. At one of them, however, he could not help saying, "I suppose, Plato, when you return to your companions in the Academy, my faults will often be the subject of your conversation." "I hope," answered Plato, "we shall never be so much at a loss for subjects in the Academy as to talk of you."—*Plutarch.*

2189. FAULT-FINDING, and self-esteem. "It was my custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep, to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practised virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone wake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"—*Family Circle.*

2190. FAULT-FINDING, foolish. A traveller in Venezuela illustrates the readiness of men to lay their faults on the locality, or on anything rather than themselves, by the story of a hard drinker who came home one night in such a condition that he could not for some time find his hammock. When this feat was accomplished he tried in vain to get off his big riding-boots. After many fruitless efforts he lay down in his hammock, and soliloquised aloud, "Well, I have travelled all the world over; I lived five years in Cuba, four in Jamaica, five in Brazil, I have travelled through Spain and Portugal, and been in Africa, but I never yet was in such an abominable country as this, where a man is obliged to go to bed with his boots on."—*Spurgeon.*

2191. FAULT-FINDING, illustrated. An old gentleman, a deacon, one day went into the shop, and the blacksmith soon began about what some Christians had done, and seemed to have a good time over it. The old deacon stood a few minutes and listened, and then quietly asked him if he had read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus. "Yes, many a time; and what of it?" "Well, do you remember about the dogs—how they came and licked the sores of Lazarus?" "Yes;

and what of that?" "Well," said the deacon, "do you know you just remind me of those dogs, content merely to lick the Christians' sores." The blacksmith suddenly grew pensive, and hasn't had much to say about failing Christians since.

2192. FAVOUR, fickle. Xerxes crowned his footmen in the morning, and beheaded them in the evening of the same day; and Andromachus, the Greek emperor, crowned his admiral in the morning, and then took off his head in the afternoon. Rofensis had a cardinal's hat sent to him, but his head was cut off before it came to hand!

2193. FEAR, and courage. While at war with each other a small company of Thebans under Pleopidas unexpectedly met their Lacedæmonian enemies on the road. One ran and told Pleopidas, "We are fallen into the enemies' hands." "And *why not they*," said he, "*into ours*?"—*Plutarch*.

2194. FEAR, and human life inseparable. Fear is one of the passions of human nature, of which it is impossible to divest it. You remember that the Emperor Charles V., when he read upon the tombstone of a Spanish nobleman, "Here lies one who never knew fear," wittily said, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."—*Dr. Johnson*.

2195. FEAR and love. Influence of, contrasted. And as I was brought up under the influence of fear of my parents, so I was also brought up under the influence of fear of God. I do not believe that there is any creature in India that goes before monstrous-mouthed idols with more quaking than I felt when I thought of Jehovah. I used to read those hymns of Watts, where he threw blood on the blazing throne, and quenched indignation, and brought forth love and mercy; and if I have not been through purgatory under the experience bred by the view presented in those hymns, nobody has! That which I hungered for and needed from the beginning was not terror. I was terrified enough. I had too much fear. And I remember perfectly—all eternity will not burn it out—when a change came over my feelings. I was walking near Lane Seminary (where I studied theology without a hope), and was working over a lesson that I was to hear recited; and the idea dawned on me, not that there had been a covenant formed between God and His Son, but that Christ revealed the nature of God, whose very soul was curative, and who brought Himself and His living holiness to me, because I needed so much, and not because I was so deserving; and that instant the clouds rose, and the whole heaven was radiant, and I exclaimed, "*I have found God!*" and it was the first time I had found Him. *Good* His name was; and I went like one crazed up and down through the fields, half crying, half laughing, singing and praying and shouting like a good Methodist.—*Beecher*.

2196. FEAR, A source of. I remember that once, lying a-bed, and having been put into a fright, I heard my own heart beat; but I took it to be one knocking at the door, and arose and opened the door more than once, before I discovered that the sound was in my own breast.—*Dr. Reid*.

2197. FEAR, A stranger to. A Cherokee Indian appeared among the English. "Fear nothing," said Oglethorpe, "but speak freely." The moun-

taineer answered, "I always speak freely." "Why should I fear? I am now among friends; I never feared even among my enemies."—*Bancroft*.

2198. FEAR, born of ignorance. I have seen a little child who had cut her finger entreat that it might just be tied up without ever being looked at. She was afraid to look at it. But when it was looked at, and washed and sorted, she saw *how little a thing it was for all the blood* that came from it, and about nine-tenths of her fear fled away.—*Dr. Boyd*.

2199. FEAR, Morbid, born of guilt. The Emperor Domitian, one of the vilest wretches that ever disgraced humanity, who made it his boast that he had steeled his face against a blush, from fear of assassination caused the ends of the corridor in which he took exercise to be lined with polished marble, to reflect the image of any one behind him.—*Denton*.

2200. FEAR, not producing cowardice. Once two French officers were riding at the head of a party to capture some guns. It was a desperate service, for they expected every moment that the battery would open fire upon them. One officer remarked insultingly to the other, "You are afraid, sir." He replied, "Yes, sir, I am; and if you were half as much afraid, *you* would have turned tail long ago."—*Miss Robinson*.

2201. FEAR, of eternal death. The first time Massillon delivered his sermon on the small number of the elect, the whole audience were, in one part of it, in so violent a state of emotion that almost every person half rose from his seat, as if to shake off the horror of being one of those that would be cast out into everlasting darkness.

2202. FEAR of God, Civilising influence of. A weary day had been passed in visiting a wretched neighbourhood. Its scenes were sad, sickening, repulsive. Famine, fever, want, squalid nakedness, moral and physical impurities, drunkenness, death, and the devil were all reigning there. Those only who have known the sinking of heart which the miseries of such scenes produce, especially when aggravated by a close and tainted atmosphere, can imagine the grateful surprise with which, on opening a door, we stepped into a comfortable apartment. Its whitewashed walls were hung round with prints, the household furniture shone like a looking-glass, and a bright fire was dancing merrily over a clean hearth-stone. It was an oasis in the desert. And we well remember, ere question was asked or answered, of saying to ourselves, "Surely the fear of God is in this place; this must be the house of a church-going family." It proved to be so. Yet it was a home where abject poverty might have been expected and excused. A blind man dwelt there.—*Guthrie*.

2203. FEAR, Reverence for those who have conquered. Were Socrates and Charles the Twelfth of Sweden both present in any company, and Socrates to say, "Follow me, and hear a lecture in philosophy;" and Charles, laying his hand on his sword, to say, "Follow me, and dethrone the Czar," a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates. . . . The profession of soldiers has the dignity of danger. Men reverence those who have got over fear, which is so general a weakness.—*Dr. Johnson*.

2204. FEARLESSNESS, and its consequences. One day a lady with whom the Rev. Frederick Robertson was slightly acquainted, assailed him for "heterodox opinions," and menaced him with the consequence which, in this world and the next, would follow on the course of action he was pursuing. His only answer was, "I don't care." "Do you know what don't care came to, sir?" "Yes, Madam," was the grave reply; "*He was crucified on Calvary.*"

2205. FEARS, falsified. John Condor, afterwards D.D., was born at Wimple, in Cambridgeshire, June 3, 1714. His grandfather, Richard Condor, kissed him, and with tears in his eyes said, "Who knows what sad days these little eyes are likely to see?"—things wearing at that time a threatening aspect relative to Dissenters. Dr. Condor remarked, upon mentioning the above circumstance, "These eyes have, for more than sixty years, seen nothing but goodness and mercy follow me and the churches of Christ, even to this day."

2206. FEASTING, Danger of. It is said of Diogenes, that, meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger.—*John Bruce.*

2207. FEELING, A mere sentimental. Drinking tea there (Woodhouselee) one evening, we waited some time for Mr. Mackenzie (author of "The Man of Feeling"). He came in at last, heated and excited. "What a glorious evening I had!" We thought he spoke of the weather, which was beautiful; but he went on to detail the intense enjoyment he had had in a cock-fight. Mrs. Mackenzie listened some time in silence; then, looking up in his face, she exclaimed in her gentle voice, "O Harry, Harry, *your feeling is all on paper!*"—*Burgon.*

2208. FEELING, and faith. One night, when preaching in Philadelphia, right down by the side of the pulpit there was a young lady whose eyes were riveted on me, as if she were drinking in every word. I got interested in her, and after I had done talking I went and spoke to her. "Are you a Christian?" "No; I wish I was. I have been seeking Jesus for three years." I said, "There must be some mistake." She looked strangely at me, and said, "Don't you believe me?" "Well, no doubt you thought you were seeking Jesus; but it don't take an anxious sinner three years to meet a willing Saviour." "What am I to do, then?" "The matter is, you are trying to *do* something; you must just believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." "Oh, I am sick and tired of the word, 'Believe, believe, believe!'" I don't know what it is." "Well," I said, "we'll change the word; take 'trust.'" "If I say, 'I'll trust Him,' will He save me?" "No; I don't say that. You may say a thousand things, but He will if you do trust Him." "Well," she said, "I do trust Him; but," she added in the same breath, "*I don't feel any better.*" "Ah, I've got it now! You've been looking for feelings for three years, instead of for Jesus."—*Moody.*

2209. FEELING, for perishing souls. On Saturday, September 29, 1770, Mr. Whitefield rode from Portsmouth (New England) to Exeter, fifteen miles, in the morning, and preached there to a very great multitude in the fields. It is remarkable that before he went out to preach what proved to be his last

sermon, Mr. Clarkson, observing him more uneasy than usual, said to him, "Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than preach;" to which Mr. Whitefield answered, "True, sir;" but turning aside, he clasped his hands together and, looking up, spoke—"Lord Jesus, I am weary in Thy work, but not of Thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, *let me go and speak for Thee once more* in the fields, and come home and die." During the night—his last upon earth—his servant said to him that he wished he would not preach so often. His reply was, "I had rather wear out than rust out." Then he sat up in bed and prayed that God would bless his preaching where he had been, and on the coming day, that more souls might be brought to Christ. He lay down, slept a while, woke again, and in an hour or so was dead.

2210. FEELING, Measuring. A respectable merchant of London, having been embarrassed in his circumstances, and his misfortunes having been one day the subject of conversation in the Royal Exchange, several persons expressed great sorrow; when a foreigner who was present said, "*I feel five hundred pounds for him; what do you feel?*"—*Arvine.*

2211. FEELING, Want of. Once, when I was at Vienna, there was a dread of hydrophobia, and orders were given to massacre all the dogs which were found unclaimed or uncollared in the city or suburbs. Men were employed for this purpose, and they generally carried a short heavy stick, which they flung at the poor proscribed animal with such certain aim as either to kill or maim it mortally at one blow. It happened one day that, close to the edge of the river, near the Ferdinand's Brücke, one of these men flung his stick at a wretched dog, but with such bad aim that it fell into the river. The poor animal, following its instinct or his teaching, immediately plunged in, redeemed the stick, and laid it down at the feet of its owner, who, snatching it up, dashed out the creature's brains. I wonder what the Athenians would have done to such a man—they who banished the judge of the Areopagus because he flung away the bird which had sought shelter in his bosom?—*Mrs. Jameson's Commonplace Book.*

2212. FEELINGS, Influence of. "John," said an artist the other day to a Chinaman who was unwillingly acting as a model, "smile. If you don't look pleasant I'll not pay you." "No use," grumbled the washerman; "if Chinaman feelee ugly all the time, he lookee ugly," which is true of every other man and woman in the world as well as John Chinaman.

2213. FELICITY, Human. Constantine the Great, who arrived at the height of human felicity, said, his life was something more honourable than that of shepherds, but much more troublesome.

2214. FELLOWSHIP, what it rests on. A good story is told of an old coloured woman in Michigan, widely known as "Sojourner Truth," about whom some one had published a statement that she had joined the Spiritualists. One of the village ministers, who tells the story, says he went to her and questioned her about the report which he had heard. "Who tole you dat, chile?" said the old lady. "It is so stated in the newspapers, and I wanted to know if you *had* joined the Spiritualists."

Straightening herself up to her full height, and bringing her arm down like a blacksmith, the old woman exclaimed, "Bress your soul, chile, dahs *nothen to jine*. You may tell all the people that old Sojourner 'long to Jesus these many years. She's as true to de Master as de anvil to de hammer. I nebber gib up my faith in Jesus for anything else."

2215. FERVOUR, Transient. The mind of Clovis was susceptible of transient fervour. He was exasperated by the pathetic tale of the passion and death of Christ; and instead of weighing the salutary consequences of that mysterious sacrifice, he exclaimed, with indiscreet fury, "Had I been present at the head of my valiant Franks, I would have revenged His injuries."—*Gibbon*.

2216. FIDELITY, Reward of. In 1781 the Emperor Joseph II. was making a tour incognito throughout his dominions, and in due course came to the little town of Lakenstein. Heavy rains having made the roads impassable, the Emperor resolved to pass the night in a neighbouring inn. After night had set in several of the inhabitants came and told the innkeeper that some mysterious personages with dark lanterns had been seen to enter a detached cottage outside the city; and they affirmed that these individuals practised sorcery, and in consequence of their doings the inhabitants had suffered serious trouble. Tempted by chance of some adventure, the august traveller, who had assumed the name of Count Falkenstein, decided to go and see for himself what was taking place in this conventicle of darkness. Sentinels were placed around the cottage, while the King, who acted as leader, knocked at the door. The occupier, Senitz, opened the door to him, and thus addressed his unknown visitor—"What do you want disturbing an honest man at this hour of the night?" "If you are indeed an honest man," replied the Emperor, "you have nothing to fear; but if you are otherwise, prepare for the worst." So saying, the monarch entered the cottage, and in its principal room he found a dozen peasants seated round a little table, on which was a great book opened. Joseph, having seated himself upon the brickwork of the copper in order not to disturb the little party, bade Senitz proceed with his reading or his preaching. Senitz did as he was bid, and proceeded with his reading of the third chapter of John's Gospel. In a very short time the Emperor expressed his astonishment, and was profoundly moved at the scene in which, by dint of such strange circumstances, he was an assistant. "Here," said he with tears in his eyes, "I have met, for the first time, with men who knew how to read the Bible!" Taking farewell of Senitz, Joseph made him promise that he would soon come to Vienna, and inquire for the palace, and ask for Count Falkenstein, who would certainly consent to plead before his sovereign the cause of the poor, persecuted, pious men. Senitz was not slow to avail himself of this invitation. But what was his surprise to find the Count Falkenstein to be no other than the Emperor himself! Joseph grasped Senitz by both hands warmly, and then took a roll of parchment upon which had been written the Edict of Tolerance, and handed it to the simple, pious peasant. In unrolling it, in order to take a more detailed look at it, Senitz found concealed in it a cheque for

500 florins (£1003, 15s.), with this notification, "For the construction of a chapel." So on the façade of the Protestant place of worship at Lakenstein, may be read to-day the commemorative inscription, "The gift of the Emperor." Thus the Christian fidelity of a poor agricultural labourer became, in the design of God, the means of obtaining civil and religious liberty to thousands of Protestants who had had to endure persecution for a century and a half.—*W. L. Lamy*.

2217. FIDELITY, Ministerial. Oliver Millard, a popular and energetic preacher of the reign of Louis XI., attacked the vices of the court in his sermons, and did not spare even the King himself, who, taking offence at it, sent the priest word that if he did not change his tone he would have him thrown into the Seine. "The King," replied Oliver, "is the master to do what he pleases; but tell him that I shall reach paradise by water sooner than he will with his post-horses." (The establishment of travelling post was instituted by Louis XI.) This bold answer at once amused and intimidated the King, for he let the priest continue to preach as he pleased, and what he pleased.

2218. FIDELITY, Ministerial. The eloquence of the celebrated Massillon shone conspicuously in the introduction of a sermon before Louis XIV., King of France, from the words of the Redeemer, Matt. v. 4: "Blessed are they that mourn." The preacher began—"If the world addressed your Majesty from this place, the world would not say, 'Blessed are they that mourn.' The world would say, 'Blessed is the prince who has never fought but to conquer; who has filled the universe with his name; who through the whole course of a long and flourishing reign enjoys in splendour all that men admire—extent of conquest, the esteem of his enemies, the love of his people, the wisdom of his laws.' But, sire, the language of the gospel is not the language of the world."

2219. FIDELITY, to the last. Paul I., after the Russians had conquered Poland, distinguished Kosciusko, the Polish patriot, by many marks of esteem, particularly offering to present the fallen general with his own sword. Kosciusko declined it, saying, "I no longer need a sword, since I have no longer a country." To the day of his death he never again wore a sword.

2220. FIELD-PREACHING, a power. Dr. Lavington, Bishop of Exeter, being short of other arguments, stated, as a proof that the Methodists were identical with the Papists, that the early Friar Preachers were great at holding forth in the open fields. Quoting from Ribadeneira, he mentions Peter of Verona, who had "a divine talent in preaching; neither churches nor streets nor market-places could contain the great concourse that resorted to hear his sermons." The learned bishop might have easily multiplied his examples, as we also could do, but they would prove nothing more than that, for good or evil, field-preaching is a great power.—*Spurgeon*.

2221. FINERY, Love of. A wealthy widow, who had spent large sums on her person, in her last will ordered that she should be dressed for the grave in her laces and diamonds, which should be buried with her.

2222. FINISH, Necessity of. When the cutler brings his goods to market, he may have the best of steel in the blade and the best of horn in the handle, and every part may be riveted strongly; but if the blade has not been polished, and if there be no finishing work on the handle he cannot sell his stock. It is just as good for practical purposes as though it were finished; but people do not want it. They want their blades polished and their handles finished, and they are so used to having goods sand-papered and burnished that they will not take them unless they are so. There must be art in them. And this is carried so far that when articles are good for nothing, art is put on the outside to make them seem good for something. And men buy things for the sake of their looks. The idea of perfection lies in the direction of the æsthetic—and as much so in social and moral elements as in physical things. Men are not now in any respect finished in their higher relations—I mean even good men. There are hundreds of men that are in the main laying out their life and character in right directions and on right foundations; but how few men know how to be good variously, systematically, gracefully, genially, sweetly, beautifully!—*Beecher.*

2223. FIRMNESS, A call to. William of Orange said he learnt a word while crossing the English Channel which he would never forget. When in a great storm the captain was all night crying out to the men at the helm, "Steady! steady! steady!"—*Little's Historical Lights.*

2224. FIRMNESS, a Christian virtue. Miss Nightingale's firmness at surgical operations was something marvellous. She stood one day with spirits, instruments, and lint in hand, during the performing of a frightful amputation. Half a dozen young lady nurses were behind her, holding basins, towels, and other things the surgeons might want. A harrowing groan from the patient suddenly put them all to flight, except Miss Nightingale, who, turning calmly round, called to them, "Come back! Shame on you as Christians! shame on you as women!"

2225. FIRMNESS, Effects of. The guard of Pomponius, wishing to revolt from him, fled by a certain way to Cinna, his enemy. His son, afterwards Pompey the Great, having notice of it, went and cast himself before them on the ground, and declared that they should not revolt without treading him to pieces. He was a favourite with the soldiers, and the guard returned.

2226. FITNESS, required. "How frightfully pale he is! He ought to put on a little rouge," cried a woman out of the crowd as the First Consul rode by at a review in 1802. She thought a general ought to show a little blood in his cheeks.—*Julius C. Hare.*

2227. FLATTERY, Danger of. When the celebrated French preacher of the sixteenth century, Massillon, had delivered one of his most brilliant and impressive discourses in the hearing of the court, the monarch, who was present, was so charmed with the bishop's eloquence, that he met him at the foot of the pulpit-steps, when the service was over, and shook him by the hand, saying, "You have given us an admirable discourse to-day." "Sire," said

the preacher very gravely, in reply, "the devil has told me that before your Majesty."

2228. FLATTERY, Danger of. Mr. Hervey being in company with a person who was paying him some compliments on account of his writings, replied, laying his hand on his breast, "Oh, sir, you would not strike the sparks of applause if you knew how much corrupt tinder I have within."

2229. FLATTERY, Extreme. A visitor to Zululand, on paying his respects to Umpanda, the father of Cetewayo, relates that the singers chanted the praises of their monarch in a loud and rapid voice, with such epithets as—"Thou who art for ever!" "The great black one!" "The elephant's calf!" "Thou who art high as the heavens!" and finally one of his flatterers shouted out, "You might have been white if you would, but you chose to be black!"

2230. FLATTERY, repudiated. That impious knave, Martin Cellarius, thought to flatter me by saying, "Thy calling is superior to that of the apostles;" but I at once checked him, replying sharply, "By no means; I am in no degree comparable with the apostles."—*Luther.*

2231. FLESH, Mind of, in Christians. There are those who attempt to carry the mind of the flesh even into religious life, as Plutarch laughs at some who wished to be thought as wise as Plato, and yet were not indisposed but to be reputed merry fellows in their cups with Alexander.—*Preacher's Lantern.*

2232. FLESH, to be crucified. A brave officer said once to his soldiers in a day of battle, "Unless you kill your enemies, they will kill you." In like manner may it be said, "Unless we crucify the flesh, it will be our everlasting ruin."

2233. FLOWERS, and hospitality. Years ago, when I travelled in the West, there were hotels there which they called *houses of entertainment*. There was a choice between these hotels and the barn, but it usually lay with the barn. I used to ride frequently several hours rather than to take the first that I met. I watched for houses with flowers in the window. For when I found a flower I found a woman that loved flowers; and when I found a woman that loved flowers, I found a woman that had a natural element of refinement about her. There was something beautiful in her. The flower was not merely a flower to me—it was the sign of a person that had a certain kind of disposition.—*Beecher.*

2234. FOLLY, Illustration of. The Corybrechtan is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland. Its name signifies "the whirlpool of the Princes of Denmark;" and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes for greater strength, but perished in the attempt.—*Campbell.*

2235. FOLLY, may be life-long. "I never in my life committed more than one act of folly," said Rulhière one day in the presence of Talleyrand. "But when will it end?" inquired the latter.—*Henry S. Leigh.*

2236. FOOLISH, Dangers of. The Russians have a story of two drunken mujiks. One took a light, and burnt his house down. The other took

none, and fell into the cellar, breaking his legs. To the foolish there is danger in every way.—*B.*

2237. FOOLISHNESS, Consecrated. A man went to hear John Foster preach. He thought the sermon very foolish. "But," said some one, "what did he preach about?" "Why, Mr. Foster began his sermon by telling about his being caught in a shower, his being compelled to stand under a tree; and then he began to tell what he thought about under the tree. It was all very foolish; he wondered how long it had been planted, whether it had not been planted so long that the ancient Druids gathered there, and so on; but it was all very foolish to put in a sermon." "But," said the person to whom all this was related, "how came you to remember all this?" "Why, because, although it was all so foolish and out of place in a sermon, Mr. Foster made it all so interesting."—*Preacher's Lantern.*

2238. FORBEARANCE, and prayer. Mr. Kilpin, of Bedford, having from some cause displeased a member of the church at a prayer-meeting, his offended brother used most unbecoming expressions respecting him in prayer. With a mind quite unruffled, he said, on his family offering their sympathy and expressing resentment, "I was not the least hurt on my own account, *such talking never goes higher than the ceiling.* The God of love never admits it as prayer."

2239. FORBEARANCE, Blessing of. Socrates, having received a blow on the head, observed that it would be well if people knew when it were necessary to put on a helmet. Being attacked with opprobrious language, he calmly remarked that the man was not yet taught to speak respectfully. Alcibiades, his friend, talking to him one day about his wife, told him he wondered how he could bear such an everlasting scold in the same house with him. He replied, "I have so accustomed myself to expect it, that it now offends me no more than the noise of the carriages in the streets."

2240. FORBEARANCE, Greatness of. Cæsar, having found a collection of letters written by his enemies to Pompey, burnt them without reading; "For," said he, "though I am upon my guard against anger, yet it is safer to remove its cause."

2241. FORBEARANCE, Wisdom of. I remember, also, that she entreated a certain bishop to undertake to reason me out of my errors. He was a person not backward to attempt this, when he found a docile subject. "But your son," says he, "is too much elated at present, and carried away with the pleasing novelty of his error, to regard any arguments of mine, as appears by the pleasure he takes in puzzling many ignorant persons with his captious questions. Let him alone; only continue praying to the Lord for him; he will in the course of his study discover his error. I myself, perverted by my mother, was once a Manichee, and read almost all their books, and yet at length was convinced of my error, without the help of any disputant." All this satisfied not my anxious parent; with floods of tears she persisted in her request; when at last he, a little out of temper on account of her importunity, said, "Begone! good woman; it is not possible that a child of such tears should perish!" She has often told me since that this

answer impressed her mind like a voice from heaven.—*Augustine.*

2242. FORCE, inherited. Thomas Carlyle's father was notable for his intellectual and moral force. In many ways his character was akin to that of his illustrious son. Carlyle's hatred of shams was an inheritance from his father, who carried it so far as to refuse to have the doors and walls of his house painted. One of his children was about to be married, and the young folk pressed their father to let the house, in view of the wedding, be adorned with a coating of paint. He refused, but the children gave the painters orders to begin their work, hoping to bring the father over to their views. They were, however, disappointed. The old man met the painters at the door, and commanded them to go away.

2243. FORCE, Inutility of. The legend says that in the rough old days, when the Mark was first being colonised by Christian Germans, only the golden clover-leaf stood in the Bismark shield the symbol of industrious husbandry. It was through a Lady Gertrude, a daughter of the house, that the nettle-leaves came upon the shield. So famed was this lady's beauty that suitors came from far and near to win her hand. Among others came a young Slavonic heathen Prince from the Baltic shore, with his escort of a hundred knights. But young Gertrude politely declined. The Prince, in his anger, swore that he would "crush the clover-leaf; yea, even if it should prove a nettle to sting," and straightway stormed the castle and forced his way into Gertrude's presence. Pleased with his easy victory, he mockingly greeted her with, "Come, little golden clover-leaf, you don't sting as the nettle does." But she stabbed him directly to the heart, and answered, "Who tries to pluck the Bismark's clover will find nettles there as well;" and since young Gertrude's time the silver nettle-leaf has been united to the clover-leaf on the Bismark's shield.

2244. FORESIGHT and faith, Strength from. All the miners saw the old coal-engine which George Stephenson used to take to pieces every night, to familiarise himself with its construction. They all saw the old tramway which ran to the mouth of the coal-pit. But none but he could see in them the railways which were to cross continents and carry the commerce of the nations. It was confidence in these unseen possibilities, which he believed he could make real, that enabled him to face opposition, to meet ridicule, and endure privations.

2245. FORESIGHT, Uses of. When the pilot is steering on the Ohio river he looks at the headlands miles beyond him in order to know where he is; for he has been accustomed to judge of the twisting and tortuous channels by certain of these headlands. And so a man may take headlands far down in the future to steer by, in order that he may be better enabled to run his keel in the channel that he is now in. By foresight we enable ourselves to get along better to-day; and by so much we have a right to look into the future.—*Beecher.*

2246. FORGETFULNESS, of the one important thing. A great French doctor was taking an English one round the wards of his hospital, all sorts of miseries going on before them, some dying, others longing for death—all ill. The Frenchman

was wonderfully eloquent about all their diseases ; you would have thought he saw through them, and knew all their secret wheels, like looking into a watch or into a glass bee-hive. He told his English friend what would be seen in such a case when the body was opened ! He spent some time in this sort of work, and was coming out, full of glee, when the other doctor said, "But, Dr. —, you haven't *prescribed* for these cases." "Oh, neither I have !" said he, with a grumph and a shrug ; "I quite forgot *that* ;" that being *the one thing* why these poor people were there, and why he was there too. —*John Brown, M.D.*

2247. FORGETFULNESS, longed for. When Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, he answered, "Ah ! rather teach me *the art of forgetting* ; for I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would." —*Plutarch.*

2248. FORGIVENESS, A Christian's. Mr. Pike relates, in his "Consolations of Gospel Truth," that, some years ago, a slave in one of our West Indian plantations became a new creature in Christ Jesus. His master was incensed with his profession of religion, and frequently flogged him in a very cruel manner. At length this unmerciful man resolved either to make his poor slave renounce Christianity or to flog him to death. While this manifestation of horrible cruelty was proceeding, the master tauntingly inquired, "What now does your Jesus do for you ?" The boy replied, "He helps me to bear dese strokes, Massa, with patience." Again, when in the very agony of death, he was asked by the same wicked man, "And now what has your Jesus done for you ?" With a faltering voice, he replied, "Even dis, Massa, dat me can pray for you, and forgive you !"

2249. FORGIVENESS, A Christian's. After the death of Tillotson a bundle of libels was found among his papers, on which he had written—"These are libels ; I pray God forgive the authors, as I do." —*Clerical Anecdotes.*

2250. FORGIVENESS, and injuries. When Louis XII. was made king, the magistrates of Orleans sent a deputation to ask his pardon for the indignities which he had suffered in their city while a prisoner there. He dismissed them courteously, with the generous reply that *it did not become the King of France to resent the injuries of the Duke of Orleans.*"

2251. FORGIVENESS, and kindness, Power of. A Quaker had a quarrelsome neighbour, whose cow often broke into the Quaker's well-cultivated garden. One morning, having driven the cow from his premises to her owner's house, he said to him, "Friend T., I have driven thy cow home once more ; and if I find her in my garden again" — "Suppose you do," his neighbour angrily exclaimed, "what will you do ?" "Why," said the Quaker, "I'll drive her home to thee again, friend T." The cow never again troubled the Quaker.

2252. FORGIVENESS, and patience. Pericles was of so patient a spirit that he was hardly ever troubled with anything that crossed him. There was a man who did nothing all the day but rail at him in the market-place, before all the people, notwithstanding Pericles was a magistrate. Pericles,

however, took no notice of the abuse, but, despatching sundry cases of importance till night came, he went home with a sober pace. The man followed him all the way, defaming him as he went. Pericles, when he came home, it being dark, called his man, and desired him to get a torch and light the fellow home.

2253. FORGIVENESS, and reconciliation. There was once upon a time a bishop of Alexandria, in Egypt, named John the Almsgiver. A nobleman came to see him one day, and the conversation turned on a grievance. So-and-so had wronged him cruelly, and never to his dying day could he forgive him. He spoke with warmth and anger, his face darkened with passion, and his eye sparkled. Just at that moment the bell tinkled for prayers in the bishop's private chapel, and he rose and bade the nobleman follow him. St. John the Almsgiver knelt at the altar, and the nobleman knelt immediately behind him. Presently the bishop began in a loud voice the Lord's Prayer, and the nobleman repeated each part with him. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread." The bishop stopped abruptly. The nobleman, not thinking, went on alone : "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us ;" then, finding he was alone, stopped short also. The bishop did not go on, but remained silently kneeling. Then suddenly the sense of the words of the petition he had made rushed on the nobleman's mind. The grace of God worked. He silently rose from his knees, went forth, and finding the man who offended him, frankly forgave him. . . . One day the governor of Alexandria was in high wrath with the bishop, who had remonstrated with him at levying a tax which was peculiarly oppressive to the poor. Backbiters had managed to widen the breach, and the governor, after an interview with the bishop, in which he had given vent to his angry, excited feeling, left for his palace. Towards evening the good old bishop got very troubled at the quarrel. He could not bear that any should be at enmity with him, so he wrote on a slip of parchment the words, "*The sun is setting*," and sent it to the governor, who at once remembered the words of St. Paul : "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," and rising from the table where he had been sitting, he hastened to the old prelate to be reconciled to him before the day was done.

2254. FORGIVENESS, and restoration. I call to mind an occasion when the son of a Christian man was guilty of an act of disobedience in the home. Hearing of it, the father quietly but firmly said, "Son, I am pained beyond measure at your conduct." "How well," said that father, "I remember his return from school at mid-day, his quiet knock at the study-door, his clear tremulous utterance, 'Father, I am so ashamed of myself by reason of my conduct this morning.' Refuse to restore him !" said that father. "Unhesitatingly I confess that I never loved my boy more than at that moment, nor did I ever more readily implant the kiss of forgiveness than at that instant. Refuse to restore him ; disown him, have him leave the house, take another name, say that he had no place in the family—not my child !" What blasphemy against humanity is this ! And shall we dare to attribute such conduct to the *Holy Father* in heaven, "who spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all" ? —*Henry Varley.*

2255. FORGIVENESS, Christian. A missionary of the Church of England, about to return home from New Zealand, gathered his Maori converts around him in a farewell communion service. To his surprise, he noticed one man who had been kneeling at the communion-rail arise, return to his seat in the church, and after a while come back and receive the sacrament. On inquiring the reason of such conduct, the man replied that he had knelt beside a man whom he found to be the murderer of his father, and whose life he had at one time sworn to take. At first he could not bear to receive the sacrament with this converted murderer. On resuming his seat, however, he thought he heard a voice say, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." While his natural feelings still rebelled against the command, he thought that he saw the cross, and heard the Man upon it say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This overcame him, and he returned and received the communion with his former enemy.

2256. FORGIVENESS, Complete. It was said of Archbishop Cranmer, that the way to have him as one's friend was to do him an unkindness.

2257. FORGIVENESS, Conquered by. Samuel Harris, of Virginia, shortly after he had begun to preach, was informed by one of his debtors that he did not intend paying him the debt owed "unless he sued him." Harris left the man's presence meditating. "What shall I do?" said he, for he badly wanted the money. "Must I leave preaching and attend to a vexatious lawsuit. Perhaps a thousand souls may perish in the meantime." He turned aside into a wood and sought guidance in prayer. Rising from his knees, he resolved to hold the man no longer a debtor, and at once wrote out a receipt in full, which he sent by a servant. Shortly after the man met him, and demanded what he meant. "I mean," said Harris, "just what I wrote." "But you know I never paid you," replied the debtor. "True," Harris answered; "and I know you said that you never would unless I sued. But, sir, I sued you at the court of heaven, and Christ has entered bail for you; I have therefore given you a discharge." "But I insist matters shall not be left so," said the man. "I am well satisfied," replied the other; "Jesus will not fail me. I leave you to settle the account with Him at another day. Farewell!" This operated so effectually on the man's conscience that in a few days he came and paid the debt.—*H. T. Williams (abridged).*

2258. FORGIVENESS, Conquered by. The Rev. John Wesley had a misunderstanding with his travelling companion, Joseph Bradbury, which resulted in his saying overnight that they must part. In the morning Wesley inquired of him, "Will you ask my pardon?" "No," said Bradbury. "Then I will ask yours," said the great preacher. This broke Bradbury down, who melted under the speech and wept like a child.—*Life of Wesley.*

2259. FORGIVENESS, Consciousness of. The Marquis of Argyle, who suffered in the reign of King Charles II., was employed in the morning of the day of his execution in settling his worldly affairs. Under the influence of a sensible effusion of spiritual joy, he said to those about him, "I am now ordering my affairs, and God is sealing my charter to a better

inheritance, and just now saying to me, '*Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.*' Having, with great cheerfulness, dined with his friends, he retired a little. Upon his opening the door, the Rev. Mr. Hutchison said, "What cheer, my lord?" He replied, "Good cheer, sir; the Lord hath again confirmed, and said to me from heaven, '*Thy sins be forgiven thee.*'"—*Whitcross.*

2260. FORGIVENESS, Consciousness of. General Lieutenant von Gersdorff, who distinguished himself at Worth, fell at Sedan. He commanded the 11th Army Corps to the north of Sedan, on the hill of Floing, where the fight was hottest. As he gave the command that the 83d Regiment go forward, a ball struck him on the chest. Unconscious, he sank from his horse. When he recovered from his faintness he prayed in the words, "When I must die, part not from me;" then again, "Do with me, Lord, according to Thy good pleasure;" then the memory failed. The King visited him on his deathbed. Not long before his death he said to the chaplain, Mr. Sander, "I am weak, dear pastor, but your visit will not disturb me—a flow of blood to my lungs can happen any minute. But I say to you I know that God has met me in my sin, but I know, also, He is good to me and merciful, whether I die or live."

2261. FORGIVENESS, Desire for. We have heard of a child, when its austere parent refused to give it his forgiveness, that fretted and cried itself, under the torment of the parental frown, into convulsions which issued in death.—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

2262. FORGIVENESS, difficult to realise. A woman said to me one day, "I believe that Christ can forgive all my past sins, but I may do wrong again. What then? He won't go on forgiving me again and again. He must get angry some time." I told her, "You must try not to do wrong, and He will help you; but if you do, those sins are already provided for by the death of Christ." "What!" she said; "*all those I have not done yet?*" I said, "Yes; and not yours only, but the sins of all the people that are to be born into the world to the end of time, if they will only accept the salvation that God has prepared for them." The poor woman only looked in amazement. She could say nothing. The idea, with all that it involved, was too great for her to grasp.—*Miss Rose Marris (Zenana Mission).*

2263. FORGIVENESS, Divine. The venerable Dr. Duff once read the Sermon on the Mount to a number of Hindoo youths, and when he came to the passage, "I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you," so deep and intense was the impression produced on one of them, that he exclaimed in ecstasy, "*Oh, how beautiful! how divine!*" This is the truth, this is the truth!" And for days and weeks he could not help repeating, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you," &c., constantly exclaiming, "How beautiful! Surely this is the truth!" Nor could he rest until he had renounced his false gods and their senseless worship, and accepted the truth as it is in Jesus.

2264. FORGIVENESS, Effects of. President Lincoln having pardoned a young man under sentence of death or imprisonment, his mother's gratitude was such that she was unable to speak for

a while after leaving him. Then she broke out in an excited manner with the words, "I knew it was a copper-head lie!" "What do you refer to?" said Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, who accompanied her. "Why, they told me he was an ugly-looking man," she replied with vehemence. "He is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life!"—*Little's Historical Lights* (condensed).

2265. FORGIVENESS, for Christ's sake. Louis XII., of France, had many enemies before he ascended the throne. When he became king he caused a list to be made of his persecutors, and marked against each of their names a large black cross. When this became known the enemies of the King fled, because they thought it was a sign that he intended to punish them. But the King, hearing of their fears, caused them to be recalled, with an assurance of pardon, and said that he had put a cross beside each name to remind him of the cross of Christ, that he might endeavour to follow the example of Him who had prayed for His murderers, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—*Children's Friend*.

2266. FORGIVENESS, for Christ's sake. "What great matter," said a heathen tyrant to a Christian while he was beating him almost to death—"What great matter did Christ ever do for you?" "Even this," answered the Christian, "that I can forgive you, though you use me so cruelly."—*New Cyclopaedia of Religious Anecdote*.

2267. FORGIVENESS, for the greatest sinners. Mr. Fleming, in his "Fulfilling of the Scriptures," relates the case of a man who was a very great sinner, and for his horrible wickedness was put to death in the town of Ayr. This man had been so stupid and brutish a fellow, that all who knew him thought him beyond the reach of all ordinary means of grace; but while the man was in prison the Lord wonderfully wrought on his heart, and in such a measure discovered to him his sinfulness, that, after much serious exercise and sore wrestling, a most kindly work of repentance followed, with great assurance of mercy, inasmuch that when he came to the place of execution he could not cease crying out to the people, under the sense of pardon and the comforts of the presence and favour of God, "Oh, He is a great forgiver! He is a great forgiver!" And he added the following words:—"Now hath perfect love cast out fear. I know God hath nothing to lay against me, for Jesus Christ hath paid all; and those are free whom the Son makes free."—*Arvine*.

2268. FORGIVENESS, godlike. A gentleman once went to Sir Eardley Wilmot, formerly Lord Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, under the influence of great wrath and indignation at a real injury he had received from a person high in the political world, and which he was meditating how to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars, he asked Sir Eardley if he did not think it would be manly to resent it. "Yes," said the knight, "it will be manly to resent it; but it will be godlike to forgive it." The gentleman declared that this had such an instantaneous effect upon him that he came away quite an altered man, and in a very different temper from that in which he went.—*Religious Tract Society Anecdotes*.

2269. FORGIVENESS, Legend of. An old legend

represents on the one hand the arrival before the throne of God of the penitent souls whom His pity admits into heaven; on the other, Satan, who says, "These souls have offended against Thee a thousand times—I only once." "*Hast Thou ever asked forgiveness?*" replies the Eternal.—*Christian Age*.

2270. FORGIVENESS, Motives of. "I once saw," said an abbot of Sinai, "three solitaries who had received the same injury. The first was troubled and indignant; but still, because he feared Divine justice, he held his peace. The second rejoiced on his own account at the evil treatment he had received, because he hoped to be compensated therefor, but was sorry for him who had committed the outrage. The third, thinking only of his neighbour's sin, was so moved by it—for he truly loved him—that he wept freely. Thus may we see in these servants of God the working of three different motives—in one, the fear of punishment; in another, the hope of reward; in the last, the unselfish tenderness of a perfect love."

2271. FORGIVENESS, not in man's nature. When the Duke of Argyle was taken in rebellion in Scotland and brought before James the Second, the King said to him, "You know that it is in my power to pardon you." It is reported that the prisoner answered, "It may be in your power, but it is not in your nature"—a speech which, whether true or not, cost him his life. He died like a stoic, executed at Temple Gate.—*B*.

2272. FORGIVENESS, possible to all. A youth whose heart was black with sin appeared before the cell of a dervish celebrated for his sanctity. He began to lament the depth of his sin, imploring pardon. The dervish indignantly and proudly demanded how he presumed to appear in the presence of God's holy prophet, assuring him that it was in vain to seek forgiveness, and adding, "May God grant that I stand far from this youth on the judgment-day." On this Christ spoke and said, "It shall be so. The prayer of both is granted. This penitent in that day shall enter paradise. But thy prayer is also granted:—thou shalt be far from the youth in that day, even in torment."

2273. FORGIVENESS, Power of. When the gospel was introduced into the town of Sheik Mohammed, in Syria, the head-man of the town, Yusef el Khoory, kept up an organised persecution against Ishoc, a convert. He hired men to root up his crops, cut off his water-supply, turn his cattle out of the pasture; and this not succeeding in bringing Ishoc back, he hired a notorious assassin, who, with a company of the villagers, attacked him in the valley one night, and left him for dead. But Ishoc afterwards crawled home, bleeding and badly wounded, and did not recover from the murderous assault for some time. At length Christian kindness and patient perseverance on the part of Ishoc and two or three other converts who acted with him triumphed over every foe. The ringleader of the persecution, Yusef el Khoory, had occasion for Ishoc's testimony as a witness in a lawsuit. He scarcely knew how to expect his compliance after the treatment he had received, but he nevertheless ventured to summon him. When Ishoc stood up in the court and testified to the truth, in favour of his avowed enemy, Yusef was fairly subdued, and

from that moment he was converted into a friend.
—*Missionary Anecdotes.*

2274. FORGIVENESS. Power of. Not many years ago a missionary was preaching in a chapel to a crowd of idol-loving Hindoos. He had not proceeded far in his sermon when he was interrupted by a strong native, who went behind the desk, intending to knock him down with his stick. Happily the blow aimed at the minister fell on his shoulder, and did him little, if any, injury. The congregation of hearers were, however, very angry with the offender, and they seized him at the very moment he was attempting to escape. "Now, what shall I do with him?" said the missionary to the people. "Give him a good beating" answered some. "I cannot do that," said he. "Send him to the judge," cried others, "and he will receive two years' hard labour on the road." "I cannot follow your advice," said the missionary again "and I will tell you why. My religion commands me to love my enemies, and to do good to them who injure me." Then turning to the man, he said, "I forgive you from my heart; but never forget that *you owe your escap from punishment to that Jesus whom you persecuted in me.*" The effect of this scene upon the Hindoos was most impressive. They wondered at it, and, unable any longer to keep silence, sprang on their feet and shouted, "Victory to Jesus Christ! Victory to Jesus Christ!"

2275. FORGIVENESS Prospective. On his deathbed the minister reminded the dying King Frederick William of Prussia of the need of confession of sin. "Well, is there anything more?" he said; "better now than too late." "There is forgiveness of enemies. Your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven?" "Well, I will, I do. You, Peekin" (his wife), "write to your brother *after I am dead* that I forgive him—died in peace with him." "Better Her Majesty should write at once," suggests Roloff. "No; after I am dead," persists the son of nature; "that will be safer."—*Carlyle (condensed).*

2276. FORGIVENESS, too late. At the battle of Wagram Napoleon recognised among the slain a colonel who had given him cause for displeasure. He stopped and gazed for a moment upon the sadly mutilated body stretched upon the gory field, and said, "I regret not having been able to speak to him before the battle, in order to tell him that I had long forgotten everything."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

2277. FORGIVING SPIRIT, Necessity of. In the Middle Ages, when the lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to revenge himself on a neighbour who had offended him. It chanced that, on the very evening when he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle, with only a very few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of his plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up. The good man said a great deal to the Duke about the sin of what he was going to do, but in vain. At length, seeing that all his words had no effect, he said, "My lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this plan of yours, you will at least come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together

before you go?" The Duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt together in prayer. Then the mercy-loving Christian said to the revengeful warrior, "Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself taught to His disciples?" "I will do it," replied the Duke. He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the Duke repeated it, till he came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." There the Duke was silent. "My lord Duke, you are silent," said the chaplain. "Will you be so good as to continue to repeat the words after me, *if you dare to do so*: 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us?'" "I cannot," replied the Duke. "Well, God cannot forgive you, for He has said so. He Himself has given us this prayer. Therefore you must either give up your revenge or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to pardon you *as you pardon others* is to ask Him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. Go now, my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the great day of judgment." The iron will of the Duke was broken. "No," said he; "I will finish my prayer. My God, my Father, pardon me; forgive me as I desire to forgive him who has offended me; 'lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.'" "Amen," said the chaplain. "Amen," repeated the Duke, who now understood the Lord's Prayer better than he had ever done before, since he had learned to apply it to himself.—*Preacher's Lantern.*

2278. FORMS, Use of. When a bell is made two moulds of sand are made, an inner and an outer, so arranged as to form between them precisely the shape desired for the bell. The metal is poured in, and then the moulds are broken. But that form is not destroyed; it is only fulfilled, and the bell rings out the glad song of jubilee.—*Rev. R. A. Bertram.*

2279. FORTITUDE, in disaster. When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his base assailants, and they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "*Here,*" was his bold reply, placing his hand on his heart.—*Smiles.*

2280. FORTUNE, does not bring ease. Turner, the distinguished painter, had amassed a great fortune, and passionately loved it. When advanced in years his friend Carew remarked, "Turner, they tell me you are very rich." "Am I?" asked the wealthy barber's son. "Yes," was the answer; everybody says so." Turner rejoined, "Ah, I would give it all up to be twenty years of age again!"

2281. FORTUNE, Increase of. "I am sure," said a lady, running, full of joy, to the venerable Newton—"I am sure you will congratulate me. I have received a great increase of fortune." "Madam," said the faithful pastor, "I pray for you as for one under great temptation."

2282. FORTUNE, Inequalities in. A person with not very ample means of support had a large family. A neighbour had just called to tell him of a friend who had got a prize in the lottery, when he was also informed of the birth of his twelfth child. He exclaimed, peevishly, "God sends meat to others, children to me." It afterwards happened that that Being at whose government he had so impiously murmured sent him those riches which he so eagerly

and wickedly longed for. But as He sent him the wished-for wealth, He deprived him of the children he had complained of. He saw them one by one go to the grave before him; and in advanced life and great affluence, when his last beloved daughter was taken from him, he painfully remembered his former rebellious murmurings against Providence.

2283. FORTUNE, Reverse of. Job Orton, in a note to one of his sermons, says that a friend of his having received by legacy a sum of money to distribute in the way of charity, in a single year after he came into the possession of it he was applied to for a share of it by no less than twenty-three individuals who had rode in their own carriages.—*Jay.*

2284. FOUNDATION, A secure. The late Rev. T. Robinson, of Leicester, visited Venn in his last illness, and began to speak to him, to use Mr. Robinson's words, "in my poor way." "Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Venn, "that is poor comfort, brother. Here is the passage I build on: '*And having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it.*'" These words he uttered with an energy and animation peculiar to himself.

2285. FOUNDATION, Christ the. When the immense stone piers of the East River bridge were begun, three or four years ago, the builders did not attempt to manufacture a foundation. They simply dug down through the mud and sand, and found the solid bed-rock which the Almighty Creator had laid there thousands of years ago. It is a wretched mistake to suppose that you need to construct a foundation. "Other foundation can no man lay than *that is laid*, which is Jesus Christ." Your own merits, however, cemented by good resolutions, will no more answer for a solid base than would a cart-load of bricks as the substratum of yonder stupendous bridge. God has provided for you a corner-stone already.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

2286. FOUNDATION, Christ the only true. For a whole week, not only the bishop but all the priests and friars of the city (Exeter) visited Bennet night and day. But they tried in vain to prove to him that the Roman Church was the true one. "God has given me grace to be of a better Church," he said. "Do you know that ours is built upon St. Peter?" "The Church that is built upon a man," he replied, "is the devil's Church, and not God's." . . . At the place of execution he exhorted with such unction, that the sheriff's clerk exclaimed, "Truly this is a servant of God!" Two persons, going up to the martyr, exclaimed in a threatening voice, "Say, '*Precor sanctam Mariam et omnes sanctos Dei.*'" "I know no other advocate but Jesus Christ," replied Bennet.—*D'Aubigne (condensed).*

2287. FOUNDATION, Going to the. When Sir Francis Burdett was committed to the Tower in 1810 for defending what he felt to be the liberties of the people, he resisted the "order," and barricaded his house. It is said that the soldiers, on entering, found him calmly teaching his son to read and translate the *Magna Charta*.

2288. FOUNDATION, Insufficient care with. On the corner of one of the business streets of a certain town there is a large brick building with stone finishings and no little display of fancy work,

both on cornice and corners. It looks well at a distance. Closer inspection, however, shows that this building is sadly disfigured with ugly cracks and misshapen walls, and the whole structure is in danger. On investigation it was discovered that the cause of all this was the bad foundation put under the building by an inefficient contractor. He had employed cheap workmen and put in cheap material, because the foundation being out of sight, he thought no one would ever see it, and it would make no difference.

2289. FOUNDATION, Resting on. "For all I have preached or written," said the venerable James Durham in his last illness, "there is but one scripture I can remember, and dare grip to. Tell me if I dare lay the weight of my salvation upon it?—'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'" His friend replied, "You may indeed depend upon it, though you had a thousand salvations at hazard." It was a sweet word in season, for it lighted up a gleam of joy in the soul of the dying saint which never left him.

2290. FOUNDATION, Use of. "See, father," said a lad who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge. What are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?" "They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers, which are now finished."

2291. FOUNDATIONS, Insecure. There is a twice-told tale how in youth Julian the Apostate essayed to raise a memorial shrine to the holy Mamas, but as he built the earth at the foundations crumbled; for God and His holy martyr deigned not to accept the labour and offering of his hands. It is an allegory of men who toil and build on rotten and insecure foundations.

2292. FREEDOM, Love of. In the British colonies, before the time of Wilberforce, there used to be a great many slaves; but that good man began to agitate the question of setting them free; and when they heard of it they were very anxious to know how he was getting along. The slaves used to watch for the white sails of British ships, hoping to hear good news, but fearing they might hear bad news. There was a ship which had sailed immediately after the Emancipation Act had been passed and signed by the King; and when she came within hailing distance of the boats which had put off from the shore at the port where she was bound, the captain could not wait to deliver the message officially, and have it duly promulgated by the Government, but, seeing the poor anxious men standing up in their boats, eager for the news, he placed his trumpet to his mouth, and shouted with all his might, "Free! free!"—*Moody.*

2293. FREE GRACE, in Christ. When the broken-hearted, bereaved mother had worked herself into a despairing frenzy over her conception of the God of Edwards and Hopkins, the old coloured nurse gathered the pale form to her bosom, and said, "Honey, darlin', ye ain't right; dar's a drefull mistake somewhar. Why, de Lord ain't like what ye tink; He loves ye, honey! Why, jes' feel how I loves ye—poor ole black Candace; an' I ain't better'n Him as made me. . . . Dar ain't jes' but one ting to come to, an dat ar's Jesus. Jes' come right down to whar poor ole black Candace has to

stay allers ; it's a good place, darlin' ! Look right at Jesus . . . Dar's a God ye can love !"—C. D. Foss.

2294. FREE GRACE, Realising. The tears of a slave-girl, just going to be put up for sale, drew the notice of a gentleman as he passed through the auction-mart of a Southern slave state. The other slaves of the same group did not seem to care about it, while each knock of the hammer made her shake. The kind man stopped to ask why she alone wept, and was told that she had been brought up with much care by a good owner, and she was terrified to think who might buy her. "Her price?" the stranger asked. He thought a little when he heard the great ransom, but paid it down. Yet no joy came to the poor slave's face when he told her she was free. She had been born a slave, and knew not what freedom meant. Her tears fell fast on the signed parchment, which her deliverer brought to prove it to her. She only looked at him with fear. At last he got ready to go his way, and as he told her what she must do when he was gone, it began to dawn on her what freedom was. With the first breath she said, "I will follow him ! *I will serve him all my days !*" and to every reason against it she only cried, "He redeemed me ! He redeemed me ! He redeemed me !" When strangers used to visit that master's house, and noticed, as all did, the loving, constant service of the glad-hearted girl, and asked her why she was so eager with unbidden service, she had but one answer, and she loved to give it—"He redeemed me ! He redeemed me ! *He redeemed me !*"

2295. FREE GRACE, the one hope. Mr. M'Laren and Mr. Gustard were both ministers of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh. When Mr. M'Laren was dying Mr. Gustard paid him a visit, and put the question to him, "What are you doing, brother?" His answer was, "I will tell you what I am doing, brother ; I am gathering together all my prayers, all my sermons, all my good deeds, all my evil deeds ; and I am going to throw them all overboard, and swim to glory on the plank of *Free Grace*."—*Clerical Library.*

2296. FRESH AIR, Need of, in preaching. I preached in Scotland twice on a Sabbath-day at Blairmore, on a little height by the side of the sea, and after discoursing with all my might to large congregations, to be counted by thousands, I did not feel one-half so much exhausted as I often am when addressing a few hundreds in some horrible black hole of Calcutta called a chapel. I trace my freshness and freedom from lassitude at Blairmore to the fact that the windows could not be shut down by persons afraid of draughts, and that the roof was as high as the heavens are above the earth. My conviction is, that a man could preach three or four times on a Sabbath out of doors with less fatigue than would be occasioned by one discourse delivered in an impure atmosphere, heated and poisoned by human breath, and carefully preserved from every refreshing infusion of natural air.—*Spurgeon.*

2297. FRIEND, A faithful. One of the company despatched a servant for a lute, and on its being brought it had lost tune, as happens to these instruments when exposed to the changes of the atmosphere. While he was tightening the strings, Gotthold's thoughts ran thus, "What is sweeter than a well-tuned lute, and what more delightful

than a faithful friend who can cheer us in sorrow with affectionate discourse? Nothing, however, is sooner untuned than a lute, and nothing is more fickle than a friend. The tone of the one changes with the weather, that of the other with fortune. With a clear sky and a bright sun you will have friends in plenty ; but let fortune frown and the firmament be overcast, then they will prove like the strings of the lute, of which you tighten ten before you find *one which will bear the tension* or keep the pitch."

2298. FRIEND, Accepted because of. When the great Duke of Cumberland commanded in Germany, he was particularly pleased with the ability and valour of a sergeant belonging to his own regiment. Having observed the gallantry of this man, and made several inquiries into his private character, His Royal Highness took occasion, after a great exploit which the sergeant had performed, to give him a commission. Some time afterwards he came to the Duke and entreated his leave to resign the rank which he held. Surprised at so extraordinary a request, the Duke demanded the reason, and was told by the applicant that he was now separated from his old companions by his elevation, and not admitted into the company of his brother officers, who considered themselves degraded by his appointment. "Oh ! is that the case?" said the Duke. "Let the matter rest for a day or two, and I will soon find means of putting an end to your disquietude." The next morning His Royal Highness went on the parade, when he was received by a circle of officers ; and while he was engaged in conversation, he perceived his old friend walking, at a distance, by himself. On this the Duke said, "Pray, gentlemen, what has that officer done that he should be drummed out of your councils?" and without waiting for an answer, he went up, took the man by the arm, and thus accompanied, went through all the lines. When the parade was over Lord Ligonier respectfully desired His Royal Highness to honour the mess with his presence that day. "With all my heart," replied the Duke, "*provided I bring my friend, here, with me.*" "I hope so," said his lordship ; and from that day the gentleman's company was rather courted than shunned by the highest officer in the service.

2299. FRIEND, Christ a. President Edwards, when he came to die, his last words, after bidding his relations good-bye, were, "Now where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing Friend?" and so saying he fell asleep.

2300. FRIEND, Faithfulness of. A while ago a young man known to the writer went into a certain office on an errand of business. As he was about leaving the proprietor said to him, "My young friend, are you a Christian?" He replied, "I regret to say that I am not." That faithful friend then kindly urged him to seek Christ at once, to delay no longer securing the great salvation. The young man thanked him politely, and said he would "think of it." In three weeks his widow called at the same office to bring his dying message. Said she, "He thought much of your kind advice, and resolved to seek religion. He was suddenly taken sick. After a few days he found sweet peace in believing, became entirely resigned to the Divine will, and died in the triumphs of faith. 'Tell my

friend N.,' said he, 'that I thank him with my dying breath for his faithfulness to my soul. His words led me to think seriously of my eternal interest, to give my heart to Jesus, and to prepare for this dying hour.'" To his father, who, like too many professing Christians, had been remiss in his religious duties, he said, "Don't neglect the other children as you have neglected me. Lead them to Jesus before it is too late."—*H. L. Hastings.*

2301. FRIENDS, Speaking ill of. The Rev. B. Jacobs, of Cambridgeport, could, when necessary, administer reproof very forcibly, though the gentleness of his character was always seen in the manner in which it was done. Some young ladies at his house were one day talking about one of their female friends. As he entered the room he heard the epithets "odd" and "singular" applied. He asked and was told the name of the young lady in question, and then said, very gravely, "Yes, she is an odd young lady; she is a *very* odd young lady; I consider her extremely singular." He then added very impressively, "*She was never heard to speak ill of an absent friend.*" The rebuke was not forgotten by those who heard it.

2302. FRIENDS, True use of. My soul was at that time athirst for some spiritual friends. He (Charles Wesley) soon discovered it, put into my hands Professor Franke's "Treatise Against the Fear of Man" and "The Country Parson's Advice to his Parishioners." In a short time he let me have another, "The Life of God in the Soul of Man." I never knew what true religion was till God sent me that excellent treatise. God soon showed me that true religion was union of the soul with God and Christ formed within us. Not till then did I know that I must be a new creature. Like the woman of Samaria, I wrote letters to my relations, telling them there was such a thing as a *new birth*; they thought I was going beside myself.—*Whitefield.*

2303. FRIENDLINESS, Influence of. When this church was being built I became acquainted with one of the carpenters—a plain man—who worked upon it, and I had many chats with him afterwards. That day, being a Christian (sometimes I am not one), when I met him, as he came down the street, I stopped and spoke to him, and shook hands with him. And giving me, as I noticed, a peculiar look, and keeping hold of my hand, he said, "Now, sir, you do not know how much good this does me." "What?" said I. "Well, your speaking to me and shaking hands with me." Said he, "I shall go home to-night, and say to my wife, 'I met Mr. Beecher to-day.' 'Ah!' she will say, 'what did he say?' and the children will look up too. And I will tell them, 'He stopped and shook hands with me, and asked if I was getting along well.' And they will talk about that for a week. You have no idea how much good it does a plain man to be noticed, and to be made to feel that he is not a nobody."—*Beecher.*

2304. FRIENDSHIP, Dying regrets in. As Gleim lay on his deathbed he addressed the great bard of Germany—"I am dying, dear Klopstock, and as a dying man will I say, in this world we have not lived long enough together and for each other, but in vain would we now recall the past!"—*I. D'Israeli.*

2305. FRIENDSHIP, Heartlessness in. If one of my friends happens to die, I drive down to St. James's Coffee-house, and bring home a new one.—*Horace Walpole.*

2306. FRIENDSHIP, Saved by. Colonel Bryd, of Virginia, fell into the hands of the Cherokees, and was condemned to death. In the tribe was a chief that had before been his friend. At the approach of the executioners he threw himself upon his intended victim, saying, "This man is my friend; before you can get at him you must kill me," which saved him.

2307. FRIVOLITY, Illustration of. I happened to be in Paris at the time of the great eclipse in 1820, and was watching it from the gardens of the Tuileries. Several voices out of a knot of persons near me cried out, one after the other, "*Ah, comme c'est drôle! Regardez, comme c'est drôle!*" My own feelings not being exactly in this key, I walked away, but in vain. Go whither I would, the same sounds haunted me. Old men and children, young men and maidens, all joined in the same cuckoo cry, "*C'est bien drôle! Regardez, comme c'est drôle! Ah, comme c'est drôle!*"—*Julius C. Hare.*

2308. FRIVOLITY, Instance of. While the plague was upon her (Rome), the imperial city, in thoughtless frivolity or giddy intoxication, was dancing her carnival of death, till the fierce Visigoth knocked at the gates and burst, sword in hand, upon the awe-struck revellers.—*Rendall.*

2309. FRUIT, of Christian labour. A ragged-school teacher was telling a friend, in a street of Philadelphia that he was afraid he would have to discontinue the school, as he had seen no fruit whatsoever of his labours. At the moment a little ragged boy came up, and asked him if he would come and see his brother, who was very ill. He said he would come next day; but the boy said his brother was very ill indeed, so he went with him down into one of the lowest streets of the city. On entering the room he was struck with the supreme misery of it. The father and mother were both drunk, and the sufferer lay on a mere heap of rags in a corner. Going up to him, the teacher said, "My poor boy, what can I do for you? Will I get you a doctor?" "Oh no, Cap," said the boy. "Shall I find you a nurse, and have you removed to a nice bed?" "Oh no, Cap, not that; but tell me, tell me, did you say that Jesus died for everybody?" "Yes, I did." "And that He will receive any one who comes to Him?" "Yes, indeed I did, dear boy." "Well, Cap, I know that He has received me;" and after shedding a few tears, the boy dropped back on the bundle of rags.—*dead.*—*Clerical Library.*

2310. FRUITS, Known by. When Ulysses returned with fond anticipations to his home in Ithaca his family did not recognise him. Even the wife of his bosom denied her husband—so changed was he by an absence of twenty years and the hardships of a long-protracted war. It was thus true of the vexed and astonished Greek as of a nobler king, that he came unto his own, and his own received him not. In this painful position of affairs he called for a bow which he had left at home, when, embarking for the siege of Troy, he bade farewell to the orange-groves and vine-clad hills of Ithaca. With characteristic sagacity, he

saw how a bow, so stout and tough that none but himself could draw it, might be made to bear witness on his behalf. He seized it. To their surprise and joy, like a green wand lopped from a willow-tree, it yields to his arms; it bends till the bow-string touches his ears. His wife, now sure that he is her long-lost and long-lamented husband, throws herself into his fond embraces, and his household confess him the true Ulysses.—*Clerical Library.*

2311. FRUITS, Men known and judged by. At a horticultural show there is a table running through a long hall for the exhibition of fruit; and this table is divided up into about twenty-five compartments, which are assigned to as many exhibitors for the display of their productions. I go along the table and discuss the merits of the various articles. Here is a man who has pears, and apples, and peaches, and cherries, and plums. They are not very good; they are fair; they are about as good as the average of the fruit on the table; but they do not beat anybody else's. I see fruit that is just as good all the way down the table. But the man to whom it belongs says, "Mine ought to take the premium." "Why?" I say. "Because it was raised on ground whose title goes back to the flood. No man has a right to claim the premium unless he can show that the title of his land goes clear down to the flood. I can prove that my title is clear, and I insist upon it that I ought to have the premium. That other fruit may have some ground for pretence, but it is uncovenanted." I go to the next compartment, and I say to the man there, "Your fruit looks fair. It is about on an average with the rest." "On an average with the rest! There is nothing like it on the table." "Why so?" "Because it was raised under glass. Those other fellows raised theirs in the open air. This is church-fruit. It was all raised in definite enclosures, according to prescriptions which have come down from generation to generation. In judging of my fruit you must take into consideration that it was raised according to the ordinances. It is pattern-fruit." He insists that his fruit is better than any of the rest on account of the way in which he raised it. I go to the next compartment. There I see some magnificent fruit, and I say to the man, "Where did you raise this fruit?" He says, "It came from the highway near my house." "From the highway?" "Yes. It grew on a wilding that I found growing there. I cleared away the brush that was choking it, and trimmed it a little, and it produced this fruit." "Well," I say, "I think that is the best fruit on the table." From the whole length of the table, on both sides, there arises the acclamation, "What! are you going to give that man the premium, who has no title for his land, no greenhouse, and nothing but the highway to raise his fruit in? What sort of encouragement is that to regular fruit-growers?" The whole commotion is stopped by the man who has the awarding of the premium saying, "The order of this show is, *By their fruits shall ye know them.*"—*Beecher.*

2312. FRUIT-BEARING, and living. I was staying, a short time ago, in an old house in the country that belonged to the family of More. There were badges upon the walls, and the badge was the mulberry-tree, the *morus*; and this was the inscription, "*Morus tarde moriens; morum cito moritur.*"—"The mulberry-tree is slow in death; the mulberry fruits die quickly."—*Sir Stafford Northcote.*

2313. FUNCTIONS, Natural and forced. We never tire of breathing, and yet a forced action of the muscles of respiration causes fatigue.—*Dr. Hands.*

2314. FUNERAL SERMONS, and Christ. I was called to preach at a funeral once, and I thought I would try to preach as nearly as I could as Christ used to preach. So I searched the record, but I found that *Jesus Christ never preached a funeral sermon*; for when *He went to a funeral the dead body always arose and lived.* He has taken the sting from death for all His people.—*Moody.*

2315. FUTURE, confutes the opinions of the past. In the village of Bedford, only twelve miles distant from Cleveland, there lived, some thirty years ago, two charming and attractive girls. To one of these President Hayes had become an ardent suitor; but the parents of the young lady had vigorously opposed their courtship, on the ground that young Hayes was poor, and gave evidence of hardly sufficient ability to warrant risking their daughter's future. The other young lady had received some attentions from young Garfield, and was well disposed to reciprocate them. Her parents, however, objected to their intimacy, giving as the reason of their opposition the poverty of Garfield, and the anything but bright prospects of his future. The most remarkable coincidence of the courtship was that both young ladies lived in a village of not more than five hundred inhabitants, and both refused two future Presidents of the United States because of their poverty.—*Cleveland (Ohio) Herald.*

2316. FUTURE, Fear of. The doctors of the Jews report that when Absalom hung among the oaks by the hair of the head, he seemed to see under him hell gaping wide to receive him; and he durst not cut off the hair that entangled him, for fear he should fall into the torrid lake, but chose to protract his miserable life a few minutes in that pain of posture, and to abide the stroke of his pursuing enemy. His position was sad when his arts of remedy were so vain.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

2317. FUTURE LIFE, Trading on. With the Gauls it was a common practice to contract debts with a stipulation that they should be payable *in the next stage of existence.* Hence letters were thrown upon the funeral pile, that the deceased might carry to his relatives and friends in paradise information of the wishes and proceedings of those who remained on earth.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

2318. FUTURE, overlooked. The Indian who fells the tree that he may gather the fruit, and the Arab who plunders the caravans of commerce, are actuated by the same impulse of savage nature which overlooks the future in the present. . . . It was thus that the shrine of St Peter was profaned by the thoughtless Romans, who pillaged the offerings and wounded the pilgrims, without computing the number and value of similar visits which they prevented by their inhospitable sacrilege.—*Gibbon.*

2319. FUTURE, Procrastinating the thought of. I knew a man of eighty years of age, who frequently said, "Well, I really must set about thinking of my future!" And yet we are not without warnings; everything speaks of death.—*Alphonse Karr.*

2320. FUTURE, Providing for. A horse was heard reproaching a peasant who was sowing oats,

"Why waste them? Why not give them to me?" The oats grew up, however, and *then* the horse was fed on them.—*From the Russian.*

2321. FUTURE, Sowing for. All that the Africans have thought of has been present gratification; and now, as I sometimes deposit date-seeds in the soil, and tell them I have no hope whatever of seeing the fruit, it seems to them as the act of the South Sea Islanders appears to us when they planted in their gardens iron nails received from Captain Cook.—*David Livingstone.*

2322. FUTURE Thought of. A Hindoo of a thoughtful, reflecting turn of mind, but devoted to idolatry, lay on his deathbed. As he saw himself about to plunge into that boundless unknown he cried out, "What will become of me?" "Oh," said a Brahmin who stood by, "you will inhabit another body." "And where," said he, "shall I go then?" "Into another." "And where then?" "Into another; and so on, through thousands of millions." Darting across this whole period, as though it were but an instant, he cried, "*Where shall I go then?*" Paganism could not answer; and he died agonising under the inquiry, "*Where shall I go last of all?*"

2323. GAIN, One secret of. The old Elector of Brandenburg, Joachim, once said to the Duke of Saxony (Frederick), "How do you manage to coin so much money, you princes of Saxony?" "Oh," replied the other, "we make money by it!" And so they did, by the quantity of alloy they put into their coin.—*Michelet.*

2324. GAINS, Unlawful. Most men are sickened of the gaming-table by their losses. He (Wilberforce) left it because on one particular night he won £600. The thought that men of straitened means or portionless younger sons might be crippled by his gains preyed upon his sensitive spirit, and he resolved to play no more, that he might be free from the blood-guiltiness of adding to the list of victims whom gambling has hurled from wealth to beggary and from happiness to suicide.—*Puncheon.*

2325. GAITY, in dying. Richard Brinsley Sheridan's death corresponded with his life; for even while dying, as it were, by inches, from the slow starvation caused by his complaint, his natural gaiety never forsook him. He jested over his last troubles with the easy grace of one who could meet death as bravely as any other evil. A fair practitioner who had always admired him and his brilliant eyes called one day to ask after the sick man. "Tell her that my eyes will look up at my coffin-lid as brightly as ever," was the answer that came at once from his parched lips.—*Denton.*

2326. GAMBLING, Danger of. "I was well acquainted," says a reformed gambler, with the circumstance of a young man starting to go to the hot springs of Arkansas. He was a man who had acquired by honesty and industry about nine hundred dollars. He had been in bad health for some time, and concluded to visit the springs to recruit his health. On his arrival at the mouth of White River he was detained for a boat, and while there he was induced to play cards. He won some forty or fifty dollars, and the game broke up. After the game was broken up one of the gamblers pulled out a button and bantered the young man to win it at "faro," and he pulled out a quarter and bet against

the button, and the banker won. He tried again and again, until he lost some three or four dollars, to win the button, and then went to bed. The banker had now several persons betting small bets on the game, and had won some eight or ten dollars, and there was quite a noise and bustle going on. The young man, who had gone to bed, got up, and felt a strong propensity to win all. He began betting on the game again, and in a short time lost the whole of his nine hundred dollars trying to win a button; for that was all he could have won, as the man had no money at first but what he had won from the young man. The young man was obliged to make his way home, without his health being benefited and without his money.

2327. GENEROSITY, A boy's. A short time ago I was passing along a busy thoroughfare as two of the Shoeblack Brigade were getting their dinners. With the causeway for their table, and a couple of thick slices of bread and meat each for their portion, the poor lads seemed thoroughly content, and ate with a relish which many a rich man would have given pounds to possess. When they had about half done one of them made a sudden stop, as something attracted his attention. Whispering a few words to his companion, he gathered up the remaining half of their dinners, and running after a poor beggar-man, generously gave it to him, and then, with happy face, returned to his lowly occupation.—*Biblical Treasury.*

2328. GENEROSITY, A brother's. In the month of September 1801 W. T. M., Esq., departed this life, and dying without a will, his large property, which was chiefly in landed estates, devolved to his eldest son. By this circumstance the eight younger children were unprovided for; but this gentleman, with a generosity seldom equalled, and which does honour to Christianity, immediately made over to his younger brothers and sisters three considerable estates, which were about two-thirds of the whole property. This munificence is the more extraordinary as he had a young and increasing family of his own. On a friend remonstrating with him on his conduct, his answer was, "*I have enough, and am determined that all my brothers and sisters shall be satisfied.*"

2329. GENEROSITY, may be acquired. One of the most liberal and lavish givers to charitable objects said to a friend who spoke of his generosity, "You mistake; I am not generous. I am by nature extremely avaricious. But when I was a young man I had sense enough to see how mean and belittling such a passion was, and *I forced myself to give.* At first, I declare to you, it was hard for me to part with a penny; but I persisted, until the habit of liberality was formed. There is no yoke like that of habit. Now I like to give."

2330. GENEROSITY, Some men's. People are apt to be very generous with what costs nothing. Sydney Smith once said that most men are ready to act the Good Samaritan, but without the oil and twopence.

2331. GENIUS, overlooked. Spenser, at a time when Shakespeare had written his two classical poems and some of his earlier dramas, wrote a poem in which he commemorates his brother poets under feigned names. It is generally supposed that he refers to the great dramatist in the verse ending,

"Whose muse . . . doth like himself heroically sound." The uncertainty itself is suggestive. Whitelock, in his memorials, talks of *one Milton, a blind man*, who was employed in translating a treaty with Sweden into Latin.—*B.*

2332. GENIUS, Power of. Thorwaldsen's Mercury, it appears, was suggested by a lad whom he had seen sitting at rest. But does that detract from the sculptor's genius? Every other man living might have seen the lad, and no statue of Mercury would have sprung out of the vision; even as millions upon millions before Newton had seen apples drop, without being led thereby to meditate on universal gravitation.—*Julius C. Hare.*

2333. GENTLEMAN, A true. I remember a poor coloured man who earned his livelihood by sawing wood from house to house, and who was a real gentleman, Virginia bred. No governor was ever more truly polite than this poor old broken-backed sawyer. He was gentlemanly in speech, in manner, in gesture, in the whole attitude of his mind, by which he respected himself, and sought to deal courteously and refinedly with others. He was a *gentleman* in the true sense of that word.—*Beecher.*

2334. GENTLENESS, in action enforced. As a celebrated officer in the army stood leaning over a wall in the barrack-yard, one of his military servants, mistaking him for a comrade, came softly up behind him and suddenly struck him a hard blow. When the officer looked round, his servant, covered with confusion, stammered out, "I beg your pardon, sir; I thought it was George." His master gently replied, "And if it were George, why strike so hard?"

2335. GENTLENESS, in speech necessary. A train was hurrying along one of the main lines of the Western States of America. In one of the cars sat a young woman nursing a little babe, whose restlessness greatly annoyed some of the passengers. Amongst these was a portly-looking farmer, whose appearance betokened comfort and plenty. Looking up from his paper, evidently irritated by the child's continued cry, he said, "Can't you keep that child quiet?" His eye met the gaze of the young woman, and he then noticed that her dress told of recent death. She looked toward him, and through her tears said, "I cannot help it. *The child is not mine.* I am doing my best." "Where is its mother?" the farmer inquired, relenting somewhat in his tone. "In her coffin, sir, in the luggage-car at the back of the train," said the young woman, in her deep grief. The big tears fell unbidden from the farmer's eyes. Rising up from his seat, he took the babe in his arms, kissed it, and walking to and fro, did his rough best to soothe the motherless child and make some reparation for his cold, hard words. How many words and looks of unkindness would be changed into actions of sympathy and help did we but know more of others' sorrow!

2336. GENTLENESS, Necessity for. When Catherine de Medici expressed astonishment to Sir Thomas Smith at a certain deference paid by his sovereign to the nation she ruled, "Madam," he replied, "her people be not like your people; they must be trained by *douceur* and persuasion, not by rigour and violence."—*Francis Jacoe.*

2337. GENTLENESS, Power of. My sister got her arm put out of joint. The neighbours of the country place came in, and they tried to put that arm in its place, and they laid hold and they pulled mightily; they pulled until she was in anguish, but the bone did not go back to its place. After a while the surgeon came, and with one touch everything was adjusted. So we go out for Christian work, and for the lack of a sympathetic nature, or the lack of this gentleness of Christ, we make the wounds of the world worse, when some kind and gentle spirit comes along after us, and by one touch heals the torn ligaments, and the disturbing bones are re-joined. Oh! there is more power for good in a spirit of Christian gentleness than in all this high pretension of Christian work! The dew of one summer's night will accomplish more for the grain-field than fifty Caribbean whirlwinds.—*Talmage.*

2338. GENTLENESS, Power of. Mr. Marsh, of Monsul, relates of an Armenian named John, that, when living at Constantinople, he was hired by persecuting Armenians to strike a watchmaker. The latter, upon receiving the blow, nobly prayed, "May God bless you." This remarkable answer was effectual; "for," said John, in allusion to the affair, "I could not strike again; and at night I said to the money, 'Instead of my eating you, you will eat me.'"—*Little.*

2339. GENTLENESS, Power of. As a friend of serfs, Tikhon, Bishop of Varonej, in Russia, one day went to the house of a prince, in the district of Varonej, to point out some wrong which they were suffering on his estate, and to beg him, for the sake of Jesus, to be tender with the poor. The prince got angry with his guest, and in the midst of some sharp speech between them struck him in the face. Tikhon rose up and left the house; but when he had walked some time he began to see that he, no less than his host, was in the wrong. "This man," he said to himself, "has done a deed of which, on cooling down, he will feel ashamed. Who has caused him to do that wrong? It was my doing," sighed the reformer, going straight back into the house. Falling at the prince's feet, Tikhon craved his pardon for *having stirred him into wrath* and caused him to commit a sin. The prince was so astonished, that he knelt down by the holy man, and kissing his hands, implored his forgiveness and benediction. From that hour, it is said, the prince was another man, noticeable through all the province of Varonej for his kindness to the serfs.—*Hepworth Dixon (condensed).*

2340. GENTLENESS, Power of. Morning by morning God's great mercy of sunrise steals upon a darkened world in still, slow self-impartation; and the light which has a force that has carried it across gulfs of space that the imagination staggers in trying to conceive, yet falls so gently that it does not move the petals of the sleeping flowers, nor hurt the lids of an infant's eyes, nor displace a grain of dust. So should we live and work, clothing all our power in tenderness, doing our work in quietness, disturbing nothing but the darkness, and with silent increase of beneficent power filling and flooding the dark earth with healing beams.—*Maclaren.*

2341. GENTLENESS, Power of. One Sunday afternoon with my Aunt Esther did me more good than forty Sundays in church with my father. He

thundered over my head, and she sweetly instructed me down in my heart. The promise that she would read Joseph's history on Sunday was enough to draw a silver thread of obedience through the entire week; and if I was tempted to break my promise, I said, "No; Aunt Esther is going to read on Sunday;" and I would do, or I would not do, all through the week, for the sake of getting that sweet instruction on Sunday.—*Beecher*.

2342. GERMINATION, of ancient seed. An interesting observation, referring to the power of germination in seeds, which is hundreds and even thousands of years old, is said to have been made by Professor Hendreich in Greece. In the silver-mines in Laurium only the slags left by the ancient Greeks are at present worked, in order to gain, by an improved modern method, silver still left in the dross. This refuse ore is probably about two thousand years old. Among it the seeds of a species of glaucium or poppy were found, which had slept in the darkness of the earth during all that time. After a little while, when the slags were brought up and worked off at the smelting-ovens, there suddenly arose a crop of glaucium plants, with a beautiful yellow flower, of a kind unknown in modern botany, but described by Pliny and others as a common flower in ancient Greece.

2343. GIFT, of eternal life. Alexander the Great said to one overwhelmed with his generosity, "I give as a king." Jehovah gives as the Infinite God.—*Van Doren*.

2344. GIFTS, and prayer. In mining operations, the full and empty carriages or vessels being connected together, those which have been emptied are from time to time raised up the ascent by the descending of those that have been filled. In this way let the descent of God's mercies and the gifts bestowed out of His fulness raise your empty vessels to receive again and again from His inexhaustible treasury all that you need.—*Bickersteth*.

2345. GIFTS, are from God. A violet shed its modest beauties at the turf foot of an old oak. It lived there many days during the kind summer in obscurity. The winds and the rains came and fell, but they did not hurt the violet. Storms often crashed among the boughs of the oak. And one day said the oak, "Are you not ashamed of yourself when you look up at me, you little thing down there, when you see how large I am and how small you are; when you see how small a space you fill, and how widely my branches are spread?" "No," said the violet; "*we are both where God has placed us; and God has given us both something.* He has given to you strength, to me sweetness; and I offer Him back my fragrance, and I am thankful!" "Sweetness is all nonsense," said the oak; "a few days—a month at most—where and what will you be? You will die, and the place of your grave will not lift the ground higher by a blade of grass. I hope to stand some time—ages perhaps; and then, when I am cut down, I shall be a ship, to bear men over the sea, or a coffin to hold the dust of a prince. What is your lot to mine?" "But," cheerfully breathed the violet back, "we are both what God made us, and we are both where He placed us. I suppose I shall die soon. I hope to die fragrantly, as I have lived fragrantly. You must be cut down at last; it does not matter, what

I see, a few days or a few ages, my littleness or your largeness; it comes to the same thing at last. We are what God made us. We are where God placed us. God gave you strength; God gave me sweetness."

2346. GIFTS, Diversity of. Mr. Mostyn was generally esteemed a good scholar and remarkably humble, mortified, and pious, but was inclined to melancholy. In his younger days, when he was assistant to another minister, some good people, in his hearing, ascribing their conversion, under God, to that minister's preaching, he seemed dejected, as if he were of no use; when a sensible countryman present, who had a particular value for his ministry made this observation for his encouragement—"An ordinary workman may hew down timber, but it must be an accomplished artist that shall frame it for the building." Mr. Mostyn, upon this, rose up and cheerfully replied, "*If I am of any use I am satisfied.*"—*Dr. Rees (Welsh Nonconformity)*.

2347. GIFTS, God the source of. In the year 1808 a grand performance of the "Creation" took place at Vienna. Haydn was present, but he was so old and feeble that he had to be wheeled in a chair into the theatre, where a princess of the house of Esterhazy took her seat by his side. This was the last time that Haydn appeared in public, and a very impressive sight it must have been to see the aged father of music listening to the "Creation" of his younger days, but too old to take any active share in the performance. The presence of the old man roused intense enthusiasm among the audience, which could no longer be suppressed as the chorus and orchestra burst in full power upon the superb passage, "And there was light." Amid the tumult of the enraptured audience the old composer was seen striving to raise himself. Once on his feet, he mustered up all his strength, and in reply to the applause of the audience, he cried out as loud as he was able, "No, no! *not from me, but,*" pointing to heaven, "*from thence—from heaven above—comes all!*" saying which, he fell back in his chair, faint and exhausted, and had to be carried out of the room.—*Fredrick Crowest*.

2348. GIFTS, how they lose their value. Dr. Luther, holding a rose in his hand, said, "'Tis a magnificent work of God. Could a man make but one such rose as this, he would be thought worthy of all honour; but the gifts of God *lose their value in our eyes from their very infinity.* How wonderful is the resemblance between children and their parents! A man shall have half-a-dozen sons, all like him as so many peas are like another, and these sons again their sons, with equal exactness of resemblance; and so it goes on. The heathen noticed these likenesses. Dido says to Æneas—

"Si mihi parvulus Æneas luderet in aula,
Qui te tantum ore referret."

"Twas a form of malediction among the Greeks for a man to wish that his enemy's son might be unlike him in face.—*Luther's Table Talk*.

2349. GIFTS, How to consecrate. Almost every hill in Mongolia is adorned with a cairn of stones on the very top. This cairn is a thing of the Mongolian religion. When it is determined to erect one men, women, and children turn out and gather stones, repeating prayers over each stone; and thus the raised

heap represents much devotion on the part of the gatherers. Oh that all contributions in Christian lands for Christian objects were raised in the same way! Gifts are good; but prayer-followed gifts are precious. And why should not every giver make his gift precious by his prayers? Why should not every coin and every copper dropped into a collecting-box be not only a gift to God, but the tally of prayers offered to God?—*Rev. J. Gilmour, M.A.*

2350. GIFTS, necessary as well as good intentions. When, in a Turkish mosque, one with a very harsh voice was reading the Koran in a loud tone, a good and holy Mollah went to him and said, "What is your monthly stipend?" and he answered, "Nothing." "Then," said he, "why give thyself so much trouble?" and he said, "I am reading for the sake of God." The good Mollah replied, "For the sake of God do not read; for if you enunciate the Koran after this manner, thou wilt cast a shade over the glory of orthodoxy."—*Paxton Hood.*

2351. GIFTS, Our own. A little girl at Lyons, in France, asked her mother to give her a small sum of money to subscribe to the Bible Society of that city. The mother, who was always anxious that her child should consider the ground of her actions, explained to her that she would not really herself be a subscriber unless it was with her own money, and suggested to her that she might earn a trifle if she liked to do some sewing beyond her usual work. The little girl gladly undertook this, and thus became a monthly subscriber *with her own money.*—*Whitcross.*

2352. GIVE, Refusing to. A lady who refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving church. On making the discovery she said, "The parson could not find the way to my pocket, but the devil did."

2353. GIVER, A generous. An ingenious artist, being driven out of all employment, and reduced to great distress, had no resource to which to apply except that of an elder brother, who was in good circumstances. To him, therefore, he applied, and begged some little hovel to live in and some small provision for his support. The brother melted into tears, and said, "You, my dear brother! you live in a hovel! You are a man; you are an honour to the family. I am nothing. You shall take this house and the estate, and I will be your guest, if you please." The brothers lived together without its being distinguishable who was the proprietor of the estate, till the death of the elder put the artist in possession of it.

2354. GIVER, The largest. The late Bishop Selwyn was a man of ready wit as well as of devout Christian feeling. In his New Zealand diocese it was proposed to allot the seats of a new church, when the Bishop asked on what principle the allotment was to be made, to which it was replied that the largest donors should have the best seats, and so on in proportion. To this arrangement, to the surprise of every one, the Bishop assented, and presently the question arose who had given the most. This, it was answered, should be decided by the subscription list. "And now," said the Bishop, "*who has given the most?*" The poor widow in the temple, in casting into the treasury her two mites, had cast in more than they all; for they of their abundance had cast

in their gifts, but she of her penury had cast in all her living."

2355. GIVING, a sign of perfectness. When wheat is growing it holds all its kernels tight in its own ear. But when it is ripe the kernels are scattered every whither, and it is only the straw that is left.—*Beecher.*

2356. GIVING, a talent. I heard the other day of a wealthy brother belonging to the Baptist denomination. On an intimation to the church of his desire to be set apart for ministerial training, a deputation was appointed to confer with him on the subject. After due and anxious deliberation, they returned with their report. It was to the effect that the young man in question had one great talent which might be usefully employed for the good of the community, for the service of the church, and for the honour of God; and that was, *the gift of giving.*—*J. B. Gough.*

2357. GIVING, and praying. Dr. Antliff tells a story of Father Sewell coming late into a meeting held for the purpose of raising money for home mission work. The collection had just been made when the old gentleman entered. The pastor no sooner caught sight of his aged friend than he said, "Our friend Mr. Sewell will, I am sure, close the meeting by offering prayer for God's blessing on the proceedings." Father Sewell stood up, but he did not pray. He did not shut his eyes, but, on the contrary, seemed looking for something. He did not clasp his hands, but put them into his pockets and fumbled there with much perseverance. "I am afraid," said the pastor, "that my brother did not understand me. Friend Sewell, I did not ask you to give, but to pray." "Ay, ay," said the straightforward, bluff speaker, "but *I could not pray till I had given.* It would be hypocrisy to ask a blessing on that which I did not think worth giving."

2358. GIVING, and reward of. On a certain occasion, after a charity sermon at the United Presbyterian church in Broughton Place, Edinburgh, one of the congregation, by accident, put a crown-piece into the plate instead of a penny, and starting back at its white and precious face, asked to have it back. But Jeems (the doorkeeper), who held the plate, said, "In once, in for ever." "Aweel, aweel," grunted the unwilling giver, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, "ye'll get credit only for the penny!"—*Dr. John Brown.*

2359. GIVING, Blessedness of. A merchant of St. Petersburg, at his own cost, supported several native missionaries in India, and gave liberally to the cause of Christ at home. On being asked how he could afford to do it, he replied, "Before my conversion, when I served the world and self, I did it on a grand scale and at the most lavish expense. And when God, by His grace, called me out of darkness, I resolved that Christ and His cause *should have more than I had ever spent in the world.* And as to giving so much, it is God who enables me to do it; for at my conversion I solemnly promised that I would give to His cause a fixed proportion of all that my business brought in to me; and every year since I made that promise it has brought me in about double what it did the year before, so that I easily can, as I do, double my gifts for His service."—*Henry T. Williams.*

2360. GIVING, Blessedness of. A woman who was known to be very poor came to a missionary meeting in Wakefield, and offered to subscribe a penny a week to the mission fund. "Surely," said one, "you are too poor to afford this?" She replied, "I spin so many hanks of yarn a week for my living, and I'll spin one hank more, and that will be a penny a week for the society."

2361. GIVING, Blessedness of. A tutor went with his pupil to walk in the fields. As they went they saw a coat and a pair of boots by the pathside, belonging to a poor man who was working in the field. "Let us have some fun," said the boy; "I'll hide the boots." "No," replied the tutor; "we should never give pain, especially to the poor. Put a thaler into each boot, and then we will hide ourselves to see what will happen." It was done, and they hid themselves. Not long after the man came across the field; he was old and infirm. As he put on his coat he stuck one foot into a boot; then, feeling something hard, he bent down to take it out, when, to his surprise, he found the piece of money. He looked every way, but could see no one. Then he looked into the other boot, and saw another thaler. Down he fell on his knees, and with tears streaming down his face, he praised God for the money. He told God in prayer that now he could give bread to his sick wife and hungry children. The lad was deeply affected, and felt how much better it was to give than to receive.—*Der Glaubensbote.*

2362. GIVING, Cheerful. In one of the mission congregations in Jamaica a collection was to be taken for missionary purposes. One of the brethren was appointed to preside, and resolutions were adopted as follows:—(1.) "*Resolved, That we will all give.*" (2.) "*Resolved, That we will give as the Lord has prospered us.*" (3.) "*Resolved, That we will give cheerfully.*" Good rules, that might each be clinched with a Scripture text. Then the contribution began, each person, according to custom, walking up to the communion-table to deposit his gift under the eye of the presiding officer. One of the most well-to-do members hung back until he was painfully noticeable; and when he at last deposited his gift, the brother at the table remarked, "Dat is 'cordin' to de fust resolushun, but not 'cordin' to de second." The member retired angrily to his seat, taking back his money; but conscience or pride kept working, till he came back and doubled his contribution with a crabbed, "Take dat, den." The brother at the table again spoke—"Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust and second resolushuns, but it isn't 'cordin' to de third." The giver, after a little, accepted the rebuke, and came up a third time with a still larger gift and a good-natured face. Then the faithful president expressed his gratification thus—"Dat's 'cordin' to all de resolushuns."

2363. GIVING, Conscientious. Among the contributions to Mr. Müller's Orphan Homes we find the following:—"From a Christian butcher, 19s.," being one penny for each sheep which he had had in his shop since last he sent. In a similar way one penny is presented by several bakers for each sack of flour they bake; or bootmakers, for each pair of boots they sell; or dressmakers, for each dress they make; or shopkeepers, one penny on each pound they take in their shops. A builder gives a pound for each house he sells; a poor woman, who earns her money by washing, gives a halfpenny out of

every shilling; and another, who goes out as a charwoman, sends one penny out of every shilling she earns.—*Brief Narrative of Facts.*

2364. GIVING, God's return for. An old farmer once attended a missionary meeting, and though he was little accustomed to giving, after considerable mental disputation, and *specially with an eye to the promised returns*, he ventured to cast a shilling into the box. On his journey home that fine moonlight night he saw lying on the road a beautiful white shilling, which he was nowise loth to put into his pocket. Having reached his dwelling, it was not long before he began to report the statements he had heard at the meeting, laying special stress on the fact that one and another of the speakers said, that if anything was given to the Lord's cause, the Lord would give it back. "And," said he, "I am sure now that these men tell the truth, for I gave a shilling to the collection, and coming home I found one on the way home." One of the servant-men, having listened to the old farmer's account, at last said, "Now, Mester, do you think you understand it right? I'll tell you how I think it is. You see, you gave the shilling because you expected to have it given you back; and yer see, Mester, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and so He did not like your giving that way, and I daresay He just thought He would not have your money on that principle, and so He threw it at you on the road."

2365. GIVING, Law of. A dispute respecting the meaning of the right hand not knowing what the left hand does arose some time ago, when an Irishman, hearing that the disputants could not agree on an exposition, said he could explain the text for them. "Well," said they, "let us have your interpretation." "Why, of course, yer honour, it just manes this, that when a collection is made you should put both hands into your pockets at once, and then, shure, one will not know what the other's doing."—*Dr. Antliff.*

2366. GIVING, Law of. One day Oberlin was reading in the Old Testament where God told the Jews that He expected them to give a tithe of all their property to Him. Said he to himself, "Well, I am sure that I, as a Christian, have three times as many blessings as the Jews had. If it was right for a Jew to give one-tenth of his property to God, surely I ought to give at least *three times as much as that.*" So he made up his mind to do this. Out of every ten dollars that he received he laid aside three to give to God and the poor. Out of every hundred dollars he laid aside thirty. He kept on doing this all his life, and God blessed him for it, and he always had as much money as he needed.

2367. GIVING, Law of. There is in Austria a monastery which, in former times, was very rich, and remained rich so long as it was charitable to the poor; but *when it ceased to give, then it became indigent*, and is so to this day. Not long since a poor man went there and solicited alms, which were denied him; he demanded the cause why they refused to give for God's sake. The porter of the monastery answered, "We are become poor;" whereupon the mendicant said, "The cause of your poverty is this: ye had formerly in this monastery two brethren, the one named *Date* (give), and the other *Dabitur* (it shall be given you). The former ye thrust out; the other went away of himself."—*Luther.*

2368. GIVING, Love of. A widow found pardon and peace in the Saviour in her sixty-ninth year. Naturally of a thankful and happy temperament, her gratitude and love now overflowed. She was often seen to drop a gift in the church-door box, though her income was only 2s. 6d. per week. A fall in her seventy-second year prevented her ever coming out again. A little boy being seen to drop something into the box, was asked what it was. He said, "It is Mrs. W.'s penny." He was asked to take it back to her, and to say that her good intention was highly prized, but that her friends could not let her reduce her small means by such a gift, especially as she could no longer come out to worship. She replied, "Boy, why did you let them see you give it? Take it again, and put it into the box on the sly, when no one sees you." Then, weeping, she said, "What, and am I not to be allowed to *help in the work of God any more* because I can't get out?"—*Preacher's Lantern.*

2369. GIVING, Luxury of. It is told of John Wesley that when he bestowed a gift or rendered any one a service he lifted his hat as though he were receiving instead of conferring an obligation.—*Christian Family.*

2370. GIVING, Motive in. A missionary in the West Indies having called on the people for help in spreading the gospel, a negro came forward, and putting his hand in one pocket, pulled out some silver, saying, "That for me, Massa;" and another parcel from another pocket, "That's for my wife, Massa;" and another still—in all upwards of twelve dollars—"That's for my child, Massa." When asked if he were not giving too much, he said, "*God's work must be done*, Massa, and I may be dead."

2371. GIVING, Motive of. "Passing through one of the most public streets in London," says a writer, "I observed a well-dressed girl, apparently not more than fourteen years of age, just entering a pastrycook's shop. At that very moment a wretched old woman solicited charity. The young lady no sooner cast her eyes on her than, giving her the money she had in her hand to spend, she exclaimed, '*That is better!*' and darted out of sight in an instant."

2372. GIVING, Motives for. Dr. Gill, when, on one occasion, he was preaching a charity sermon, concluded it thus—"Here are present, I doubt not, persons of divers sentiments. Some believe in *free will*, and some in *free grace*; those of you who are free-willers will give to this collection, of course, for the sake of what you suppose you will get by it; those of you, on the other hand, who expect salvation by grace alone will contribute to the present charity out of love and gratitude to God. So, between free will and free grace, I hope we shall have a good collection."

2373. GIVING, Purpose of. Seeing a father send his little girl with a few pence to a poor man, I said to the father, "Excuse my asking why you *sent the child to give* the pence?" He replied, "I want her to learn to do nice things while she is a little one." Is not this one great reason why our Heavenly Father honours us to be givers, that we may learn to do kind, godlike things while we are little ones in this world, while we are surrounded by those who need them in so many forms?—*Preacher's Lantern.*

2374. GIVING, Thoughtful. A poor blind girl in England brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected, "You are a poor blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much." "I am indeed blind," said she, "but can afford to give these thirty shillings better, perhaps, than you suppose." "How so?" "I am, sir, by trade a basketmaker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure in the last winter it must have cost those girls who have eyes more than thirty shillings for candles to work by, which I have saved, and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."

2375. GIVING, Unostentatious. Rabbi Abba is held up as a pattern in the Talmud. To avoid shaming the poor he carried a bag of alms on his back, from which they might help themselves.—*Tholuck.*

2376. GLORY, Choice of enduring. Agesilaus . . . might have led Tigranes, King of Armenia, captive at the wheels of his chariot. He rather chose to make him an ally; on which occasion he made use of that memorable expression, "I prefer *the glory that will last for ever* to that of a day."—*Plutarch.*

2377. GLORY, claimed for God alone. Cromwell, in announcing the victory at the battle of Naseby to the Speaker of the House of Commons, added, "Sir, this is none other but the hand of God, and to Him alone give the glory wherein none are to share with Him."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

2378. GLORY, dearly bought. It was said of Wellington that he never used the word "*glory*." What is true of him is, that he always put the word *duty* as his first aim, and always loved to look, not to his own private ends, but to public results. Too used up after Waterloo save to eat something and throw himself on his bed, the tears channelling white streaks down his battle-stained cheeks, the next morning, when his secretary read the roll-call of the dead, he wrote thus to a friend:—"I cannot express the regret and sorrow I feel at these losses. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, can be no consolation to me compared with the loss."—*J. Hain Friswell.*

2379. GLORY, Human, what it comes to. A moment before he uttered his last sigh he called the herald who had carried his banner before him in all his battles, and commanded him to fasten to the top of a lance the shroud in which the dying prince was soon to be buried. "Go," said he, "carry the lance, unfurl this banner; and while you lift up this standard, proclaim, 'This, this is all that remains to Saladin the Great (the conqueror and the king of the empire) of all his glory.'" Christians, I perform to-day the office of this herald. I fasten to the staff of a spear sensual and intellectual pleasures, worldly riches, and human honours. All these I reduce to the piece of crape in which you will shortly be buried. This standard of death I lift up in your sight, and I cry, "This, *this is all that will remain to you* of the possessions for which you exchanged your souls."—*Saurin.*

2380. GLORY, Worldly. During the old French Revolution of 1793 the royal tombs in the crypt of the magnificent Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, were all opened by the republicans. The treasures

of the coffins were taken out, consisting of silver sceptres, coronets, rings, and other articles; the lead coffins were melted down to make bullets; and the bones and bodies of the sovereigns that had reigned over France for fourteen centuries were all thrown into a pit near the church, and the grass now grows over their common graves. Such is the glory of this transitory world.—*Denton.*

2381. GOD, a Father. Mr. William Birch was once preaching to a crowd of poor coloured people, and tried to speak of God as our Judge. While preaching, although the people shouted "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!" yet he felt he was not showing God in the best light to draw men unto Him; so he finished up by describing the father receiving the prodigal son, which caused the poor black folks to burst into a song of praise. One of the head-men came forward, and, while tears filled his eyes, he grasped Mr. Birch's hand, exclaiming, "Yes, Massa, after all, de good God am de bes' frien' of us all!"

2382. GOD, a Father. Alexander the Great went to hear Psammo, an Egyptian philosopher; and the saying of his that pleased him most was, that all men are governed by God, for in everything that which rules or governs is divine. But Alexander's own maxim was more agreeable to sound philosophy; he said, "*God is the common Father of men*, but more particularly of the good and the virtuous."—*Plutarch.*

2383. GOD, A forgiving. An old man and his wife in Flintshire were much annoyed by their neighbour's cattle going over their fences into their wheat and grass, and thus causing great loss to the poor old people. David, the old man, got impatient at last, and one day, entering the house, he said to his wife, "Our neighbour's cattle have been again in our wheat. I'll make him pay the damage this time." "Don't talk about paying, David. 'I will repay,' saith the Lord." "No, indeed, He won't," said David: "He is too ready to forgive, a great deal, to do that."—*Clerical Library.*

2384. GOD, a Good Paymaster. A boy, hearing the Rev. J. Wesley preach, cheerfully put a shilling in the plate. Twenty years afterwards the boy told Mr. Wesley that God was a good Paymaster; for he was then worth £20,000, and had the grace of God in his heart.

2385. GOD, A personal. Hermann Lotze closes one of the profoundest discussions of modern times by proclaiming his faith in a personal God. "The true beginning of metaphysics," he says, "lies in ethics. I grant that there is something insufficient in this expression, but I am yet convinced that I am on the right way in philosophy when I find in what ought to be the ground of what is. I close my investigation with no consciousness at all of infallibility, with the hope that I have not been everywhere mistaken, and, for the rest, with the Oriental proverb, '*God knows the truth better than I.*'"—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

2386. GOD, a Protector. Mrs. Ann Wilkinson, a pious woman, was returning from Newcastle in her cart, late at night, and was met at Walbottle Deane, the most lonely part of the road, by a man, who seized hold of the horse's head. She gave no utterance of alarm, and the man, somewhat taken aback, said, "Are you not frightened?" "Oh no," she

replied, "I am not frightened. I have a good Protector." He dropped the bridle and moved off.

2387. GOD, a shield. "Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man one day to a friend. "Yes; but what of it? I suppose it belonged to some dear child who is now in heaven." "No," said the old man; "it is a lock of my own hair, and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from my head." "But why are you so careful about a lock of your own hair?" asked his friend. "I keep it because it reminds me of the wonderful care that God takes of His people. I was a little boy of four years old, with long curly, golden locks. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing on one side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I stooped to pick them up. In doing this I stumbled and fell forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed; my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke; and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had surely killed his boy. We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot to find the wound which he thought he must have given me. Not a scar was to be seen. He knelt down upon the grass and gave thanks to God for this wonderful preservation. Then he took up his axe, and looked at it, and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single lock of his boy's hair. It was sharply cut through, and laid upon the log. *This was the lock.*

2388. GOD, and man, Communion of. A converted heathen said, "I open my Bible and God talks with me; I close my Bible and then I talk with God."—*Dr. Antliff.*

2389. GOD and man, Love of. I remember a beautiful poem of Leigh Hunt's. In simple words it says thus:—There was a Rabbi in the East who much desired not only to love God, but also to *feel sure* that he loved God. Now it happened that he had a dream, and in his dream an angel appeared to him having the Roll of Life, in which were written the names of those who loved God. It was unrolled before him, but, to his dismay, he could not trace his name there. As the angel was departing the poor Rabbi looked up with his grief upon him and said, "At least write down my name as one who loves his fellow-man." Next night he dreamed again, and the angel, with the roll, appeared once more, and unrolled it before his eyes, when, to his surprise and delight, *his name headed all the rest*; it was the first on the list.—*Rev. G. Litting, LL.B.*

2390. GOD and man, Trust in. One sunny day Mrs. Fairfax and her son and daughter (afterwards Mrs. Somerville, the authoress) had prepared to go to Edinburgh (across the Firth of Forth). When they came to the shore the skipper said, "I wonder that the ledgy boats to-day, for, though it is calm here under the lea of the land, there is a stiff breeze outside." The young people made a sign for him to hold his tongue, for they were anxious to cross.

Mrs. Fairfax went down to the cabin, and remained silent and quiet for a time; but when they began to roll and be tossed about, she called out to the skipper, "George, this is an awful storm! I am sure we are in great danger. Mind how you steer; remember I trust in you!" The skipper laughed, and said, "Dinna trust in me, leddy; trust in God Almighty." In perfect terror, and showing how fear had upset the judgment, the old lady called out, "Dear me, *has it come to that?*"—*James Douglas, Ph.D.*

2391. GOD and man, Some men's estimate of. While Voltaire lived at Lausanne one of the bailies (the chief magistrates of the city) said to him, "Monsieur de Voltaire, they say that you have written against the good God; it is very wrong, but I hope He will pardon you. . . . But, Monsieur de Voltaire, take very good care not to write against their excellencies of Berne, our sovereign lords, for be assured that they will *never* forgive you."—*Smiles.*

2392. GOD, and man's art. When Mrs. Siddons beheld the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, in the Louvre, in 1814, she said, "What a great idea it gives us of God, to think that He has made a human being capable of fashioning so divine a form!"

2393. GOD, Acknowledging. Mr. Speaker Crooke was presented to Queen Elizabeth in the House of Lords on the occasion of his election. In his speech he said that England had been defended against the Spaniards and their Armada by her mighty arm. The Queen interrupted him, and from the throne said, "No; but *by the mighty hand of God*, Mr. Speaker."

2394. GOD, all in all. The first of the figures that denote a thousand millions is one; the rest are many. But that one is an integer or real quantity, while the others are but cyphers; and though these cyphers count for much when that figure backs them, without it they count for nothing, though increased a millionfold. Numerically God is but one; His creatures are many. But without that One what are these many?—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

● **2395. GOD, Alone with.** "I will give you ten shillings," said a man to a profane swearer, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night and swear the same oaths you have uttered, when you are *alone with God*." "Agreed," said the man; "an easy way to maketen shillings." "Well, come to-morrow and say you have done it, and you shall have the money." Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As he entered the cemetery not a sound was heard; all was still as death. The gentleman's words came to his mind. "Alone with God!" rang in his ears. He did not dare to utter an oath, but fled from the place, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

2396. GOD, Appeal to. "These poor persecuted Scotch Covenanters," said I to my inquiring Frenchman, in such stunted French as I could command, "*ils s'en appelaient à*"—"A la postérité," interrupted he, helping me out. "*Ah, Monsieur, non, mille fois non!*" They appealed to the Eternal God, not to posterity at all! "*C'était différent.*"—*Carlyle.*

2397. GOD, Approach to. On one occasion the

Reformer paid a pastoral visit to a young scholar who was in his last illness, and one of the first inquiries made was, "What do you think you can take to God, in whose presence you are so shortly to appear?" With striking confidence the youth at once replied, "Everything that is good, dear father—everything that is good!" "But how can you bring Him everything good, seeing that you are but a poor sinner?" anxiously asked the Doctor. "Dear father," at once added the young man, "I will take to my God in heaven a penitent, humble heart, sprinkled with the blood of Christ." "Truly that is everything good," answered Luther. "Then go, dear son; you will be a welcome guest to God."—*Anecdotes of Luther.*

2398. GOD, Attraction of. I heard one of my old friends say, "When my house was burning I stood over across the way and looked at it without any very great trouble of mind; I said, 'Thank God that house burns as well as any rich man's!' I stood it very well' (the tears ran down his cheeks as he said it) 'till I saw the bedroom burning where my children were born, where the cradle was, and where I used to kneel down and pray. I cried then." He could see the garret and the cellar burn; but when it came to burning the room where his children used to gather about him, that touched him. And so it is with our God. That side of God which deals with matter never draws men with more than admiration. It is that side of God which represents the social and the moral, that develops not only admiration, but attraction and love.—*Beecher.*

2399. GOD, Avoiding the name of. "For the last ten years I (Gambetta) have made a pledge with myself to entirely avoid introducing the name of God into any speech of mine. You can hardly believe how difficult it has been, but I have succeeded, *thank God!*" (*Dieu merci!*) Thus the name so sternly tabooed rose unconsciously to his lips at the very moment when he was congratulating himself on having overcome the habit of using it.—*E. D. Pressense.*

2400. GOD, Beautiful. Of that beatific vision he spoke once more shortly before his death, when, conscious of no human presence, he was heard in the night by his daughter to cry out, in a clear voice, "How beautiful God is!"—*Life of Kingsley.*

2401. GOD, Belief in. The late Professor Agassiz once said to a friend, "I will frankly tell you that my experience in prolonged scientific investigations convinces me that a belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of vanishing points of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the regions of the unknown. Of myself I may say, that I never make the preparations for penetrating into some small province of nature hitherto undiscovered without breathing a prayer to the Being who hides His secrets from me only to allure me graciously on to the unfolding of them."

2402. GOD, Care of. A little boy and his brother were lost in a Western forest. After being out a day and a night, they were found. In giving an account of what took place while they were in the woods, the little fellow said, "When it got dark, I knelt down and asked God to take care of little Jimmy and me, and then we went to sleep."—*Dr. Newton.*

2403. GOD, character of, Confidence in. A bank-note is tendered to me—it is a promise to pay, but by whom? The Oriental Bank Corporation. I should not have it; that institution has lost its character. I could not trust it. Another note is handed to me; this bears the name of the Bank of England. Ah! that is a different matter. I know that bank has a name for solvency and stability. So, without any hesitation, I take the note just for what it stands. I do not ask for any discount off its amount, as I might if there was a shade of suspicion attaching to its name. I just take it for what it appears on its face to be worth, so confident am I that it will be paid to the full in the sterling coin of the realm. So a knowledge of the character of God will lead us to be fully persuaded "that what He hath promised He will be able also to perform."—*John K. Shaw.*

2404. GOD, comes to souls. I was about four years old when my second mother came into the family. Charles and Harriet and I all slept in the same room. We were expecting that father would come home with our "new mother" that night. Just as we had all got into our trundle-beds upstairs, and were about falling asleep, we heard a racket downstairs, and every mother's son and daughter of us began to halloo, "Mother! mother! MOTHER!" And presently we heard a rustling on the stairs, and in the twilight we saw a dim shadow pass into the room, and somebody leaned over the bed and kissed me, and kissed Charles, and said, "Be good children, and I will see you to-morrow." I remember very well how happy I was. I felt that I had a mother. I felt her kiss and I heard her voice. I could not distinguish her features, but I knew that she was my mother. That word *mother* had begun to contain a great deal in my estimation.

It seems to me it is very much in that way that God comes to human souls—as a shadow, so to speak; without any great definiteness, and yet with an attitude and a love-producing action; without any clear, distinct, reportable sensations, but producing some great joy, conferring some great pleasures, as though some great blessing had come to us. Was not my mother's presence real to us when, in the twilight of the evening, she for a moment hovered over us and kissed us "How do you do?" and "Good-bye"? And is it not a reality when the greater Mother and Father does the same to the souls of men in their twilight?—*Beecher (condensed).*

2405. GOD, Communion with. "I talk to Him until I fall asleep," she (Mme. Louise) said. I asked whether He answered her. "Oh yes," she replied; "the ear of my heart hears His answer."

2406. GOD, Confidence in. In a small town there lived the widow of a preacher, a God-fearing woman, who in days of trouble used to say to her children and friends, "Fear not, God lives." Her trials were sometimes great, but she strove to bear all with cheerfulness and patience. One day her difficulty was greater than she could bear, and she sat down with a feeling of hopelessness, and allowed her tears to flow unchecked. Her little son saw her weeping; he put his little hand in hers, and said, while he looked into her face sorrowfully, "*Mother, is God dead?*" "No my son," she said, taking him on her lap. "I thank thee for thy question. He ever liveth; He is near to help in all

trouble; He will help us." She wiped away her tears and continued her work. She sought and found help in Jesus.—*Der Glaubensbote.*

2407. GOD, Constraining power of. In my youth I heard the most venerable divines preach. I heard them, with awe and trembling, declare, "No man can come unto Christ except the Father draw him;" and I said to myself, "Well, then, I cannot come to Him." "Yes," I was told, "you must get yourself ready for the Father to draw you." And did I not try to get ready? Did not sleep forsake my eyes, and did not food forsake my lips? Did not I walk, weary days, spring and summer, to and fro, begging and pleading and praying that God would draw me? And He did not draw that I could understand. And did not I rebound into endeavour, and then into passionate belief, and then into indignant pleading, and run through all the fantastic moods of an unregulated, sensitive conscience and moral feeling, wanting to be drawn to Christ, but not dreaming that the very want itself was drawing me there, and that God was drawing?—*Beecher.*

2408. GOD, Definition of. The god of M. Comte was what he defined as "The continuous resolute of all the forces capable of voluntarily concurring in the universal perfecting of the world." That is not my God. I do not know him. I don't want to know him. My God is Jesus Christ, who came to pardon and to save a world.—*Joseph Cook.*

2409. GOD, Desire for. Zayd (one of the sages of Mecca) broke openly with the religion of his country; he blasphemed heroically the gods of the Khoreishites; he wished to travel into foreign lands, and to take counsel of their sages. His family caused him to be kept by force at Mecca, closely watched by his wife Saphya. He sighed under the constraint he was thus subject to. He was sometimes overheard, with his back against the wall of the temple, to say with bitterness to the unknown God who was agitating his conscience, "Lord, if I only knew how Thou wouldst be served and adored, I would obey Thy will; but I am in ignorance." He then prostrated his face against the ground and moistened the place with his tears.—*Lamartine.*

2410. GOD, Difficulty of comprehending. We conversed upon the marvels of creation, and the name of God was introduced. This led Arago to complain of the difficulties which his reason experienced in understanding God. "But," said I, "it is still more difficult not to comprehend God." He did not deny it. "Only," added he, "in this case I abstain, for it is impossible for me to understand the god of you philosophers." "It is not with them we are dealing," replied I; "although I believe that true philosophy necessarily conducts us to belief in God; it is of the God of the Christian that I wish to speak." "Ah!" he exclaimed, "He was the God of my mother, before whom she always experienced so much comfort in kneeling." "Doubtless," I answered. He said no more; his heart had spoken; this he had understood.—*Sir David Brewster.*

2411. GOD, does all things well. Rabbi Akiba was once travelling through the country, and he had with him an ass, a rooster, and a lamp. At night-fall he reached a village, where he sought shelter for

the night without success. "All that God does is done well," said the Rabbi, and proceeding towards the forest, he resolved to pass the night there. He lit his lamp, but the wind extinguished it. "All that God does is done well," he said. The ass and the rooster were devoured by wild beasts; yet still he said no more than "All that God does is done well." Next day he learned that a troop of the enemy's soldiers had passed through the forest that night. If the ass had brayed, if the rooster had crowed, or if the soldiers had seen his light, he would surely have met with death; therefore he said again, "All that God does is done well."—*Talmud*.

2412. **GOD, Employment of.** When one asked a philosopher what the great God was doing, he replied, "His whole employment is to lift up the humble, and to cast down the proud."

2413. **GOD, ever the same.** On every Mohammedan tombstone the inscription begins with the words, "*He remains.*" This applies to God, and gives sweet comfort to the bereaved. Friends may die, fortune fly away, but God endures—He remains.—*Perrine*.

2414. **GOD, Father of all.** The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." So God sits, effulgent in heaven, not for a favoured few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with childlike confidence and say, "My Father, Thou art mine."—*Beecher*.

2415. **GOD, Fatherhood of.** I have been told of a good man, among whose experiences, which he kept a record of, this, among other things, was found after his death, that at such a time in secret prayer, his heart at the beginning of the duty was much enlarged, in giving to God those titles which are awful and tremendous, in calling Him the great, the mighty, and the terrible God; but going on thus, he checked himself with this thought, "*And why not my Father?*"—*Matthew Henry*.

2416. **GOD, Favour of.** Mr. Robert Glover, one of the English martyrs, a little before his death, had lost the sense of God's favour, which occasioned great heaviness and grief; but when he came within sight of the stake at which he was to suffer he experienced such abundant comfort and heavenly joy, that, clapping his hands together, he cried out, "He is come! He is come!" and died triumphantly.

2417. **GOD, Fealty to.** In one country abroad, where they were much plagued by invasions from the heathens of the East, a grand old custom sprang up in their churches, which was this. Whenever the Apostles' Creed was repeated in church, all the noblemen and gentlemen and men-at-arms drew their swords, and did not sheathe them again till the Creed was over; just as they used to unsheathe their swords when their kings were crowned. They meant it as a sign that *God was their King*, and that they were in earnest when they said that He was, and that they would show their earnestness, if need be, by fighting and dying for that God to whom

they owed all, and that Church of God to which they belonged.—*Kingsley*.

2418. **GOD, Fear of.** On one occasion the late Rev. A. Fuller, when travelling in the Portsmouth mail, was much annoyed by the profane conversation of two young men who sat opposite to him. After a time one of them, observing his gravity, accosted him with an air of impertinence, inquiring, in rude and indelicate language, whether, on his arrival at Portsmouth, he should not indulge himself in a manner corresponding with their own vicious intentions. Mr. Fuller, lowering his ample brows, and looking the inquirer full in the face, replied in a measured and solemn tone, "*Sir, I fear God.*" Scarcely a word was uttered during the remainder of the journey.

2419. **GOD, forgotten.** A man who was in the habit of going to a neighbour's corn-field to steal the grain one day took his son with him, a boy eight years of age. The father told him to hold the bag while he looked if any one was near to see him. After standing on the fence and peeping through all the corn-rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his sinful work. "Father," said the boy, "you forgot to look somewhere else." The man dropped the bag in a fright, and said, "Which way, child?" supposing he had seen some one. "*You forgot to look up to the sky*, to see if God was noticing you." The father felt this reproof of the child so much that he left the corn, returned home, and never again ventured to steal; remembering the truth his child had taught him, that the eye of God always beholds us.

2420. **GOD, forgotten.** Lady Glenorchy, in her diary, relates her being seized with a fever, which threatened her life, "during the course of which," she says, "the first question of the Assembly's Catechism was brought to my mind—'What is the chief end of man?' as if some one had asked it. When I considered the answer to it—'*To glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.*'—I was struck with shame and confusion. I found I had never sought to glorify God in my life, nor had I any idea of what was meant by enjoying Him for ever. Death and judgment were set before me; my past sins came to my remembrance; I saw no way to escape the punishment due unto them, nor had I the least glimmering hope of obtaining the pardon of them through the righteousness of another." From this unhappy state she was shortly after delivered, by believing on the Lord Jesus as the only Saviour of the guilty.—*Whitcress*.

2421. **GOD, Go directly to.** A Protestant who rented a small farm under Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, having fallen behind in his payments, a vigilant steward, in His Grace's absence, seized the farmer's stock, and advertised it to be sold by auction on a fixed day. The Duke, happily, returned home in the interval, and the tenant went to him to supplicate for indulgence. "What is the matter, Donald?" said the Duke, as he saw him enter with downcast looks. Donald told his tale; it touched the Duke's heart, and produced a formal acquittance of the debt. Donald, as he cheerily withdrew, was staring at the pictures and images he saw in the ducal hall, and expressed to the Duke in a homely way a wish to know what they were. "These," said the Duke, who was a Roman Catholic,

"are the saints who intercede with God for me," "My Lord Duke," said Donald, "would it not be better to apply yourself direct to God? I went to muckle Sawney Gordon, and to little Sawney Gordon; but if I had not come to your good Grace's self I could not have got my discharge, and both I and my bairns had been harried (turned out) from house and home."

2422. GOD, governs the world. When Bulstrode Whitelocke was embarking, in the year 1653, as ambassador for Sweden, he was much disturbed in his mind, as he rested at Harwich on the preceding night, which was stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a good and confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said, "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Pray, sir, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly." "And pray, sir, don't you think He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, sir, don't you think you may trust Him to govern it properly as long as you live?" To this last question Whitelocke had nothing to reply, but, turning himself about, soon fell fast asleep, till he was aroused and called to embark.

2423. GOD, Greatness of. Collins, the Free-thinker or Deist, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him where he was going. "To church, sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God." "Pray, whether is your God a great or a little God?" "He is both, sir." "How can He be both?" "He is so great, sir, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him; and so little that He can dwell in my heart." Collins declared that this simple answer from the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes which learned doctors had written against him.

● **2424. GOD, Greatness of.** About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery which serves to neutralise the whole of the argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people, is but a grain of sand in the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread on; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. . . . By the one there is the discovery that no magnitude, however vast, is beyond the grasp of the Divinity; but by the other we have also discovered that no minuteness, however shrunk from the notice of the human eye, is beneath the condescension of His regard.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

2425. GOD, Hatred of. "After all, I do not hate God. No, sir; you will not make me believe that. I am a sinner, I know, and do many wicked things; but, after all, I have a good heart—I don't

hate God." Such was the language of a prosperous worldling. He was sincere, but sadly deceived. A few months afterwards that God who had given him so many good things crossed his path in an unexpected manner. A fearful freshet swept down the valley, and threatened destruction to this man's large flour-mill. A crowd was watching it, in momentary expectation of seeing it fall; while the owner, standing in the midst of them, was cursing God to His face, and pouring out the most horrid oaths. He no longer doubted that he hated God. But nothing in that hour of trial came out of his mouth which was not previously in his heart.

2426. GOD, How we may glorify. A lad of an excitable temperament waited on him (Rev. J. Brown, of Haddington), and informed him he wished to be a preacher of the gospel. My great-grandfather, finding him as weak in intellect as he was strong in conceit, advised him to continue in his present vocation. The young man said, "But I wish to preach and glorify God." "My young friend, a man may glorify God making broom-besoms; stick to your trade, and glorify God by your walk and conversation."—*John Brown, M.D.*

2427. GOD, in Christ. A sick woman said to Mr. Cecil, "Sir, I have no notion of God. I can form no notion of Him. You talk to me about Him, but I cannot get a single idea that seems to contain anything." "But you know how to conceive of Jesus Christ as a man," replied Mr. Cecil; "God comes down to you in Him, full of kindness and condescension." "Ah! sir, that gives me something to lay hold on. There I can rest. I understand God in His Son." "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

2428. GOD, in the heart. A poor wounded boy was dying in a hospital. He was a soldier, but a mere boy for all that. The lady who watched by his bedside saw that death was very near, and placing her hand upon his head, she said to him, "My dear boy, if this should be death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God?" The large dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over the young soldier's face as he answered, "I am ready, dear lady; for *this has long been in His kingdom*," and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart. "Do you mean," asked the lady, gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?" "Yes," he answered; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way through the "dark valley and shadow of death." And still he lay there, with his hand above his heart, even after it had ceased to beat, and the soldier-boy's soul had gone up to its God.—*Christian Age.*

2429. GOD, is He not merciful. Jonathan Edwards, in Northampton, Massachusetts, was declaring the truth of God one day from the text, "Their feet shall slide in due time," until the audience felt that their feet were giving way from under them; they felt as if the last day had come; and the minister, sitting behind Jonathan Edwards in the pulpit, got up and put his hand on Mr. Edwards' shoulder and said, "Stop! Brother Edwards. Is not God merciful?"—*Talmage.*

2430. GOD, is love. In a small town of Italy, which, eighteen hundred years since, an eruption

of Mount Vesuvius buried beneath a flood of lava, some ancient manuscripts, so scorched as to resemble cinders more nearly than books, have been discovered, and, by an ingenious process, slowly and with difficulty unrolled. Let us imagine that one of these scrolls of Herculaneum contained a copy, and the only one in the world, of the epistle from which the text is taken, and that, having come to the fourth chapter and eighth verse, they had just deciphered these two words, "*God is*," and were as yet ignorant of what should follow.

What suspense! That which philosophers have so ardently and vainly sought—that of which the wisest among them have abandoned the pursuit—a definition of God! Here it is, and given by the Spirit of God Himself, "*God is*!"—What is He about to tell us? What is God, "who dwelleth in the light whereunto no man can approach, whom no man hath seen, nor can see"—whom we "feel after, if haply we may find Him, though He is not far from any one of us"—who constrains us to cry out with Job, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him! If I go forward, He is not there; backward, but I cannot perceive Him; on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him; He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him." What is He, that all-powerful God, whose word hath created, and whose word could annihilate, everything which exists—"in whom we live, and move, and have our being"—who holds us each moment under His hand, and who can dispose as He will of our existence, our situation, our abode, our circle of friends, our body, and our soul even? What, in short, is this holy God, "who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," and whom our conscience accuses us of having offended; of whose displeasure nature has conveyed to us some vague impression, but of whose pardon neither conscience nor nature has given us any intimation—this just Judge into whose hands we are about to fall—it may be to-morrow, it may be to-day—ignorant of the sentence which awaits us, and knowing only that we deserve the worst—*What is He?* Our *repose*, our *salvation*, our *eternal destiny*—all is at stake; and methinks I see all the creatures of God bending over the sacred record in silent and solemn expectation of what is about to be revealed concerning this question of questions.

At length the momentous word—*Love*—appears. Who could desire a better? What could be conceived comparable to it, by the boldest and loftiest imagination? This hidden God, this powerful God, this holy God—He is love. What need we more? God loves us. Do I say He loves us? *All* in God is love. Love is His very essence.—*Adolphe Monod.*

2431. GOD is love, always. "God is love" is the motto on the weathercock of a country friend. We have seen many curious vanes, but never one that struck our attention so much as this: "God is love." One friend was asked if he meant to imply that the love of God was as fickle as the wind. "No," he answered; "I mean that, whichever way the wind blows, God is love; if cold from the north, or biting from the east, still God is love, as much as when the warm south or genial west wind refreshes our fields and flocks." Yes, so it is; our God is always love. We saw our friend the other day, when he had lost his dearly loved wife, but amidst his heartache and crushing loss he still said, "My barn teaches me the truth I put over

it in my prosperity, when the desire of my eyes was by my side—God is love."—*Spurgeon.*

2432. GOD, Knowledge of. "How do you know," a Bedouin was asked, "that there is a God?" "In the same way," he replied, "that I know, on looking at the sand, when a man or a beast has crossed the desert—by His footprints in the world around me."—*Canon Liddon.*

2433. GOD, Known unto. One evening a gentleman was strolling along a street to pass the time. His attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion in front of a fruit-store, "I wish I had an orange for ma." The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were clean and neat, and calling them into the store, he loaded them with fruit and candies. "What's your name?" asked one of the girls. "Why do you want to know?" queried the gentleman. "I want to pray for you," was the reply. The gentleman turned to leave, scarcely daring to speak, when the little one added, "Well, it don't matter, I suppose. God will know you, anyhow."

2434. GOD, knows what is best. An aged hermit planted an olive-tree near his cave; and then, thinking it might want water, he prayed to God to send rain. So the rain came down and watered his olive-tree. Then he thought a little warm sun would do it good; so he prayed for warmth and sunshine, and the sun shone, and it was very hot. Then, as the sapling looked somewhat feeble, the hermit thought, "What it now wants is a little frost to brace it." Accordingly he prayed for frost, and that night the hoar-frost covered the ground. But the olive somehow did not seem to thrive, so he thought that possibly a warm southerly wind might help it on; and he prayed that the south wind might blow upon his tree, and the hot south wind blew, and the olive died! Some days after, he was visiting a brother hermit, and he noticed that he had a remarkably fine olive-tree. "Why, brother," said he, "how do you manage to get your olive-tree to thrive so well?" "I don't know that I did anything specially to it, but I just planted it, and God blessed it, and it grew." "Ah, brother, I planted an olive-tree, and when I thought it wanted water I prayed God to give it rain, and He sent rain; and when I thought it wanted sun I prayed for it, and the sun shone; and when I thought it wanted bracing I prayed for frost, and the frost came. God sent me everything that I prayed for, as I thought it wanted it, but my tree died!" "And I," replied the other, "just simply prayed that God would take care of my tree, and then left it in His hands to arrange the how and the when, because I felt sure *He knew what was best for my tree*, better than I did!"

2435. GOD, Longing for. It was a daring prayer offered by Augustine when he said, "Lord, hast Thou declared that no man shall see Thy face and live?—then let me die, that I may see Thee!"—*Stanford.*

2436. GOD, Love of. I have growing in my garden the portulacca, in beds, for the sake of its glowing colour. You know that it is first cousin to purslane—a weed that everybody who undertakes to keep a garden hates. I have hoed it, and pulled it up and denounced it, and spurned it and given it to the fire and to the pigs with maledictions.

But I cannot find out that the sun exercises any discrimination between the purslane growing in my garden and the portulacca. I call one flower and the other weed ; but God's sun calls them both flowers.—*Beecher.*

2437. GOD, Love of. "Mary," said a missionary to a pious woman, a negro—"Mary, is not the love of God wonderful?" "Massa, me no tink it so wonderful," she replied ; "*it's just like Him.*"

2438. GOD, Love of, illustrated. A mother whose daughter had behaved very badly, and at length had run away from home, thought of a singular plan in order to find the wanderer and draw her back to her home. After having exhausted the ordinary means, she had her own portrait fixed on a large handbill and pasted on the walls of the town where she supposed her daughter to be concealed. The portrait, without name, had these words—"I love thee always." Crowds stopped before the strange handbill, trying to guess its meaning. Days elapsed, when a young girl at last passed by, and in her turn lifted her eyes to the singular placard. "Can it be? Yes, truly it is the picture of my mother. Those eyes, full of tenderness, I know from childhood. Why is it here?" She approaches nearer and reads. "*I love thee always.*" She understood ; this was a message for her. Her mother loved her—pardoned her. Those words transformed her. Never had she felt her sin or ingratitude so deeply. She was unworthy of such love. "She loves me always," she cried. If she had ever doubted that love, if in moments of distress she had feared to return home, those doubts were all gone now. She set out for the house of her mother ; at last she crosses the threshold, is in her mother's arms. "My child!" cried the mother, as she presses her repentant daughter to her heart ; "*I have never ceased to love thee.*"—*La bonne Nouvelle.*

2439. GOD, love of, Realising. A little girl in Paris, seven years old, was observed to read the Testament continually. Being asked what pleasure she found in doing so, she said, "It makes us wise, and teaches how to love God." She had been reading the history of Martha and Mary. "What is the one thing needful?" asked her friend. "It is the love of God," replied she earnestly.

2440. GOD, loving. A mother had been talking to her little girl about loving God. The child replied, "Mother, I have never seen God ; how can I love Him?" A few days after, she received a package from a friend, and in the package was a beautiful picture-book for the little girl. The child took the book, and was for some time occupied in looking at the pictures ; but soon she exclaimed, "O mother, how I do love the good lady that sent me this book!" "But you never saw her, my dear," said the mother. "No," answered the child ; "but I love her because she sent me this beautiful present."

2441. GOD, makes no mistakes. In a town in Massachusetts there is a young man of fine talents for active life who for years has been a cripple, a paralytic, and so helpless that he would starve if left alone. As a friend was pitying his condition, he slowly raised his withered hand, "*God makes no mistakes.*" How noble the sentiment! Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?—*Talmage.*

2442. GOD, Man's unconsciousness of. It is related that, some time since, a gentleman visiting England called upon a gentleman there living in princely grandeur. After being passed from one liveried servant to another, with almost as much ceremony as if he were about to be brought into the presence of the Queen, he was shown into a large and elegantly furnished drawing-room, where he was received by the gentleman whom he sought. He saw that there were two other persons seated at a table in the room, but not being introduced to them, proceeded with his business. At the close of the interview, as he was about to leave, the gentleman remarked, "I am accustomed to have conversations with me recorded, and, that there may be no misunderstanding, these my amanuenses will read to you what you have said." The visitor was thunderstruck. He little thought, whilst sitting there, that two pairs of ears were catching up every word he uttered, and two pairs of hands were putting it into a permanent record. So with many in this world. They seem not to know that there is a Being about their path who hears every syllable they utter, and who, "when the books are opened," will bring everything to view. In a late work of fiction the Recording Angel is represented as dropping a tear, just as he enters the celestial gates, upon an oath uttered in haste by a favourite character, and blotting it out for ever. But that is fiction, and not truth. A greater than man declares that "whatsoever is spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light," and that "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

2443. GOD, may be safely trusted. An aged Christian who had long been an invalid, and was dependent on Christian charity for her support, on sending for a new physician who had just come into the place, and united with the same church of which she was a member, said to him, "Doctor, I wish to put myself under your care, but I cannot do it unless you will trust my Father." "Well, Ma'am," replied the physician, "I believe your Father is rich ; I may safely trust Him."—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdotes.*

2444. GOD, Name of. Once on a time the savans were sorely puzzled by certain irregular holes on the front of an ancient temple. One more sagacious than the rest suggested that these indentations might be the marks of nails used to fasten Greek characters to the stone. Lines were drawn from one point to the next, when they were found to form letters, and the name of the Deity unexpectedly stood disclosed.

2445. GOD, Name of. On one occasion, whilst the late Rev. S. Kilpin was preaching, but not in his own pulpit, he mentioned the great God by the name of the Deity. A sailor, who was listening, immediately started from his seat, his elbows fully spread, and exclaimed aloud, "Deity! Well, who is He? *Is He our God-a-mighty?*" The attendants were about to turn him out ; but the minister stood reproved, and requested him to resume his seat, with the remark, "Yes, my friend, I did mean the Almighty God." The sailor rejoined, "I thought so, but was not quite sure ; I never heard that name before." The humbled minister replied, "You had a right to inquire ; I was to blame. Whilst delivering God's message of mercy and justice to immortal souls, I ought not to have given my Divine Master a

name which prevented the message from being understood." "Thank you, sir," was the sailor's reply; and he looked as though he would have devoured the remaining part of the sermon. After the service he came and begged pardon for the interruption, and with a sailor's frankness, requested the kind gentleman to take some refreshment with him, and make it up.

2446. GOD, Name of. A good old man was once in company with a gentleman who occasionally introduced into conversation the words "devil," "deuce," &c., and who, at last, took the name of God in vain. "Stop, sir," said the old man; "I said nothing while you only used freedoms with the name of your own master, but I insist upon it that you shall use no freedoms with the name of mine."

2447. GOD, Name of. If any field could have been won by passion alone, Rupert would have won not only Naseby, but many another field. . . . At the head of his cavaliers, in white sash and plume, he flamed in brilliant gallantry over the field, shouting, "Queen Mary! Queen Mary!" while the more rough, unknighly soldiers thundered, "God is with us! God is with us!" . . . "God is with us!" struck like light over his soldiers' hearts, like lightning over his enemies. What was there in the poor cry, "Queen Mary!" (and such a Mary!) to kindle feelings like that?—*Paxton Hood.*

2448. GOD, Nearness of. A missionary visited a poor old woman living alone in a city attic, and whose scanty pittance of half-a-crown a week was scarcely sufficient for her bare subsistence. He observed, in a broken teapot that stood at the window, a strawberry-plant growing. He remarked from time to time how it continued to grow, and with what care it was watched and tended. One day he said, "Your plant flourishes nicely; you will soon have strawberries upon it." "Oh, sir," replied the woman, "it is not for the sake of the fruit that I prize it; but I am too poor to keep any living creature, and it is a great comfort to me to have that living plant, for I know it can only live by the power of God; and as I see it live and grow from day to day, it tells me that God is near."

2449. GOD, never forsakes. Mrs. Isabella Brown a quarter of an hour before she died was reading a list of Scripture promises and noticing particularly this tender declaration, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," she said faintly, "Oh, they are sweet!" After her death the list was found on her breast, with her hand upon it.—*Rev. A. Thomson.*

2450. GOD, not deaf. A poor old deaf man resided in Fife; he was visited by his minister shortly after coming to his pulpit. The minister said he would often call to see him; but time went on, and he did not visit him again until two years after, when, happening to go through the street where the deaf man was living, he saw his wife at the door, and could, therefore, do no other than inquire for her husband. "Weel, Margaret, how is Tammas?" "None the better o' you," was the rather curt reply. "How! how! Margaret?" inquired the minister. "Oh, ye promised two year syne to ca' and pray once a fortnight wi' him, and ye ha'e ne'er darkened the door sin' syne." "Weel, weel, Margaret, don't be so short; I thought it was not so very necessary to call and pray with Tammas, for he is sae deaf, ye ken, he canna hear me." "But, sir," said the

woman, with a rising dignity of manner, "the Lord's no deaf."—*Paxton Hood.*

2451. GOD, not in the house. A little American boy, whose father possessed no religion and neglected family prayer, spent some time in a pious family, where he was instructed in the simple truths of the Bible. While one day conversing about the greatness and goodness of God he made this natural remark—"We haven't got any God at my papa's house."

2452. GOD, Omnipresence of. When the plague raged in London Lord Craven lived in that part of the city called Craven Buildings; and, to avoid danger, his lordship resolved to retire to his seat in the country. Accordingly, his coach-and-six were at the door, the baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was about to step into his carriage he overheard his negro (who served him as a postillion) saying to another servant, "I suppose, by my lord's leaving London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in the town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing in a plurality of gods. The speech, however, struck Lord Craven very seasonably, and made him pause. "My God," thought he, "lives everywhere, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country. I will stay where I am. The ignorance of the negro has preached a useful sermon to me."

2453. GOD, Omnipresence of. A little boy being asked, "How many Gods are there?" replied, "One." "How do you know that?" "Because," said the boy, "there is only room for one, for He fills heaven and earth."

2454. GOD, Omnipresent. Few better replies are upon record than that of young Dr. Chateaufort, to whom a bishop once said, "If you will tell me where God is I will give you an orange." "If you will tell me where He is *not* I will give you two," was the child's answer.—*Horace Smith.*

2455. GOD, on our side. Upon the occasion of my first meeting him (Thomas Binney), very many years since, he was very kindly interested in my history, and I—I hope not too garrulous—talked on, winding up by saying that I hoped I might look back and feel and say, like David, that, on the whole, "the Lord had been on my side." "Then," said he, "I should say you have always had a majority of one."—*Paxton Hood.*

2456. GOD, our all. The inscription on the front of Downing Hall, North Wales, is a very suggestive one. It runs in Welsh, "*Heb Dduw, heb ddwm; Duw a ddigon*;" and translated signifies, "Without God, without all; with God, enough."—*Guide to North Wales.*

2457. GOD, Patience of. A Jew came to me at Wittenberg, and said he was desirous to be baptized and made a Christian, but that he would first go to Rome to see the chief head of Christendom. From this intention myself, Philip Melancthon, and other divines laboured to dissuade him, fearing lest, when he witnessed the offences and knaveries at Rome, he might be scared from Christendom. But the Jew went to Rome, and when he had sufficiently seen the abominations acted there, he returned to us again, desiring to be baptized, and said, "Now I will willingly worship the God of the

Christians, for He is a patient God. If He can endure such wickedness and villainy as is done at Rome, He can suffer and endure all the vices and knaveries of the world."—*Luther's Table Talk*.

2458. GOD, Praise of. It was one of those days in early autumn when the beauty seems almost oppressive, the heart, somehow, feeling *burdened* with joy, in its sympathy with the great gladness of Nature. This man (Father Taylor), whose life was spent, so much of it, in the city, drank in these draughts as the earth drinks water or the heart love, and constantly raised his hands as we were walking, saying, "*Oh, how good is God!*" Notice was given that he would preach the next day. The large town hall was crowded full. He rose and said, "'Praise the Lord,' that's my text; it's somewhere between these two covers. I can't tell you exactly where, but it's a short text, and you can easily find it. I've been too busy all day long praising the Lord, and *taking Him in* with the breath and beauty of your hills and valleys here, to leave me time to hunt out for you the place of the text; but that's it, so hold on to it. 'Praise the Lord!'"—*Life of Father Taylor*.

2459. GOD, Recognition of. Galen was forced, upon the description of man and the parts of his body only, to sing a hymn to the Creator, whom yet he knew not. "I make here," saith he, "a true hymn in the honour of our Maker, whose service, I believe verily, consisteth not in the sacrificing of hecatombs or in burning great heaps of frankincense before Him, but in acknowledging the greatness of His wisdom, power, and goodness, and in making the same known to others."—*Trapp*.

2460. GOD, Reconciled to. A young and simple-minded American girl said one day, "Mother, can you know whether or not I am a Christian by my feelings?" "My dear," replied her mother, "I must first know what your feelings are." The daughter smiled and said, "Well, then, you know, when you have been angry with a person, and it is all made up, how happy you feel. Now, I have been a long time angry with God, and it is all made up, and I feel so happy."

2461. GOD, remembers us. Once, when at Bury St. Edmunds, I went to the infirmary of the work-house, where, amongst other patients in bed, I conversed with an old man, who, if I remember rightly, was over eighty years of age. As it lay outside the counterpane, I noticed that his arm from the elbow to the wrist was covered, after the manner of sailors' tattooing, with numerous letters. On asking him what they were, he said, "Why, you see, sir, I've had nine children, and all are gone; some I know be dead, and some I don't know whether they be dead or alive; but they're all the same to me; I shall never see any of 'em again in this world. But I've got all their initials here on my arm; and it's a comfort to me as I lie here to look at 'em and think of 'em." It was all that this poor old man could do for his sons; but he held them in affectionate remembrance, though he needed not the sight of their initials to remember them by. Our Heavenly Father knoweth and taketh pleasure in all them that are His. He bears them all on His heart, and His power to help and to bless them is as great as His wealth of love."—*B. Clarke*.

2462. GOD, Resting in. An invalid was left alone

one evening for a little while. After many days of acute pain there was a lull. "Now," she thought, "I shall be able to pray a little." But she was too wearied out and exhausted for this, feeling that utter weakness of mind and body which cannot be realised without actual experience, when the very lips shrink from the exertion of a whisper, and it seems too much effort of thought to shape even unspoken words. Only one whisper came—"Lord Jesus, I am so tired!" She prayed no more; she could not frame even a petition that, as she could not speak to Him, He would speak to her. But the Lord Jesus knew all the rest; He knew how she had waited for and wanted the sweet conscious communing with Him, the literal talking to Him and telling Him all that was in her heart; and He knew that, although a quiet and comparatively painless hour had come, she was "so tired" that she could not think. Very tenderly did He, who knows how to speak a word in season to the weary, choose a message in reply to that little whisper. "Be silent to the Lord!" It came like a mother's "hush" to one whom his mother comforteth. It was quite enough, as every spirit-given word is; and the acquiescent silence was filled with perfect peace.—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

2463. GOD, Resting in. Said a friend to Rev. Ebenezer Erskine during his last illness, "You have often given us good counsel; what are you now doing with your soul?" "The same that I did with it forty years ago," he said—"resting it on that word, '*I am the Lord thy God.*'" On that I mean to die. The day he died he saw his eldest daughter with a book open in her hand, and asked, "What are you reading?" "One of your sermons, father." "Which one?" "The one on the text, '*I am the Lord thy God.*'" "Ah, lass," said the old man, "that is the best sermon I ever preached."

2464. GOD, revealing Himself at last. Alexander of Russia used often to ride in a plain carriage, incognito. A man on the road asked if he might ride with him. He got into the carriage, and after a while was inquisitive as to the name of the man with whom he was riding. He said, "Are you a lieutenant?" "No," said the King. "Are you a major?" "No," said the King. "Are you a general?" "No," said the King; "but I am something higher than that." The man said, "Then you must be the Emperor," and was overwhelmed with his company. In this world God appears to us in strange ways. He takes us up in the chariot of His providence to ride with Him, and we know Him not. At death the disguise will be gone, and for the first time it will be known to us that we have been riding with the King.—*Talmage*.

2465. GOD, Revelation of. When a prince, affianced to the heiress of some distant kingdom, has sent his portrait to her by the hand of his vicergerent, and the casket comes, it is so glowing with diamonds and with sapphires rare that it seems itself to be priceless; and yet, on being opened, so royal is the face within, and so does it blaze with superior diamonds, that the casket becomes forgotten. So God is revealed as a world-builder and material worker, as a physical governor, as grand past human language; but when you open the casket and behold Jesus Christ, and hear His voice as revealing what God is in His interior disposition and mother soul, you forget the other.—*Beecher*.

2466. GOD, Rule of. Once there was a peasant, in Switzerland, at work in his garden very early in the spring. A lady passing said, "I fear the plants which have come forward rapidly will yet be destroyed by frost." Mark the wisdom of the peasant—"God has been our Father a great while," was his reply. What faith that reply exhibited in the olden promise, "While the earth remaineth," &c. !—*The Christian Monitor.*

2467. GOD, seeks our love. "Why was it?" asked Mrs. N—— of her own heart as she was walking homewards from the communion-table.—"Why was it?" she almost unconsciously exclaimed aloud. "Oh, I wish somebody could tell me!" "Could tell you what?" said a pleasant voice behind her, and looking around, she saw her pastor and his wife approaching. "Could tell me," said she, "why the Saviour died for us. I have never heard it answered to my satisfaction. You will say it was because He loved us; but why was that love? He certainly did not need us, and in our sinful state there was nothing in us to attract His love." "I may suppose, Mrs. N——," said her pastor, "that it would be no loss for you to lose your deformed little babe. You have a large circle of friends, you have other children, and a kind husband. You do not need the deformed child; and what use is it?" "O sir," said Mrs. N——, "I could not part with my poor child. I do need him. I need his love. I would rather die than fail of receiving it." "Well," said her pastor, "does God love His children less than earthly, sinful parents do?" "I never looked upon it in that way before," said Mrs. N——. —*Christian Age.*

2468. GOD, seen in the meanest things. Galileo, the most profound philosopher of his age, when questioned by the Roman Inquisition as to his belief in the existence of God, replied, pointing to a straw on the floor of his dungeon, that from the structure of that object alone he would infer with certainty the existence of an intelligent Creator.

2469. "GOD sees to me." A man in the full strength of his years, but most helpless, being very deaf and almost totally blind, is an occasional visitor at our house. The other day, as I talked with the poor fellow, I learned a lesson myself, for the man has wonderful faith. "Have you no fears in going about as you do?" I said to him, "in cars and boats, and on the crowded streets?" "I used to have," he said in the soft, low voice, which contrasts with the way people must shout at him, "but I never have now. God sees to me. I am always taken care of. Somebody finds me a seat or helps me in and out, and I get along." "Do you ever hear anything in church?" is another question. "Well, not much, but I always go. I like to be there, and I find a blessing."

2470. GOD, Serving, with a cheerful spirit. When the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most beautiful reply. "I cannot," said he, "make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

2471. GOD, Sovereignty of. The "Royal Charter," a number of years ago, went down, bearing some who were within sight of their own homes. A few hours would have seen them in the arms of long-parted relatives. How gladly would they have commanded the favourable breeze to blow only a little longer! But no! Equally sovereign is the Spirit: "He divideth to every man severally as He will."—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

2472. GOD, still lives. At one time I was sorely vexed and tried by my own sinfulness, by the wickedness of the world, and by the dangers that beset the Church. One morning I saw my wife dressed in mourning. Surprised, I asked her who had died. "Do you not know?" she replied; "God in heaven is dead." "How can you talk such nonsense, Katie?" I said. "How can God die? Why, He is immortal, and will live through all eternity." "Is that really true?" she asked. "Of course," I said, still not perceiving what she was aiming at; "how can you doubt it? As surely as there is a God in heaven, so sure is it that He can never die." "And yet," she said, "though you do not doubt that, yet you are so hopeless and discouraged." Then I observed what a wise woman my wife was, and mastered my sadness.—*Luther.*

2473. GOD, Taking hold of. As I was riding through the woods I saw a grape-vine whose stalk was as big as my arm, and on looking up I saw that it reached, I should think, forty feet, to the great branch of a talk oak, and held on there. On the ground around were other grape-vines, small and flat, with tendrils loose and seeking. "Yes," said I; "I see what makes the difference. That big grape-vine, large as my arm and forty feet high, was once on the ground as poor and small as any; but it took hold of the tree." So it is with me; I am very apt to be on the ground, dispirited and disconsolate; but when I take hold of God, when I cling to Him, and wind my tendrils around His great branches, ah! then I mount up, strong and lofty." —*Wilson Pitner.*

2474. GOD, Thanks due unto. When the late William M. Thackeray was returning from America, and had arrived within a few hours of Liverpool, a Canadian minister on board was, after dinner in the saloon, referring to the happiness which the passengers had enjoyed together and the solemnity of parting from each other never to meet again until the day of judgment; and when he had ceased Thackeray took up the strain, saying that what the reverend gentleman had spoken was very proper, and was, he was sure, responded to by the hearts of all present. But there was something else which he thought they should do before they separated. In his opinion they should join in expressing their thanks to God for His goodness to them during the last ten days upon the deep, and for bringing them in safety to their destination; and at his request the minister was called on by the company to lead their prayers as together they poured out their gratitude to Him who is "the confidence of them that are afar off upon the sea." I like to think of this in connection with the name of Thackeray; and the story, which is well authenticated, blooms in my eyes like an *immortelle* upon his grave.—*Dr. William Taylor.*

2475. GOD, The best for. Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the most distinguished painters of his

day, and in answer to the inquiry how he attained to such excellence, he replied, "By observing one simple rule, viz., to *make each painting the best.*" Depend upon it that the same thing is true in the service of God.—*Clerical Library.*

2476. GOD, the centre. For more than fifty centuries men watched the starlit sky, noted the changes of the planets, and endeavoured to discover the laws which governed their movements; they took careful observations, made elaborate calculations, and yet the law of the harmony of the heavens remained a mystery. The stars were still supposed to follow fantastic circles which no rule of science could explain; their orbits formed a labyrinth of which the most learned failed to find the clue. One day a man of genius said, "The sun, and not the earth, is the centre from which the worlds must be regarded." At once the harmony appeared; planets and their satellites moved in regular orbits; the system of the universe was revealed. God is the sun and the true centre of the spiritual world; only in the light in which He dwells can the destinies of man be truly read.—*Eugene Bersier.*

2477. GOD, the deliverer. There are many coal pits in the principality. There are men down there who hardly have a gleam of sunlight. How are they to get up? There is a string at the bottom; they pull it; a bell up at the top rings; a rope, worked by a steam-engine, is let down; and in this way they ascend to the top. A man gets down into the pit of trouble; he cannot get up himself; he must ring the bell of prayer, and God will hear it, and send down the rope that is to lift him out.—*T. Jones.*

2478. GOD, the Father of the orphan. A worthy pastor lay on his deathbed in a small town of Pomerania. His soul was at peace, but clouds darkened his spirit; he had five big and three very little children; and his wife was too weakly to bear so heavy a burden. Ten months later the mother died, and the children were left alone in the world, save for an old grandmother. It was the year 1866; after the war with Austria the victorious troops entered Berlin to celebrate the bond of German unity. A nobleman of Hamburg desired to show his sympathy in a practical way, and wrote to a friend that he and his wife wished to adopt two orphans of a Prussian officer, and made the condition that they should be girls and under a certain age. This friend gave himself much trouble to fulfil his friend's wish. While the Hamburg letter remained still unanswered, another letter arrived from Pomerania, announcing the death of the pastor's wife. It seemed to him the finger of God, and so he wrote to his friend that he had sought, but could not find, two children of a Prussian officer that would fulfil his conditions, but that he knew of two orphan sisters of a minister, who were of the age required. A favourable reply was received; but then came a difficulty. The grandmother had promised her dying daughter that the three younger children should not be parted. Without replying, the lady started from Hamburg, and arrived quite unexpectedly to see the children for herself. The grandmother feared the children would be shy and frightened, but, to their great astonishment, the younger came to the lady crying, "*Mamma, mamma.*" The child's eye had seen a resemblance to its own mother. The lady, much affected, decided to adopt all three.—*Der Glaubensbote.*

2479. GOD, Thought of. The Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, on the first Sabbath after his settlement at Stirling, allowed the congregation to continue singing considerably longer than usual before he rose to offer up the first prayer. Some of his elders, who had observed the circumstance, and apprehended that it was the consequence of indisposition, when they saw him next day, made kind inquiries respecting his health. He told them that his delaying so long to stand up was owing to no bodily complaint; but the days of grace he had enjoyed at Portmoak (where he was formerly minister) came afresh to his remembrance, with these words, "I am the God of Bethel;" and his mind was so overpowered that he scarcely knew how to rise.

2480. GOD, Thought of, avoided. When Mrs. Quickly is describing the death of Sir John Falstaff, a man who lived, as we all know, after this world, but who had good qualities sufficient to excite the love of many of his followers, she relates that the dying knight called out, "God, God, God!" three times, and adds a sentence at once comic in its seriousness and awful in its satire, "*Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God.*" Was ever a deeper sermon preached than that sentence? —*J. Hain Friswell.*

2481. GOD, Thought of, passing from the soul. An intelligent traveller in South Africa states that among the more degraded tribes he found one where no word was known in the language for a "Supreme Being." There was a word remembered but dimly by here and there an old man—one or two in a thousand—but entirely lost to the mass of the people, signifying, "*Him that is above.*" By gradual steps the very name of the Supreme had faded out, after the vanishing faith in Him, from the savage soul.—*Huntington.*

2482. GOD, Trifling with. One day there happened a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder, as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dunblane. He was descried, when at a distance, by two men of bad character. They had not courage to rob him, but, wishing to fall on some method of extorting money from him, one said, "I will lie down by the wayside as if I were dead, and you shall inform the archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the archbishop arrived at the spot the wicked wretch told him the fabricated story. He sympathised with the survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion he found him really lifeless.

2483. GOD, Trust in. When the late excellent Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, received from the accidental discharge of a gun his death-wound, which carried him swiftly to his grave, the first words he uttered, as he turned, all bleeding and gory, to his wife, were these, "Be still, and know that I am God."—*Rev. John G. Hall.*

2484. GOD, Trust in. Luther, when excommunicated by the Pope and proscribed by the Emperor, being asked by one where he would shelter himself, answered, *sub calo*, "Somewhere under the cope of heaven, where God shall please to cast me."—*Trapp.*

2485. GOD, Voice of, heard in troubles. It has been said by Derham, in his "Physico-theology,"

that the deaf hear best in the midst of noise, during the ringing of bells and the rattling of the wheels of the carriages; and I have often been able to confirm the suggestive remark from my own observation. So, also, it may be that by the somewhat deaf ear of a languid faith shall be heard "the words of the book." Amidst the discords and distractions which drown the outward sense, the assurance of a Divine voice among the affairs of men may be heard, audible if low.—*Anon.*

2486. GOD, where found. When one asked where God was before heaven was created, St. Augustine answered, "He was in Himself." When another asked me the same question I said, "He was building neli for such idle, presumptuous, fluttering, and inquisitive spirits as you."—*Luther.*

2487. GOD, with us. Horace Bushnell woke up in the night and said, "Oh, God is a wonderful Being!" And when his daughter replied, "Yes; is He with you?" the old man replied, "Yes, in a certain sense He is with me; and I have no doubt He is with me in a sense I do not imagine."

2488. GOD, working in us. I have a clock in my house, the works of which can be taken out so as to leave standing the face, hands and all. Now, if it needs repairing, the workman can come and take out the works, and brush and oil the wheels, and put right whatever is amiss; or he can bring an entirely new set of works and fit them into the case. Now I once thought that I had a poor set of works in me, and the Spirit of God would come and take them out, and put in another set, and that I should be a new creature in the same sense as that would be a new clock, except the exterior. But I do not believe that Scripture teaches this, nor does experience corroborate this view. God's Spirit develops that which is in us by nature, and teaches us how to use it, and inspires it to a higher endeavour and a better success. God works in us—that is He stirs up our working power.—*Beecher.*

2489. GOD'S care for us. A crew of explorers penetrate far within the Arctic circles in search of other expeditions that had gone before them—gone and never returned. Failing to find the missing men, and yet unwilling to abandon hope, they leave supplies of food, carefully covered with stones, on some prominent headlands, with the necessary intimations graven for safety on plates of brass. If the original adventurers survive, and, on their homeward journey, faint yet pursuing, fall in with these treasures, at once hidden and revealed, the food, when found, will seem to those famished men the smaller blessing. The proof which the food supplies that their country cares for them is sweeter than the food. So the proof that God cares for us is placed beyond a doubt; the "unspeakable gift" of His Son to be our Saviour should melt any dark suspicion to the contrary from our hearts.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

2490. GOD'S cause, and our own. Terantius, captain to the Emperor Adrian, presented a petition that the Christians might have a temple by themselves, in which to worship God apart from the Arians. The Emperor tore his petition and threw it away, bidding him ask something for himself, and it should be granted. Terantius modestly gathered up the fragments of his petition, and said, with true nobility of mind, "If I cannot be heard

in God's cause, I will never ask anything for myself."

2491. GOD'S claims, first. Now Publius and Marcus cast lots which should dedicate the temple, and the lot fell to Marcus. So when Marcus was going to begin the dedication, and had his hand on the door-post of the temple, and was speaking the set words of prayer, there came a man running to tell him that his son was dead. But he said, "Then let them carry him out and bury him." So Marcus honoured the gods above his son, and dedicated the temple on the hill of the Capitol; and his name was recorded on the front of the temple.—*Dr. Arnold.*

2492. GOD'S time, Waiting for. I have seen, in the early hours of the morning twilight, the Alps appear under a sky still dark, their summits livid and frozen. The lake which bathed their feet stretched out a grey, motionless surface, and the pale rays of a setting moon seemed but to light up the dread kingdom of death. Some hours have passed away, when suddenly these same peaks become resplendent with life; the glittering snow on the background of dazzling azure, the glaciers erect towards the east their bright ridges, the foaming torrents cutting with their cataracts the green mountain-brows, and the dark forest trembles in the morning wind. The lake, quivering in its turn, faithfully retraces in its blue mirror the incomparable picture. Nature had not changed, but the sun had arisen.—*Eugene Bersier.*

2493. GOD'S will, how it is to be done. A Sabbath-school teacher, instructing his class on that petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," said to them, "You have told me, my dear children, what is to be done—the will of God; and where it is to be done—on earth; and *how it is to be done—as it is done in heaven.* How do you think the angels and the happy spirits do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern?" The first child replied, "They do it immediately;" the second, "They do it diligently;" the third, "They do it always;" the fourth, "They do it with all their hearts;" the fifth, "They do it all together." Here a pause ensued, and no other children appeared to have any answer, but after some time a little girl arose and said, "Why, sir, they do it without asking any questions."—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdote.*

2494. GOD'S work, does not die with His workers. When Jabez Bunting, one of the greatest of Wesley's disciples, died, a minister of the Methodist denomination, in preaching his funeral sermon, closed a glowing peroration by saying, "When Bunting died the sun of Methodism set." A plain man in the audience immediately shouted, "Glory be to God! that is a lie!"—*Taylor.*

2495. GOD'S works, Delight in. Peter the Great, when he saw sunrise, would express his wonder that men should be so stupid not to rise every morning to behold one of the most glorious sights in the universe. "They take delight," said he, "in gazing on a picture, the trifling work of a mortal, and at the same time neglect one painted by the hand of the Deity Himself. For my part," added he, "I am for making my life as long as I can, and therefore sleep as little as possible."

2496. GOD'S works, superior to man's. A

minister asked an old negro his reasons for believing in the existence of God. "Sir," said he, "I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the east and set in the west. The north star stands where it did the first time I saw it; the seven stars and Job's coffin keep on the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It isn't so with man's work. He makes clocks and watches; they may run well for a while, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun and moon and stars keep on the same way all the while."

2497. GOLD, a test. Voltaire was very grasping, and constantly intent upon increasing his fortune. Once, when a woman, supposed to have been drowned, was taken out of the Rhône, he is reported to have said, "Lay a piece of gold in her hand, and if she does not close it she is dead sure enough."—*L'Illustration*.

2498. GOLD, and its value. There were left behind two or three hundred people, many of them gold-diggers, when the "Central America" went down. One who left the ship in one of the last boats that took the women describes what he saw in the cabin of the steamer, when all hope was gone and the great ship was about to go down. Men took out their gold. One said, holding his leather bag containing his long-toiled-for accumulation, "Here, take it who will, take it who will! It is no more use to me; the ship is going down! Take it who will!" Others took out their gold-dust and scattered it broadcast over the cabin. "There," they said, "take it; take it who will! We are all going down. There is no more chance for us. The gold will do us no good." Oh what a comment that is on the truly valueless nature of riches when a man draws near to God! "Riches profit not in the day of wrath, but righteousness delivereth from death."—*Ryle*.

2499. GOLD, cannot save. Mr. Jeremiah Burroughs, a pious minister, mentions the case of a rich man who, when he lay on his sick-bed, called for his bags of money, and having laid a bag of gold to his heart, after a little he bade them take it away, saying, "It will not do! it will not do!"

2500. GOLD, Clinging to. In excavating Pompeii, a skeleton was found with the fingers clenched round a quantity of gold. . . . A man of business in the town of Hull, when dying, pulled a bag of money from under his pillow, which he held between his clenched fingers with a grasp so firm as scarcely to relax under the agonies of death.—*Denton*.

2501. GOLD, Greed of. A poor man was met by a stranger while scoffing at the wealthy for not enjoying themselves. The stranger gave him a purse, in which he was always to find a ducat. As fast as he took one out another was to drop in, but he was not to begin to spend his fortune until he had thrown away the purse. He takes ducat after ducat out, but continually procrastinates and puts off the hour of enjoyment, until he has got "a little more," and dies at last counting his millions.—*From the Russian*.

2502. GOLD, in the heart. Mr. Fuller was one day taken into the Bank of England, where one of the clerks, to whom he had occasion to speak, showed him some ingots of gold. He took one of them into

his hand, examined it with some care, and then, laying it down, remarked to his friend, "How much better to have this in the hand than in the heart!"

2503. GOLD, Love of. Some years ago the ship "Shanunga," on her way from Liverpool to New York, came in collision with a Swedish barque named the "Iduna," from Hamburg, with two hundred and six persons on board. The weather was very foggy, and the "Iduna" sank in about half an hour after the collision. Immediately the "Shanunga's" boats were put out, and, with one boat from the barque, picked up thirty-four persons only. One hundred and seventy-two persons, including the master, Captain Moberg, were lost. Captain Patten, of the "Shanunga," in narrating the catastrophe, said that no statement could exaggerate the horrors of the awful moment. All the survivors that were saved were picked up from the surface of the water. One cause why so few were saved was, that almost all of them had, when the cry went round that the vessel was sinking, seized their belts of gold and silver, and tied them round their waists; thus those who attempted to save their gold lost both life and gold, being unable to sustain themselves till the boats could reach them.—*Preacher's Lantern*.

2504. GOLD, Love of. The only sailor who perished in the "Kent Indiaman" was present in the hold very shortly after the commencement of the fire which destroyed the vessel, when, availing himself of the confusion, he hastened to the cabin of the second mate, forced open a desk, and took from thence 400 sovereigns, which he rolled up in a handkerchief and tied round his waist; but in attempting to leap into one of the boats he fell short, and the weight of his spoils caused him immediately to sink.—*Whitcross*.

2505. GOLD, Love of. Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatsoever he touched became gold, and he, with his long ears, was little better for it. Midas had misjudged the celestial music-tones; Midas had insulted Apollo, and the gods gave him his wish and a pair of long ears, which also were a good appendage to it. What a truth in these old fables! —*Carlyle*.

2506. GOLD, Love of, illustrated. Tarpeia, the governor's daughter (when Rome was besieged), charmed with the golden bracelets of the Sabines, betrayed the fort into their hands, and asked, in return for her treason, what they wore on their left arms. . . . Tatius ordered the Sabines to remember their promise. He was the first to take off his bracelet and throw it to her, and with that his shield. As every one did the same, she was overpowered by the gold and shields thrown upon her, and sinking under the weight, expired.—*Plutarch (condensed)*.

2507. GOLD, Power of. When discussing, one day, the necessity of church reform with a clergyman, who, after being educated by the Dissenters, obtained a conviction of the purity of the Established Church, and a lucrative living within her pale at the same time, the late Robert Hall illustrated this kind of logical process in a way unsurpassed in the history of sarcasm. The gentleman's constant refuge, when hard driven by the arguments of Mr. Hall, was, "I can't see it;" "I don't see it;" "I can't see that at all." At last Mr. Hall took a letter from his pocket, and wrote on the

back of it with his pencil in small letters the word "God." "Do you see that?" "Yes." He then covered it with a piece of gold. "Do you see it now?" "No." "I must wish you good morning, sir," said Hall, and left him to his meditations.—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

2508. GOOD actions, delayed. When Mr. Baxter lost a thousand pounds which he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while God gives the power of bestowing, and considered himself as culpable in some degree for *having so long delayed the performance of a good action*, and suffered his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickness and diligence.

2509. GOOD and evil, Conflict of. I stood some years ago near the fair city of Geneva, where two great rivers meet, but do not mingle. Here the Rhône, the arrowy Rhône, rapid and beautiful, pours out its waters of that heavenly blue which it is worth almost a pilgrimage to see, and there the Arve, frantic and muddy, partly from the glaciers from which it is so largely fed, and partly from the clayey soil that it upheaves in its impetuous path, meet and run side by side for miles, with no barriers, save their own innate repulsions each encroaching now and then into the province of the other, but beaten back again instantly into its own domain. Like mighty rival forces of good and evil do they seem, and for long—just as in the world around us—for long the issue is doubtful; but if you look far down the stream, you find the frantic Arve is mastered, and the Rhône has coloured the whole surface of the stream with its own emblematic and beautiful blue.—*W. M. Punshon.*

2510. GOOD and evil heart contrasted. Put a strong magnet where grains of sand and soil and bits of iron are, and it will draw to itself only the metal; and a good heart, as it meets good or evil, repels and turns away from the vile, and gathers to itself the good. The evil heart does not see the pure elements, but it is keenly alive to the vicious. On the same highway we see the ragpicker gathering rags for his bag, and the artist, with pencil and paper, gathering the shifting beauty of hill and vale, clouds and trees, and the sinuosities of rivers—a beautiful picture. Some gather mean and base things on the highway of life, while others gather all that is beautiful. In the same pond the white and the yellow lily grow. The one from the surrounding elements draws whiteness, purity, and fragrance; and the other only yellow hues and no fragrance.—*Rev. J. Spencer Kennard.*

2511. GOOD, Doing. Samuel Rogers, the poet, once gave a piece of good advice to his friend, Lady Holland. She had been complaining to the poet that she had nothing to do, and did not know how to employ her time, and that she felt very miserable in consequence. "I recommended her," said Rogers, "something new—to try to do a little good." And this story reminds me of another very similar one that is told of a celebrated physician. He had among his patients a middle-aged lady who was very wealthy and of a hypochondriac turn. She had the fixed idea that she was suffering from all kinds of diseases, which, however, were purely imaginary. The doctor was called in one day, and, knowing his patient, he wrote out a simple pre-

scription and left it with her. It ran thus—"Do something for somebody." The lady acknowledged afterwards that she had taken the medicine, and that it had cured her; and more than once in after years the doctor wrote out this same prescription—"Do something for somebody."—*Rev. A. Bell, B.A.*

2512. GOOD, for evil. On one occasion Lord Palmerston had decided to name a certain clergyman to a vacant bishopric. A day or two afterwards he wrote to me to say that since he had made up his mind for Dr. — he had received a letter from Lord Russell, with a request that a friend of his might be appointed to the vacant see. "If," he continued, "Russell's man be a good and proper man, I should wish to appoint him, because you know Russell once treated me in a very rough way, and I desire to show him that I have quite forgotten it."—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*

2513. GOOD, for evil. One day several persons saw a young man approach the River Seine, in Paris, with the intention of drowning his dog. Rowing into the centre of the stream, he threw the dog into the water. The poor creature attempted to climb up the side of the boat, but his cruel master always pushed him back with the oars. In doing this he himself fell into the water, and would certainly have been drowned had not his faithful dog instantly laid hold of him, and kept him above water till assistance arrived, when his life was saved.

2514. GOOD, in all. When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him—"Is there not," said he, "*a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking?*" Come, tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him."

2515. GOOD, out of evil. During the siege of Sebastopol a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill outside the city, and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the missile of death had fallen, and afforded to the weary troops encamped there an abundance of pure cold water during all the rest of the siege. What enemies mean shall do us evil often becomes a spring in the desert of privation and persecution.

2516. GOOD, Transient effect of. Kitty Clive, the actress, was a great admirer of Dr. Ashley's preaching, and used to say that she was "always vastly good for two or three days after his sermons, but that by the time Thursday came round *all their effect was worn off*."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

2517. GOOD deeds, and Christ. I heard of a man some time ago who was going to get into heaven in his own way. He did not believe in the Bible or the love of God, but was going to get in on account of his good deeds. He was very liberal, gave a great deal of money, and he thought the more he gave the better it would be for him in the other world. Well, this man dreamed one night that he was building a ladder to heaven, and that every good deed he did put him one round higher on this ladder, and when he did an extra good deed it put him up a good many rounds; and in his dream he kept going up, until at last he got out of sight, and he went on and on doing his good deeds, and the ladder went up higher and higher, until at

last he thought he saw it run up to the very throne of God. Then in his dream he thought he died, and that a mighty voice came rolling down from above, "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber," and down came his ladder, and he woke from his sleep and thought, "If I go to heaven, I must go some other way." My friends, it is by the way of Christ that we are to go to heaven. If a man has got to work his way there, who will ever get there?—*Moody (condensed).*

2518. GOOD name, Value of. Fowell Buxton, when quite a little fellow, was sent to Dr. Burney's school. Upon one occasion he was accused by one of the teachers of talking during school hours, for which he was about to be punished. When Dr. Burney came in the boy appealed to him, and stoutly denied the charge. The teacher as stoutly maintained it; but Mr. Burney stopped him, saying, "*I never found the boy telling a lie, and I will not disbelieve him now.*"

2519. GOOD things, not for the foolish. A foppish nobleman, seeing Descartes enjoying the pleasures of the table, said, "So, sir, I see philosophers can indulge in the greatest delicacies and good cheer." "Why not?" replied the other. "Do you really entertain such an idea as to imagine Providence intended *all good things for the foolish and ignorant?*"

2520. GOOD word, Every one's. "What evil have I done?" said Aristides, when one told him that he had every one's good word.—*Van Doren.*

2521. GOOD words, Influence of. It is reported of a clergyman in Wiltshire that he was walking near a brook, when he observed a woman washing wool in a sieve in the stream. He engaged in conversation with her, and from some expression she dropped, asked her if she knew him. "Oh yes, sir," she replied; "and I hope I shall have reason to bless God to eternity for having heard you preach some years ago; your sermon was the means of doing me great good." "I rejoice to hear it; pray what was the subject?" "Ah, sir, I can't recollect that, my memory is so bad." "How, then, can the sermon have done you so much good, if you don't remember even what it was about?" "Sir, my mind is like this sieve; the sieve does not hold the water, but as the water runs through it cleanses the wool; so my memory does not retain the words I hear, but as they pass through my heart, by God's grace, they cleanse it. Now I no longer love sin, and every day I entreat my Saviour to cleanse me from all sin."

2522. GOOD work, Encouragement in. Almost the last work in which John Wesley was engaged was to write to Wilberforce, urging him to go on, in the name of God and in the power of his might, in opposing "that execrable villainy (the slave-trade) which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature."—*Punshon.*

2523. GOOD works, and Christ. He (George Herbert) continued meditating and praying and rejoicing, till the day of his death, and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot, "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter; for I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen."

Upon which expression, Mr. Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton Church and his many acts of mercy; to which he made answer, saying, "They be good works if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise."—*Isaac Walton.*

2524. GOOD works, and evil. A popish priest once argued with me in this manner—"Evil works are damned; therefore good works justify." I answered, "This your argument is nothing worth; it concludes *not ratione contrariorum*; the things are not in connection. Evil works are evil in complete measure, because they proceed from a heart that is altogether spoiled and evil; but good works, yea, even in an upright Christian, are incompletely good; for they proceed out of a weak obedience but little recovered and restored."—*Luther.*

2525. GOOD works, Hindrance of. It is found in some of the American lakes that the boats are strangely hindered in their progress. They are drawn downwards, and the use of the oar is difficult, and this is because of the magnetic power of deep mud concealed below the surface of the waters. So it is in the lives of men and the life of the world. Good works are vessels that cannot advance without difficulty over the waves of life; this is because of old evil which, as mud, has slowly gathered. There must be purgation; new proclaimings and enforcements of truth must become as the powerful cleansing flow of a great stream.—*Lynch.*

2526. GOODNESS, Beneficial influence of. On a hot summer's day, some years ago, I was sailing with a friend in a tiny boat on a miniature lake enclosed like a cup within a circle of steep, bare Scottish hills. On the shoulder of the brown sunburnt mountain, and full in sight, was a well with a crystal stream trickling over its lip, and making its way down towards the lake. Around the well's mouth and along the course of the rivulet a belt of green stood out in strong contrast with the iron surface of the rocks all around. We soon agreed as to what should be made of it. There it was, a legend clearly printed by the finger of God on the side of these silent hills, teaching the passer-by how needful a good man is, and how useful he may be in a desert world.—*W. Arnot.*

2527. GOODNESS, may be misunderstood. Isaac Hopper, a Quaker, who lived in Philadelphia, met a black man in the street, named Cain, and took him before a magistrate to be fined for profane swearing. Twenty years later the two men met again, and the kind heart of Mr. Hopper was touched when he saw what a sad change time had wrought in the appearance of his old acquaintance. "Dost thou remember me?" asked the Quaker, shaking hands with the forlorn creature as he spoke. "I had thee fined for swearing." "Yes, indeed I do," answered the poor coloured man. "I remember what I paid as well as if it had been yesterday." "Well, did it do thee any good?" "No, never a bit," said Cain. "It made me mad to have my money taken from me." Mr. Hopper told the poor man to count up the interest on the fine, and then paid him principal and interest, adding, "*I meant it for thy good Cain; and I am sorry it did thee any harm.*"—*Biblical Treasury.*

2528. GOODNESS, Power of, illustrated. The

old Grecian fable tells us that when Ulysses sailed past the island of the sirens he listened a moment to the sorcerers' music; and to prevent himself and crew from being lured to the shore, he stopped their ears with wax and had himself tied to the mast of the ship. Thus, as the story goes, they passed in safety the fatal strand. But when Orpheus, in search of the Golden Fleece, went by the same coast, he, being a masterly musician, *set up better music* than that of the sirens, and so enchanted his crew with his own sweet melodies, that, without the use of either thongs or wax, they all sailed safely past the sorcerer's isle.—*Dr. Thain Davidson.*

2529. GOSPEL, a novelty. When Le Tourneau preached the Lent sermon at St. Benoit, at Paris, Louis XIV. inquired of Boileau if he knew anything of a preacher called Le Tourneau, whom everybody was running after. "Sire," replied the poet, "your Majesty knows that people always run after novelties: this man preaches the gospel." Boileau's remark as to the novelty of preaching the gospel in his time brings to mind the candid confession of a Flemish preacher, who, in a sermon delivered before an audience wholly of his own order, said, "We are worse than Judas. He sold and delivered his Master; we sell Him too, but deliver Him not."—*Spurgeon.*

2530. GOSPEL, a savour of life and death. When Fletcher, of Madeley, was once preaching on Noah as a type of Christ, and while in the midst of a most animated description of the terrible day of the Lord, he suddenly paused. Every feature of his expressive countenance was marked with painful feeling, and striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, he exclaimed, "Wretched man that I am! Beloved brethren, it often cuts me to the soul, as it does at this moment, to reflect, that while I have been endeavouring by the force of truth, by the beauty of holiness, and even by the terrors of the Lord, to bring you to walk in the peaceable paths of righteousness, I am, with respect to many of you who reject the gospel, *only tying millstones round your neck to sink you deeper in perdition!*" The whole church was electrified, and it was some time before he could resume his discourse.

2531. GOSPEL, A sufficient. One day a poor half-witted man, called poor Joseph, entered the church of Dr. Calamy, and heard for the first time that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief." That saying entered his heart, and trudging homewards, with his burden on his back, he kept saying to himself, "Joseph never heard such news before; Christ Jesus the Lord, who made all things, came into the world to *save sinners like Joseph*; and this is true—it is a faithful saying!" This continued to be all his gospel, but it was enough for him, both in life and in death.

2532. GOSPEL, and events of the day. Chrysostom, the great preacher of the early Church, thrilled the multitudes in Antioch and Constantinople by applying the principles of the Gospel to the events of the day—to the policy of the Government and the habits of the people. His sermons throw a flood of light on the history of the East in the fourth century. Gregory of Nazianzen in the Eastern Church, and Ambrose and Augustine in the Western, imitated the golden-mouthed orator.—*Christian Age.*

2533. GOSPEL, and its enemies. Luther heard, one day, a nightingale singing very sweetly near a pond full of frogs, who, by their croaking, seemed as though they wanted to silence the melodious bird. The Doctor said, "Thus 'tis in the world; Jesus Christ is the nightingale, making the gospel to be heard; the heretics and false prophets, the frogs, trying to prevent His being heard."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

2534. GOSPEL, and its opponents. A captain once rushed into the presence of the general in hot haste, and said, "General, we can never fight them, they are so numerous; we can never conquer them." "Captain," said the general coolly, "*we are not here to count them*, but we are here to conquer them, and conquer them we must." And conquer them they did.—*Rev. Ossian Davies.*

2535. GOSPEL, and its pioneers. The true spirit of the pioneers of the gospel has always been like that of our Edward the Third, amid the fiery sands of Syria, where his small force of soldiers "fainted, died, deserted, and seemed to melt away." But his prowess made light of it, and he said, "*I will go on*, if I go on with no other follower than my groom."—*B.*

2536. GOSPEL, and its pioneers. Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and the teeming population knocked on the head by savages tomorrow. (At the confluence of the Loangwa it seemed certain he and his followers were to die.) But I read that Jesus came and said, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations. And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there is an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night, as I intended; it would appear as flight, and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily. I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God.—*Dr. Livingstone.*

2537. GOSPEL, and progress. Those who have studied Hogarth's wonderful pictures, vivid and accurate reproductions of scenes in our national life when Wesley preached, will be able to appreciate the coarse brutality, the utter grossness, of that licentious age—the sin that was "naked and not ashamed." . . . We sing at our watch-night services—

"How many pass the guilty night
In revellings and frantic mirth!"

A somewhat unnecessary confession of the sins of our neighbours. The first Methodists sang—

"Oft have we passed the guilty night
In revellings and frantic mirth!"

These very persons had passed "the guilty night" in rioting and drunkenness, in chambering and wantonness.—*Dr. Greeves.*

2538. GOSPEL, Another. The assurance of some sceptics, who boast that they once believed the Bible, but have now got beyond all that, and are following new and greater light, is very fairly illustrated by the story of the Hibernian sailor who was left one night in charge of the helm, with directions from the captain to keep his eye on a certain star,

and steer the vessel directly towards it, which he promised faithfully to do. The captain went below, and fell asleep. After a while he awoke, went on deck, and found the vessel sailing in a course exactly opposite to that in which he had directed the helmsman to steer. "What does all this mean, Patrick?" "Faith, captain, ye must pick me out another star, for *I've sailed clear by that one!*" Just so, many have turned their back on God, and heaven, and light, and peace, and think they have sailed by all the revelations of God, and want some one to pick them out another star.—*H. L. Hastings.*

2539. GOSPEL, Attraction of. It is amusing to read of Archbishop Sharp's commanding the militia to be sent to disperse the crowd who had gathered on the hillside to hear Mr. Blackadder, and of his being informed that they had *all gone* an hour before to attend the sermon.—*Spurgeon.*

2540. GOSPEL, Attractions of. An eminent minister of New York said to me some time ago, "I have a very large audience, but they are all Christians. I can't get the worldly people to come in and listen to me. I hear that a good many worldly people come to hear you. You must preach some very strange things. What did you preach about yesterday?" "Well," I replied, "I preached yesterday morning on, 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found;' and in the evening I preached about, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.'" Said he, "Is that all?" "Yes," I replied, "that is all."—*Talmage.*

2541. GOSPEL, cannot be bought. One sharp winter's day a poor woman stood at the window of a king's conservatory, looking at a cluster of grapes, which she longed to have for her sick child. She went home to her spinning-wheel, earned half-a-crown, and offered it to the gardener for the grapes. He waved his hand and ordered her away. She returned to her cottage, snatched the blanket from her bed, pawned it, and once more asked the gardener to sell her the grapes, offering him five shillings. He spoke furiously to her, and was turning her out, when the princess came in, heard the man's passion, saw the woman's tears, and asked what was wrong. When the story was told she said, "My dear woman, you have made a mistake. My father is not a merchant, but a king; his business is *not to sell*, but to give;" so saying, she plucked the cluster from the vine and dropped it into the woman's apron.

2542. GOSPEL, Changes wrought by. In 1823 I found the natives of Karotonga all heathens; in 1834 they were all professing Christians. At the former period I found them with idols and heathen temples; these in 1834 were destroyed, and in their stead there were three spacious and substantial places of Christian worship, in which congregations amounting to six thousand persons assembled every Sabbath-day. I found them without a written language, and I left them reading in their own tongue the "wonderful works of God." I found them without a knowledge of the Sabbath, and when I left them no manner of work was done during that sacred day. When I found them they were ignorant of the nature of Christian worship; and when I left them I am not aware that there was a house in the island where family prayer was not observed every morning and every evening.—*Rev. John. Williams.*

2543. GOSPEL, Changes wrought by. Two

wicked men, whose doubtful celebrity was almost coextensive with the county in which they lived, agreed to fight a pitched battle to settle the question which was the better (?) man. But, as no particular date could be readily fixed, it was determined that, be when and where it might, the very next time they met the battle should come off. In the interval one of them heard a Primitive Methodist preach a powerful sermon, and it resulted in his thorough conversion. Shortly after this he went to a camp-meeting at some distance, when lo! one of the first persons he saw among the crowd was his old antagonist. Naturally the engagement to fight the first time they should meet flashed across the convert's mind, and though he no longer felt inclined to keep the bargain, he feared his foe would insist on its fulfilment. For some time, therefore, he was under considerable fear lest his old acquaintance should see him. But, to his great relief, he noticed the latter deeply interested in the proceedings; nay, he even saw tears streaming from his eyes. Losing all fear of a fight, he now made his way to him, and offered him his hand. He soon learnt that his old companion had been eyeing him with the same feelings that had occupied his own breast, and that the same change that he had recently undergone had likewise been experienced by the other. And no sooner were they relieved of their groundless apprehensions than they pledged their troth to each other as future friends and fellow-labourers in the cause of the Lord.—*W. Antliff, D.D. (abridged).*

2544. GOSPEL, Comfort of. Some one speaking in the hearing of the late Daniel Webster of the sublime poetry of the Old Testament, the latter at once and seriously replied, "Ah, my friend, the poetry of Isaiah and Job and Habakkuk is grand indeed; but when you have lived, as I have, sixty-seven years, you will give more for the fourteenth or seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel, or for one of the Epistles, than for all the poetry in the Bible."

2545. GOSPEL, Different aspects of. It is related of John Wesley that, preaching to an audience of courtiers and noblemen, he used the "generation of vipers" text, and flung denunciation right and left. "That sermon should have been preached at Newgate," said a displeased courtier to Wesley on passing out. "No," said the fearless apostle; "my text *there* would have been, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!'"

2546. GOSPEL, duty of spreading it. Huber, the great naturalist, tells us that if a single wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food he will return to his nest and impart the good news to his companions, who will sally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare which has been discovered for them. Shall we who have found honey in the rock Christ Jesus be less considerate of our fellow-men than wasps are of their fellow-insects?—*Spurgeon.*

2547. GOSPEL, Firmness of. My dear grandfather, after having preached the gospel sixty-three years in one place, came to die; and as one of my uncles stood at his bedside he quoted that hymn—

"Firm as the earth Thy gospel stands."

Said he, "James, I do not like Dr. Watts' saying, 'Firm as the earth;' why, the earth is slipping and sliding away under my feet even now. James, I

want something firmer than the earth now ; I like the Doctor better when he sings—

'Firm as His throne His promise stands.'

Ah, that is it ; we want something as firm as the 'throne of God' !"—*Spurgeon.*

2548. GOSPEL, for all. I heard of a woman once who thought there was no promise in the Bible for her ; they were all for other people. One day she got a letter, and when she opened it, found it was not for her at all, but for some other woman of the same name. It led her to ask herself, "If I should find some promise in the Bible directed to me, how should I know that it meant me, and not some other woman ?" And she found out that she must just take God at His word, and include herself among the "whosoever" and the "every creatures" to whom the gospel is freely preached.—*Moody.*

2549. GOSPEL, for all. It happened, one evening, soon after I began my journey up the country, that I found my way to the homestead of a Dutch Boer, of whom I begged a night's lodging. It was nightfall, and the family must soon go to rest. But first, would the stranger address some words of Christian counsel to them ? Gladly I assented, and the big barn was resorted to. Looking round on my congregation, I saw my host and hostess with their family. There were crowds of black forms hovering near at hand, but never a one was there in the barn. I waited, hoping they might be coming. But no ; no one came. Still I waited as expecting something. "What ails you ?" said the farmer "Why don't you begin ?" "May not your servants come too ?" I replied. "Servants !" shouted the master ; "do you mean the Hottentots, man ? Are you mad to think of preaching to Hottentots ? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons ; or, if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them !" This was too much for my feelings, and tears began to trickle down my cheeks. I opened my New Testament, and read out for my text the words, "*Truth, Lord : yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their masters' table.*" A second time the words were read, and then my host, vanquished by the arrow from God's own quiver, cried out, "Stop ! you must have your own way. I'll get you all the Hottentots, and they shall hear you." The barn soon filled with rows of dark forms, whose eager looks gazed at the stranger. I then preached *my first sermon to the heathen*. I shall never forget that night.—*Dr. Moffat (condensed).*

2550. GOSPEL, for man. A band of missionaries and native teachers spent a night on Darnley Island, when a project was formed to establish a mission on Murray Island. Some of the natives of this island seemed specially intent on intimidating the teachers, and convincing them that a mission there was perfectly hopeless. "There are alligators there," said they, "and snakes and centipedes." "Hold !" said Tepeso, one of the teachers, "*are there men there ?*" "Oh yes," was the reply, "there are men ; but they are such dreadful savages that it is no use your thinking of living among them." "That will do," responded Tepeso. "Wherever there are men missionaries are bound to go !"

2551. GOSPEL, for rich and poor. Old Bishop Latimer, it is said, in a coarse frieze gown, trudged a-foot, his testament hanging at one end of his

leathern girdle, and his spectacles at the other, and without ceremony instructed the people in rustic style from a hollow tree ; while the courtly Ridley, in satin and in fur, taught the same principles in the cathedral of the metropolis.

2552. GOSPEL, for the poor. A preacher should needs know how to make a right difference between sinners—between the impenitent and confident and the sorrowful and penitent ; otherwise the whole Scripture is locked up. When Amsdorf began to preach before the princes at Schmalcalden, with great earnestness he said, "*The gospel belongs to the poor and sorrowful*, and not to you princes, great persons, and courtiers that live in continual joy and delight, in secureness, void of all tribulation."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

2553. GOSPEL, Freeness of. Adam Clarke, preaching once on the freeness of the gospel, that it was to be obtained "without money and without price," said, "Yes, the water of life is free ; but you must pay for the pitchers that hold it."

2554. GOSPEL, Going to preach. When I was converted I was clerk for a merchant. I told my father I was going to give that business up and preach the gospel. He said, "Where will you preach ?" I answered, "There must be some place for me between here and the Rocky Mountains." And so I started fifty-two years ago.—*Dr. S. H. Tyng.*

2555. GOSPEL, Harmony of. One of Dr. Mac-knight's parishioners, a humorous blacksmith, who thought that his parson's writing of learned books was a sad waste of time, being asked if the Doctor was at the manse, answered, "Na, na ; he's gane to Edinbro' on a verra useless job." The Doctor had gone off to the printer with his laborious and valuable work, "The Harmony of the Four Gospels." On being asked what this useless work might be which engaged his minister's time and attention, the blacksmith replied, "He's gane to mak' four men agree wha ne'er cast out."

2556. GOSPEL, Helping the progress of. At a missionary meeting where a number of coloured people were present the hymn, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness," was sung while the collection was being taken. One woman was very energetic in the line, "Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel," but she shut her eyes when the box came near. An old negro who was collecting, seeing this, said, "It no use singing 'Fly broad' 'cept you give something to find wings to fly with. And," said he, giving her a nudge with the box, "put a feather in his wings."—*Dr. Andijf.*

2557. GOSPEL, hidden to men. All along the Malabar coast there is that ancient interesting church of Syrian Christians. Their number is about three hundred thousand. They call themselves the Christians of St. Thomas, and claim to have sprung from the preaching of St. Thomas himself. . . . In one of their out-of-the-way churches there is a very ancient tablet which has become an object of interest to the antiquarian world. The tablet, which is let into the wall, shows a cross with an inscription beneath in some dead, unknown tongue. I asked an official of the church what the inscription meant. "He didn't know—none of them knew." The

inscription is, I believe, in the Pehlavi, a long-extinguished dialect of the ancient Persian, and I was afterwards told its meaning—"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ Jesus my Lord." But the language before their eyes day after day is as dead to them as they are to the truth it expresses.—*Rev. W. Johnson, B.A.*

2558. GOSPEL, how it should be preached. I have heard on a calm summer's evening the sweet tones of a human voice brought to my ears from the farther side of a deep valley. The day was over and gone; night, with its gloom and sadness, had fallen upon the land; and not a sound was heard save the murmur of the river and that solitary voice singing some native air well known there among the mountains for generations past. The voice wandered over the hills, lingered in the caves of the rocks, trembled among the tree-branches, and filled the night air with its soft pathetic notes. It was a sigh breaking into a song; and it created in the mind of the listener longings that cannot be put into words—longings for the years that had been, and for the friends, companions, and fathers who were gone; longings also for the perfect good, the state in which all discord has ceased and life is restful, harmonious, and eternal. Our preaching ought to resemble that voice, and should come upon the people burdened with love, subdued with tenderness, saturated with the genius of the gospel—a "sweet lyric song," having power to call forth their best aspirations, to inspire longings for "the things which are not seen," to wean their hearts from the vain show in which so many live, and to fix their minds upon Christ and God and heaven.—*Thomas Jones.*

2559. GOSPEL, how so difficult to preach. "My best presentations of the gospel to you are so incomplete! Sometimes, when I am alone, I have such sweet and rapturous visions of the love of God and the truths of His Word, that I think if I could speak to you then I should move your hearts. I am like a child who, walking forth some sunny morning, sees grass and flowers all shining with drops of dew. 'Oh,' he cries, 'I'll carry these beautiful things to my mother!' and, eagerly plucking them, the dew drops into his little palm, and all the charm is gone. There is but grass in his hand, and no longer pearls.—*Beecher.*

2560. GOSPEL, in a sentence. There was once a caravan numbering in its company a godly and devoted missionary. As it passed along a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labour of the journey, and, sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and when the others had passed along, kneeling down by his side, whispered in his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with great effort answered, "*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,*" and soon expired. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer, and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man, he felt assured he had died in Christ. "How or when," he thought, "could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got this hope?" As he thought of it he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the corpse. He succeeded in getting it out. What do you think was his surprise and delight when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, in which these words occur! On

that one page the man had found the gospel of salvation.—*H. L. Hastings.*

2561. GOSPEL, is glad tidings. During a time of great awakening in America, through the instrumentality of Mr. Whitefield, Mr. Rowland, a truly pious and eloquent man, being invited to preach in the Baptist church of Philadelphia, proclaimed the terrors of the Divine law with such energy to those whose souls were already sinking under them that not a few fainted away. His error, however, was publicly corrected by the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, who, standing at the foot of the pulpit, and seeing the effect produced on the assembly, interrupted and arrested the preacher by this address:—"Brother Rowland, *is there no balm in Gilead?*—is there no physician there?" Mr. Rowland, on this, immediately changed the tenor of his address, and sought to direct to the Saviour those who were overwhelmed with a sense of their guilt.

2562. GOSPEL, Light of. It was early morning, and we were travelling high up on the Himalayas. To the left of us we knew there were deep valleys, but we could see nothing of them, for there was a thick mist covering them all. As we rode on we heard the sounds of awakening life—the crowing of cocks and the ring of the axe here and there, which told of the man beginning his day's labour. We continued on our way, and at last turned a corner. My friend said to me, "Look there!" and straight before us, about seventy miles off, were three great peaks of the Himalayan range clothed in spotless snow—all of them over 25,000 feet high. As we stood entranced looking at the pure white of those spotless mountains, it seemed as if some invisible hand had touched one of them with carmine—it glowed like a carbuncle; then the next peak began to glow, and then, little by little, the whole three became blood-red, and we looked—there was the sun rising. Oh, it was a wonderful sight! We were in the quiet shadow; all around us was mist, and there was the sun afar off on the distant peaks. I have often thought of that, and it has been to me in dark moments a parable and a prophecy. I have been travelling recently in places where I have thought all spiritual life was dead, and the light of the gospel to be obscured by the impenetrable mist of unbelief, but at times I have been convinced that there was an unseen but real movement of life in many places, and ever and anon I have seen the Sun of Righteousness awakening some to the blessed light of the more perfect day.—*Wardlaw Thompson.*

2563. GOSPEL, Loyalty to. During the late Civil War in America those who were loyal displayed the banner of the United States on almost every house throughout the country. Such was the case in the town of Fredericksburg. But when the inhabitants found that Stonewall Jackson and a regiment of Confederate soldiers were approaching, they were all, with one exception, frightened, and concealed their signs of loyalty. An elderly woman named Barbara Frike had the courage to display the banner outside the window. When the general saw it he ordered the soldiers to fire at it. In the midst of the fire and the smoke the old dame put her head out, and shouted with an electric voice, "Strike my grey head if you like, but spare the banner of my country!" Her courage overpowered the general, and he ordered his men to let her alone.

The gospel of Christ, unadulterated in its scriptural simplicity, has been the banner of our country for ages.—*Dr. Rees.*

2564. GOSPEL, Mainspring of. In a watch the hands and the larger and smaller wheels are moved by a power residing in a little spring. There is the *secret force* that moves the whole. Go into a large manufacturing establishment. If you will notice carefully, you will perceive a large shaft running the whole length of the building. To this are attached wheels, and bands go from these wheels to other wheels, and in these is inserted short shafting, and to it are attached augers, saws, knives, and chisels; and by these an immense amount of mechanical work is done. But what is the cause of all this motion? Where is the secret power which makes all this machinery do the work of five hundred men? The answer is easily given. It is steam. Let the steam go down, and this whole machinery would become as still and silent as the grave. So is the love of Christ the mainspring of the gospel—the motive-power which puts all the machinery of Christianity in operation.—*Rev. C. M. Temple.*

2565. GOSPEL, may be ashamed of us. Dr. Murray was made Warden of Manchester by James the First. There was little to do, and Murray had neither the ability nor the inclination to do much. The Warden was expected to preach but seldom, and Murray did not intend to preach at all. Murray was a gentleman in holy orders, and had nothing else to qualify him for either a preacher or a bishop. He once, it is said, preached before the King from the text, "*I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ,*" to which James uttered the response, spiced with an oath, "But the gospel may well be ashamed of thee."—*Dr. Halley.*

2566. GOSPEL, needs spiritual ears to appreciate it. Alphonse Karr heard a gardener ask his master's permission to sleep for the future in the stable; "for," said he, "there is no possibility of sleeping in the chamber behind the greenhouse, sir; there are nightingales there, which do nothing but guggle, and keep up a noise all the night." The sweetest sounds are but an annoyance to those who have no musical ear; doubtless the music of heaven would have no charms to carnal minds; certainly the joyful sound of the gospel is unappreciated so long as men's ears remain uncircumcised.—*Spurgeon.*

2567. GOSPEL, Penetrating power of. Down by Mitcham, when the lavender is growing, if you take a house there you will discern a smell of lavender; you may shut the windows and close the doors, but when any persons enter a whiff of lavender enters with them—you cannot help it; and if you live where the gospel is preached at all you will be sure to hear it and made to know of it. It is God's intention that you should. It is a voice that comes unasked and undesired, but come it does.—*Spurgeon.*

2568. GOSPEL, Pertinence of. A minister named Greer, while preaching in Scott county, Virginia, recently, on the prodigal son, was fired at by a dissipated young man, who believed the discourse was directed against himself. He managed to escape, and the clergyman, who was uninjured,

explained that he knew nothing regarding his assailant.

2569. GOSPEL, Power of. A chief of a distant tribe, whose name was Mosheu, visited Kuruman. As he could understand the Bechuana language, Mr. Moffat availed himself of the opportunity to speak of the "one thing needful," but without apparent effect. After some time he repeated his visit to Kuruman, bringing with him a very large retinue. He was agonising to enter the kingdom of God. "When first I visited you," he said to Mr. Moffat, "*I had only one heart, but now I have come with two. I cannot rest; my eyes will not slumber, because of the greatness of the things you told me on my first visit.*"

2570. GOSPEL, Power of. I had the privilege of dedicating a country church in a neighbourhood surrounded almost entirely with infidels. The preacher directed my attention to a tall, vigorous man in the congregation, and said he would give me his history when the service was over. He was, it seems, a violent, close-fisted man. Not a solitary farthing could anybody get out of him for the salvation of souls. "He went to the altar a few months ago," said the minister, "and gave his heart to Jesus." The infidels in the community said, "Wait a little while—touch his pocket, and you will see where his religion is." "Presently I came to him with my subscription-paper, and spoke of our embarrassment for the want of a church." "Well," said the man, "let us build a house." "What will you give?" "Ten pounds," was the prompt reply; and the minister passed through the community with the subscription-paper, at the head of which was this amount, written in the gentleman's own handwriting, which surprised everybody. A few days afterward a most trying circumstance occurred. His dear wife trembled for him. "Oh! my husband," she exclaimed, "don't go." His reply was, "I must go; my duty calls me there. I am perfectly cool and collected. I will not say a word or do a thing out of the way." He passed through the fiery ordeal without the least taint of anger. The community then said, "*Surely there is something in this; you have reached his pocket, you have conquered his anger, and you have subdued the man. There is power in this gospel of Christ.*"—*Bishop Bowman (condensed).*

2571. GOSPEL, Preach the. Sir Richard Hill was originally greatly opposed to what he considered the irregularity of his brother preaching in the open air. He little supposed that he himself would soon engage in the same practice. Their father sent him to Bristol to prevail on Rowland to return home. On his arrival at Bristol he heard that his brother was gone to Kingswood to preach to the colliers. He immediately followed him, and found him surrounded by an immense multitude of these long-neglected people, listening with the greatest interest to the solemn appeal he was making. Mr. Rowland Hill, seeing his brother, proceeded with increased earnestness; and such was the power of his address that the black faces of the poor colliers soon exhibited innumerable channels of tears, which the sermon had caused them to shed. Mr. Richard Hill was much affected by the unusual scene, and Rowland, taking advantage of his emotion, announced at the conclusion of the service, "My brother, Richard Hill, Esq., will preach here at this

time to-morrow." Under the impression produced by what he had just witnessed, Mr. Richard Hill consented, and instead of returning with his brother to Hawkstone, became his coadjutor in the very work he designed to persuade him to relinquish.

2572. GOSPEL, Preaching the. A lady observed to a clergyman, "Sir, your preaching would starve all the Christians in the world." "Starve all the Christians in the world!" said the astonished preacher; "why, do I not speak the truth?" "Yes," replied the lady; "and so you would were you to stand in the desk all day and say my name is Mary. But, sir, there is *something beside the letter* in the truth of the gospel."—*Whitcross.*

2573. GOSPEL, Refusing to hear. When men refuse to hear the gospel from the lips of a gracious but uneducated preacher they remind us of the Spaniard in South America who suffered severely from the gout, but refused to be cured by an Indian. "I know," said he, "that he is a famous man, and would certainly cure me; but he is an Indian, and would expect to be treated with attentions which I cannot pay to a man of colour, and therefore I prefer remaining as I am."—*Spurgeon.*

2574. GOSPEL, Spread of. A missionary travelling in a distant part of Madagascar came unexpectedly on a town where the people professed to be Christians, although surrounded by heathen tribes. He inquired how it was, and learned that one of their number who had been ill was sent to Antananarivo for treatment, where, on his little bed, he had learned to read the Bible, found the precious truths of the gospel, and *carried them home with him.* He persuaded his fellow-townsmen to build a chapel, and there he was—pastor over a Christian congregation.

2575. GOSPEL story, Power of. I wish I could take you to a scene in the kingdom of Hyderabad. The people had arisen in a mob to drive us out, because we tried to speak of another God than theirs. The throng was filling the streets. *They told me that if I tried to utter another word I should be killed!* I must leave at once, or never leave that city alive! . . . I succeeded in getting permission to tell them a story before they stoned me. They were standing around me ready to throw the stones, while I told them the story of all stories—the love of the Divine Father that had made us of one blood. I told them that story of the birth in the manger at Bethlehem; of that marvellous life; of the gracious words that He spoke. I told them the story of the cross, and pictured, in the graphic words that the Master gave me that day, the story of our Saviour *nailed to the cross, for them.* When I told them that I saw the men go and throw their stones into the gutter, and down the cheeks of the very men that had been clamouring the loudest for my blood I saw the tears running. And when I told them how He had been laid in the grave, and how, after three days, He had come forth triumphant, and had ascended again to heaven, and that there He ever lives to make intercession for them, and that through His merit *every one of them might receive remission of sins and eternal life,* I told them I had finished my story, and they might stone me now. But, no! they did not want to stone me now. They came forward and bought scriptures and gospels and tracts, and paid the money for them;

for they wanted to know more of the wonderful Saviour."—*Rev. D. Chamberlain (condensed).*

2576. GOSPEL, Subduing power of. Amongst the very first comers [at an open-air service, Amoy, China] was a well-dressed, respectable-looking young man. He took a position close to where we were standing. He evidently did not come prepossessed in our favour. He looked severely on us, and there were hard lines about his mouth, as though he were contending with some internal passion. I saw this, and said to him, "Do you know why we have come here to-day?" His reply was a prolonged stare at me. I took no notice of this, but said, "We have come to tell you and these gathered here *about a Father in heaven who loves you.*" The effect upon the man was instantaneous. A whole battery of arguments could not have produced a more sudden effect than these few unpremeditated words did upon him. His face at once softened down; the stern, severe lines about his mouth melted away, and though he made no reply, I could see he was touched. He remained rooted to the spot, an earnest listener all the time we remained there.—*Rev. J. Macgowan.*

2577. GOSPEL, The half of. A poor man who had spent a life of ignorance and sin, was found by a London clergyman apparently dying in a miserable garret. He was in great anxiety of mind from an apparently accidental cause. A stray leaf torn from a Testament had caught his eye. It was part of Romans iii. He had read the vivid description of the ungodly man which that chapter contains, and saw its application to his own case. *But where was the remedy,* and where the gospel? Alas! the paper was torn off in the middle of the twenty-first verse: "But now the righteousness of God without the law is" . . . "Is what?" said the anxious man. "Do the next words give any hope for such a sinner as I am?" The remainder of the chapter was read and explained simply to him, and the good news of the gospel was "as cold water to a thirsty soul."

2578. GOSPEL, The true. A converted Indian was once giving an account of the missionaries who came to preach to his people. "One came," he said, "wishing to teach us, and he began by proving to us that there was a God. But we said to him, 'Do you think we do not know that? Go back again to your own place.' Another came, and began to tell us, 'You must not steal, nor drink too much, nor lie, nor lead wicked lives;' and we answered him, 'Do you think we do not know that? Go and teach your own people not to do these things, for who are greater drunkards, or thieves, or liars than they?' Some time after this Christian Henry came to us, and spoke these words—'I come to you in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth. *He sends me to tell you that He would gladly save you.* For this purpose He became man, and shed His blood for man. All who believe in His name obtain the forgiveness of their sins. Even if you are the chief of sinners, yet, if you pray to the Father in Jesus' name, He will hear you, and at last bring you to live with Him for ever in heaven.' I thought a great deal over Christian Henry's words; they were quite different from what we had heard before. And, by the grace of God, many were awakened by them from their sins, and brought to believe in the name of Jesus."

2579. GOSPEL, Right effects of. A wild young

fellow had got tamed by the gospel, and afterwards never neglected an opportunity of hearing it. He had a great impediment in his speech, and could scarcely get two syllables together without stuttering; but God had understood his cry for mercy, and made him happy in His pardoning love. One night, on his way to the preaching service, he was met by an old Antinomian professor, who said, "Where are you going to-night?" As fast as he could get it out he said, "Going to the preaching." "Who's going to preach?" Name being given, he said, "Oh! you are going to hear some of his *stuff*, are you?" Holding up his fingers, the happy convert said, "Let the stuff be what it may, it keeps our fingers straight." The Antinomian had been twice in jail because he could not keep his hands off other persons' property.—*Dr. Antliff*.

2580. GOSPEL-SEED, watered by martyr-blood. The blood of Scotland's proto-martyr, the noble Patrick Hamilton, and the memory of his dying prayer, "*How long, O Lord, shall darkness cover this realm?*" fomented the young Reformation life over a comparatively silent germinating period of more than twenty years. Knox, and with him Scotland, kindled at the pile of George Wishart. Andrew Melville caught the falling mantle of Knox. And as with the martyrs under popery in that century, so with those under the "black prelacy" of the next. When Richard Cameron fell at Aird's Moss—as if in answer to his own prayer as the action began, "Lord, spare the green and take the ripe!"—all the more strenuously strove Cargill, till he too, in the year following, sealed the truth with his blood. And more followed, and yet more, through that last and worst decade of the pitiless storm known as, by emphasis, *the killing time*." Through those terrible years Peden dragged out a living death, and as he thought of Cameron, now at rest, often exclaimed, "Oh to be with Ritchie!" Young Renwick, too, caught up the torn flag, nobly saying, "They are but standard-bearers that have fallen; the Master lives." Thus one after another, on blood-drenched scaffold or on blood-soaked field, fell the precious seed-grain, to rise in harvests manifold, till just at the darkest hour before the dawn Renwick's martyrdom closed the red roll in 1688, the very year of the revolution, and the seed so long "sown in tears" was "reaped in joy."—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

2581. GOSSIP, Evil of. A man who, for a moment's gossiping gratification, drops an idle word affecting a neighbour's character, resembles that Scotchman who, from partiality to the flora of his native land, sowed a little thistle-down in the British colony where he had raised his tabernacle, and where that nuisance to agriculturists had been unknown up to that time. It grew and flourished; and breezes—like the active wind of talk, that soon propagates a slander—carried the winged seeds hither and thither, to found for their obnoxious species thousands of new homes.—*F. W. Robertson*.

2582. GOSSIP, may be useful. Omar (one of Mahomet's converts), wishing to let his conversion transpire among the Khoreishites without avowing it himself, went, on leaving the meeting, to the house of a Khoreishite notorious as a newsmonger and for his impotence to keep a secret. "Listen," said he to him, "but do not betray me; I have just made a secret profession of faith to Islamism." The news-

monger runs immediately to the vestibule of the Kaaba, the habitual resort of the idlers of Mecca, crying aloud that Omar has apostatised the idols, and was become perfected like the others. "Thou liest," said Omar to him, coming up behind him; "I am not perfected; *I am converted*; I am a Mussulman; I make confession that there are no other gods but the only God, and that Mahomet is the revealer of that God."—*Lamartine*.

2583. GRACE, a compensation. Henry Welch (one of the Puritans) was, I suppose, a preacher of no extraordinary ability, but it is said of him, that, "though he did not excel in gifts, *it was made up to him in grace*."—*Dr. Halley*.

2584. GRACE, and common-sense. The late Dr. Husband, of Dumfermline, called on him (the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington), and was beginning to ask him some questions as to the place grace held in the Divine economy. "Come away wi' me and I'll expound that; but when I'm speaking look you after my feet." They got upon a rough bit of common, and the eager and full-minded old man was in the midst of his unfolding the Divine scheme, and his student was drinking in his words, and forgetting his part of the bargain. His master stumbled and fell, and getting up, somewhat sharply said, "James, the grace of God can do much, but *it canna gi'e a man common-sense*," which is as good theology as sense.—*John Brown, M.D.*

2585. GRACE and free will. Mrs. Romaine was once in company with a clergyman at Tiverton, who spoke with no little zeal against what he called "irresistible grace," alleging that "such grace would be quite incompatible with free will." "Not at all so," answered Mrs. Romaine; "*grace operates effectually, yet not coercively*. The wills of God's people are drawn to Him and divine things, just as your will would be drawn to a bishopric, if you had the offer of it."

2586. GRACE, Beginnings of. Trace back any river to its source, and you will find its beginnings small. A little moisture oozing through the sand or dripping out of some unknown rock, a gentle gush from some far-away mountain's foot, are the beginning of many a broad river, in whose waters tall merchantmen may anchor and gallant fleets may ride. For it widens and gets deeper, till it mingles with the ocean. So is the *beginning of a Christian's or a nation's grace*. It is first a tiny stream, then it swells into a river, then a sea. There is life and progression towards an ultimate perfection when God finds the beginning of grace in any man.—*Rev. J. J. Wray*.

2587. GRACE, Debt to. When a friend observed to him that we must run deeper and deeper in grace's debt, he replied, "Oh yes; and God is a good creditor; He never seeks back the principal sum, and, indeed, puts up with a poor annual rent."—*Life of Rev. John Brown, of Haddington*.

2588. GRACE, Dying and living. "How is it, said a pious but anxiously worrying lady, "that I never can feel willing to die? I know I ought; I trust Christ fully, I believe in Him, and yet I don't feel willing to die." And it troubled her for years. She went to her pastor about it, and went to many friends and counsellors, but all to no purpose. No one could help her. At last an old coloured "auntie"

heard her lamentations, and broke out upon her with, "Why, it isn't *dying* grace ye want, child; it's *living* grace ye want. Go ahead and do your work, and let the dying take its own time and its own grace." The lady was comforted, and thenceforth was content to grow and go step by step. When she was dying she found abundant supply of dying grace.—*Christian Age*.

2589. GRACE, for daily needs. "Have you grace enough to be burned at the stake?" was the question lately put to Mr. Moody, who answered in the negative. "Do you not wish that you had?" "No, sir; for I do not need it. What I need just now is grace to live in Milwaukee three days and hold a convention."—*The Quiver*.

2590. GRACE, Growth in. I have in my garden a tree that I have very carefully cultivated. It is not difficult for me to conceive that that tree may be perfect—that there is not a root nor a branch wanting; its foliage and fruitage are perfect; it is yielding fruit; but next summer I expect a little more than it has borne this year. The fruit may be no better than it was last year; it was perfect then, and is perfect now, but there is more of it, because, in the meantime, the tree has grown. So with your Christian experience.—*Bishop Bowman*.

2591. GRACE, Growth in. Payson, when he lay on his bed dying, said, "All my life Christ has seemed to me as a star afar off; but little by little He has been advancing and growing larger and larger, till now His beams seem to fill the whole hemisphere, and I am floating in the glory of God, wondering with unutterable wonder how such a mote as I should be glorified in His light." But he came to that after a long life.—*Beecher*.

2592. GRACE, in difficult circumstances. Dr. Kane, finding a flower under the Humboldt glacier, was more affected by it because it grew beneath the lip and cold bosom of the ice than he would have been by the most gorgeous garden bloom. So the most single, struggling grace in the heart of one far removed from Divine influence may be dearer to God than a whole catalogue of virtues in the life of one more favoured of Heaven.—*Beecher*.

2593. GRACE, Influence of. The wheel of a mill, not being oiled, groans and creaks, groans and creaks, all night long; and there are two ways of curing it. One is to pour oil on it; and the other is to stop it, and let it stand still. There is an oil of grace that will enable a man to cure the infirmity of temper, if he knows how to take it and pour it on. That may be employed; or the infirmity of temper may be cured by stopping the wheels of life and letting them stand still.—*Beecher*.

2594. GRACE, Kingdom of. A female slave in Travancore, at a public examination of candidates for baptism, in reply to the question, "What is meant by the words, 'Thy kingdom come'?" when the silence of others made it her turn to speak, modestly said, "We therein pray that grace may reign in every heart."

2595. GRACE of God, Resting in. During Mr. Legh Richmond's last illness a friend was speaking to him of the immense value and importance of their religious principles, when he raised himself upright in his chair, and with great solemnity of

manner said, "Brother, we are only half awake—we are none of us more than half awake! The enemy, as our poor people would say, has been very busy with me. I have been in great darkness—a strange thought has passed through my mind—it is all delusion. Brother, brother, strong evidences—nothing but strong evidences—will do at such an hour as this. I have looked here and looked there for them—all have failed me; and so I rest myself on the sovereign, free, and full grace of God, in the covenant by Christ Jesus; and there, brother" (looking at his friend with a smile of tranquillity quite indescribable), "there I have found peace."

2596. GRACE, Power of. An individual in the United States was bitten by a rabid animal, and knew that he must die of the consequent malady. Before the paroxysm came upon him he determined that, by the grace of God, he would hold all violent feeling and desires in perfect subjection, and by grace fortified himself for the approaching conflict. When the paroxysm did come—and none could suffer more than he did—he held out even unto death, never in a single instance or for a single moment yielding to the maddening desires that burned within him. In the midst of the most terrible paroxysms he would call for his infant child, take it in his arms, look into its face and kiss it, and then, with his blessing, give it back to its mother. So he continued until "he fell asleep."—*Asa Mahan, D.D.*

2597. GRACE, Power of. "By the grace of God I am what I am; nothing in myself, all in Christ." So said, at the last, a genial old man whose bones rest in Westminster Abbey, whose services humanity will never forget, who could walk from Gore House to the Parliament Houses repeating to himself the Ninety-first Psalm, and then by a persuasive eloquence, chastened by pure taste and enriched by classic allusion, hold the members of the House of Commons entranced while he depicted the horrors of the slave-trade—William Wilberforce.—*S. N. Dodge*.

2598. GRACE, Power of. Rowland Hill was introduced to an aged Scotch minister somewhat resembling himself in piety and eccentricity. The old man looked at him for some time very earnestly, and at length said, "Weel, I have been looking for some time at the leens of your face." "And what do you think of it?" said Mr. Hill. "Why, I am thinking that *if the grace of God had na changed your heart* you would have been a most tremendous rogue." Mr. Hill laughed heartily, and said, "Well, you have just hit the nail on the head."—*Family Circle*.

2599. GRACE, Restraining power of. During the ministry of the Rev. Ralph Erskine at Dunfermline a man was executed for robbery, whom he repeatedly visited in prison, and whom he attended on the scaffold. Mr. Erskine addressed both the spectators and the criminal, and after concluding his speech he laid his hands on his breast, uttering these words—"But for restraining grace I had been brought, by this corrupt heart, to the same condition with this unhappy man."

2600. GRACE, Saved by. I had long wished to be the bearer of life to some condemned cell. My wish was granted me. It was on a Tuesday that a poor sentenced criminal was to be hanged. He was within one day of the fatal drop. But on the Mon-

day, all unexpectedly, I was summoned to take him his life! I had obtained a *reprieve* for that man—a paper signed by our gracious sovereign giving him back his forfeited life. . . . My first thought was, "Where is the train that can bear me swift enough to the cell?" Delay appeared cruel; until, at the very threshold of the prison, I bethought me thus—"How can I tell him? The man will die, so great will be the revulsion. He *has* died, so to speak. He *is* dead in law. And he is already in the bitterness of death." So, with life in my hand, I stand before the victim in his cell. His face is wan, his knees feeble, his vacant eyes have no tears. "My poor man, can you read?" "Yes," was the reply. Fearing to break the royal pardon to him too suddenly I added, "Would you like your life?" "Sir," he responds, "do not trifle with me." "But life is sweet—is it not?" "Sir, I would rather you would not speak to me." "But would you not like me to procure your life." "It is of no use, sir; I'm justly condemned. I'm a dead man." "But the Queen *could* give you your life." He looks inquiringly at me, but is silent. "Can you read this?" And now those hot eyes are directed down upon the paper. As he intently reads, putting my arm around his shoulders, I say, "There, my poor fellow, there is your life!" No sooner had I uttered the words than, as I expected, he dropped down at my feet. There he lay, as it were, *dead*! It was more than he could bear.—*J. Denham Smith* (condensed).

2601. GRACE, Saved by. An officer during an engagement received a ball which struck him near his waistcoat pocket, where a piece of silver stopped the progress of the nearly spent ball. The coin was slightly marked at the words "*Dei gratia*." This providential circumstance deeply impressed his mind, and led him to read a tract, which his beloved and pious sister gave him on leaving his native land, entitled "The Sin and Danger of Neglecting the Saviour." This tract it pleased God to bless to his conversion.

2602. GRACE, Secret of. Some living creatures maintain their hold by foot or body on flat surfaces by a method that seems like magic, and with a tenacity that amazes the observer. A fly marching at ease with feet uppermost on a plastered ceiling, and a mollusc sticking to the smooth water-worn surface of a basaltic rock, while the long swell of the Atlantic at every pulse sends a huge white billow roaring and hissing and cracking and crunching over it, are objects of wonder to the on-looker. That apparently supernatural solidity is the most natural thing in the world. It is emptiness that imparts so much strength to these feeble creatures. A vacuum, on the one side within a web-foot, and on the other within the shell, is the secret of their power. By dint of that emptiness in itself the creature quietly and easily clings to the wall or the rock, so making all the strength of the wall or rock its own. By its emptiness it is held fast; the moment it becomes full it drops off. Ah! it is the self-emptiness of a humble, trustful soul that makes the Redeemer's strength his own, and so keeps him safe in an evil world.—*Arnot*.

2603. GRACE, Silent and invisible. Dew falls insensibly and invisibly. You may be in the field all night and not perceive the dew falling, and yet find great dew upon the grass. So the operations and blessings of God's Word, and graces thereof,

are invisible; we feel the work, but the manner of the working is unknown to us. No man can see the conversion of another, nor can well discern his own. The Word works by little and little, like as the dew falls.—*Rev. B. Keach*.

2604. GRACES, The elementary. "Pray for me," said an eminent French pastor on his death-bed, "that I may have the *elementary graces*."—*Dean Stanley*.

2605. GRATEFULNESS, the one thing needed. A gentleman in Bombay, seeing an anchorite sitting under a cocoanut-tree, asked for an interest in his prayers. The anchorite replied he would with pleasure grant the request, but he scarce knew what best to ask for him. "I have seen you often," said he, "and you appear to enjoy good health, and to have everything that can conduce to human happiness; perhaps the best thing I can ask for you will be a grateful heart."

2606. GRATIFICATION, Momentary. Lysimachus, on account of extreme thirst, offered his kingdom to the Getæ to quench it. His exclamation when he had drunk, says Bishop Horne, is wonderfully striking—"Ah, wretched me! who, for such a momentary gratification, have lost so great a kingdom!" How applicable this to the case of him who, for the momentary pleasures of sin, parts with the kingdom of heaven!

2607. GRATITUDE, and ingratitude. At the dinner-table in the cabin of a steamboat there sat a conceited young man, who thought he displayed his own importance by abusing everything placed before him. A clergyman present remonstrated with him, but in vain. Even on deck he continued his complaints of the ill-cooked, unsavoury fare, until the clergyman, thoroughly disgusted, turned away, and, walking toward the steerage, noticed an old man, in his home-spun and well-worn shepherd's plaid, crouching behind the paddle-box, where he thought himself unobserved. He took from his pocket a piece of dry bread and cheese, and laying them down before him, reverently took off his blue bonnet, his thin white hairs streaming in the wind, clasped his hands together, and blessed God for His mercy. In the great Giver's hands lie gifts of many kinds, and to the scantiest dole of this world's fare we oftentimes see added that richer boon—a *grateful heart*.—*Christian Age*.

2608. GRATITUDE, cause of promotion. The founder of the family of Fitzwilliam was Alderman of Bread Street. Before his death he forgave all his debtors, and wrote upon the erased accounts of each, "*Amore Dei remitto*." Cardinal Wolsey was the chief means of this worthy citizen's acquiring his large fortune. After the disgrace of the Cardinal, Mr. Fitzwilliam very hospitably entertained him at Milton, Northamptonshire. Henry VIII. was so enraged at this that he sent for Mr. Fitzwilliam to court, and said, "How, ha! how comes it, ha! that you dare entertain a traitor?" Fitzwilliam modestly replied, "Please your Highness, I did it not from *disloyalty*, but *gratitude*." The angry monarch here interrupted him by, "How, ha!" (the usual exclamation of his rage). "From gratitude," he continued, "as he was my old master, and the means of my greatest fortunes." Impetuous Harry was so much pleased with the answer that he shook him heartily by the hand,

and said, "Such gratitude, ha! shall never want a master. Come into my service, worthy man, and teach my other servants gratitude, for few of them have any." He then knighted him on the spot, and Mr. Fitzwilliam was immediately sworn in a Privy Councillor.

2609. GRATITUDE, Expression of. A person applied to a pious woman requesting her husband to become bound for an amount which, if ever demanded, would sweep away all his property. On her replying, "My husband will attend, sir, whenever you may appoint," a bystander asked her, "Do you know what you are engaging to do, and that, perhaps, this may be the means of leaving you destitute?" She replied, "Yes, I do; but that gentleman found us in the greatest distress, and by his kindness we are surrounded with comforts. Now, should such an event take place, *he will only leave us where he found us.*"

2610. GRATITUDE, Expression of. While Dr. Hutton, Bishop of Durham, was once travelling between Wensleydale and Ingleton, he suddenly dismounted, delivered his horse to the care of one of his servants, and retired to a particular spot at some distance from the highway, where he knelt down and continued for some time in prayer. On his return one of his attendants took the liberty of inquiring his reason for this singular act, when the bishop informed him that when he was a poor boy he travelled over that cold and bleak mountain without shoes or stockings, and that he remembered disturbing a cow on the identical spot where he prayed, that he might warm his feet and legs on the place where she had lain. His feelings of gratitude would not allow him to pass the place without presenting his thanksgivings to God for the favours He had shown him.

2611. GRATITUDE, for everything. Chrysostom died on his way to exile, with his favourite expression on his lips, "*God be praised for everything.*"—*Dr. Fish.*

2612. GRATITUDE, how it may be expressed. An old Scotchman was taking his grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, being an aged man; but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would ask him for help. The horseman proved to be a nobleman who lived in the castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favour of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also, and, not waiting to be asked, he dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John—for he was a gentleman too—lifted his cap and said, "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?" "Very easily, John," replied the nobleman. "Whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, *help him, and that will be thanking me.*"—*British Workman.*

2613. GRATITUDE, Influence of. An Englishman, going to reside at Kingston, in Jamaica, was reduced from a state of affluence to very great distress; so much so, that in the time of sickness he was destitute of home, money, medicine, food, and friends. Just in this time of need an old negro Christian offered his assistance, and bringing medi-

cine, administered it himself, and furnished nourishment, sat up three nights, and acted, in short, the part of doctor, nurse, and host. Through the blessing of God the sick man recovered, who then inquired what expenses he had been at, and promised remuneration as soon as possible. The generous old Christian replied, "Massa, you owe me nothing; me owe you much still. Me neber able to pay you, because you taught me to read de Word of God." This reply so affected the man, that from that time he too became a Christian.—*Biblical Museum.*

2614. GRATITUDE, should be towards God. A lady applied to the eminent philanthropist of Bristol, Richard Reynolds, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally she said, "When he is old enough I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man, "thou art mistaken. *We do not thank the clouds for rain.* Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

2615. GRATITUDE, that things are not worse. When American independence had been achieved the Colonies, of course, held general jubilees. And good King George, who had been sadly worsted in the conflict, thinking himself quite as pious as his disloyal subjects, appointed also a day of thanksgiving for the restoration of peace to his long-disturbed empire. In the vicinity of Windsor Castle dwelt a most estimable member of the Church, who shared his sovereign's intimacy and conversed with him freely. On this occasion the worthy divine ventured to say, "Your Majesty has sent out a proclamation for a day of thanksgiving. For what are we to give thanks? Is it because your Majesty has lost thirteen of the fairest jewels from your crown?" "No, no," replied the monarch; "not for that." "Well, then, shall we give thanks because so many millions of treasure have been spent in this war, and so many millions added to the public debt?" "No, no," again replied the King; "not for that." "Shall we, then, give thanks that so many thousands of our fellow-men have poured out their life-blood in this unhappy and unnatural struggle between those of the same race and religion?" "No, no," exclaimed George for the third time; "not for that." "For what, then, may it please your Majesty, are we to give thanks?" again asked the pious divine. "THANK GOD!" cried the King most energetically—"THANK GOD THAT IT IS NOT ANY WORSE!"—*Wadsworth.*

2616. GRATITUDE to God, forgotten. A farmer, returning from church, where he had heard the text, "The ox knoweth his owner," &c., "but Israel doth not know, my people do not consider," went into his farm-yard, when a favourite cow came towards him to lick his hand; and the farmer, who had been hitherto quite an ungodly man, burst into tears as he thought, "Why, that's it! That poor creature knows me, and can be grateful to me, and yet I have never thought of, and never have been grateful to, God."—*American Newspaper.*

2617. GRATITUDE, well expressed. I was appointed to lecture in a town in Great Britain six miles from the railway, and a man drove me in a fly from the station to the town. I noticed that he sat leaning forward in an awkward manner, with

his face close to the glass of the window. Soon he folded a handkerchief and tied it round his neck. I asked him if he was cold. "No, sir." Then he placed the handkerchief round his face. I asked him if he had the toothache. "No, sir," was the reply. Still he sat leaning forward. At last I said, "Will you please tell me why you sit leaning forward that way with a handkerchief round your neck if you are not cold and have no toothache?" He said very quietly, "The window of the carriage is broke, and the wind is cold, and I am trying to keep it from you." I said in surprise, "You are not putting your face to that broken pane to keep the wind from me, are you?" "Yes, sir, I am." "Why do you do that?" "God bless you, sir! I owe everything I have in the world to you." "But I never saw you before." "No, sir; but I have seen you. I was a ballad-singer once. I used to go round with a half-starved baby in my arms for charity, and a draggled wife at my heels half the time, with her eyes blackened; and I went to hear you in Edinburgh, and you told me I was a man; and when I went out of that house I said, 'By the help of God, I'll be a man;' and now I've a happy wife and a comfortable home. God bless you, sir! I would stick my head in any hole under the heavens if it would do you any good."—*J. B. Gough.*

2618. GRAVE, Consecrating influence of. At a Sabbath-school convention in Massachusetts a speaker stated that a friend of his, during an interview with President Lincoln, asked him if he loved Jesus. The President buried his face in his handkerchief and wept. He then said, "When I left home to take this chair of state I requested my countrymen to pray for me. I was not then a Christian. When my son died—the severest trial of my life—I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg, and looked upon the graves of our dead heroes, who had fallen in defence of their country, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ. I do love Jesus."—*Henry T. Williams.*

2619. GRAVE, Spell of. Napoleon declared that the spell he exercised over the affections of his soldiers would end with his life; but the little child knows no such limit to his sway. How many a Christian family, separated by distance, divided perhaps by some root of bitterness, has regained the paradise of an unbroken unity by bending over some early but never-to-be-forgotten grave!—*Rev. Dr. Butler.*

2620. GRAVE, World a. There sit we, with a grave before us. It is a bulwark cast up between time and eternity. Our eye may not pierce it. Below works corruption, and the form which once contained a beloved spirit is crumbling into earth. Has that alone died? No; we also are following after. Soon our dust will rest by the side of his; the dust of our children and of our children's children will soon be added. Generations bloom and generations fade; ever more and more of those who enter upon the surface of the earth are sinking again below it. The world is nothing more than one single, great continuous grave. As it swings around the sun in its accustomed orbit, like a true mother it carries the dust of her child in her bosom!—*Ludwig Fr. Theremin.*

2621. GREAT men, Use and need of. After the battle at Hochstadt or of Blenheim, in which Marl-

borough had so utterly and decisively beaten his opponents, while taking note of the prisoners the general saw a fine grenadier, stalwart, proud, and unbending, even though beaten. "Ah," said he in French, "if Louis XIV. had a hundred thousand such men as you he would carry on the war a little differently." "Tis not," said the soldier, as he saluted him—"Tis not a hundred thousand such as me that he wants, *mon général*, but one such man as you."—*J. Hain Friswell.*

2622. GREATNESS, and doing good. The last words of this patriotic monarch (Charles the Fifth of France) are memorable for the noble moral for kings which they contain. "I have aimed at justice," said he to those around him; "but what king can be certain that he has always followed it? Perhaps I have done much evil of which I am ignorant. Frenchmen! who now hear me, I address myself to the Supreme Being and to you. I find that kings are happy but in this—that they have the power of doing good."—*Percy Anecdotes.*

2623. GREATNESS, and regard for others. Julius Cæsar was not more eminent for his valour in overcoming his enemies than for his humane efforts in reconciling and attaching them to his dominion. In the battle of Pharsalia he rode to and fro, calling vehemently out, "Spare, spare the citizens!" Nor were any killed but such as obstinately refused to accept of life. After the battle he gave every man on his own side leave to save any of the opposite from the list of proscription; and at no long time after he issued an edict permitting all whom he had not yet pardoned to return in peace to Italy to enjoy their estates and honours. It was a common saying of Cæsar, that no music was so charming to his ears as the requests of his friends and the supplications of those in want of his assistance.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

2624. GREATNESS, burdensome. When Cromwell was in the height of his success as Protector of England he was apprehensive for the safety of his life. His aged mother at the sound of a musket would often be afraid her son was shot, and could not be satisfied unless she saw him once a day at least. In a burst of disappointment amid the contentions around him he said, "I had rather keep a flock of sheep."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

2625. GREATNESS, deceived in seeking. A haughty and ambitious nobleman of Siena constrained the devil by means of necromancy to tell him how he would succeed in battle. The devil mendaciously answered, "Thou shalt go forth and fight; thou shalt conquer not die in the battle, and thy head shall be highest in the camp." He, believing from these words that he should be victorious, and believing that he should be lord over all, did not put a stop after "not" (*Vincrai no, morrai*)—"Thou shalt conquer not; thou shalt die"). He was taken prisoner; his head was cut off and carried through all the camp fixed upon a lance.—*Longfellow, Notes to Purgatorio (condensed).*

2626. GREATNESS, End of. Sir Isaac Newton, in his declining years, and with faculties much impaired, was requested to explain some passage in his chief mathematical work. He could only, as it is reported, say that he knew it was true once. A similar circumstance is related of the great Duke of Marlborough. The history of his own campaigns

was read to him, to beguile the tedious hours of the evening of life, and, we are told, so far were his intellectual faculties impaired that he was unconscious of what he had done, and asked in admiration, from time to time, "Who commanded?"

2627. GREATNESS, Human. When Queen Anne went in state to a public thanksgiving in St. Paul's, surrounded as she was by the acclamations of her subjects, and the envy of all beholders, Her Majesty's mind was made utterly wretched by a violent altercation in the state carriage with her spoiled and imperious favourite, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, because the royal jewels were not arranged as her grace had proposed.

2628. GREATNESS, Human. It is reported that, once upon a time, the Emperor of all the Russias, having heard that Great Britain was interposing a barrier against some of his schemes, called for a map, and in his private study searched it diligently for the obnoxious land. He saw his own vast territories stretching away in gorgeous yellow across two continents; but nowhere could he desery that other country which he understood to be by pre-eminence denominated "Great." Wearied with his search, the royal scholar called in his secretary, and demanded of him where Great Britain lay on the map. "Please your Majesty," that functionary replied, "your thumb is on it."—*Denton.*

2629. GREATNESS, Instability of. "Tell me, O villa," says a Roman historian, "how many masters had you?" Cæsar was cruelly assassinated in the zenith of his power and glory. The wealthy Cassimir, King of Poland, while he sat at table with his grantees, died in the act of raising a jewelled cup to his lips. The Emperor Celsus was put to death seven days after his election. Charles XII. descended from the position of a conqueror to that of a forlorn exile among the infidels. Charles I. laid his royal robes aside to perish as a malefactor at Whitehall. On the 24th of February 1848 Louis Philippe rose in the Tuileries the King of the French; before mid-day he was a fugitive. Napoleon is another and most striking illustration of the mutability of human glory. One day he is the "arbiter of the destinies of Europe," and the next he is ruined—dethroned! *Sic transit gloria mundi.*—*Denton.*

2630. GREATNESS, must be in a man. It is related of Grosteste, an old Bishop of Lincoln, possessing great power in his day, that he was once asked by his stupid and idle brother to make a great man of him. "Brother," replied the Bishop, "if your plough is broken I'll pay for the mending of it, or if your ox should die I'll buy you another; but I cannot make a great man of you; a ploughman I found you, and, I fear, a ploughman I must leave you."—*Smiles.*

2631. GREATNESS, shown in little things. Pope Benedict the Ninth, hearing of Giotto's fame, sent one of his courtiers to Tuscany to propose to him certain paintings for the Church of St. Peter. The messenger arrived, saw the painter, and finally requested to have a drawing, that he might send it to His Holiness as a specimen with those of other painters. Giotto took a sheet of paper and a pencil dipped in a red colour, then resting his elbow on his side, to form a sort of compass, with one turn of the hand he drew a circle, so perfect

and exact that it was a marvel to behold. This done, he turned, smiling, to the courtier, saying, "Here is your drawing." "Am I to have nothing more than this?" inquired the latter, conceiving himself to be jested with. "That is enough and to spare," returned Giotto; "send it with the rest, and you will see if it will be recognised." It was from this incident that the Pope was led to perceive how far Giotto surpassed all the other painters of his time.—*Longfellow (condensed).*

2632. GREATNESS, transitory. A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escorial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more; and where our kings have been crowned their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

2633. GREATNESS, True. In old times it was the custom to crown a brave soldier with laurel before all the people. Zeno never went out to fight for his country, but spent his life in a better service, for he tried to teach a nation to be wise and good. At last the people felt that the only way to be great is to do good. They gave to Zeno the laurel crown; but he won for himself a far nobler prize—the respect and love of all who knew him.—*Denton.*

2634. GREATNESS, Vanity of human. Prince Metternich writes to his daughter, July 13, 1815:—"I dined yesterday with Blücher, who has his quarters at St. Cloud. He is living in this beautiful castle as general of the Hussars. He and his aide-de-camp smoke in the rooms where we have seen the Court in grandest parade, and I dined in the apartment where Napoleon and I have held so many hours' conversation together. The army tailors are established where we passed along for the theatre, and the band of a regiment of Chasseurs were fishing for the gold-fish in the large pond under the castle windows. As we ran through the grand galleries the old *Maréchal* said to me, "Can it be that the man was a fool, to have been running off to Moscow when he had such beautiful things at home?"—*La Femme du Premier Consul.*

2635. GREED, Growth of. A young man once picked up a sovereign lying on the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the ground, in the hope of finding another; and in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days, as he was looking for them, he saw not that heaven was bright above him and nature was beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road to pick up money from as you walk along.

2636. GRIEF, Effects of. The first time I saw Her Majesty (Marie Antoinette) after the unfortunate catastrophe of the Versailles journey, I found her getting out of bed. Her features were very much altered; but after the first kind words were uttered she took off her cap, and desired me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It

had become in one single night as white as that of a woman of seventy. Her Majesty showed me a ring she had just had mounted for the Princess de Lamalle. It contained a lock of her whitened hair, with the inscription, "Blanched by sorrow."—*Madame Campan.*

2637. GROWTH, cannot be without life. The being of a grace must go before the increase of it; for there is no growth without life, no building without a foundation. Put a dry stick into the ground, and dress and water it as much as you will, it will continue the same until it rot; but set a living plant by the side of it, and though much less at first, yet it soon begins to shoot, and in time becomes a wide-spreading tree.—*Rev. J. Stoughton.*

2638. GROWTH, in grace. When I was at Mr. Spurgeon's house he showed me the photographs of his two sons, who were twins, and whose photographs had been taken every year since they were twelve months old until they were seventeen years old. For the first two years they did not seem to have grown much, but when we compared the first with those of the age of seventeen they seemed to have grown amazingly. So it is with the children of God—they grow in grace.—*Moody.*

2639. GROWTH, Law of. "What is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling!" said a young larch-tree to a young oak. "I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches; I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe." "And thy duration," answered the oak, "is some third part of man's life, and I am appointed to flourish for a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into palings, where thou rottest and art burnt after a single summer; of me are fashioned battle-ships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas." The richer a nature, the harder and slower its development.—*Carlyle.*

2640. GRUMBLER, never pleased. A cross-grained old farmer caught a young girl going through his field. "Who gave you leave to go through that field?" "I thought there was a path." "A path! no, there is not." "I'll go back, then." "Back, indeed! I own back and fore." So she could not move to please him. So of those idlers who are at large in Zion—the religious grumblers of our congregations. You can never please them.

2641. GUIDE, A foolish. Captain Wordsworth, the youngest brother of the poet, perished most unhappily at the very outset of the voyage he meant to be his last, off the coast of Dorsetshire, in the East India Company's ship "Abergavenny." In reality it was the pilot, the incompetent pilot, who caused the fatal catastrophe. "O pilot, you have ruined me!" were amongst the last words that Captain Wordsworth was heard to utter—pathetic words, and fit for him, "a meek man and a brave," to use in addressing a last reproach to one who, not through misfortune or overruling will of Providence, but through miserable conceit and unprincipled levity, had brought total ruin upon so many gallant countrymen. Captain Wordsworth might have saved his own life, but the perfect loyalty of his nature to the claims upon him, that supreme fidelity to duty which is so often found amongst men of his profession, kept him to the last upon the wreck.—*De Quincey.*

2642. GUIDE, A true. Some years ago a fisher-

man on our western coast was returning in his boat at evening from the patient toil of the day. His cottage lay on the shore of a creek, at the entrance to which stood certain rocks, easy enough to avoid in the daytime, but difficult in the dark. The night was dark, the mists hung heavily, and the tired toiler of the sea, bending at his oars, was fairly at a loss how to steer his boat. At this point, while his peril was great, he heard the voice of his little daughter—"Father, father!" Instinctively he turned his boat's head in that direction, saying, "Yes, my child." "Steer straight for me, father," she called; and then sang loudly in a familiar strain, so that the tones might be borne towards him through the mist and the gloom—

"I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me."

2643. GUIDE, Beauty of. Dante represents himself as conscious of ascending from heaven to heaven in paradise by seeing his Beatrice grow more and more lovely.—*Vaughan.*

2644. GUIDANCE, God's, illustrated. A little boy sat in front of his father, and held the reins which controlled a restive horse. Unknown to the boy they passed around him, and were also in the father's hand. He saw occasion to pull one of them. With artless simplicity the child looked around, saying, "Father, I thought I was driving, but I am not, am I?"

2645. GUIDANCE, Necessity for. Our steamer was crossing the Gulf of Mexico and approaching the mouth of the Mississippi River. As the sun went down a cold and furious blast from the north came down suddenly upon us. The darkness became intense. Here and there were shoals and other dangers. Great anxiety prevailed among all on board. Suddenly came a shout from the sailor on the foreyard, "There's the light!" The joyful sound rang through the ship, to the great relief of every passenger. The true position of the steamer was now known. Anxiety was over, and quietness, in a sense of safety, was restored. We were soon in the quiet waters of the river.—*Rev. H. B. Hooker.*

2646. GUIDANCE, needed as well as light. The star which led the wise men unto Christ, the pillar of fire which led the children unto Canaan, did not only shine, but went before them.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

2647. GUIDANCE, Strange. Bishop Stanley relates the story of an aged woman, in Germany, who was habitually led to church by a sagacious old gander. Her attendant laid hold of her dress with its beak and gently tugged her onwards. Having seen her fairly seated in her pew, the wise bird decorously withdrew to the churchyard, where it enjoyed a well-earned repast until service was finished, when it reconducted its charge home.—*G. Chaplin Child, M.D.*

2648. GUILT, cannot be wholly concealed. Potto Brown, the well-known philanthropist of Houghton, said of a man in his employ who afterwards was proved to be dishonest, that he had known him to be a thief for eighteen years. This conclusion was first of all arrived at by the shrewd miller because the culprit used to sigh whenever he received his wages. "Guiltiness," says Shakespeare, "will speak though tongues were out of use."—*B*

2649. GUILTY, punished at last. Several years ago a young man went from America to Mexico. The war which broke out between the two nations not long after put an end to the business of all Americans residing there, and to his among the rest. When the war closed he went to Washington City and presented to the Government a claim for the loss of a silver-mine which he said he owned in Mexico. He brought a great parcel of papers to prove his claim, and the Government at length allowing it, he was paid £84,000. Being young, handsome, and very rich, he dashed about for a time in great style, and then went to travel in Europe. It so happened that the officer to whose lot it fell to file away the papers in his case had lived in Mexico for fifteen years. In looking over the papers he was satisfied that there was no such mine at the place where this one was said to be, and that the public had been defrauded. He brought the matter to the notice of the Government, and two gentlemen were sent to Mexico to ascertain the truth. The persons returned and said the officer was right. By this time the young man had got back from Europe, and was called to account for the fraud. The case was in court more than three years, and during all that period he kept up a good appearance, laughed and talked as usual, and was constantly seen on the streets in the company of his gay friends. But finally the trial reached its close, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

2650. HABIT, Effects of. The late Rev. Dr. Green, of Tennessee, used to tell a good story of a mule that had served in a bark-mill so long that when, in extreme old age, he was turned out upon the commons, he went round and round—one side being shorter than the other.

2651. HABIT, Effects of. While shaking hands with an old man the other day we noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said, "In these crooked fingers there is a good text. For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effect of holding the reins for so many years."—*Christian Age*.

2652. HABIT, Force of. After John Wesley's death there was a small tract published giving an account of it. One was put into the hands of a learned and philosophical man, who seemed to have a real respect for religion. After reading the tract, he said to the person who gave it to him, "Well, this is the most astonishing instance of the power of habit! Here is a man who had been threescore years praying, preaching, and singing psalms, and, behold, he thinks of nothing else when he is dying!"

2653. HABIT, Force of. Water-fowls hatched under a land-fowl may remain a while with their some time mother, but they soon betake them to the water again.—*Elnathan Parr*.

2654. HABIT, Force of. Fielding has strikingly illustrated this in a scene in the "Life of Jonathan Wild," where that person is represented as playing at cards with the Count, a professed gambler:—"Such was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons, that Mr. Wild could not keep his hands out of the Count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the Count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware Mr. Wild had no money to pay him."

2655. HABIT, Force of. It is related of an Eastern magician that he discovered by his incantation that the philosopher's stone lay on the bank of a certain river, but was unable to determine its exact locality. He therefore strolled along the bank with a piece of iron, to which he applied successively all the pebbles that he found. As one after another they produced no change in the metal, he flung them into the stream. At last he met with the object of his search, and the iron became gold in his hand; but he had become so accustomed to the "touch-and-go" movement that the real stone was involuntarily thrown into the river after the others, and lost to him for ever.

2656. HABIT, Force of. In North America a tribe of Indians attacked a white settlement and murdered the few inhabitants. A woman of the tribe, however, carried away a very young infant, and reared it as her own. The child grew up with the Indian children, different in complexion, but like them in everything else. To scalp the greatest possible number of enemies was, in his view, the most glorious and happy thing in the world. While he was still a youth he was seen by some white traders, and by them conducted back to civilised life. He showed great relish for his new life, and especially a strong desire for knowledge and a sense of reverence, which took the direction of religion, so that he desired to become a clergyman. He went through his college course with credit, and was ordained. He fulfilled his function well, and appeared happy and satisfied. After a few years he went to serve in a settlement somewhere near the seat of war which was then going on between Britain and the United States, and before long there was fighting not far off. I am not sure whether he was aware that there were Indians in the field—the British having some tribes of Indians for allies—but he went forth in his usual dress—black coat and neat white shirt and neckcloth. When he returned he was met by a gentleman of his acquaintance, who was immediately struck by an extraordinary change in the expression of his face and the flush on his cheek, and also by his unusually shy and hurried manner. After asking news of the battle the gentleman observed, "But you are wounded?" "No." "Not wounded! Why, there is blood upon the bosom of your shirt!" The young man crossed his hands firmly, though hurriedly, upon his breast; and his friend, supposing he wished to conceal a wound which ought to be looked to, pulled open his shirt, and saw—what made the young man let fall his hands in despair. From between his shirt and his breast the gentleman took out—a bloody scalp! "I could not help it," said the poor victim of early habits, in an agonised voice. He turned and ran, too swiftly to be overtaken, betook himself to the Indians, and never more appeared among the whites.—*Harriet Martineau*.

2657. HABIT, Influence of. A Turk on his travels tells us that for months he could not divest himself of the notion that all the Western European women were very bold, not because of their deportment, but because they had bare faces.—*The Gentle Life*.

2658. HABIT, Verdict according to. A worthy English officer, desirous of introducing English usages into a Mussulman society in Ceylon, empannelled a jury of twelve honest Mohammedans

to inquire into the cause of the death of one of their countrymen found drowned. He naturally, according to proper English precedent, suggested the verdict, "Accidental death." Not a bit of it! The jury returned their verdict "that the time of the deceased was come, and his fate accomplished."—*Paxton Hood.*

2659. HABITS, bad, How to get rid of. I once heard a minister say, "Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbour's house and find him busy at work on his windows, scratching away, and should ask what he was up to, and he should reply, 'Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off one square it comes on another,' would you not say, 'Why, man, let your windows alone and kindle your fire, and the frost will soon come off?' And have you not seen people who try to break off their bad habits one after another without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his windows. Let the fire of love to God and man, kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in their hearts, and the bad habits will soon melt away."

2660. HABITS, Destructive power of. The surgeon of a regiment in India relates the following incident:—"A soldier rushed into the tent to inform me that one of his comrades was drowning in a pond close by, and nobody could attempt to save him in consequence of the dense weeds which covered the surface. On repairing to the spot we found the poor fellow in his last struggle, manfully attempting to extricate himself from the meshes of rope-like grass that encircled his body; but, to all appearance, the more he laboured to escape, the more firmly they became coiled round his limbs. At last he sank, and the floating plants closed in, and left not a trace of the disaster. After some delay a raft was made, and we put off to the spot, and sinking a pole some twelve feet, a native dived, holding on by the stake, and brought the body to the surface. I shall never forget the expression of the dead man's face—the clenched teeth and fearful distortion of the countenance—while coils of long trailing weeds clung round his body and limbs, the muscles of which stood out stiff and rigid, whilst his hands grasped thick masses, showing how bravely he had struggled for life."

2661. HABITS, Evil. An Indian once brought up a young lion, and finding him weak and harmless, never attempted to control him. Every day the lion gained in strength and became more unmanageable, until at last, when excited by rage, he fell upon the Indian and tore him to pieces. Our evil habits and passions very much resemble that lion.

2662. HABITS, Influence of. "Sir," said Bentley to one of his pupils, who had a predilection for malt liquor, "If you drink ale you will think ale."—*Horace Smith.*

2663. HAPPINESS, and humility. "Some time since," says Dr. Payson, in a letter to a young clergyman, "I took up a little work purporting to be the lives of sundry characters as related by themselves. Two of those characters agreed in remarking that *they were never happy until they ceased striving to be great men.*"

2664. HAPPINESS, Different ideas of. The

Esquimaux, whose riches are a plank or a trunk of a tree carried by the currents to his bare coast, sees in the moon plains covered with forests. The Indian of the forests of Oronoko there beholds open savannahs, where the inhabitants are never stung by mosquitoes.—*Humboldt.*

2665. HAPPINESS, does not come by seeking. Antipater, of Macedon, being presented with a work on happiness, replied that he had *no time to study happiness.*—*Huntington.*

2666. HAPPINESS, Fear of. Joy has been considered by Christian people very largely as an exceptional state; whereas sobriety—by which is meant severity of mind or a non-enjoying state of mind—is supposed to be the normal condition. I knew a Roman Catholic priest that was as upright and conscientious a man as I ever met, who said he did not dare to be happy; he was afraid that he should lose his soul if he was; and he subjected himself to every possible mortification, saying, "It is not for me to be happy here; I must take it out when I get to heaven. There I expect to be happy." That was in accordance with his view of Christianity.—*Beecher.*

2667. HAPPINESS, Ideas of. A gentleman who was enjoying the hospitality of the great millionaire and king of finance, Rothschild, as he looked at the superb appointments of the mansion, said to his host, "*You must be a happy man.*" "Happy!" said he; "happy! I happy!—happy! Ay, happy! Let us change the subject." . . . John Jacob Astor was told that he must be a very happy man, being so rich. "Why," said he, "would you take care of my property for your board and clothes? That's all I get for it."—*J. B. Gough.*

2668. HAPPINESS, Man's, how it may be disturbed. As a beau in the days of the Regency passed along the old Palace Yard to one of the brilliant balls given by the Prince of Wales, he was rendered wretched for the whole evening by a mud-splash on his white silk stockings.—*J. Hain Friswell.*

2669. HAPPINESS, not easily obtained. The sophist Polus thought that a child might refute the notion of Socrates, "that it was a happier thing to *suffer* than to *inflict* a wrong." He considered that he had refuted it when he asked Socrates whether all the world did not pronounce Archelaus happy, who had waded his way to a tyranny through seas of blood. And when Socrates denies that Archelaus is necessarily happy, Polus scornfully answers that "perhaps Socrates will even say that he does not know whether the great King of Persia is happy or not." To which Socrates again answers, that most assuredly he will say so, for he has no knowledge whether the great king is a *good man* or a *bad man*. And when all the world is congratulating and envying some gorgeous millionaire, how rare is it to hear the remark, "How can I tell whether he is at all to be envied?"—*Canon Farrar.*

2670. HAPPINESS, Secret of. There was once a famous king. He had great riches and honours; but he found, as many others had done before, that these things do not make people happy. He heard of an old man, famous for his wisdom and piety, who could tell what we must do in order to be happy. So the king went to see him. He found

him living in a very humble way, in a cave on the borders of a great wilderness. "Holy Father," said the king, "I have come to you to learn the great secret how I may be happy." The old man did not give him an immediate answer. But he rose, and, walking out of the cave, asked the king to follow him. He led him along a rough path till they came directly in front of a very high rock on the side of a mountain. On the top of that rock an eagle had built its nest. Pointing to that rock, the old man said, "Tell me, O king, why has the eagle built its nest on yonder high rock?" "No doubt," said the king, "the reason is that it wants to be out of the reach of danger." "True," exclaimed the wise man. "Then follow the example of the eagle. Build your nest, *make your home in heaven*. Then it will be safe beyond the reach of danger, and you will find peace and happiness all your days."

2671. HAPPINESS, Secret of. Martha Wesley and Dr. Johnson were great friends. One day he was talking on the unhappiness of human life. She said, "Doctor, you have always lived, not among the saints, but among the wits, who are a race of people the most unlikely to seek true happiness or find the pearl of great price."—*Anecdotes of the Wesleys*.

2672. HAPPINESS, Worldly. I heard once of a lady who came into a large fortune. She built a fine place and named it "Satis House," meaning that she would be perfectly happy there, for she had all that heart could wish. But at last this poor lady found that money could not buy happiness, and when she grew tired of everything she hanged herself in Satis House.—*Miss Robinson*.

2673. HARDNESS, A professor's. Shall I tell you of a minister who loudly preached the law and sternly pronounced the judgment of the Lord against what he considered every form of evil? He had a beautiful daughter, who was lured into forbidden ways. A more simple-minded, trustful child never blessed the fireside of any home. But she was led away. Not all at once, indeed, did she take the great leap into the terrible darkness; she traversed a gently inclined plane. Could she have spoken freely to her father, she would never have gone so far; but when she did speak to him, he received her at the point of the cold sharp point of the law. He did not understand her tears. He knew not that righteousness must be merciful if it would be complete. He was stern, hard, upright—a man who weighed and measured everything by law, and turned the gospel itself into redemption of arithmetic. This child left him. She soon felt the cold and the darkness, the bitter hunger and the sharp pain of those who are the servants of sin. In much suffering—such suffering as tares the heart in secret and goads the brain to madness—she turned her steps towards her father's house, and asked me on the way to plead for her. I cannot forget her worn face; there were great red rings round her beautiful eyes—the eyes which should have been full of light, of young hope and girlish merriment. She was old too soon; she had drunk of the cup of which if any woman drink she can never be young again. She came to me. The night was darkened by great rains, which fell through a keen north wind, and yet she had but little on to keep out the sharpness of the harsh night. She stammered out that she was tired and sad and penitent, and that she

longed to tell her father so, and die in her mother's chair. I hastened to him—I never went so quickly anywhere in my life—to tell him that he might rise at once almost to heaven, for his child, so long lost, was at the door. "I cannot see her, sir; no wicked person shall dwell in my sight." "But she is penitent." "She must prove that before I can receive her." "Sir! do you talk so about your poor, weary, jaded child? See her but for a moment, and you will pity her misery." "Sir," said he, in a hard legal tone, "the way of transgressors is hard." "Sir," said I, "I'm ashamed of you. Such hearts as yours never knew the gospel of Jesus Christ; you were never in Gethsemane—you were never on Calvary. Your poor, wronged, sinning, broken-hearted child will be in heaven, upon the breast of the living God, and you yourself will be justly thrust down to hell." "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."—*Dr. Joseph Parker*.

2674. HARM, Mistaken attempt to do. In the Irish rebellion J. C. Beresford, Esq., a banker, and member for Dublin, rendered himself so very obnoxious to the rebels, in consequence of his vigilance in bringing them to punishment, that whenever they found any of his bank-notes in plundering a house, the general cry was, "We'll ruin the rascal! We'll destroy every note of his we can find!" and they actually destroyed, it is supposed, upwards of £20,000 of his notes during the rebellion.—*Irish Anecdotes*.

2675. HARVEST, A golden, lost. Plutarch tells the story of a dream which came to Antigonus that well illustrates the fond illusions of men who dream rather than labour in life. He thought he entered a large and beautiful field, and sowed it with filings of gold. This produced a crop of the same precious metal; but coming a little after to visit it, he found it was cut, and nothing left but the stalks; while afterwards, in his distress at his loss, he heard that "Mithridates had reaped the golden harvest and gone off with it." So with many another visionary; they wake up to find that the hour of ingathering and opportunity is gone.—*B*.

2676. HARVEST, from one seed. A gentleman once tried the experiment of raising a harvest from a single seed. He put a kernel of corn into the ground; it sprang up and yielded two full ears. The next year he planted the corn of those two ears, and had, as the result, nearly a bushel of shelled corn. This he planted again, and broad acres of large yellow ears at length rewarded his patient toil. It was a rich and precious harvest from one little seed.

2677. HASTE, Danger of. It is said that when Agatharcus, the painter, valued himself upon the celebrity and ease with which he despatched his pieces, Teuxis replied, "If I boast, it shall be of the *slowness with which I finish mine*." For ease and speed in the execution seldom give a work any lasting importance or exquisite beauty; while, on the other hand, the time which is expended in labour is recovered and repaid in the duration of the performance.—*Plutarch*.

2678. HAUGHTINESS, Folly of. A petty African prince who was visited by an English traveller folded his arms with an air of imperial consequence,

as he sat upon the floor, and demanded of his guest, "What do they think of me in Europe?"

2679. HEARERS, and doers. When the Emperor himself (Constantine) was announced to preach thousands flocked to the palace. He stood erect, with his head tossed back, and poured forth a torrent of facile eloquence, and the people applauded all his points. Now he denounced the follies of paganism, now it was the unity of Providence or the scheme of redemption that formed his theme; and often he would denounce the avarice and rapacity of his own courtiers. It was then observed that they all cheered lustily, but it was also noticed that *they did not mend their ways.*—*H. R. Haweis.*

2680. HEARERS, and gain. The most of men remind us of the old story in Strabo of the musician who thought himself very wonderfully gifted with the power to create melody. Before his audience he was pouring forth his notes, and as, he thought, holding them all spellbound; but just then the market-bell, with its vile tinkle, was heard, and all his admirers except one person left him, for they could not afford to lose the chance of the market. The musician turned to his solitary listener and complimented him upon having a soul above mere merchandise and an ear which could appreciate music, so that he was not drawn away by the tinkling of a market-bell. "Master," said the man, "I am hard of hearing; did you say the market-bell had rung?" "Yes." "Then I must be off, or I shall be too late." And away went the last man, unrestrained by the bonds of harmony. So when we preach up Jesus Christ there will be some who will listen to us, and we perhaps think, "Now we shall surely win them;" but ah! to-morrow's market-bell—to-morrow's bell of sin, and bell of iniquity, the bell that rings to frivolities, and rings to transgressions, they will go after that. Anything that pleases the flesh will secure them.—*Spurgeon.*

2681. HEARERS, and preaching Christ. My daughter plays beautifully on her pianoforte in the next room to my study; it does not divert me from my reading and writing in general, but now and then she touches a chord; down goes my pen, and I do not see a word in my book; all I can do is to listen. Now whilst you are preaching one has wandered in thought to his farm, another to his merchandise, a third to converse with his friends; *but touch the keynote, set forth a Saviour's love*—for "the love of Christ constraineth us"—let your own heart be well in tune with it, and theirs will respond.—*Cecil.*

2682. HEARERS, Attention to. It was my custom occasionally to attend St. Mary's, and the sermons of the vicar always delighted me. But as the church was always very full, I was often obliged, though not strong in health, to stand during the whole service. Now, having observed that the persons who were best dressed were always the first to be conducted to seats, although not seat-holders, I yielded to the temptation of resorting to an artifice. I happened to possess a large and beautiful ring. One Sunday morning I put it on and repaired to church as usual. I stood for a minute or two with other people of divers classes near the door. Then, taking off my glove, I raised my hand with apparent carelessness to my ear, and *immediately I was led to a comfortable seat.*—*Autobiography of Bishop Gobat.*

2683. HEARERS, Duty of. At one time, when I was preaching for Father Taylor, he rose at the conclusion of the sermon and said, "If some things have been said that you don't understand, much has been said that you do understand: *follow that.*"—*Rev. Joseph Marsh.*

2684. HEARERS, Duty of. "Now, deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't bear our preaching! I get no good. There's so much in it I don't want that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains." "Mr. Bunnell, come in here. There's my cow Thankful—she can teach you theology!" "A cow teach theology! What do you mean?" "Now, see, I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has found a stick—you know sticks will get into the hay—and see how she tosses it to one side and goes on to eat what is good. There, again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it on one side and goes on eating. And there! She does not relish that bunch of daisies, and leaves them and goes on eating. Before morning she will have cleared the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a stick or weed which she leaves. But if she refused to eat, and spent the time in scolding about the fodder, she too would 'grow lean,' and the milk would dry up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. *Get all the good you can out of it and leave the rest.* You will find a good deal of nourishment in it."

2685. HEARERS, Forgetful. A celebrated preacher of the seventeenth century, in a sermon to a crowded audience, described the terrors of the last judgment with such eloquence, pathos, and force of action, that some of his audience not only burst into tears, but sent forth piercing cries, as if the Judge Himself had been present, and was about to pass upon them their final sentence. In the height of this commotion the preacher called upon them to dry their tears, as he was about to add something still more awful and astonishing than anything he had yet brought before them. Silence being obtained, he, with an agitated countenance, addressed them thus:—"In one quarter of an hour from this time the emotions which you have just now exhibited will be stifled; the remembrance of the fearful truths which excited them *will vanish*; you will return to your carnal occupations or sinful pleasures with your usual avidity, and you will treat all you have heard as a tale that is told!"

2686. HEARERS, Gratitude of. A Scotchman asked a minister for five shillings, and in return for the favour said, "I'll give you a day's hearing some time." It is undoubtedly understood by many that in listening to a minister they are conferring a favour upon him. A person once asked me to lend him a sovereign, and in support of his request informed me that he had long attended my ministry. Possibly the man richly deserved a sovereign for having done so; at the same time it is a popular mistake to suppose that the minister is the party receiving the favour. He gives his hearers his best thinking, his best power of all kinds, and it is, therefore, a pity to show him thankfulness by borrowing money of him.—*Dr. Parker.*

2687. HEARERS, Indifferent. A dying, despair-

ing man, addressing one under whose ministry he had sat for twenty years, said, "I have never heard a single sermon!" The minister, who had known him for years as a constant hearer, looked astonished—fancied that he was raving. But not so. The man was in his sad and sober senses. "I attended church," he explained; "but my habit was, so soon as you began the sermon, to *begin a review of last week's trade*, and to anticipate and arrange the business of the next."—*Denton*.

2688. **HEARERS**, to be dealt with singly. A celebrated barrister who was proverbial for his success on one occasion occupied an unusual period in his address to the jury. Again and again he went over his observations, clothing them in different language, and placing his facts in new positions, until the whole court was weary with listening to his remarks. At last he very abruptly sat down, seemingly well satisfied with the result of his exertions; he gained his case. "And now tell me," said a brother barrister, "what have you been driving at so long; why, three parts of the jury were won over the first five minutes." "I know that," was the reply; "but the man in the blue coat and gilt buttons was *not won over*."—*George Mogridge*.

2689. **HEARING**, Argument for. In a town on the west coast of England, years ago, notice was given of a sermon to be preached on Sunday evening. The preacher was a man of celebrity; the object of the discourse being to enforce the duty of a strict observance of the Sabbath. After the preacher read his text he suddenly paused, leaning his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. He soon, however, recovered himself, and addressing the congregation, said he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those present were three dissolute young men, who came with stones in their pockets to throw at the minister as he stood in this pulpit. They had not attended long to the discourse, when one of them said, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' But the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' Then he too said, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' Here the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give it up. At this remark his two associates took offence and left the place, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men? *The first was hanged, several years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder in the jail of this city; the third, my brethren*"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, is he who is now about to address you!"—listen to him."

2690. **HEARING**, Carelessly. We crossed and recrossed the river several times by the ferry-boat at Basle. We had no object in the world but merely amusement and curiosity to watch the simple machinery by which the same current is

made to drift the boat in opposite directions from side to side. To other passengers it was a business, to us a sport. Our hearers use our ministry in much the same manner when they come to it out of the idlest curiosity, and listen to us as a means of spending a pleasant hour. That which should ferry them across to a better state of soul they use as a mere pleasure-boat, to sail up and down in, *making no progress after years of hearing*. Alas! it may be sport to them, but it is death to us, because we know it will ere long be death to them. —*Spurgeon*.

2691. **HEARING**, for eternity. Dr. Cornelius, of North America, whose death was somewhat sudden, said to the writer of his life, "Tell your own dear people, from me, that *they hear for eternity*. Last Monday I was in the world, active; but now I am dying: so it may be with any of them. Tell Christians to aim at a higher standard of piety, and to live more entirely devoted to Christ and His cause. When a man comes to die he feels that there is an immeasurable disparity between the standard of piety as it now is and as it ought to be."

2692. **HEARING**, Practical. A poor woman in the country went to hear a sermon, in which the use of dishonest weights and measures was exposed. With this discourse she was much affected. The next day, when the minister called upon the woman, he took occasion to ask her what she remembered of his sermon. The poor woman complained much of her bad memory, and said she had forgotten almost all he had delivered. "But one thing," said she, "I remembered—I remembered to *burn my bushel*."

2693. **HEARING**, with the eye. "You taught me how to hear preaching," said a layman to a minister. "How was that?" replied the minister. "You told me that I was a very poor hearer; 'for,' said you, 'whenever your eyes meet mine you let your head fall. Look the preacher full in the face; it helps him wonderfully.'"—*Christian Age*.

2694. **HEART**, A divided. A well-known missionary tells of a poor African woman who once said to him that she had two hearts, one saying, "Come to Jesus," the other saying, "Stay away;" the one bidding her to do good, and the other bidding her to do evil; so that she knew not what to do. He read to her the seventh chapter of the Romans. When he came to the verse, "*O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?*" she said, "Ah, Massa, that me; and me know not what to do." And when he afterwards added the words, "I thank God through Jesus Christ," and explained them, she burst into tears of grateful joy.

2695. **HEART**, A good. There was a great master among the Jews, who bade his scholars consider and tell him what was the best way wherein a man should always keep. One came and said that there was nothing better than a *good eye*, which is, in their language, a liberal and contented disposition; another said a *good companion* is the best thing in the world; a third said a *good neighbour* was the best thing he could desire; and a fourth preferred a man that could foresee things to come; that is, a *wise person*. But at last came one Eleazar, and he said a *good heart* was better

than them all. "True," said the master; "thou hast comprehended in two words all that the rest have said. For he that hath a good heart will be both contented, and a good companion, and a good neighbour, and easily see what is fit to be done by him. Let every man, then, seriously labour to find in himself a sincerity and uprightness of heart at all times, and that will save him abundance of other labours."—*Bishop Patrick.*

2696. HEART, a reservoir. You have seen the great reservoirs provided by our water companies, in which the water to supply hundreds of streets and thousands of houses is kept. Now, the heart is the reservoir of man, and our life is allowed to flow in its proper season. That life may flow through different pipes—the mouth, the hand, the eye; but still all the issues of hand, of eye, of lip, derive their source from *the great fountain and central reservoir, the heart*; and hence there is great necessity for keeping this reservoir, the heart, in a proper state and condition, since otherwise that which flows through the pipes must be tainted and corrupt.—*Spurgeon.*

2697. HEART, Christ entering the. Suppose you were in a dark room in the morning, the shutters closed and fastened, and only as much light coming through the chinks as made you aware it was day outside. And suppose you should say to a companion with you, "Let us open the windows and let in the light." What would you think if he replied, "No, no; you must first put the darkness out, or the light will not enter?" You would laugh at his absurdity. Just so we cannot put sin out of our hearts to prepare for Christ entering: we must open, and *take Him in, and sin will flee.* Fling the window open at once, and let Christ shine in.—*Dr. Edmond.*

2698. HEART, Christ's dealings with. It is said that the natives of India, when they want to quarry out a stone, first take a chisel and run a groove, then they kindle a fire in the groove, and last of all they pour in a little water, which, becoming heated, causes the stones to expand and eventually to burst. This is just what the Lord Jesus did. First He grooved right down into the hardness of the human heart, then poured in the water of His love, and thus gained an entrance, and broke it asunder.—*Dr. Armitage.*

2699. HEART, controls the life. Yonder locomotive, with its thundering train, comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them, and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that, at the pressure of a man's hand, will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the vast steamship is guided hither and thither in spite of adverse wind or current. So with the heart of man. With your grasp gentle and firm on that helm, you may pilot men whither you will.

2700. HEART, Danger of hardening. Mrs. Graham, of New York, made it a rule to appropriate the tenth part of her earnings to be expended for pious and charitable purposes. By a sale which her son-in-law, Mr. Bethune, made for her, she got an advance of one thousand pounds. So large a profit was new to her. "Quick, quick!" said she;

"let me appropriate the tenth *before my heart grows hard.*"

2701. HEART, Fear of a change in. Soon after our arrival at Linyanti, Sekeletu took me aside and pressed me to mention those things I liked best and hoped to get from him. Anything, either in or out of his town, should be freely given if I would only mention it. I explained to him that my object was to elevate him and his people to be Christians; but he replied he did not wish to learn to read the Book, for he was afraid "*it might change his heart,* and make him content with only one wife, like Sechele." . . . Motibe, after he had mastered the alphabet, reported the thing so far safe, and Sekeletu and his young companions came forward to try for themselves. He must have resolved to watch the effects of the Book against his views on polygamy, and abstain whenever he perceived any tendency, in reading it, towards enforcing him to put his wives away.—*Dr. Livingstone.*

2702. HEART, God's Word in. Lyncurgus, although a great lawmaker, would allow none of his laws to be written. He would have the principles of government interwoven in the lives and manners of the people as most conducive to their happiness. . . . The multiplication of Bibles that stand upon bookshelves or lie upon tables is an easy matter, but to multiply copies of walking scriptures, in the form of holy men who can say, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart," is much more difficult.—*New Handbook of Illustration.*

2703. HEART, Greed of. That bird was once a woman, and it is a good lesson she reads us. One day she was kneading bread in her trough, when our Lord passed by, leaning on St. Peter. She did not know who it was, for they looked like two poor men. "Give us of your dough, for the love of God," said the Lord Christ; "we have come far across the field, and have fasted long." Gertrude pinched off a small piece for them; but on rolling it in her trough, to get it into shape, it grew and grew, and filled up the trough completely. She looked at it in wonder. "No," said she, "*that is more than you want*;" so she pinched off a smaller piece, and rolled it out as before; but the smaller piece filled up the trough, just as the other; so she put that aside too, and pinched a smaller bit still. But the miracle was just as apparent, the smaller bit filling up the trough the same as ever. Gertrude's heart was hardened; she put that aside also. "I cannot give you any to-day," said she, *for the greed of her heart was to divide all her dough* into little bits and roll it into loaves. "Go on your journey, and the Lord prosper you." Then the Lord Christ was angry, and her eyes were opened, and she fell down on her knees to hear Him say, "I gave you plenty, but that hardened your heart, so that plenty was not a blessing to you. I will try you now with the blessing of poverty; you shall henceforth seek your food day by day, and always between the wood and the bark."—*Norwegian Legend of the Gertrude Bird.*

2704. HEART, Hardness of. I have heard it more than once and again, from the sheriffs who took all the gunpowder plotters and brought them up to London, that every night when they came to their lodging by the way they had their music and dancing a good part of the night. One would think

t strange that men in their case should be so merry.
—*Lightfoot.*

2705. HEART, How to reach. The Austrian Emperor Charles VI., after listening to Farinelli one day with great admiration, told him that in his singing he neither moved nor stood still like any other mortal—all was supernatural; but he added, "These gigantic strides, these never-ending notes, are merely surprising, and it is now time that you should think of pleasing; you are too lavish of the gifts with which nature has endowed you; if you wish to *reach the heart you must take a plainer and simpler road.*" These few words, Farinelli said, wrought an entire change in his style. From that time he studied to be simple and pathetic, as well as grand and powerful, and thus charmed his hearers as much as he formerly astonished them.
—*Hogarth.*

2706. HEART, Injuries in. A traveller in Burma, after fording a certain river, found his body covered all over by a swarm of leeches, busily sucking his blood. His first impulse was to tear the tormentors from his flesh; but his servant warned him that to pull them off by mechanical violence would expose his life to danger. They must not be torn off, lest portions remain in the wounds and become a poison; they must drop off spontaneously, and so they will be harmless. The native forthwith prepared a bath for his master, by the decoction of some herbs, and directed him to lie down in it. As soon as he had bathed in the balsam the leeches dropped off. Every unforgiven injury in the heart is like a leech sucking the life-blood. Mere human determination to have done with it will not cast the evil thing away. You must bathe your whole being in God's pardoning mercy, and those venomous creatures will instantly let go their hold.—*Arnott.*

2707. HEART, Preaching to. When the late Mr. Bramwell was stationed at Hull an aged Lutheran minister frequently attended the Methodist chapel to hear him preach. A friend one day said to him, "Mr. Triebner, how do you like Mr. Bramwell's preaching?" and possibly anticipating an objection, added, "Does he not often wander from his subject?" "Yes," replied the venerable old gentleman, "he do wander most delightfully from de subject to de heart."

2708. HEART, Preaching to. Dean Milner was greatly opposed to extemporaneous preaching. Attracted, however, by the great fame of Rowland Hill, he resolved for once to indulge his curiosity by going to hear him. After the sermon the Dean was seen forcing his way in much haste to the vestry-room, when, seizing the hand of the preacher, in his enthusiasm he cried out, "Well, dear Brother Rowland, I perceive now that your slapdash preachers are, after all, the best preachers; *it went to the heart, sir!*—it went to the heart, sir!"

2709. HEART, Pure in. A little girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these divine graces, said by our Lord to be blessed, she should most like to have. She paused a little, and then said, with a modest smile, "*I would rather be pure in heart.*" Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest. "Sir," she said, "if I had

a pure heart I should have all the other graces spoken of in the chapter."

2710. HEART, temple of God. It is related in ecclesiastical history that the parents of Origen used to uncover his breast as he slumbered and print their kisses over his heart; for they said, "This is a temple of the Holy Ghost!"—*Chas. S. Robinson, D. D.*

2711. HEART, The desperately wicked. Near by a mass of rock that had fallen from the overhanging crag, which had some wild flowers growing in its fissures, and on its top the foxglove, with its spike of beautiful but deadly flowers—we once came upon an adder as it lay in ribbon coil, basking on the sunny ground. At our approach the reptile stirred, uncoiled itself, and raising its head, with eyes like burning coals, it showed its venomous fangs and gave signs of battle. Attacked, it retreated, and making for that grey stone, wormed itself into a hole at its side. Its nest and home were there. And in looking on that shattered rock, fallen from its primeval elevation, with its flowery but fatal charms, the home and nest of the adder, where nothing grew but poisoned beauty, and nothing dwelt but a poisoned brood, it seemed to us an emblem of that heart which the Word describes as a stone, which experience proves is a habitation of devils, and which the prophet pronounces to be desperately wicked.—*Guthrie.*

2712. HEART, The sinner's. When we were in Dublin I went out one morning to an early meeting, and I found the servants had not opened the front-door. So I pulled back a bolt, but I could not get the door open. Then I turned a key, but the door would not open. Then I found there was another bolt at the top; then I found there was another bolt at the bottom. Still the door would not open. Then I found there was a bar, and then I found a night-lock. I found there were five or six different fastenings. I am afraid that door represents every sinner's heart. The door of his heart is double-locked, double-bolted, and double-barred. Oh, my friends, pull back the bolts and let the King of Glory in.—*Moody.*

2713. HEART, Value of. When a law was made, in the reign of Elizabeth, that all the people should attend the church, the papists sent to Rome to know the pleasure of His Holiness. He returned for answer, "Tell the Catholics in England to *give me their hearts*, and the Queen may take the rest."

2714. HEATHEN, A child's prayer for. While we were at Hang-Chow my child—she was only then eight years of age—for the first time saw a man making an idol. The sight grieved her to the heart. She looked up into my face, and said, "O papa, that man does not know Jesus! He would never make an ugly idol like that if he knew Jesus; go and tell him about Jesus." I had not so much faith with the message as my dear child had, but I went and told him the story of God's great love in the gift of His Son. Then we went away, and the man went on making the idol. After we had gone a little distance we sat down, and I said to my child—I saw her heart was burdened—"What shall we sing?" She said, "Let us sing—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

We sang that hymn, and then I said to her,

"Will you engage in prayer first?" She prayed, and I never heard such a prayer as she offered. For about fifty minutes she went on pleading that God would have mercy on the poor Chinese, and strengthen her papa to preach Christ to them. My heart was bowed before God; I could not describe it to you. Next morning I was summoned away to see a sick missionary at a distance, and had to leave my loved ones. When I came back she was unconscious, and she never recognised me again. That prayer for the poor Chinese was the last conscious words I heard her speak.—*Rev. J. Hudson Taylor.*

2715. HEATHEN, and God. Undoubtedly restlessness and barrenness characterise most spiritual experience beyond the knowledge of the historic Christ. Nevertheless, man is so made that God draws near to him when he draws near to God. In Calcutta I stood in Keshub Chunder Sen's temple, and saw the audience rise and stand with clasped hands in perfect silence five minutes. The worshippers then cried, "Victory to God!" and again remained silent, with bowed heads. I felt sure that the spiritual leader of that assembly had a right to pronounce over all who had uttered that exclamation honestly the benediction, "Peace, peace!" A peace this may be that would not satisfy many tormented souls, and ought not to satisfy them; nevertheless, such is the structure of the soul, that *when it yields completely to the best light known to it*, God whispers to it consolation.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

2716. HEATHEN, Conversion of. There is a cold spirit of cynicism—a spirit of laziness, as I would call it—which is abroad in the world, which cannot be argued out of the Church, and cannot be argued out of the world. But it can be loved out of the Church, and it can be loved out of the world, if we only try. We know that it existed in the last century. "Young man," said a man to one who was pleading on behalf of the heathen, "when God wants to convert the heathen to Himself He will do it without your aid and without mine. But the air grew balmy beneath the preaching of Wesley and of Whitefield. Then Carey rose and preached his great sermon from Isaiah liv. 2, 3, and he deduced two things—namely, that the Church should attempt great things, and that the Church should expect great things.—*Rev. Samuel Pearson, M.A.*

2717. HEATHEN, Conversion of. Bailey, a Griqua, in South Africa, stated that the first thing which led him to think of religion was observing the Hottentots who belonged to Zak River Mission giving thanks when eating. "I went," said he, "afterwards to that settlement, where I heard many things, but felt no interest in them. But one day, when alone in the fields, I looked very seriously at a mountain, as the work of that God of whom I had heard; then I looked to my two hands, and for the first time noticed that there was the same number of fingers on each. I asked, 'Why are there not five on this hand, and three on that? It must be God that made them so.' Then I examined my feet, and wondered to find my soles both flat—not one flat and the other round. 'God must have done this,' said I. In this way I considered my whole body, which made a deep impression on my mind, and disposed me to hear the Word of God with more interest, till I was brought to believe that Jesus died for my sins."

2718. HEATHEN, Future state of. A clergyman once travelling in a stage-coach was asked by one of the passengers if he thought that pious heathens would go to heaven. "Sir," answered the clergyman, "I am not appointed *judge* of the world, and consequently cannot tell; but if ever you get to heaven, you shall either find them there, or a good reason why they are not."

2719. HEATHEN, Ignorance of. Inquiring one day of a group of natives (Bechuanas) whom I had been addressing if any of them had previously known the Great Being which had been described to them, among the whole party I found only one old woman who said she remembered hearing the name Morimo (God) when she was a child, but was not told what the thing was. Nor is it surprising that a chief, after listening attentively to me while he stood leaning on his spear, should utter an exclamation of amazement that a man whom he accounted wise should vend such fables for truths. Calling about thirty of his men who stood near him, he addressed them, pointing to me, "There is Ra-Mary" (Father of Mary), "who tells me that the heavens were made, the earth also, by a beginner whom he calls Morimo. Have you ever heard anything to be compared with this? He says that the sun rises and sets by the power of Morimo; as also that Morimo causes winter to follow summer, the winds to blow, the rain to fall, the grass to grow, and the trees to bud;" and, casting his arm above and around him, added, "God works in everything you see and hear! Did you ever hear such words?" Seeing them ready to burst into laughter, he said, "Wait, I shall tell you more. Ra-Mary tells me that we have spirits in us which will never die, and that our bodies, though dead and buried, will rise and live again. Open your eyes to-day; did you ever hear fables like these?" This was followed by a burst of deafening laughter; and on its partially subsiding, the chief man *begged me to say no more on such trifles*, lest the people should think me mad.—*Moffat.*

2720. HEATHEN, Love of. M. B. Cox said before the American Board of Missions, "Gentlemen, send me to Africa!—send me to Africa! I know the climate is a deadly climate—I know that I may only get there to die; but if I can die there, I ask no more, because then my bones buried in Africa will be a bond that will bind Africa to the Church in America that can never be severed." And when he lay a-dying there, turning round to his friends, he said, "Never mind me! let thousands of us die, but *let Africa be saved!*"—*Denton.*

2721. HEATHEN, Unreasonable Folly of. The Rev. J. D. Gordon was a medical man as well as a minister, and was therefore peculiarly adapted for his position. One of the natives had sent a request that the missionary should visit his sick children. He promptly responded; but on arriving at the place he found that the children were dead. The native charged Mr. Gordon with being the cause of his bereavement, and in a rage of passion tomahawked him on the spot.

2722. HEATHENISM, Cruelty of. A custom prevails among the Bechuanas of removing to a distance from the towns and villages persons who are ill or have been wounded. Two young men who had been wounded by the poisoned arrows of

the bushmen were thus removed from the Kuruman station. Having visited them to administer relief, I made inquiries as to the cause of such treatment, and could learn no reason except that it was a custom. The son of one of the principal chiefs, a fine young man, had been wounded by a buffalo; he was, according to custom, placed on the outside of the village till he should recover, a portion of food being daily sent to him, and a person appointed to make his fire for the night. One night the fire went out, and the hapless man, notwithstanding his piteous cries, was carried off by lions and devoured."—*Moffat*.

2723. HEATHENISM, Glimmerings of light amid. There remains for them (the Chinese) only the natural and indistinct reverence of heaven, with groanings and complaining appeals to it, or to God in heaven, when they are suffering under calamity or other causes of distress. . . . Recently I was struck with a passage in the story of a young lady, pressed to a certain course which, though not contrary to what was right, did not command her full approval. It was not evil, but might be misinterpreted so as to give to another passage in her life the appearance of being evil. She wished to avoid it, and to trust in Heaven to bring about the object she desired. "I have heard," she says, "that *Heaven is sure to bring to pass the things of which Heaven has originated the purpose*."—*Dr. Legge (abridged)*.

2724. HEATHENISM, Inconsistencies of. Many of the orthodox Hindoo books, in order to exalt the power of Shiva-worship or Vishnu-worship, declare in the most emphatic ways that certain simple ceremonials or the utterance of certain syllables, apart from intention or moral conduct or character, will ensure future happiness. . . . In the minds of most Hindoos distinctly contradictory beliefs and wholly inconsistent practices are tolerated and held together in the most unnatural fellowship. Hence we sometimes have a public disputant arguing earnestly that God is everywhere and in everything, and in less than half an hour, and before the same assembly, urging with equal confidence that there is no God in existence. Hence, also, we sometimes see Lakshmi and Basavana—a blood-demanding and a blood-forbidding deity—in the same temple, and worshipped by the same persons.—*Rev. J. G. Hawker (India)*.

2725. HEATHENISM, No vitality in. In spite of all Julian's (the Emperor Apostate) efforts and exhortation, in spite of his own devotion, in spite of his restoration of Apollo's shrine at Daphne, when he came to celebrate with renovated pomp the annual festival of the town's patron deity, the sole representative of all the wealth and prosperity of that great city was a single priest with a solitary goose, who could scarcely prevail on his own son to serve him as acolyte.—*Rendall*.

2726. HEAVEN, An abundant entrance to. He had prayed for a triumphant death. One day, when speaking about heaven, some one said, "I'll be satisfied if I manage somehow to get in." "What!" said Robert, pointing to a sunken vessel that had just been dragged up the Tay, "would you like to be pulled into heaven by two tugs, like the 'London' yonder? I tell you I would like to go in with all my sails set and colours flying."—*Life of Robert Annan*.

2727. HEAVEN, a compensation. "You seem to be in great agony," said a minister once to a dying saint. "Sir, I am," was the reply; "but one half-hour in heaven will compensate for all."

2728. HEAVEN, a place of reconciliation. Dr. White, the first Anglican Bishop of Pennsylvania, in some manuscript notes which he left, says Whitefield dined with one of his relatives in 1770, a few weeks before his death. During dinner he was almost the only speaker, as was said to be common. In the course of his remarks Whitefield said, "In heaven I expect to see Charles the First, Oliver Cromwell, and Archbishop Laud, singing hallelujahs together."—*Church Review*.

2729. HEAVEN, A sight of. It is said that when Cortez led his sailors across the vast continent of South America, after months of toil and sickness they climbed one of the peaks of the Andes, and saw out there in the distance, far away, the glimmering of the sea. And the men wept for very joy at the sight. It was their own native element, the love of their life, their home. Toil there was a pleasure in comparison with this journeying through endless forests and wilderness, and they wept for joy. So it is with God's children when they catch sight of that sea of glass mingled with fire which is before the Throne. There is the desire of their hearts, the hope of their life, their treasure, and their home.—*B*.

2730. HEAVEN, and bereavement. Was it not a pretty thought, that of the gay young Southern girl dancing with a sort of ecstasy among the falling leaves, whose brilliancy she had never seen in her sea-coast home? To one near her, saddening over their fall, she said, "Just think how much more room it gives you to see the beautiful blue sky beyond!" Is it not true that, as our little joys and pleasures and earth's many lovely things fade and pass, they open spaces for us in which to see God's heaven beyond?—*Christian Union*.

2731. HEAVEN, and best days. A young girl of fifteen, a bright, laughter-loving girl, was suddenly cast upon a bed of suffering. Completely paralysed on one side and nearly blind, she heard the family doctor say to her friends, who surrounded her, "She has seen her best days, poor child!" "Oh no, doctor!" she exclaimed; "*my best days are yet to come, when I see the King in His beauty*."—*Freeman*.

2732. HEAVEN, and children. There was a clergyman who was of nervous temperament, and often became quite vexed by finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven. "Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven." "Do not want to go to heaven, my son?" "No, ma, I'm sure I don't." "Why not, my son?" "Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?" "Why, yes, I hope he will." "Well, as soon as he sees us he will come scolding along, and say, 'Whew, whew, what are these boys here for?' I don't want to go to heaven if grandpa is going there."

2733. HEAVEN and earth, relative value of. A man receives from the estate of a rich ancestor a picture of great value. When he first sees it, nothing impresses him but the frame, that is beau-

tifully carved. The canvas, in accordance with a custom that prevails in revolutionary times, has been coated over with paint. A rude picture has been raised upon the surface to prevent its tempting any one's cupidity. The man takes the picture, and looking at it, says, "The frame is very fine, and I shall prize that; but the painting, though it cost thirty thousand pounds at one time, I cannot see any particular value in." By-and-by there comes along an artist, who, looking at the picture, and suspecting that there is something in it more than appears on the outside, takes a sponge and commences working and rubbing, and behold, the beauteous head of a child is disclosed under this covering of paint! And, applying himself with renewed zeal, he soon cleanses the whole surface, and reveals a wonderfully rich picture. Then he says to the owner, "There is your painting!" And the man forgets to look at the frame after that. The magnificent picture that it encloses, and that he never knew was there, now commands all his attention. The frame is nothing to him any longer. He says, "It is perfectly absurd to talk of a frame where there is such a picture." Now it seems to me that heaven is in a frame, that this world is the frame, and that the present life is the coating through which we behold the heavenly vision. And so long as grime and dirt are over the picture we talk much about the frame, and place a high value upon that; but the moment that some artist teacher or preacher reveals the picture, bright, shining, and glorious, then that fills the mind, and the frame is forgotten. The frame yet has a value, but it is a frame value, and not a picture value. So men, when they come into that state of which the Apostle speaks, do not lose a sense of the value of earthly things. Money, raiment, food, houses, lands—all these have their value, but *they are only a mere framework*; and other things have so much more value than these that are cast into the background.—*Beecher*.

2734. HEAVEN, Conversation in. The excellent Mr. Finley, of Edinburgh, spoke habitually of death as only a step which would take him into his Father's house. His conversation was truly in heaven. In one of his many errands of mercy he called on a young girl sinking in a decline. Looking on her wan face, he took her hand, and said with a smile, "Weel, my dear, you're afore me. You're only nineteen, an' you're almost across the river; a step or two mair, and ye'll stand on theither side. I'm almost seventy, an' maybe I'll have some hard steps afore I'll hear its ripple. O lassie, this is a sweet day for you! *Ye'll get home first.*"

2735. HEAVEN, Degrees of happiness in. Mr. Dilly told me that Dr. King, a late Dissenting minister in London, said to him, upon the happiness in a future state of good men of different capacities, "A pail does not hold so much as a tub; but if it be equally full it has no reason to complain. Every saint in heaven will have as much happiness as he can hold." Mr. Dilly thought this a clear, though a familiar, illustration of the phrase, "One star differeth from another in brightness."—*Boswell*.

2736. HEAVEN, desired for others. When the late King of Prussia visited him (Gossner) in his hospital, and expressed his pleasure, and asked if he had any wish that he could fulfil, he only raised his finger and pointed upwards and said, "My wish is,

that I may know your Majesty by my King yonder."—*Dr. Stephenson*.

2737. HEAVEN, despised. A certain gentleman in France, who, having feasted high on sensual gratifications, said, "Let God Almighty give me all the good things in Paris, and secure me from the monster death, and He may keep His heaven to Himself, and welcome."—*Buck*.

2738. HEAVEN, Entrance to. On one occasion, while speaking at a Bible Society meeting, over which the Marquis of Anglesea presided, Christmas Evans turned and personally addressed the Marquis thus—"I imagine, my lord, that you have died, and that the angel of death has taken your soul to the portals of the holy city. Only a few are admitted into paradise; the entrance is narrow and jealously watched. 'Open!' shouts the angel of death as he presses forward to secure a place in heaven worthy of your lordship. 'Who to?' asks the guardian of paradise, with an authoritative voice. 'To the Honourable the Marquis of Anglesea.' 'Who is he?' 'An old officer in the army of the Duke of York.' 'In that capacity,' says Peter, 'he is not on my list.' 'But he has filled the office of High Master of the Ordnance.' 'That may be possible, but we know him not.' 'He has been several times Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.' 'I say nothing to the contrary, but he is to us a total stranger.' 'He was the leader of the Horse Guards at the Battle of Waterloo.' 'I repeat that we know nothing of him.' 'Besides that, he was for many years President of the Bible Society.' 'Ho!' shouted Peter, '*that alters the case.* He can enter in; indeed, I see his name recorded among the blessed on the books of my Father.'"

2739. HEAVEN, Entrance to. Al Sirat is a bridge extending from this world to the next, over the abyss of hell, which must be passed by every one who would enter the Mohanmedan paradise. It is very narrow, the breadth being less than the thread of a famished spider, according to some writers; others compare it to the edge of a sword or of a razor. The deceased cross with a rapidity proportioned to their virtue. Some pass with the rapidity of lightning; others with the speed of a horse at full gallop; others still slower, on account of the weight of their sins; and many fall down from it, and are precipitated into hell.—*Wheeler*.

2740. HEAVEN, Fitness necessary for. I knew a man who had amassed great wealth, but had no children to inherit it. Smitten with the vain and strange propensity to found a house or make a family, as it is called, he left his riches to a distant relative. His successor found himself suddenly raised from poverty to affluence, and thrown into a position which he had not been trained to fill. He was cast into the society of those to whose tastes and habits and accomplishments he was an utter and an awkward stranger. Did many envy the child of fortune? They might have spared their envy. Left in his original obscurity, he had been a happy peasant, whistling his way home from the plough to a thatch-roofed cottage, or on winter nights, around the blazing faggots, laughing loud and merry among unpolished boors. Child of misfortune! he buried his happiness in the grave of his benefactor. Neither qualified by nature nor fitted by education for his position, he was separated from

his old only to be despised by his new associates. And how bitterly was he disappointed to find that in exchanging poverty for opulence, daily toil for injurious indolence, humble friends for more distinguished companions, a hard bed for one of down—this turn in his fortunes had flung him on a couch, not of roses, but of thorns! In his case the hopes of the living and the intentions of the dead were alike frustrated. The prize had proved a blank—a necessary result of the fatal oversight that *the heir had not been made meet for the inheritance*. Is such training needed for an earthly estate? How much more for the “inheritance of the saints in light!” —*Guthrie*.

2741. HEAVEN, Glories of. A New Zealand chief who visited England was remarkable for the deep spirituality of his mind and his constant delight in the Word of God. One day he was taken to see a beautiful mansion near London. The gentleman who took him expected to see him greatly astonished and charmed with its magnificence and splendour; but it seemed to excite little or no admiration in his mind. Wondering how this could be, he began to point out to him its grandeur and the beauty of its costly furniture. Tamahana heard all silently; then, looking round upon the walls, replied, “*Ah! my Father's house is finer than this.*” “Your father's house!” thought the gentleman, who knew his father's home was but a poor mud-cottage. But Tamahana went on to speak, in his own expressive, touching strain, of the house above—the house of “many mansions”—the eternal home of the redeemed.

2742. HEAVEN, Going to. A Christian man was dying in Scotland. His daughter Nellie sat by the bedside. It was Sunday evening, and the bell of the Scotch kirk was ringing, calling the people to church. The good old man, in his dying dream, thought that he was on the way to church, as he used to be when he went in the sleigh across the river; and as the evening bell struck up, in his dying dream he thought it was the call to church. He said, “Hark, children, the bells are ringing; we shall be late; we must make the mare step out quick!” He shivered, and then said, “Pull the buffalo-robe up closer, my lass! It is cold crossing the river; but we will soon be there, Nellie, we will soon be there!” And he smiled and said, “*Just there now.*” No wonder he smiled. The good old man had got to church. Not the old Scotch kirk, but the temple in the skies. *Just across the river.* —*Talmage*.

2743. HEAVEN, Going to. Dr. Preston, when he was dying, used these words: “Blessed be God, though I change my place *I shall not change my company*; for I have walked with God while living, and now I go to rest with God.”

2744. HEAVENS, have become astronomical. There is a saying of Hazlitt's, bold, and at first seeming wondrous true:—“In the days of Jacob there was a ladder between heaven and earth; but now the heavens have gone farther off and have become astronomical.” —*George Dawson*.

2745. HEAVEN, how entered. In Persian mythology a Peri is an elf or fairy, descended from the fallen angels, who is debarred admission to paradise until her penance is accomplished. On this fancy Moore constructed “Paradise and the Peri,” in

which he represents a Peri endeavouring to find in this world something which will serve as a passport for her through the heavenly gates. First she tries the last sigh of dying love expending itself for another's good; but this, though appreciated by Heaven, is not a prevailing gift. Next she brings the last life-drop of a patriot's blood, shed in behalf of his country; but this, though regarded by Heaven as a choice offering, will not avail to “unloose the bars of massy light.” At last she discovers a man hardened in sin—hopeless and comfortless—who is brought to repentance and virtue by seeing a lovely child on its knees in prayer; and a penitential tear caught from the cheek of this once desperate, but now humble and contrite, sinner secured *what no other bribe could obtain*. The heavenly gates opened. —*Christian Age*.

2746. HEAVEN, how won. Won by other arms than theirs, it presents the strongest imaginable contrast to the spectacle seen in England's palace on that day when the king demanded of his assembled nobles by what titles they held their land. “What title?” At the rash question a hundred swords leaped from their scabbards. Advancing on the alarmed monarch, “By these,” they replied, “we won, and by these we will keep them!” How different the scene which heaven presents! All eyes are fixed on Jesus; every look is love; gratitude glows in every bosom and swells in every song. Now with golden harps they sound the Saviour's praises; and now descending from their thrones to do Him homage, they cast their crowns in one glittering heap at the feet which were nailed on Calvary. —*Dr. Guthrie*.

2747. HEAVEN, Image of. A sorrowing mother, bending over her dying child, was trying to soothe it by talking about heaven. She spoke of the glory there, of the brightness, of the shining countenances of the angels; but a little voice stopped her, saying, “I should not like to be there, mother, for the light hurts my eyes.” Then she changed her word-picture, and spoke of the songs above, of the harpers, of the voice of many waters, of the new song which they sang before the Throne; but the child said, “Mother, I cannot bear any noise.” Grieved and disappointed at her failure, she took the little one in her arms with all the tenderness of a mother's love. Then, as the little sufferer lay there, near to all it loved best in the world, conscious only of the nearness of love and care, the whisper came, “Mother, if heaven is like this, may Jesus take me there!”

2748. HEAVEN, Kingdom of, and its progress. You might as well stand on the banks of the Mississippi and be afraid it was going to run up stream as to suppose that the current of Christendom can run more than one way. What would you think of a man who should stand moonstruck over an eddy, and because that didn't go right forward, declare that the whole flood had got out of its course? So in the stream of time. The things that appear in our day all have bearing on the coming triumph of the gospel and the reign of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. —*Beecher*.

2749. HEAVEN, Knowledge in. A dying minister, quite ignorant of physical science, said to a brother who made it a great study, “Samuel, Samuel! I'll know more of it in heaven in half an hour than you have learned all your life.” —*Denton*.

2750. HEAVEN, Longing after. Heaven will not be ours simply because we have longed for it, or even looked forward expectantly towards it, but because we are prepared for it. A beggar dreamt once that he was to inherit a kingly throne. *It was only a dream, and a pauper's life followed in the future, as if no vision of glory had come to him.*—*B.*

2751. HEAVEN, Longing for. As his life was nearing the end Dr. William James, of Albany, said, "No young girl ever felt a more delightful fluttering in the prospect of a European tour than I feel in the prospect of soon seeing the land of never-withering flowers, and of seeing Christ, and of knowing Him, and being known by Him."

2752. HEAVEN, Longing for. Socrates was glad when his death approached, because he thought he should go to Hesiod, Homer, and other learned men deceased, whom he expected to meet in the other world. How much more do I rejoice, who am sure that I shall see my Saviour Christ, the saints, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and all holy men who have lived from the beginning of the world! Since I am sure to partake of their felicity, why should not I be willing to die, to enjoy their perpetual society in glory?—*Henry Bullinger.*

2753. HEAVEN, Longing for. A dying child said to his father, "Lift me up," and the father tenderly lifted the child higher on the pillow. But again the child said, "Lift me up," and the father took him in his arms. Then the child said faintly, "Higher, higher, higher," until the father had lifted him as high as he could stretch his arms; and as the last "higher" was whispered, God came down and took the little one to His eternal home.—*Moody.*

2754. HEAVEN, Longing for. At last we feel like Melancthon on his deathbed, "Is there anything else you want?" they said to him. "Nothing but heaven," he replied.—*Dr. Parker.*

2755. HEAVEN, Looking forward to, illustrated. A lady, unused to the rough travelling of a mountain land, went thither to make her home, and received from one of her new friends this bit of advice. She had been telling of her faintness when guiding her horse through a deep ford where the waters ran swiftly and the roar was incessant, and said she feared she should never be able to overcome the abject physical terror which dominated her whenever she found herself in the strong current midway between the banks. "Oh! yes, you will," said her companion. "Just take a leaf in your mouth and chew it, and as you ride across keep your eyes on the other side."—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster.*

2756. HEAVEN, Looking forward to. In the reign of Queen Mary a man named Palmer was condemned to die. He was earnestly persuaded to recant, and among other things, a friend said to him, "Take pity on thy golden years and pleasant flowers of youth before it is too late." His beautiful reply was, "Sir, I long for those springing flowers which shall never fade away."

2757. HEAVEN, Nearing. I saw a blind man going along the road with his staff, and he kept pounding the earth and then stamping with his foot. I said to him, "What do you do that for?"

"Oh," he said, "I can tell by the sound of the ground when I am near a dwelling." And some of you can tell by the sound of your earthly pathway that you are coming near to your Father's house.—*Talmage.*

2758. HEAVEN, No leisure to observe. The Duke of Alva was once asked if he had observed the eclipses happening in a certain year. He replied, "I have so much business upon earth that I have no leisure to look up to heaven."

2759. HEAVEN, No royal road to, illustrated. An ancient king wished to be taught geometry, and he asked the great master geometrician of the age to teach him by some way more speedy and less difficult than the ordinary one. The reply of the geometrician was, "There is no royal road to geometry."

2760. HEAVEN, no sphere for bigotry. Whitefield, when in Edinburgh, had on one occasion stepped into a stage-coach about to start from the city. A lady, who belonged to a different denomination of Christians, happened to step into the same coach. Observing her companion, she started up with alarm, and asked, "Are not you Mr. Whitefield, sir?" "Yes, Madam." "Oh, then, let me get out." "Surely, Madam," was the calm reply. "But before you go let me ask you one question—Suppose you die and go to heaven, and then suppose I die and go there also: when I come in, will you go out?"

2761. HEAVEN, not entered without preparation. A great man once had an extraordinary mark of distinction and honour sent him by his prince as he lay on his deathbed. "Alas!" said he, looking coldly upon it, "this is a mighty fine thing in this country; but I am going to a country where it will be of no service to me." And that is what men will have to say of all those things the world prizes, and counts its own to bestow. We leave them all behind at last. And then the all-important question is that fitness which Christ alone can bestow, the wedding garment heaven prepared, and heaven given to all who seek it. And therefore though men may despise the graces over which Christ pronounces his beatitudes, there is coming a day when they will be all-essential. The Eastern vizier of whom Trench tells us, who refused the garment of honour, plain as it was, for it had been changed on the way, and who entered in his own resplendent robes into the king's presence, to lose his life for the affront, is but an illustration of men going forward unprepared toward the solemn realities of death and of eternity. How can we appear in that great day of His coming, unless we are found as He would have us be? Surprise, confusion, condemnation awaits every soul of man, whether he be prince or pauper, who lacks the wedding garment in that hour. "Bind him, hand and foot," the King will say, "and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness."—*B.*

2762. HEAVEN, not of merit. The late Rev. C. J. Latrobe visited a certain nobleman in Ireland who devoted considerable sums to charitable purposes, and, among other benevolent acts, had erected an elegant church at his own expense. The nobleman, with great pleasure, showed Mr. Latrobe his estate, pointed him to the church, and said, "Now, sir, do you not think that will merit heaven?"

Mr. Latrobe paused for a moment, and said, "Pray, my lord, what may your estate be worth a year?" "I imagine," said the nobleman, "about thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds." "And do you think, my lord," answered the minister, "that *God would sell heaven* even for thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds?"

2763. HEAVEN, Occupation in. Faraday, the distinguished scientist, was once asked, "Have you conceived to yourself what will be your occupation in the next world?" Hesitating a while, Faraday answered, "'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' I shall be with Christ, and that's enough."

2764. HEAVEN, on earth. In one of his last hours the Rev. Thomas Scott said, "This is heaven begun. I have done with darkness for ever. Satan is vanquished! Nothing now remains but salvation with eternal glory—eternal glory!"

2765. HEAVEN, our country. When Anaxagoras was accused of not studying politics for his country's good, he replied, "I have a great care of my country," pointing up to heaven.—*New Handbook of Illustrations.*

2766. HEAVEN, our home. In our last dreadful war the Federals and the Confederates were encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock, and one morning the brass band of the Northern troops played the national air, and all the Northern troops cheered and cheered. Then, on the opposite side of the Rappahannock, the brass band of the Confederates played "My Maryland" and "Dixie," and then all the Southern troops cheered and cheered. But after a while one of the bands struck up "Home, Sweet Home," and the band on the opposite side of the river took up the strain, and when the tune was done the Confederates and the Federals all together united, as the tears rolled down their cheeks, in one great "Huzza! huzza!" Well, my friends, heaven comes very near to-day. It is only a stream that divides us—the narrow stream of death; and the voices there and the voices here seem to commingle, and we join trumpets and hosannahs and hallelujahs, and the chorus of the united song of earth and heaven is, "Home, Sweet Home."—*Talmage.*

2767. HEAVEN, our home. It was stormy from shore to shore, without a single fair day. But the place to which we were going was my home; there was my family; there was my church; there were my friends, who were as dear to me as my own life. And I lay perfectly happy in the midst of sickness and nausea. All that the boat could do to me could not keep down the exultation and joy which rose up in me. For every single hour was *carrying me nearer and nearer to the spot where was all that I loved in the world.* It was deep, dark midnight when we ran into Halifax. I could see nothing. Yet the moment we came into still water I rose from my berth and got up on deck. And as I sat near the smoke-stack while they were unloading the cargo, upon the wharf I saw the shadow of a person, apparently, going backward and forward near me. At last the thought occurred to me, "Am I watched?" Just then the person addressed me, saying, "Is this Mr. Beecher?" "It is," I replied. "I have a telegram for you from

your wife." I had not realised that I had struck the continent where my family were. There, in the middle of the night, and in darkness, the intelligence that I had a telegram from home—I cannot tell you what a thrill it sent through me! We are all sailing home; and by-and-by, when we are not thinking of it, some shadowy thing (men call it death), at midnight, will pass by, and will call us by name, and will say, "*I have a message for you from home; God waits for you.*" Are they worthy of anything but pity who are not able to bear the hardships of the voyage? It will not be long before you, and I, and every one of us will hear the messenger sent to bring us back to heaven. It is pleasant to me to think that we are wanted there. I am thankful to think that God loves in such a way that He yearns for me—yes, a great deal more than I do for Him.—*Beecher (condensed).*

2768. HEAVEN, Perpetual blessedness of. In the London Exhibition there was once a beautiful painting, representing a mother on her knees in her desolate chamber beside the body of her little child. Her face rose to just such a height that she looked across the edge of the coffin straight towards an open window, through which the western sun was streaming rays of lustrous twilight, kindling the whole sky with supernatural silver, purple, violet, and gold. Her eyes were arrested with the wonderful sunset; and the legend underneath the picture was what perhaps she might have been repeating to herself: "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—*Dr. C. S. Robinson.*

2769. HEAVEN, Preparation for. A traveller who had recently returned from Jerusalem discovered, in conversation with Humboldt, that he was as thoroughly conversant with the streets and houses of Jerusalem as he himself was; whereupon he asked the aged philosopher how long it was since he visited Jerusalem. He replied, "I have never been there, but I expected to go sixty years since and I prepared myself." Should not the heavenly home be as familiar to those who expect to dwell there eternally?

2770. HEAVEN, Preparation for. Droll in expression, but grand in sentiment were the words of the Rev. Z. Bradford, in his last illness, when, suddenly checking the tears wrung from him by the prospect of separating from his young children, he said, "This will never do; I am not going snivelling into heaven."—*Christian Age.*

2771. HEAVEN, Preparing for. A lady friend of mine was starting from England, with others, for America; and when she got to Liverpool all her friends wanted to go to the same hotel, but it was full, and they had to go away; but she had been thoughtful enough to take precautions, and had sent a telegram and engaged her room before. Let the news go up on high that you want a mansion there, and write down your name in the book.—*Moody.*

2772. HEAVEN, Preparing for. A traveller doth not buy such things as he cannot carry with

him, as trees, houses, household stuff; but jewels, pearls, and such as are portable. Our wealth does not follow us into the other world, but our works do. We are travellers to a country whose commodities will not be bought with gold and silver, and therefore we are storing up for heaven *such things as will pass current there*. Men that make a voyage to the Indies will carry such wares as are acceptable there, else they do nothing.—*Dr. Manton*.

2773. HEAVEN, Preparing for. I do not know if any of you have read and are acquainted with the essay of that eminent man Richard Owen, "On the Nature of Limbs." If so, you did not fail to meditate on that frontispiece, in which the science of anatomy rises into more than the play of poetry; where that great—perhaps greatest—of all anatomists, does not hesitate to show us by a diagram the human skeleton hand, clothed upon, preening, developing into the wing of the angel. But *faith sees more than science*; faith does indeed behold the hand rising into the wing—indeed sees in the hand only the undeveloped wing.—*Paxton Hood*.

2774. HEAVEN, Recognition of friends in. Luther, the night before he died, was reasonably well, and sat with his friends at table. The matter of their discourse was, whether we shall know one another in heaven or not. Luther held it affirmatively, and this was one reason he gave: Adam, as soon as he saw Eve, knew what she was, not by discourse, but by Divine revelation; so shall we in the life to come.—*Trapp*.

2775. HEAVEN, recognition of loved ones there. Not long ago I stood by the deathbed of a little girl. Every fibre of her body and soul recoiled from the thought of death. "Don't let me die," she said; "don't let me die. Hold me fast. Oh, I can't go." "Jenny," I said, "you have two brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you." But she cried out again despairingly, "*Don't let me go; they are strangers over there.*" But even as she was pleading her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist and lifted themselves eagerly aloft. Her face was turned upwards; but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of Divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we could not see; and they grew brighter and brighter. "Mamma," she said, "*mamma, they are not strangers; I'm not afraid.*" Her form relapsed among the pillows, and she was gone.—*Mrs. Helen Williams*.

2776. HEAVEN, Representations of. When Malherbe was dying his confessor represented to him the felicities of a future state in low and trite expressions. The dying critic interrupted him, "Hold your tongue," he said; "your wretched style only makes me out of conceit with them!"—*I. D'Israeli*.

2777. HEAVEN, Saints' arrival at. In yonder vessel, which enters the harbour with masts sprung, sails rent, seams yawning, bulwarks gone, bearing all the marks of having battled with storms and ridden many a crested wave, and on her deck a crew of weather-beaten and worn men, happy and glad to reach the land again—behold the plight in which the believer arrives at heaven. It is hard work to get there. No doubt of it. Paul the

workman, in labours more abundant; Paul the martyr, in stripes above measure; . . . Paul, the patient sufferer for Christ; . . . even Paul stood alarmed lest he himself should be a castaway. *The righteous scarcely are saved*. The busiest in praying, watching, working, fighting, are no more than saved.—*Guthrie*.

2778. HEAVEN, Slow progress towards. An old woman who had been unduly persecuted for her piety by an ungodly and profane farmer of the neighbourhood was walking one day to chapel as he came riding recklessly along. "There you are again," he sneered, "crawling to heaven." "That's better," was the unexpected and appropriate reply, "than galloping to hell."—*G. B.*

2779. HEAVEN, Society of. There is a degree of melancholy grandeur in the idea of a heathen of old, who, amid all the darkness and ignorance and superstition in which he lived, could compose his mind to death in the supposition that, in the Elysian fields of his mythology, he should meet with Plato, and with Socrates, and with Homer, and with Hesiod, and a host of other illustrious worthies, and spend his eternity with them in a philosophy refined from the grossness of earth. Miserable comfort! His Elysian fields were fables, not even cunningly devised. "But we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and in those mansions of eternal glory are to be found the martyred Abel; that patriarch who walked with God, and was translated without tasting death; the father of the faithful, Abraham; with Isaac and Jacob, Moses, Joshua, prophets, priests, and kings, apostles, martyrs, and innumerable servants of the Lord less distinguished, thousands of thousands, gathered out of every tribe and kindred and people, and from every age and generation of the world.—*Gregory T. Bedell*.

2780. HEAVEN, The Christian's home. Some one asked a Scotchman if he was on his way to heaven. "Why, man," he said, "I live there." He was only a pilgrim here. Heaven was his home.—*Moody*.

2781. HEAVEN, The Christian's right to. The late Rev. Robert Thomas, of Hanover, was once asked if he felt sure of going to heaven when he died. We heard him reply, "*Where else can I go?*"—*Rev. J. Idrisyn Jones*.

2782. HEAVEN, The sweeter because of deprivation. A poor blind woman said in conversation, "Heaven will be sweeter to me than to you, because I have never seen the light of the sun, nor the green fields, nor the human face. And, oh! when light bursts on me for the first time, and that uncreated light, and I see Jesus and the glories of heaven, heaven will be sweeter to me than to you!"—*Christian's Penny Record*.

2783. HEAVEN, Way to. Bishop Wilberforce was once standing on a station platform waiting for a train, when a facetious farmer, who had been dining rather too well at a market ordinary, accosted him and said, laughing, "My lord, can you tell us what's the shortest way from here to heaven?" "Oh yes, my friend," answered the Bishop, "*turn to the right and keep straight on.*"

2784. **HEAVEN, Way to.** John Bunyan was once asked a question about heaven which he could not answer, because the matter was not revealed in the Scriptures; and he thereupon advised the inquirer to live a holy life and *go and see*.—*Christian Age*.

2785. **HEAVEN, what it is.** "Are you dreaming, father?" I said one day, when he (Father Taylor) was leaning back in his chair, with closed eyes and a happy smile playing about his mouth. "I am in heaven a little way," he answered, without moving. "And what is heaven, really?" I asked, climbing upon his knees. "*It is loving God*," he replied, still with the same soft dreamy tone.—*Mrs. Judge Russell*.

2786. **HEAVEN, what it is.** A scoffing infidel of considerable talents, being once in the company of a person of slender intellect, but of genuine piety, and supposing, no doubt, that he should obtain an easy triumph in the display of his ungodly wit, put the following question to him: "I understand, sir, that you expect to go to heaven when you die; can you tell me what sort of a place heaven is?" "Yes, sir," replied the Christian; "*heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people*; and if your soul is not prepared for it, with all your boasted wisdom, you will never enter there."

2787. **HEAVEN, where it begins.** The Rev. Mr. Waterston, father of Rev. Dr. Waterston, met Father Taylor about a year before he died, both very old. Father Taylor, in his usual ardent way, caught and embraced him, saying, "I am as glad to see you as I should be to see St. Paul!" "Ah!" replied Mr. Waterston, "we must go to heaven if we would see St. Paul." "Wherever," replied Father Taylor, with his grandest emphasis of voice and manner—"Wherever the truly good man is, *there is heaven*."—*Life of Father Taylor*.

2788. **HEAVEN, Wicked cannot enter.** A nobleman, seeing a large stone lying near his gate, ordered his servant, with an oath, to send it to hell. "If," said the servant, "I were to throw it to heaven, it would be more completely out of your lordship's way."—*Arvine*.

2789. **HEAVEN, Wonders of.** John Newton said, "When I get to heaven I shall see three wonders there. The first wonder will be, to see many people there whom I did not expect to see—the second wonder will be, to miss many people whom I did expect to see; and the third and greatest wonder of all, will be to find myself there."

2790. **HEAVEN, worth struggling for.** When Cæsar was marching on a city he saw the people running; they did not make any fight for their city. It was a magnificent city, and Cæsar said to his staff officers, "See those men run from the city without making any defence of it. If men will not fight for such a city as that, *what will they fight for?*" And if we will not make a struggle for heaven, for what will we struggle for?—*Talmage*.

2791. **HEAVENLY life, What it is an escape from?** That life will be *emancipation from a dying and, in its best state, a restrictive body*. This is certain. Whatever else takes place at death, we shall surely leave this covered skeleton. We shall no longer look out upon God's universe through dying

eyes, nor get the major part of our knowledge of it through the discipline of pain. One of Quarles' Emblems of Life is a child peering sadly out between the ribs of a skeleton bare and dead. That emblem we shall smile at as belonging to a past world. To thousands of sufferers this will be a glad escape. Think what it must be to the blind, the deaf, the crippled! "Let me pass out," were the significant dying words of one believer, which I find upon her tombstone. The restrictions of sense will cease. We shall exchange pain for ease, weariness for strength, confinement for freedom. To those who have long since forgotten what the sensations of health are this is a glad assurance. Said one of the saints, who for years had not known a painless hour, when asked what was his most vivid conception of heaven, "Freedom from palpitation of the heart." His whole being had been so long absorbed in conflict with that form of suffering, that to be rid of it was often all the heaven he had strength to think of. Who of us, if at peace with God, does not sometimes exult in this thought: "One thing I know; whatever else is before me, I am going out of this worn-out body, to be shut up in it no more for ever."—*Professor Austin Phelps, D.D.*

2792. **HEEDLESSNESS of man.** A musical amateur of eminence, who had often observed Mr. Cadogan's inattention to his performances, said to him one day, "Come, I am determined to make you feel the power of music; pay particular attention to this piece." It was played. "Well, what do you say now?" "Just what I said before." "What! can you hear this and not be charmed? I am surprised at your insensibility! Where are your ears?" "Bear with me, my lord," replied Mr. Cadogan, "since I too have had my surprise. I have from the pulpit set before you the most striking and affecting truths; I have found notes that might have awakened the dead; I have said, 'Surely he will feel now;' but you never seemed charmed with my music, though infinitely more interesting than yours. I too might have said, 'Where are his ears?'"

2793. **HELL, Anticipation of.** A pious gentleman was once called to visit an unhappy old man who lay at the point of death. For several years he had been an avowed infidel. He had been accustomed to scoff at Scripture; but he principally exercised his profane wit in ridiculing the justice of God and the future punishment of the wicked. He died convinced, but not converted. His death was truly awful. With his last quivering breath he exclaimed, "Now I know there is a hell, for I feel it!"—*Whitcross*.

2794. **HELL, Illustration of.** A great and rich man in one of our towns in the West was once taken sick and lost his mind. When he recovered from his sickness he was still a deranged man. He seemed never to know his own wife or children. He forgot all his old friends. For seven long years he was in this unhappy state. One day, while sitting in the room where his daughters were, he sprang from his chair and cried out in great joy, "Thank God, I am out at last!" I cannot describe the scene of that hour. He embraced and kissed his daughters. He wept with joy on the bosom of his wife, and acted as if he had not seen them for many years. At last he said to them, "For seven

long years I have been in a burning hell. It was a horrible cavern of lakes and rocks and mountains of fire. I saw millions there, but could find no friend. I was ever burning, yet never consumed; ever dying, yet never dead. No light of the sun shined there, and no smile of God was seen. I remembered there every sinful thing I had done, and was tormented in my soul. I thought of the sufferings and death of that blessed Saviour, and how I had treated Him. There was no rest to my soul day nor night. I had no hope there. Yet I wandered in madness to find some way of escape. At last, as I stood on the top of a high rock blazing with heat, I saw in the distance a little opening like the light of the sky. I jumped headlong down, and with all my powers made my way towards it. At last I climbed up to it, and worked and struggled through; and, blessed be God, here I am again, with my beloved wife and children." Now, my friends, suppose there is no such place as hell. Suppose some one should be so foolish as to hope that there is no such place. Yet remember, that if God can make a man's own mind such a hell as this while he is yet in this world, He can find a still more fearful hell for him in the world to come.—*Bishop Meade.*

2795. HELL, necessary. President Andrew Jackson's famous reply to a young man who objected to the doctrine of future punishments is well known. "I thank God," said the youth, "I have too much good sense to believe there is such a place as hell." "Well, sir," said General Jackson, "I thank God there is such a place." "Why, general," asked the young man, "what do you want with such a place of torment as hell?" To which the general replied, as quick as lightning, "To put such rascals as you in, that oppose and vilify the Christian religion." The young man said no more, and soon after found it convenient to leave.—*Cyclopædia of Biography.*

2796. HELL, Opinions concerning. Father Taylor, once preaching from "The wicked shall be turned into hell," began—"God said that. How many piping pettifoggers of Satan will you set against His word? Voltaire"—bending forward and looking down—"Voltaire, what do you think about it now?"

2797. HELL, Terror of. After the Reformation Neil Ramsay, Laird of Dalhousie, having been at a preaching with the Regent Moray, was asked how he liked the sermon. "Passing well," said he. "Purgatory has been altogether done away with; if to-morrow he will do away with hell, I will give him half the lands of Dalhousie."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

2798. HELL, where is it? "Where is hell?" was the question once asked by a scoffer. Brief but telling was the reply, "Anywhere outside of heaven."—*Biblical Museum.*

2799. HELP, Call for. An exciting scene was lately witnessed on Dee Sands. Mr. Joseph Broster was driving along the shore, when he became engulfed in a quicksand. The horse and cart gradually sank, until the animal's head only was visible. Mr. Broster, who was also rapidly disappearing, cried for help to some Neston fishermen, and he was eventually rescued, as well as the horse and cart, but not without great difficulty. Mr. Broster de-

scribes the sensation of sinking as if his legs were being dragged away from his body.

2800. HELP, do not parade it. Almost every day I have occasion to go past the shop of a cobbler in whose window there hangs a neatly printed card bearing the inscription, "Invisible Patching."

2801. HELP, must be immediate. I had a friend who stood by the rail-track at Carlisle, Penn., when the ammunition had given out at Antietam, and he saw the train from Harrisburg, freighted with shot and shell, as it went thundering down toward the battlefield. He said that it stopped not for any crossing. They put down the brakes for no grade. They held up for no peril. The wheels were on fire with the speed as they dashed past. If the train did not come up in time with the ammunition, it might as well not come at all. So, my friends, there are times in our lives when we must have help immediately or perish. The grace that comes too late is no grace at all. What you and I want is a God—now.—*Talmage.*

2802. HELP, Mutual. In the old anti-slavery days Wilberforce said to Dr. Lushington, "You are the only man to support me; and when you make a speech I will cheer you, and when I make one do you cheer me."—*Sir Wilfrid Lawson.*

2803. HELP, True. A poor fellow in Exeter Hall signed the temperance pledge some twenty or thirty years ago. He was a prize-fighter—a miserable, debauched, degraded, ignorant creature. A gentleman stood by his side, a builder in London, employing some hundreds of men, and he said to him—what did he say? "Stick to it!" No! "I hope you will stick to it, my friend?" No! "It will be a good thing for you if you stick to it?" No! He said this—"Where do you sleep to-night?" "Where I slept last night." "And where is that?" "In the streets." "No, you won't; you have signed this pledge, and you belong to this society, and you are going home with me."—*J. B. Gough.*

2804. HELPLESSNESS, Human. During a fire at a distillery in America a man was seen amongst the blazing timbers in a position which rendered it impossible to afford him the slightest help. The poor fellow was observed lifting up his hands, endeavouring to beat off the flames; in fact, fencing with them, as if he thought he could frighten them from their prey.—*Denton.*

2805. HELPMET, a suitable. Gobat, after spending eight years in Abyssinia, came home to seek a helpmeet for himself in his difficult sphere. Several ladies were suggested to him by his friends. One seemed likely to be peculiarly eligible, who had much wished to become a missionary; but Gobat, seeing her drive out in a sumptuous coach with two beautiful horses to visit the sick and the poor, said to himself, "This will not do for Abyssinia," and took the earliest opportunity of leaving the house.—*From Autobiography of Bishop Gobat.*

2806. HERESIES, Hatred of. When Polycarp was at Rome he employed his time in confirming the faithful and convincing gainsayers, whereby he reclaimed many who had been infected with the pernicious heresies of Marcian and Valentinus; and so very fervent was his affection for the truth, that

whenever he heard of any of the mischievous opinions of his time mentioned he used to stop his ears and cry out, "Good God, to what times hast Thou reserved me, that I should hear such things!" And one day meeting Marcian, who called to him, saying, "Polycarp, own us," he replied, "I own thee to be the first-born of Satan."

2807. HERESY, how judged. Aristotle, the heathen, was held in such repute and honour, that whoso undervalued or contradicted him was held, at Cologne, for an heretic; whereas they themselves understood not Aristotle.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

2808. HERESY, Test of. A Roman Catholic seeing a Protestant die in peace and triumph, is reported to have said, "If this be heresy, it makes a soft pillow to die on."

2809. HERETIC, Who is the? In the time of Queen Mary a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house, for the Lord's sake, one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said, "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said, "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen in the trunk he saw a glass. He said, "There is no heretic here." "Ah!" she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic."—*Talmage.*

2810. HERO, A true. As the little son of Hans Vedder, of Haarlem, was returning home along the dyke one evening he saw a tiny stream of water trickling down from a little crevice in the wall. And the little Hollander knew well what that meant; how all their safety depended on the soundness of the dyke, and how, if aught injured that, wide-spreading ruin and uttermost destruction must follow! So now he thrust his finger into the crevice whence the water was spurting out. The water ceased to trickle. His little forefinger had wedged itself so tightly into the crack that the hole was stopped. And then, keeping his finger in the place, he sat down contentedly to wait till some one should pass, when the hole would be stopped more securely and he would be released. He grew very tired, but he well knew the danger, and he bravely stuck to his post. His finger grew stiff and numb, and his body was cramped with pain. But still the brave boy stuck to his post, and patiently kept his finger in the dangerous hole. The night seemed long and dreary, but at last he fell asleep; until when morning came, he was found by his parents after a long and anxious search.

2811. HERO, A true. "Harry, where have you got that black eye?" asked a schoolmaster of a fresh-looking boy. "I would rather not tell, sir," returned the boy in a firm voice. "But I will know," said the master. "Excuse me, I really cannot tell you," said the boy. "Then I must beat you," said the master. Harry bore the punishment in silence, although he felt he did not deserve it. He might have told his master, but he could not without relating how he had got his black eye while protecting a smaller boy against the cruelties of two bigger ones, but that he did not wish. This brave boy became afterward the celebrated hero, Sir Henry Havelock.

2812. HERO, Death of. The old hero's (Knox) dying expressions were characteristic. "I have been in meditation on the troubled state of the Church

of God. I have called to God for her, and committed her to her head, Jesus Christ. The day approaches, and is now at the break, when I shall be with Christ. And now God is my witness that I have taught nothing but the gospel of our Lord. I know that many have complained of my severity, but my mind was always void of hatred." And at five o'clock he said to his wife, "Go, read aloud where I cast my first anchor." (John xvii.) At eleven he said, "Now it is come!" and expired without a struggle. It was like the setting of a victorious October sun. "*So stirbt ein Held*"—"So dies a hero."—*N. S. Dodge.*

2813. HERO-WORSHIP, Modern. These lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. They gathered round him in his farm, hindered his industry; no place was remote enough for them. Richter says, "In the island of Sumatra there is a kind of 'light-chafers,' large fireflies which people stick upon spits and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire." Great honour to the fireflies! But——!—*Carlyle (abridged).*

2814. HEROISM, and danger. When the steamer "London" was sinking, in the year 1866, the captain said, "Now save your lives; I am going to perish with the ship." And as the people got into the lifeboat he threw in the compass and said, "East-north-east to Brest—ninety miles. Shove off. I shall go down with my ship." At that moment a woman who had been detained in the cabin rushed up on deck, came to the taffrail, and looked off at the last lifeboat. She cried out, "A thousand pounds for a place in that boat!" But it was too late. The boat shoved off and landed its passengers safely. The steamer went down; that woman went down with it.—*Talmage.*

2815. HEROISM, and duty. Marcius inquired of Cominius in what manner the enemy's army was drawn up and where their best troops were posted. Being answered that the Antinates, who were placed in the centre, were supposed to be the bravest and most warlike, "I beg it of you, then," said Marcius, "as a favour, that you will place me directly opposite to them."—*Plutarch.*

2816. HEROISM, cannot be put on. The memoirs of Mdlle. Clarion display her exalted feelings of the character of a sublime actress; she was of opinion that in common life the truly sublime actor should be a hero or heroine off the stage. "If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman during twenty hours of the day, whatever effort I may make, I shall only be an ordinary and vulgar woman in *Agrippina* or *Scmiramis*, during the remaining four."—*I. D'Israeli.*

2817. HEROISM, Recognised and unrecognised. For thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time; but, by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge, we came out of the cyclone, and we arrived at home. Everybody recognised the goodness, the courage, the kindness, of Captain Andrews; but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the hissing furnaces,

doing his whole duty. *Nobody thanked the engineer ; but God recognised his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer, who worked out of sight, as the captain, who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."*—*Talmage.*

2818. HEROISM, Stimulus to. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful image of the oneness of husband and wife than was furnished at the death of Pætus. When Pætus was brought out before the people to execute his sentence, to die by his own hand, for a while he hesitated to strike the fatal blow. His heroic and devoted wife, anxious that her husband should leave a noble memory, took the dagger from his hand, plunged it into her own breast, and drawing it out, gave it all reeking with her blood to her husband, saying, with her dying breath, "*My Pætus, it does not pain.*"—*Christian Family.*

2819. HINDRANCES, made helps. At the time of the South Sea Bubble a man who was a hunchback went about the streets and earned money by allowing merchants to use his back as a writing-desk. A man may turn even his crookedness to account.—*Rev. Justin Evans.*

2820. HINDRANCES, may be sent from God. We sailed from the Kennebec on the first of October 1876. There had been several severe gales, and some of my friends thought it hardly safe to go, but after considerable prayer I concluded it was right to undertake the voyage. On the 19th of October we were about one hundred and fifty miles west of the Bahamas, and we encountered very disagreeable weather. For five or six days we seemed held by shifting currents, or some unknown power, in about the same place. We would think we had sailed thirty or forty miles, when, on taking our observations, we would find we were within three or four miles of our position the day before. This circumstance occurring repeatedly proved a trial to my faith, and I said within my heart, "*Lord, why are we so hindered and kept in this position?*" Day after day we were held as if by an unseen force, until at length a change took place, and we went on our way. Reaching our port, they inquired, "Where have you been through the gale?" "What gale?" we asked. "We have seen no gale." We then learned that a terrible hurricane had swept through that region, and that all was desolate. This hurricane had swept around us, and had almost formed a circle around the place occupied by us. A hundred miles in one direction all was wreck and ruin; fifty miles in the opposite direction all was desolation. *One day of ordinary sailing* would have brought us into the track of the storm and sent us to the bottom of the sea—*A Sea Captain (in the Christian).*

2821. HINDRANCES, Power of small. A spectator, in hastening across the street to witness a passing pageant, had some dust blown into his eyes by the wind, which effectually prevented him from accomplishing his object. "There were but a few specks in my eye," said he, when relating the circumstance afterwards, "but they blinded me as much as if you had held up a barn-door before me."—*George McGridge.*

2822. HINDRANCES, sent of God. While labouring among the wild tribes of the Druses a messenger was sent from one of their chiefs with a message entreating Mr. Gobat to visit him. The latter, however, was unable to do so in consequence of indisposition. A second messenger repeated the invitation; but, still contrary to Mr. Gobat's expectation, he was prevented from complying with the chief's wishes. A third messenger prevailed on him to set out, by the assurance that if he went at once he might spend the night with the chief, and be ready to return in the morning so as to join a ship about to sail to Malta, in which Mr. Gobat was anxious to embark. On their journey the guides lost themselves in the mountain paths. Having at last with some difficulty regained their route, they suddenly saw, by the light of the moon, that a hyena had laid itself down across the way, and then ran along the path they were to travel. A superstition is prevalent among the Druses that "the way the hyena goes is an unlucky one." Accordingly the natives refused to go farther, and Mr. Gobat had to retrace his steps, greatly perplexed at the obstacles which had hindered a journey of so much consequence to his mission. When in Malta he received a letter from a friend in Lebanon stating that he had been visited by the chief, who, with much agitation, had spoken to him as follows:—"Your friend is truly a servant of God, and God has preserved him, for I wished to draw him to my village in order to murder him. Therefore I sent message after message to him; but God has delivered him from the hand of his enemies."

2823. HIRELINGS, and Christ's service. The Prince de Conti, speaking of the possessors of rich benefices, remarked that the Lord was very ill-served for his money.—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

2824. HISTORY, Lessons from. During the last summer, at Coblenz, we saw a monument erected to commemorate the French campaign against the Russians in 1812. It was a gigantic failure; 400,000 men set forth for Moscow; 25,000, battered and worn and weary, tattered and half famished, returned. Do you ask how it was done? Not by the timid Alexander's guns and swords. We read in one place that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera;" in another, how God has sent an army of locusts to overthrow an army of men; but here the very elements combine to drive the invader back in disgrace. Yes, "He gave snow like wool, He scattered his hoar-frost like ashes, He cast forth His ice like morsels—who can stand before His cold?" Who? Not Napoleon, who, with self-sufficient heart, boasted in his own right hand, and sacrificed to his insatiable ambition the blood of myriads of murdered men. No! God blows upon him with His wind out of the north, and shivering and half-starved, he slinks back in defeat. What a picture! But Alexander had not forgotten to prepare *his* ways before the Lord and seek the God of Jacob's aid. And in recognition of the Divine interposition and help, he struck a medal with a legend: "NOT TO ME, NOT TO US, BUT UNTO THY NAME." Thus the lesson taught by ancient and modern history is, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but to the man who prepares his ways before the Lord his God.—*Enoch Hall.*

2825. HISTORY, Lessons from. As Robespierre was taken to the guillotine, throngs crowded about the cart to see the fallen tyrant, and the gendarmes pointed him out with their swords. He was pursued by the howling mob, who had formerly yelled as fiercely at his victims, and now charged him with the blood of them all. Troops of women who had danced at the death of those that he had sent to the scaffold now danced the Carmagnole round the cart as it paused before the house of Duplaiz, where he had lived. A woman breaking, from the crowd, rushed close to him, exclaiming, "Murderer of all my kindred, your agony fills me with transport! Descend to perdition, pursued by the curses of every mother in France!" When they reached the place of execution Robespierre was first shown to the people, and then laid down on the scaffold with the bloody and nearly dead bodies of his brother and Henriot. The batch consisted of twenty-one, and Robespierre was executed last of all. When he was raised up to be led to the guillotine he presented a most ghastly figure, his sky-blue coat covered with blood and dirt, his stockings slipped down about his heels, his face livid as death and tied up in a bandage. The executioner plucked the bandage away and let the jaw fall. He gave a dreadful yell, which struck every heart with horror, and the next moment was put under the axe. Samson held up the hideous head to the people, who shouted with delight, and then went away singing. One poor man, as he gazed on that head, said, "Robespierre, you said true—*there is a God!*"

2826. HISTORY, repeats itself. "*The cloke that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments.*" And who, as he reads this last message, can help remembering the touching letter written from the damp cells of his prison by our own noble martyr, William Tyndale, one of the greatest of our translators of the English Bible:—"I entreat your lordship," he writes, "and that by the Lord Jesus, that, if I was to remain here for the winter, you would beg the Commissary to be so kind as to send me, from the things of mine which he has, a warmer cap; I feel the cold painfully in my head; also a warmer cloke, for the one I have is very thin; also some cloth to patch my leggings. My overcoat is worn out, my shirts even are threadbare. The Commissary has a woollen shirt of mine, if he will be so kind as to send it. But most of all I entreat your kindness to do your best with the Commissary to be so good as to send me my Hebrew Bible, grammar, and vocabulary, that I may spend my time in that pursuit.—WILLIAM TYNDALE." The noble martyr was not thinking of St. Paul; but history repeats itself.—*Canon Farrar.*

2827. HOLINESS, and heaven. A pious military officer, desirous to ascertain what were the real feelings and views of a dying soldier, whom he had been instrumental in bringing to the truth, said, "William, I am going to ask you a strange question. Suppose you could carry your sins with you to heaven, would that satisfy you?" The poor dying lad replied, with a most affecting smile, "Why, sir, what sort of a heaven would that be to me? I would be just like a *pig in a parlour.*" "I need not add," continues the officer, "that he was panting after a heaven of holiness, and was convinced that if he died in sin he would be quite out of his element in the heaven of purity."

2828. HOLINESS, felt although unseen. There is a spot on the Lake Lugano where the song of the nightingale swells sweetly from the thicket on the shore in matchless rush of music, so that the ear lies motionless and the listener is hushed into silent entrancement; yet I did not see a single bird; the orchestra was as hidden as the notes were clear. Such is a virtuous life, and such the influence of modest holiness; the voice of excellence is heard when the excellent themselves are not seen.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

2829. HOLINESS, how attained to. He (Martin Boos) "gave himself an immense deal of trouble to lead a holy life," and was unanimously elected a saint; but the saint was miserable, and cried out, "*Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?*" Going to see a pious old woman on her deathbed, he said wistfully, "Ah! you may well die in peace!" "Why?" "You have lived such a godly life." "What a miserable comforter!" she said, and smiled. "If Christ had not died for me I should have perished for ever, with all my good works and piety. Trusting in Him, I die at peace." And from this time the light fell in upon his soul. . . He received a curacy at Wiggensbach, near Kempten, and began preaching Christ. "Flames of fire darted from his lips, and the hearts of the people burned like straw." He declared their sins, and when they cried, "What shall we do?" he gave them no answer; "Repent?" no answer; "Confess?" no answer; "Good works?" no answer; until the question was driven deep into their souls, and then they knew how vain was any answer but one—*Christ.*—*Dr. Stephenson's Praying and Working.*

2830. HOLINESS, Necessity for. There is no heaven for us, without fitness for heaven. As the official at the Bank of England said to me about some sovereigns I wished to change into notes, "If we take them in here they *must* be tested."—*B.*

2831. HOLINESS, Necessity for. "Live well," said the dying Johnson to a friend. "My dear, be a good man; be virtuous," was the advice of Sir Walter Scott on a similar occasion to his son-in-law; "*nothing else can give you any comfort when you come to lie here.*"

2832. HOLINESS, not a thing of externals. In eight homes out of ten (Porapora, South Seas) you will hear singing and prayer every day at sunrise and sunset. It does not follow, however, that "Holiness unto the Lord" is written over the inner recesses of every home where prayer is thus offered.—*Rev. W. E. Richards.*

2833. HOLINESS, of God. "What are you doing here by yourself?" asked a man of his neighbour one day. "I am reading a book that has only two leaves," was the reply. "Then it won't take you long to read it," said the other. Months passed away, and they met again. "Well, what are you doing now?" "I am still reading my little book." "What! and only two leaves in it?" "Yes; a white leaf and a red one." "I don't understand you." "Well, the white leaf is the holiness of God, and the red leaf is the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son. When I study the white leaf, and see my sin in the light of God's holiness, I am glad to turn to the red leaf and rest my eye on the blood of Jesus. And when I realise the preciousness and efficacy of the Saviour's blood, I feel a longing for holiness,

and turn again to the white leaf. The little book will occupy me all my life, and I expect it will be my joyful meditation through eternity."—*New Encyclopedia of Anecdotes.*

2834. HOLINESS, Influence of. The coral islands of the Pacific have been built up by tiny insect-plants, each of them working in its own little sphere—tied to it in fact, and not able to get away without loss of life. So the world has been made better by humble Christian lives, of whom history knows and remembers nothing.—*B.*

2835. HOLINESS, Spurious. Rabbi Shammai, the narrow-minded rival of Hillel, was so scrupulous that he nearly starved his little son on the Day of Atonement, and made a sort of booth of his daughter-in-law's bed that his little grandson, just born, might keep the Feast of Tabernacles. Yet we are told that he was a luxurious and selfish man. It is easier to tithe mint than to live a holy life.—*Canon Farrar.*

2836. HOLINESS, Unquenchable nature of. A gentleman relates that he was, one morning, riding along a new road, where he saw the roadmakers hard at work blocking up a little spring which kept gushing out in the road they were making. They put in earth and stones, and beat them down, to choke the fountain, and then rolled the roller up and down to make the road solid. So they worked and worked away, and contrived to keep the spring under during the day. But at night, when the traveller returned, the little spring, which had been hindered but not destroyed, was at work again, dislodging the stones, throwing out the dirt, and scooping for itself a channel. So it is often with God's children.—*Rev. G. Litting, LL.B.*

2837. HOLY, Who are the? St. Anthony, as the story runs, meant to get as near to God as possible, to dwell as completely as he might in the radiance of God's presence. And so, as the best way of doing it, he became a poor hermit in the desert, withdrawing himself from daily duty, that he might fill all the hours of all the days with the thoughts of God. But one day, as he sat absorbed in meditation, a voice spoke to him out of the breeze that was blowing by, and said, "Anthony, thou art not so holy a man as the poor cobbler in Alexandria." Amazed, Anthony took his staff and started toward the shore of the Mediterranean. He came to Alexandria, and after long search he found the cobbler's stall—a mean, narrow place—and the cobbler, a little wizened man, but with the light of God's presence manifestly shining on his face. When the poor cobbler saw the venerable form of Anthony standing at his door, he bowed himself and trembled. Then said Anthony, "Tell me how you live and how you spend your time." "Verily, sir," replied the little man, "I have no good works; I am a poor, humble, hard-working cobbler, with little time to think, and no ability to do any great thing. *I just live from day to day as God helps me.* I am up at the dawn. I pray for the city, my neighbours, my family, myself. I set me down to my hard labour all the day, and when the dusk shuts down I eat the little I have earned, and thank God, and pray, and sleep. I keep me ever, by God's help, from all falseness, and if I make any man a promise, I try to perform it honestly. And so I live, trudging along my

narrow path day by day, how dark soever it may sometimes be, never fearing that it will not bring me at last into the everlasting light." And then the monk, white-bearded and venerable, turned away, and the voice out of the breeze sighed, "Ah me! that one life of man should be so humbly full, and the other so proudly empty."

2838. HOLY SPIRIT, Coming of. I am sitting, on a summer's day, in the shadow of a great New England elm. Its long branches hang motionless; there is not breeze enough to move them. All at once there comes a faint murmur; around my head the leaves are moved by a gentle current of air; then the branches begin to sway to and fro, the leaves are all in motion, and a soft, rushing sound fills my ear. So with every one that is born of the Spirit. I am in a state of spiritual lethargy, and scarcely know how to think any good thought. I am heart-empty, and there comes, I know not where or whence, a sound of the Divine presence. I am inwardly moved with new comfort and hope, the day seems to dawn in my heart, sunshine comes around my path, and I am able to go to my duties with patience. I am walking in the Spirit, I am helped by the help of God, and comforted with the comfort of God. And yet *this is all in accordance with law.* There is no violation of law when the breezes come, stirring the tops of the trees; and there is no violation of law when God moves in the depths of our souls, and rouses us to the love and desire of holiness.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

2839. HOLY SPIRIT, ignored. On one occasion it was our lot to hear a preacher of name preaching before a great missionary society from the text, "*I am come to send fire upon earth.*" Choosing to interpret the fire referred to in this passage as the power which would purify and renew the earth, he at once declared the truth to be that power, and most consistently pursued his theme, without ever glancing at anything but the instrument. Afterwards hearing the merits of the sermon discussed by some of the most eminent ministers of his own denomination, and finding no allusion to its theology, we asked, "Did you not remark any theological defect?" No one remarked any, till the minister of some obscure country congregation broke silence for the first time by saying, "Yes; there was not one word in it about the Holy Spirit."—*Rev. William Arthur.*

2840. HOLY SPIRIT, indispensable. Here is a noble ship. . . . The forests have masted her; in many a broad yard of canvas a hundred looms have given her wings. Her anchor has been weighed to the rude sea-chant; the needle trembles on her deck; with his eye on that Friend, unlike worldly friends, true in storm as in calm, the helmsman stands impatient by the wheel. And when, as men bound to a distant shore, the crew have said farewell to wives and children, why, then, lies she there over the self-same ground, rising with the flowing and falling with the ebbing tide? The cause is plain. They want a wind to raise that drooping pennon and fill these empty sails. They look to heaven; and so they may; out of the skies their help must come. At length their prayer is heard. . . . And now, like a steed touched by the rider's spur, she starts, bounds forward, plunges through the waves, and, heaven's wind her moving power, is off and away, amid blessings and prayers, to the

land she is chartered for. Even so, though heaven-born, heaven-called, heaven-bound, though endowed with a new heart and new mind, *we stand in the same need of celestial influences.*—*Guthrie.*

2841. HOLY SPIRIT, not capricious in its operations. The Spirit of God is compared to light, and light can shine where it wills; but some bodies are opaque, while others are transparent; and so there are men through whom God the Holy Ghost can shine, and there are others through whom His brightness never appears.—*Spurgeon.*

2842. HOLY SPIRIT, Voice of. Varnier and his companion, in one of their evangelistic journeys, came to a village they had never visited before. Sitting down to rest beneath a tree, they fell into conversation with an elderly man at work close by. To their astonishment they found that he knew the Lord, and for many years had tried to live in communion with Him. He could neither read nor write, but they learned from him that his father, now 107 years of age, had taught him what he knew and felt about God, and what He had done for sinners. And he added, "I have felt all my life through a voice within teaching me and showing me the ways of God; and I suppose my father was taught by the same inward voice: it must be the voice of the Spirit of God." On going to see the venerable father and explaining the object of their visit, he replied, "Welcome to my humble house, ye servants of God, and may He be blessed and praised for sending you." He then told them how, when the earthquake occurred at Messina in 1783, he being then seven years of age, was marvelously preserved from being crushed to death, and how ever since he had tried to live in the ways of the Lord, guided by an inward voice. He had never had much to do with the priests, and the only religious teaching he had ever had was the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer.—*Congregationalist.*

2843. HOMAGE, Man's foolish. Berkeley, in "Hyperion," quotes the time-tried Italian proverb, "The king never dies," and then relates of the court of Naples, that when the dead body of a king lies in state, his dinner is carried up to him as usual, the court physician tasting it to see that it is not poisoned; the servants then bearing it out again, with the gravely uttered announcement, "The king does not dine to-day." So when the body of the Emperor Constantine, adorned, in Gibbon's phrase, "with the vain symbols of greatness, the purple and diadem," was laid on the golden bed in a splendidly furnished and illuminated room, the forms of the court were strictly maintained; and every day, at the appointed hours, the principal officers of the state, the army, and the household, approaching the person of their sovereign with bended knees and a composed countenance, offered their respectful homage as seriously as if he had still been alive.—*Francis Jacob.*

2844. HOME, at last. Some while ago a vessel entered one of our Western harbours, and all the town went out to see her. Well they might! She leaves the American shore with a large and able-bodied crew. They have hardly lost sight of land when the pestilence boards them; victim drops after victim; another and another is committed to the deep: from deck to deck, from yard to yard,

she pursues her prey; nor spreads her wings to leave that ill-fated ship till but two survive to work her over the broad waters of a wintry sea. And when, with Providence at the helm, these two men, worn by toil and watching to ghastly skeletons, bring their bark to land, and kiss once more the wives and little ones they never thought more to see, and step once more on a green earth they never more hoped to touch, thousands throng the pier to see the sight and hear the adventures of a voyage brought to such a happy issue against such fearful odds.—*Guthrie.*

2845. HOME, beyond the grave. Death came unexpectedly to a man of wealth, as it almost always does; and he sent out for his lawyer to draw his will. He went on willing away his property; and when he came to his wife and child, he said he wanted his wife and child to have the home. The little child didn't understand what death was. She was standing near, and she said, "Papa, have you got a home in that land you are going to?" The arrow reached that heart; but it was too late. He saw his mistake. He had got no home beyond the grave.

2846. HOME, God-fearing. Ruskin was brought up in a home of the old God-fearing kind. The Bible was read through—every line of it—once a year, even the columns of figures in Leviticus and Numbers not being omitted. On the day after Twenty-second of Revelation had been read, the First of Genesis was once more perused. Of course young Ruskin became absolutely saturated with Biblical phraseology.—*Truth.*

2847. HOME, Going. When Scott returned from Italy, in sickness and mental affliction, and was approaching his home in Selkirkshire, the old familiar landmarks seemed to recall him to his wonted animation. "That is Gala Water—yonder are the Eildon Hills!" was his joyous exclamation. When at last Abbotsford appeared in sight he became so excited that he desired to be raised up in the carriage, that he might look on his beautiful home. Yes; and poor Scott was going home to die! Christians, what rapturous feelings should possess you in going home to live!—*Dr. Raleigh.*

2848. HOME, Industries of. It is a part of the domestic economy of Java that the women of the family should provide the clothes necessary for their apparel; and from the first consort of the sovereign to the wife of the lowest peasant the same rule is observed. In every cottage there is a spinning-wheel and loom; and in all ranks a man is accustomed to pride himself on the beauty of a cloth woven either by his wife, mistress, or daughter.—*T. Stamford Raffles.*

2849. HOME, Influence of. A pretty anecdote, not without its touch of pathos, has been going the round of the French press respecting the Princess of Wales. A French lady said to her one day, "Your Royal Highness speaks English, French, and German equally well." "Yes," replied the Princess; "but I always think in Danish." In this land we shall never love her the less for not having forgotten her own country and her father's house.—*Illustrated London News.*

2850. HOME, Love of. The sunny plains and deep indigo transparent skies of Italy are all in-

different to the great sick heart of a Sir Walter Scott : on the back of the Apennines, in wild spring weather, the sight of bleak Scotch firs and snow-spotted heath and desolation brings tears into his eyes.—*Carlyle*.

2851. HOME, Man invited to return to. "Major D. W. Whittle," writes a correspondent, "was to preach Christ to a great crowd in the Opera-House at Pittsburg, and had but a few moments' notice. He asked his wife, 'What shall I say?' His little girl spoke up earnestly—'Papa, tell them to come home.' He did tell them, and God wonderfully blessed the simple message to the conversion of many souls."—*Christian Age*.

2852. HOME, Preparing for. When I was coming to this country I noticed that just about the close of the voyage some of the sailors one morning climbed up to the top of the mast. I noticed that they were furling sails and painting all round the ship. I ascertained this was because they wanted to get into Liverpool in a respectable way. They did not want to come in rusty and tattered, and so they painted the whole thing up afresh. Why? Because they were nearing home.—*Dr. Brookes*.

2853. HOME, Secret of a happy. "I can't conceive how you manage to give all your family household," said a willow-wren to a titmouse. "I haven't half your number, and yet one or other of them is always tumbling out of the nest." "Perhaps you didn't make it large enough," said the titmouse. "That can't be the reason; it's as large as yours." "Ah!" said the titmouse. "Well, you'll excuse my mentioning it, but I fancy I've heard that your young ones don't agree very well." "It wouldn't make the nest any larger if they did," said the willow-wren. "I don't see what that has to do with it." "Pardon me, friend," said the titmouse, "but it makes all the difference in the world. If my twelve didn't do their best to accommodate each other, we couldn't get on at all; but I'm thankful to say they are all of one mind, and that is what makes a peaceable home."—*Eleanor B. Prosser*.

2854. HOME-SICKNESS, Instance of. In February 1871 a young French soldier lay as if dying in an hospital of Geneva. Cold, misery, and privation had destroyed the robust constitution; but worst of all was the heart-sickness, the longing for home. Far away in his native village in Brittany was an old father over seventy, a mother, and a sister. Three brothers beside himself had left their paternal roof to defend their fatherland, and for months he had been in uncertainty as to the fate of these loved ones. As he lay on what he thought would prove his deathbed he told a comrade that he would dearly like to see his old father once more. A letter was written, which found the family in great anxiety about their absent ones. The father, in spite of his seventy years, started at once. Many difficulties had to be overcome by the old man. Arrived at length in Geneva, he hastened to his son. "Ah, father!" said the sick soldier, "it is good you are come before I die." "Ah, no; you must not die," said the old man; "your mother is waiting for you at home. Courage, my lad; I have brought money, and will buy everything you need; only you must not die." "It's of no use, father," cried the son, "I have here all I need; but I am not hungry.

All sorts of good things are brought to tempt me to eat, but I cannot touch them;" and he fell back exhausted by this short conversation. The poor father let fall his head on his breast quite disheartened. Had he indeed come so far only to take back the dead body of his son? All at once a bright thought flashed through his mind; he drew from his knapsack one of the common loaves of rye bread such as eaten by the peasants of Brittany. "Here, my son, take this; it was made by your mother." The sick lad turned his heavy eyes, stretched out his hand eagerly, crying, "Give it me, father; I am hungry." As he ate his eye lighted up, the blood came back to his cheeks, and large tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, "It's so good! so good!—the bread from my home!" From that time he began to recover; and fifteen days later he was able to start on the homeward journey. All the way he repeated, "When shall I get there, where I may always eat from our good black bread made by my mother?"—*From the Swiss Almanack (1884)*.

2855. HOME, Sight of. In the history of the memorable retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon it is said that when they reached the summit of Mount Tcheches, from whence they descended in the distance the tremulously bright blue of the waters that were to bear them home, in raptures of joy they instantly shouted out, "The sea! the sea!" There was one enthusiastic rush, one simultaneous cry; they embraced each other and wept, and in a moment the pang of discomfiture and the toilsome march of five or six hundred leagues were forgotten and repaid.

2856. HOME, Strangers in. "Alas!" says Coleridge, speaking of the difficulty of fixing the attention of men on the world within them, "the largest part of mankind are nowhere greater strangers than at home."—*Timb's Century of Anecdote*.

2857. "HOME, sweet home." On one occasion Howard Payne, the genial-hearted, kind little man who wrote the immortal song of "Home, Sweet Home," was walking with me in the great city of London, and pointing to one of the aristocratic streets in Mayfair, where wealth and luxury had the windows closed and curtained, lest the least light and warmth should go out or the smallest air of cold winter come in, where isolated, exclusive English comfort was guarded by a practical dragon of gold, he, this tiny man, with a big heart, said, "There, my good friend, I became inspired with the idea of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as I wandered about without food or a semblance of shelter I could call my own. Many a night since I wrote those words that issued out of my heart by absolute want of a home have I passed and repassed in this locality, and heard a siren voice coming from these gilded, fur-lined, comfortable walls, in the depth of a dim, cold London winter, warbling, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and I knew no bed to call my own."

2858. HOME, where is it? A little child was once asked, "Where do you live?" Turning towards its mother, who stood near by, the little one said, "Where mamma is, there's where I live."

2859. HOME, where is it? "Home," said a drunken man, who was told by an officer to go home—"Home! the place where I stay isn't a home!" . . . In answer to the question, "What

makes home?" Dr. James Hamilton's answer was, mother's love."

2860. HONEST man, Ambition of. It is said that Milton refused the place of Latin Secretary to the King, notwithstanding the most pressing importunities of his wife. When she urged him to comply with the times, and accept the royal offer, his answer is said to have been to the following effect:—"You are in the right, my dear. Like other women, you are ambitious to ride in your coach; while *my whole aim is to live and die an honest man.*"

2861. HONESTY, and wickedness contrasted. Never fearing to openly address a Quaker's meeting, he was soon on the road to Newgate. . . . "You are an ingenious gentleman," said the magistrate at the trial; "you have a plentiful estate; why should you render yourself unhappy by associating with such simple people?" "I prefer," said Penn, "*the honestly simple to the ingeniously wicked.*"—*Bancroft.*

2862. HONESTY, confessed. When James II. sent his Jacobite emissary to seduce the commanders of the British navy, he reported that Sir Cloudesley Shovel was incorruptible. "He is a man *not to be spoken to,*" was the emissary's tribute.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

2863. HONESTY, must be of the heart. A gentleman was once extolling at an extravagant rate the virtue of honesty; what a dignity it imparted to our nature; how it recommended us to the Supreme Being. He confirmed all by a celebrated line from Pope—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"Sir," replied one, "however excellent the virtue of honesty may be, I fear there are few men in the world that really possess it." "You surprise me," said the stranger. "Ignorant as I am of your character, sir, I fancy it would be no difficult matter to prove even you a dishonest man." "I defy you." "Will you give me leave, then, to ask you a question or two, and promise not to be offended?" "Ask your questions, and welcome." "Have you ever met with an opportunity of getting gain by unfair means?" The gentleman paused. "I don't ask whether you made use of, but whether you have met with, such opportunity? I for my part have, and I believe everybody else has." "Very probably I may." "How did you feel your mind affected on such an occasion? Had you no secret desire, not the *least* inclination, to seize the advantage which offered? Tell me without any evasion, and consistently with the character you admire." "I must acknowledge I have not always been absolutely free from every irregular *inclination*; but—" "Hold, sir, none of your selves; you have confessed enough. If you had the desire, though you never proceeded, this shows *you were dishonest in heart.* This is what the Scriptures call concupiscence. It defiles the soul. It is a breach of that law which requireth truth in the *inward parts*, and unless you are pardoned by the blood of Christ, will be a just ground of your condemnation, when God shall judge the secrets of men."—*Whitecross.*

2864. HONESTY, rewarded. A farmer called on Earl Fitzwilliam, to represent that his crop of wheat

had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood where his lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained I will repay you." The farmer replied that he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that, as the crop seemed entirely destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest approached, however, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were the most trampled the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood. I find that I have sustained no loss at all; for where the horses had most cut up the land the crop is most promising, and therefore I brought the £50 back again." "Ah," exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like! this is *as it should be between man and man!*" His lordship then went into another room, and on returning, presented the farmer with a cheque for £100, saying, "Take care of this, and when your eldest son shall become of age present it to him, and tell him the occasion which produced it."

2865. HONESTY, Reward of. An old trader who had established himself among the Northern Indians tells a good story of his first trials with his red customers. Other traders had located in that same place, but had not remained long. The Indians flocked about the store of the new trader and examined his goods, but offered to buy nothing. Finally their chief visited him. "How do, John? Show me goods. Aha! I take blanket for me, and calico for squaw—three otter-skins for blanket and one for calico. Ugh! pay you by-m-b-y-to-morrow." He received his goods and left. On the next day he returned with a large part of his band, his blanket well stuffed with skins. "Now, John, I pay." And he drew an otter-skin from his blanket and laid it on the counter. Then he drew a second, a third, and a fourth. A moment's hesitation, and he drew out a fifth skin—a very rich and rare one, and passed it over. "That's right, John." The trader pushed back the last skin, with, "You owe me but four. I want only my just dues." The chief refused to take it, and they passed it back and forth, each asserting that it belonged to the other. At length the chief appeared to be satisfied. He gave the trader a scrutinising look, and put the skin back into the blanket. Then he stepped to the door, and cried out to his followers, "Come—come and trade with the paleface, John. He no cheat Indian. His heart big!" Then, turning to the trader, he said, "Suppose you take last skin, I tell my people no trade with you. We drive off others; but now you be Indians' friend, and we be yours." Before dark the trader was waist-deep in furs and loaded down with cash.

2866. HONESTY, Scarcity of. When Plato asserted the happiness of the just and the wretched condition of the unjust, the tyrant Dionysius was stung. . . . At last, extremely exasperated, he asked the philosopher what business he had in Sicily. Plato answered that he came to seek an honest man. "And so, then," replied the tyrant, "it seems you have lost your labour."—*Plutarch.*

2867. HONESTY, Test of. Plato illustrates what is a truly honest man by the story of Gyges' ring, which made the wearer invisible. He thought would be honest when he could be dishonest without being found out was a truly honest man.

2868. HONESTY, Touching story of. In the city of Edinburgh two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little boy, with a thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches." "No, don't want any," said the gentleman. "But they are only a penny a box," said the poor little fellow. "Yes; but you see we don't want a box," was the reply. "Then I will give ye two boxes for a penny," said the boy; and the man, taking them, found he had no change, and so said he would buy them to-morrow. "Oh, do buy them to-night," the boy pleaded; "I will run and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry." So the man gave him the shilling, and waited for his return, but no boy came. Still there was that in the boy's face which made him unwilling to think him a rogue. Late in the evening a smaller boy, still more ragged and thin, if possible, called upon the gentleman. He proved to be a younger brother of the little match-boy. "Are you the gentleman who bought the matches frae Sandie?" he asked. "Yes." "Weel, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shilling. Sandie cannot come; he's very ill; a cab ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches, and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and that's a';" and then, putting the fourpence upon the table, the poor child broke down in great sobs. The gentleman fed him, and went with him to see Sandie. He found that the father and mother of the little things were both dead. The dying boy said to him, "I got the change, sir, and was coming back, and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs were broken; and O Reuby! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you?" The gentleman said he would always take care of him, and with this assurance the faithful brother closed his eyes in death.—*Dean Stanley.*

2869. HONOUR, Advance in. Anne Boleyn, as she was going to be beheaded in the Tower, seeing a gentleman there of the King's privy chamber, called him to her, and with a cheerful countenance and soul undaunted at approaching death, said to him, "Remember me to the King, and tell him he is constant in advancing me to the greatest of honours—from a private gentlewoman he made me a Marchioness; from that degree he made me a Queen, and now, because he can raise me no higher in this world, is translating me to heaven, to wear a crown of martyrdom in eternal glory."

2870. HONOUR, and the King's service. It is reported of the famous Viscount de Turenne, that when he was a young officer, and at the siege of a fortified town, he had no less than twelve challenges sent him, all of which he put in his pocket without further notice; but being soon after commanded upon a desperate attack on some part of the fortifications, he sent a billet to each of the challengers, acquainting them that he had received their papers, which he deferred answering till a proper occasion offered, both for them and himself, to exert

their courage for the King's service; that, being ordered to assault the enemy's works the next day, he desired their company, when they would have an opportunity of signalling their own bravery and of being witnesses of his.

2871. HONOUR, Burden of. A Polish monarch having quitted his companions when hunting, his courtiers found him, a few days after, in a market-place, disguised as a porter, and lending out the use of his shoulders for a few pence. At this they were as much surprised as they were doubtful at first whether the porter could be His Majesty. At length they ventured to express their complaints that so great a personage should debase himself by so vile an employment. His Majesty, having heard them, replied, "Upon my honour, gentlemen, *the load which I quitted is by far heavier* than the one you see me carry here; the weightiest is but a straw when compared to that world under which I laboured. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live, and to be king of myself. Elect whom you choose. For me, who am so well, it were madness to return to court. Another Polish King, who succeeded this philosophic monarch, when they placed the sceptre in his hands, exclaimed, "I had rather manage an oar!" —*I. D'Israeli.*

2872. HONOUR, conferred upon the worthy. Do you remember the honour shown some years ago to John Bunyan by our Queen? Her Majesty, on the occasion of the christening of her grandson, Albert Victor, made him a present. It consisted of a beautiful statuette, wrought in silver, of the Prince Consort. But the Prince is represented as Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," wearing the armour of God. His helmet, "the hope of salvation," rests against the stump of a tree, and not far off is the shield of faith. John Bunyan supplied the model which our Queen held up before her grandson as worthy of imitation. And so the allegory of the Bedford tinker has found its way into the palace, and Queen Victoria delights to honour the man who was sent to prison by Charles II.—*Rev. C. Williams.*

2873. HONOUR, Fading nature of. The subjects of Charlemagne, after his death, set his corpse on a throne in a sepulchre, and put a sceptre in his stiff hand and a crown on his bloodless temples; but long ago he came down to a prostrate condition. At the Tuileries, in Paris, during the revolution of July, when the mob broke in, a boy, wounded to death, was laid on the Emperor's throne, and his blood gave deeper crimson to the imperial upholstery; but, after all, he came down into the dust where we must all lie.—*Talmage.*

2874. HONOUR, may come too late. Ines de Castro having been secretly married to Pedro, son of Alphonso the Fourth of Portugal, was murdered through the jealousy and intrigues of the nobles. When Pedro afterwards came to the throne he caused the body of his beloved wife to be disinterred and placed on a throne adorned with a diadem and royal robes, and required all the nobility of the kingdom to approach and kiss the hem of her garment, thus rendering her when dead that homage which she had never received in her life.—*B.*

2875. HONOUR, paid for. I remember a curious instance, in the early part of the reign of the

deceased Emperor (Napoleon III.) He met a great French actor in the street, and stopped to speak to him. No sooner had the Emperor left him than the police came up and arrested the actor for speaking to the Emperor. He had difficulty in obtaining release. At the theatre he was late, and not well received; but his acting was so superb that the Emperor went to speak to him behind the stage, and asked if he could do anything for him. "Sire," said he, "the greatest favour your Majesty can confer is *never to speak to me in the street again.*" The Emperor inquired, and the actor told him all his grief. "Sire," he said, "I have been fined three hundred francs for the esteemed honour you conferred upon me." The monarch was amused, laughed heartily, paid the three hundred francs himself, and gave a diamond ring of great value to the actor. But what a picture the incident presents of the impassable barriers surrounding these absolute kings!—*Paxton Hood.*

2876. HONOUR, paid to man. The city (Versailles) was peopled with parasites, who daily came to do worship before the creator of these wonders—the Great King. "*Dieu seul est grand,*" said the courtly Massillon; but next to Him, as the prelate thought, was certainly Louis XIV., His vicergerent here upon earth—God's lieutenant-governor of the world—before whom courtiers used to fall on their knees and *shade their eyes*, as if the light of his countenance, like the sun which shone supreme in heaven, the type of him, was too dazzling to bear. . . . If, on very fine days, from his terrace before his gloomy palace of St. Germain, he could catch a glimpse in the distance of a certain white spire of St. Denis, where his race lay buried, he would say to his courtiers, with a sublime condescension, "Gentlemen, you must remember that I too am mortal."—*Thackeray.*

2877. HONOUR, This world's. Death strips us of this world's glory as a boot-jack draws off your boots. Another wears my boots when I am dead, and another wears my glory. It is of little value.—*Martin Boos.*

2878. HONOURS, Value of. Ideal glory is not real comfort. The true state of the case was once naively stated by Rameau, the French composer, on whom Louis XV. had bestowed the order of St. Michael. With the usual carelessness of the artistic mind, in reference to such things, Rameau had neglected to register it. Thinking that this omission was the result of Rameau's inability to meet the expense, Louis XV. offered to defray the necessary charges. "I thank your Majesty," replied Rameau; "but let me have the money; *I can find a much better use for it.*"—*Frederick Crowest.*

2879. HONOURS, why bestowed sometimes. When Cardinal de Monte was elected Pope, before he left the conclave he bestowed a cardinal's hat upon a servant whose chief merit consisted in the daily attentions he paid to his holiness's monkey.—*I. D'Israeli.*

2880. HOPE, and self-denial. When in this manner he (Alexander the Great) had disposed of all the estates of the crowd, Perdicas asked him what he had reserved for himself. The King answered, "Hope." "Well," replied Perdicas, "we who share in your labours will also take part in your hopes." In consequence of which he refused

the estate allotted him, and some others of the King's friends did the same.—*Plutarch.*

2881. HOPE, Foundation of. "Gentlemen," said the departing Dr. McCall to his medical attendants, "I am no fanatic; rather, I have been too much of a speculatist; and I wish to say this, which I hope you will forgive me for uttering in your presence: I am a great sinner; I have been a great sinner; but my trust is in Jesus Christ, and in what He has done and suffered for sinners. Upon this, as the foundation of my hope, I can confidently rely, now that I am sinking into eternity."—*Life's Last Hours.*

2882. HOPE, in death. On the morning of the day on which Dr. Owen died Mr. Thomas Payne, who had been entrusted with the publication of "*Meditations on the Glory of Christ,*" called to inform him that he had just been putting that work to the press. "I am glad to hear it," said the Doctor, and, lifting up his hands and eyes, exclaimed, "But, O brother Payne, the long-wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done or was capable of doing in this world!"

2883. HOPE, in life and death. He (Knox) had a sore fight for an existence, wrestling with popes and principalities; in defeat, contention, life-long struggle; rowing as a galley-slave, wandering in exile. A sore fight; but he won it. "*Have you hope?*" they asked him in his last moment, when he could no longer speak. He lifted his finger, pointed upwards with his finger, and so died.—*Carlyle.*

2884. HOPE, Life insupportable without. His lordship (Bishop of St. Asaph) mentioned a charitable establishment in Wales where people were maintained and supplied with everything upon the condition of their contributing the weekly produce of their labour; and he said they grew quite torpid for want of property. Said Johnson, "They have *no object for hope.* Their condition cannot be better. It is rowing without a port."—*Boswell's Johnson.*

2885. HOPE, The only. One April night an ocean steamer went crashing on the coast of Nova Scotia. Between the rock where the vessel struck and the shore was a passage-way a hundred yards wide. A rope was swung across this chasm of death, and by this line many of the survivors successfully struggled to the shore. Over the dark chasm between earth and heaven is swung one rope, the only hope of safety. Cling to Jesus for eternal life.

2886. HOPE, unknown. It is reported that in the Tamul language there is no word for *hope*. Alas! poor men, if we were all as destitute of the blessed comfort itself as these Tamul speakers are of the word! What must be the misery of souls in hell where they remember the word, but can never know hope itself!—*Spurgeon.*

2887. HOPES for eternity, what they rest on. When John Wesley lay on an expected death-bed (though God spared him some years longer to the world and the Church) his attendants asked him what were his hopes for eternity? And something like this was his reply—"For fifty years, amid scorn and hardship, I have been wandering up and down this world, to preach Jesus Christ; and I have done what in me lay to serve my blessed

Master!" What he had done his life and works attest. They are recorded in his Church's history, and shine in the crown he wears so bright with a blaze of jewels—sinners saved through his agency. Yet thus he spake, "My hopes for eternity—my hopes rest only on Christ—

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

—Guthrie.

2888. HOPEFULNESS, and steadfastness. A good Methodist in a prayer-meeting said that when, many years since, he crossed old ocean he was much in the habit of looking over the ship's side, particularly near the prow, and watching the vessel as she steadily ploughed her way through the waves. Just under the bowsprit was the image of a human face. This face to him came to be invested with a wondrous interest. Whatever the hour, whether by night or by day; whatever the weather, whether in sunshine or in storm, that face seemed ever steadfastly looking forward to port. Sometimes tempests would prevail. Great surges would rise, and for a time completely submerge the face of his friend. But as soon as the vessel recovered from its lurch, on looking again over the ship's side, there the placid face of his friend was to be seen, still faithfully, steadfastly looking out for port. "And so," he exclaimed, his countenance radiant with the light of the Christian's hope, "I humbly trust it is in my own case. Yea, whatever the trials of the past, notwithstanding all the toils and disappointments of the present, by the grace of God I am still looking out for port, and not long hence I am anticipating a joyful, triumphant, abundant entrance therein."

2889. HOPEFULNESS, Reason for. On a sundial which stands upon the pier at Brighton is inscribed this hopeful line, "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world."—*Christian World Family Circle*.

2890. HOPELESSNESS, Extreme. The dying words of Harriet Martineau were, "I have no reason to believe in another world. I have had enough of life in one, and can see no good reason why Harriet Martineau should be perpetuated."

2891. HOSPITALITY, Christian. A friend relates that when Samuel Gobat was elected Bishop of Jerusalem, he went, before setting out on his long journey, to visit Dr. Christian Gottlieb Barth at Calio. Certain mutual friends from the surrounding country were invited to meet the Bishop. In their honour all that the kitchen or cellar afforded was placed on the table. For supper there were figs from Smyrna, wine from Lebanon, and from the Cape of Good Hope the finest mocha was served; to which was added cigars from Havanna. Who could help remarking the thoughtful love which thus offered the Bishop, just entering on this field of labour, a foretaste of the fruits of the promised land, as Caleb and Joshua brought the bunches of grapes from Eshcol. Dr. Barth, however, tasted none of these luxuries, which had been sent him by admiring friends, but habituated himself to the barest necessities in order that he might give to others. The furniture of his rooms was a legacy which had seen good service; he slept in a hammock which was unrolled at night, and in the morning rolled up again. When on his travels he

received presents and got many curious things from many lands. If any one asked him why he did so, he would answer, in his dry way, "If any one ask thee such a question, tell them thou dost not know." *That he often needed the common comforts of life is certain*, seeing he had no fortune; he had, however, a strong faith that all things belonged to God. After having worked so hard and written so much, earned thousands and collected tens of thousands, Barth died possessed of only 500 florins.—*Der Glaubensbote*.

2892. HOSPITAL, The first. A grievous famine having befallen the city of Edessa, its venerable deacon came forth from the studious retirement of his cell. He reproved the rich men of the city, who suffered their fellow-citizens to perish from want and sickness, and who preferred their wealth to the lives of others. Stung by his reproaches, the citizens replied that they cared not for their wealth, but that, in an age of selfishness and corruption, they knew not whom to entrust with its distribution. "What," exclaimed the holy man, "is your opinion of me?" The answer was instant and unanimous—Ephrem was everything that was holy and good and just. "Then," he resumed, "*I will be your almoner*. For your sakes I will undertake this burden." And receiving their now willing contributions, he caused about three hundred beds to be placed in the public porticoes of the city for the reception of fever patients, he relieved the famishing multitudes who flocked into Edessa from the adjoining country, and rested not from his labour of love until the famine was arrested and the plague was stayed. Then once more he returned to the solitude of his beloved cell, and in a few days after breathed his last.—*Sozomen (condensed)*.

2893. HOSPITALS, and practical Christianity. During my visit to Fatshan, in the southern provinces of China, the temper of the people was not unlike the swell of the Bay of Biscay after a heavy gale. The fierce excitements of the war in Tonquin and the proclamations which had been issued by the Chinese mandarins offering rewards for the heads of French officers and soldiers, had aroused into fatal activity the rowdy spirits of the town, and a riot broke out in the previous September. Our mission chapel was robbed and nearly destroyed. The hospital was expected to fall. Bands of rioters assembled day by day before the building. But they seemed to want resolution to begin the assault. When they saw terrified patients not too ill to be removed leaving the place, and remembered that there were others lying in the wards, women and men, who must perish with the buildings; when they saw Dr. Wenyon, with sublime indifference to their menace, going in and out and attending to his hospital duties as if nothing particular were happening, the riot-devil was cowed within them. They could not immediately understand Christianity in the chapel, where the teaching was spiritual or controversial; but they could understand Christianity in the hospital, where suffering and helplessness all the world over make us brothers and sisters in wretchedness and in prayers for relief. There was a cordon of charities round the hospital which these men could not pass.—*Rev. Ebenezer Jenkins*.

2894. HOUR, The important. This Sabbath hour seems to you like all other Sabbath hours;

but to some of you it may be the most stupendous hour in all your life of twenty, forty, or sixty years, because now you may refuse your last call of mercy. The "Hungarian," a ship sailing from Liverpool to Portland, was wrecked. It went down with all on board. Nothing was ever known of it, except that a clock that had belonged to the steamer floated upon the beach. The hands of the clock stood at eleven, showing that at that hour the ship had perished.—*Talmage*.

2895. HOUSE, A prayerless. I shall never forget the impression made upon me during the first year of my ministry by a mechanic whom I had visited, and on whom I urged the paramount duty of family prayer. One day he entered my study, and bursting into tears, said, "You remember that girl, sir; she was my only child. She died suddenly this morning. She has gone, I hope, to God. But if so, she can tell Him what now breaks my heart—that she never heard a prayer in her father's house or from her father's lips! Oh that she were with me but one day again!"—*Norman Macleod*.

2896. HUMAN hand, a miracle of constructive art. Tyndal writes of his ascent of the Weisshorn:—"There is scarcely a position possible to a human being which at one time or another during the day I was not forced to assume. The fingers, wrist, and forearm were my main reliance, and as a mechanical instrument the human hand appeared to me this day a miracle of constructive art. . . . I opened my note-book to make a few observations, but soon relinquished the attempt. There was something incongruous, if not profane, in allowing the scientific faculty to interfere where silent worship seemed the reasonable service."—*Hours of Exercise in the Alps*.

2897. HUMAN nature, Common cavil of. Says the Duchess of Buckingham to Lady Huntingdon, who had asked her to come and hear Whitefield, "It is monstrous to be told you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding."—*Smith's Couper*.

2898. HUMAN nature, Depravity of. When some one was talking before that acute Scotchman, Dr. Chyne, of the excellence of human nature—"Hoot, hoot, mon," said he, "human nature is a rogue and a scoundrel, or why would it perpetually stand in need of laws and religion?" And surely if a cause be examined by its effects, if a principle be considered by its operation, that man must indeed be blind who will not acknowledge the depravity of human nature.

2899. HUMAN nature, Inherent weakness of. The poet has said, "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Can you say that of human nature?—*B.*

2900. HUMAN nature, One want of. I knew a man in my youth, an elderly man, who was a great observer of human nature. I will not say of him, as it was said of Oliver Cromwell, that he could look through a man's skin right to his backbone, but he had a most shrewd knowledge of mankind. A young man used to converse with him occasion-

ally on this very theme of human character; and one day, after a long conversation upon it, the young man said, "Ah, well, there are all sorts of people in the world." "Nay," said the elder man, "there is one sort wanting." "What sort is that?" asked the young man eagerly. "The people," replied the elder man, "who mind their own business, and let other people's business alone."—*Thomas Cooper*.

2901. HUMAN nature, Malignity of. Read Napoleon's will in Doctors' Commons, and you will find that this manslayer on a huge and grand scale could also relish murder on the meanest scale, and that in his solitude in St. Helena such malignity festered in his heart as made him leave a legacy of ten thousand francs to a man for having attempted to assassinate the true hero who conquered him at Waterloo.—*Augustus Hare*.

2902. HUMAN nature, Pollution of. I know a beautiful valley in Wales, guarded by well-wooded hills. Spring came there first, and summer lingered longest, and the clear river loitered through the rich pastures and the laughing orchards, as if loth to leave the enchanting scene. But the manufacturer came there; he built his chimneys and he lighted his furnaces, out of which belched forth poisonous fumes night and day. Every tree is dead, no flower blooms there now, the very grass has been eaten off the face of the earth, the beautiful river, in which the pebbles once lay as the pure thoughts in a maiden's mind, is now foul, and the valley, scarred and bare, looks like the entrance into Tophet itself. And this human nature of ours, in which faith and virtue, and godliness, and all sweet humanities, might flourish, in miles of this London of ours, is what bad air, and the gin palace, and the careless indifference of a Christianity bent only upon saving itself, have made it.—*Morlais Jones*.

2903. HUMAN nature, proneness to meaner things. In the Augustine age itself, notwithstanding the censure of Horace, they preferred the low buffoonery and drollery of Plantus to the delicacy of Terence.—*Warton*.

2904. HUMAN nature, unable to save itself. Dr. Gill once preaching on human inability, a gentleman present was much offended, and took him to task for degrading human nature. "Pray, sir," said the Doctor, "what do you think men can contribute to their own conversion?" He enumerated a variety of particulars. "And have you done all this?" said the Doctor. "Why, no, I can't say I have yet; but I hope I shall begin soon." "If you have these things in your power, and have not done them, you deserve to be doubly condemned, and are but ill qualified to be an advocate for free will, which has done you so little good."

2905. HUMANITY, and Christ. The idea of an universal manlike sympathy was not new when Christ was born. The reality was new. But before this, in the Roman theatre, deafening applause was called forth by this sentence—"I am a man—nothing that can affect man is indifferent to me." A fine sentiment—that was all. Every pretence of realising that sentiment but one has been a failure.—*Robertson*.

2906. HUMANITY, Indifference towards. A gentleman was travelling on a train in England when a collision took place. He was greatly alarmed

for his horses, and cried out, "Oh, my horses! my horses!" but putting his head out of the window, he exclaimed, "Ah, thank God! *it's only a third-class carriage!*"—*J. B. Gough.*

2907. HUMANITY, in union with God. The late Bishop Ewing, writing of his friend, Thomas Erskine, said, "His looks and life of love are better than a thousand homilies; they show you how divine a thing humanity is when the life we live in the flesh is that of conscious union with God."—*John Hunter.*

2908. HUMANITY, Love of. The absence of any accessible streets (when living in Switzerland) continues to worry me, now that I have so much to do, in a most singular manner. It is quite a little mental phenomenon. I should not walk in them in the day-time, if they were here, I daresay; but at night I want them beyond description. I don't seem able to get rid of my spectres *unless I can lose them in crowds.*—*Charles Dickens (to Forster).*

2909. HUMANITY, Love of. Mrs. Fry, early in life, wrote in her journal—"I don't remember ever being at any time with one who was not extremely disgusting; but I felt a sort of love for them, and I do hope I would sacrifice my life for the good of mankind."

2910. HUMANITY, Regard for. Louis XIV. was at war with Britain when Rudyard's lighthouse on the Eddystone was in progress; and a French privateer seized upon the men at work on the rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France, the captain being, doubtless, in expectation of a reward for an achievement which would so seriously injure the commercial interests of the enemy. While the captives lay in prison the transaction reached the ears of the French monarch. He immediately ordered them to be released, and the captors to be put in their places, declaring that though he was at war with England, he was not at war with mankind.—*Smeaton.*

2911. HUMANITY, Respect for. M. Boudon, an eminent surgeon, was one day sent for by the Cardinal Du Bois, Prime Minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The Cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat your poor miserable wretches at your hospital of the Hôtel Dieu." "My lord," replied M. Boudon with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, *is a prime minister in my eyes.*"

2912. HUMANITY, Worship of. "There shall be Universal Republic now," thinks Clootz; "and one God only, *'Le Peuple.'*"—*Carlyle's French Revolution.*

2913. HUMILIATION, and insult. Pope Celestinus, while Henry VI. was kneeling to kiss his feet, took that opportunity of kicking off his crown. He made amends to him, however, for this insolence by making him a gift of Naples and Sicily, from which Henry had extirpated the last of the Norman princes.—*Tytler.*

2914. HUMILIATION, should be thorough. Arminius Vambery relates that, travelling from Ispahan to the supposed tomb of Cyrus in the

character of a dervish, the troop stopped to bewail the Mohammedan martyr Hussein. Vambery provoked the wrath of one of his fellows by not striking his chest earnestly enough and with sufficient violence. He was only saved from a blow by one of his friends saying, "Let that Simnite be! Though he do not strike his breast in this life, Azrail (the Angel of Death) will beat it all the more for him in the next world."

2915. HUMILITY, an attribute of the most gifted minds. Hooker, the author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," one of the noblest books in the language, after he had been made preacher at the Temple Church, besought Archbishop Whitgift, who had given him that position, to remove him to a lowlier sphere of labour.

2916. HUMILITY, A Christian's. On his way to Sweden the celebrated Grotius was overtaken by mortal sickness; and when the clergyman, Quins-torp, reminded him of his sins on the one hand, and on the other, not of his services and world-wide reputation, but the grace of God in Christ Jesus, with a reference to the publican, "*I am that publican,*" replied Grotius, and then expired.

2917. HUMILITY, a safeguard. A French general riding on horseback at the head of his troops heard a soldier complain and say, "It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk." Then the general dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming through a ravine a bullet from a sharpshooter struck the rider, and he fell dead. Then the general said, "How much safer is it to walk than to ride!"

2918. HUMILITY, a source of honour. In the evening of the day that Sir Eardley Wilmot kissed the hand of His Majesty on being appointed Chief-Justice, one of his sons, a youth of seventeen, attended him to his bedside. "Now," says he, "my son, I will tell you a secret worth your knowing and remembering. The elevation I have met with in life, particularly this last instance of it, has not been owing to any superior merit or abilities, but to my *humility*; to my not having set up myself above others, and to a uniform endeavour to pass through life *void of offence* towards God and man."—*John Bruce.*

2919. HUMILITY, and cheerfulness. Observe, the peculiar characters of the grass which adapt it especially for the service of man are its apparent *humility and cheerfulness*—its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service, appointed to be trodden on and fed upon; its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is the stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth, glowing with variegated flame of flowers, waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes, and though it will not mock its fellow-plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn, and turn colourless or leafless as they. It is always green, and is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar-frost.—*Ruskin.*

2920. HUMILITY, and love. Mr. Durham, a father of the Scottish Church, was walking one

Sabbath to the place of worship in which he was to preach, along with a much-admired young minister who was to officiate in one adjoining. Multitudes were thronging into the one, and only a few into the other. "Brother," said he to his young friend, "you will have a crowded church to-day." "Truly," said the other, "they are greatly to blame who leave you and come to me." "Not so, dear brother," replied Mr. Durham; "for a minister can receive no such honour and success in his ministry except it be given him from Heaven. *I rejoice that Christ is preached*, and that His kingdom and interests are gaining ground, though my estimation in people's hearts should decrease; for I am content to be anything, so that Christ may be all in all."

2921. **HUMILITY, and pride.** Thomas à Becket wore coarse sackcloth made of goats' hair from the arms to the knees, but his outer garments were remarkable for splendour and extreme costliness, to the end that, thus deceiving human eyes, he might please the sight of God.—*Hoveden*.

2922. **HUMILITY, and the Church.** General Garfield, on taking up his residence at the White House as President of the United States, said to his pastor, "In my church relations *I am plain and simple James A. Garfield*."—*From Log-Cabin to White House*.

2923. **HUMILITY, Advantages of.** The celebrated Dr. Franklin, of America, once received a very useful lesson from the excellent Dr. Cotton Mather, which he thus relates in a letter to his son, Dr. Samuel Mather, dated Passy, 12th May 1781:—"The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave he showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind and I turning towards him, when he said hastily, 'Stoop—stoop!' I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me, '*You are young, and have the world before you; STOOPE as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps*.'"

2924. **HUMILITY, becomes the Christian.** The late Rev. Dr. R— had a somewhat lofty manner of expressing himself. In the course of visiting his parish he called at the cottage of an elderly female, who familiarly invited him to "come in by and sit down." The Doctor, who expected a more respectful salutation, said, in stately tones, intended to check any further attempt at familiarity, "Woman, I am a servant of the Lord come to speak with you on the concerns of your soul." "*Then ye'll be humble like your Maister*," admirably rejoined the cottager. The Doctor felt the reproof deeply, and never again sought to magnify himself at the expense of his office.—*Rev. C. Rogers, LL.D.*

2925. **HUMILITY, Christian.** Rowland Hill, during his last illness, being asked by Mr. Jay if he felt his personal interest in Christ, replied, "I can see more of my Saviour's glory than of my interest in Him." God is letting me down gently into the grave, and *I shall creep into heaven under some crevice of the door*."

2926. **HUMILITY, Christian.** Carey (the missionary) was never ashamed of the humbleness of

his origin. On one occasion, when at the Governor-General's table, he overheard an officer opposite him asking another, loud enough to be heard, whether Carey had not once been a shoemaker. "No, sir," exclaimed Carey immediately, "*only a cobbler*."—*Smiles*.

2927. **HUMILITY, Christian.** A minister was in company with Mr. Whitefield, and during the interview was very free with reflections on Wesley and his followers. Finally he expressed a doubt concerning Mr. Wesley's salvation, and said to Mr. Whitefield, "Sir, do you think when we get to heaven we shall see John Wesley?" "No, sir," replied Whitefield, "I fear not; for *he will be so near the eternal Throne*, and we shall be at such a distance, we shall hardly get a sight of him."—*Anecdotes of the Wesleys*.

2928. **HUMILITY, Christian, the way of our exaltation.** Our humiliations work out our most elevated joys. The way that a drop of rain comes to sing in the leaf that rustles in the top of the tree all the summer long, *is by going down to the roots first and from thence ascending to the bough*.—*Beecher*.

2929. **HUMILITY, Conquest of.** King Edward the Elder, lying at Aust Clive, invited Leolin, Prince of Wales, then at Beachley, on the opposite shore, to a conference about matters of dispute between them; but Leolin, distrustful of the English monarch, refused. Edward on this passed over to him, which so affected Leolin that he leaped into the water and embraced the boat King Edward was in, saying, "Most wise King, *your humility has conquered my pride*, and your wisdom triumphed over my folly. Mount on my neck, which I have exalted against you, and enter into that country which your goodness this day has made your own." And taking him on his shoulders, he made him sit on his robes, and did him homage.

2930. **HUMILITY, Knowledge of.** I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power or hesitation of speaking his opinions, but a right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it, and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them, only they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Dürer writes calmly to one who has found fault with his work, "It cannot be better done;" Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anybody else; only they do not expect their fellow-men, therefore, to fall down and worship them. They have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not *in* them, but *through* them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; and they see something Divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.—*Ruskin*.

2931. **HUMILITY, Power of.** When it was proposed by the Secession congregation at Haddington to give a *call* to the afterwards celebrated Mr. John Brown, one of the adherents of the church expressed his decided opposition. Subsequent to his ordina-

tion Mr. Brown waited on the solitary dissident, who was menacing to leave the meeting-house. "Why do you think of leaving us?" mildly inquired Mr. Brown. "Because," said the sturdy oppositionist, "I don't think you a good preacher." "That is quite my own opinion," replied the minister; "but the great majority of the congregation think the reverse, and it would not do for you and me to set up our opinions against theirs. I have given in, you see, and I would suggest you might just do so too." "Weel, weel," said the grumbler, quite reconciled by Mr. Brown's frank confession, "I think I'll just follow your example, sir." All differences were ended.—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

2932. HUMILITY, Power of. Gibbon tells us that Godfrey of Bouillon, after conquering Jerusalem, rejected the name and ensigns of royalty in a city where his Saviour had been crowned with thorns; and contented himself with the title of Defender of the Holy Sepulchre.—*B.*

2933. HUMILITY, Safety of. The magnificence and ostentation of Philotas urged his father to utter the simple but much-needed rebuke, "*My son, be less.*" . . . John Bunyan quaintly says—

"He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

—*New Handbook of Illustration.*

2934. HUMILITY, Secret of. A farmer went with his son into a wheat-field to see if it was ready for the harvest. "See, father," exclaimed the boy, "how straight these stems hold up their heads! They must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down, I am sure, cannot be good for much." The farmer plucked a stalk of each kind, and said, "See here, foolish child! This stalk that stood so straight is light-headed, and almost good for nothing, while this that hung its head so modestly is full of the most beautiful grain."

2935. HUMILITY, The sinner's, and Christ. When Tigranes delivered himself up to Pompey he did not behave with royal dignity, as though he were simply performing an act of regal courtesy, but as one who was utterly conquered. He laid down all his arms, unrobed himself of all his apparel, and plucked the crown from his brow. It is so we are to come to Christ, our Saviour and yet our Conqueror.

2936. HUMILITY, True. When the Danish missionaries in India appointed some of their Indian converts to translate a catechism, in which it was mentioned as the privilege of Christians to become the sons of God, one of the translators, startled at so bold a saying, as he thought it, said, "It is too much; let me rather render it, 'They shall be permitted to kiss His feet.'"—*Whitcross.*

2937. HUMILITY, unknown. The whole Roman language, even with all the improvements of the Augustan age, does not afford so much as a name for *humility* (the word from whence we borrow this, as is well known, bearing in Latin a quite different meaning). No; nor was one found in all the copious language of the Greeks, till it was made by the great Apostle.—*John Wesley.*

2938. HUMORISTS, Mission of. I have great regard for the humorists, for they are generally

men of a tender heart. Both Charles Lamb and Thomas Hood were great men, especially the author of the "*Song of the Shirt.*" He had a good head and a fine heart. That song of his is better than many a sermon I've heard. *Punch*, too, is an acute censor, but not censorious. When those who should lay the axe to the root of the tree won't do it, Providence raises up a buffoon, who preaches many a remarkable sermon.—*Rabbi Duncan.*

2939. HURRY, indecent in doing God's work. Dr. Stonehouse, shortly after being ordained, prevailed upon Garrick to come and judge of his style of reading and preaching. After service was over Garrick asked him what particular business he had in hand. "None," said Stonehouse. "I thought you had," said Garrick, "on seeing you enter the reading-desk in such a hurry. Nothing can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into a church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible." Garrick then inquired what books he had before him in the reading-desk. "Only the Bible and Prayer-Book." "Why, you tossed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a daybook or ledger."—*J. R. Andrews.*

2940. HUSBAND, and wife. A gentleman who saw and conversed with Dr. Payson in Boston was led, by his preaching and conversation, to a considerable degree of serious concern for his soul. His wife was still in a great measure indifferent to the subject. One day, meeting her in company, the Doctor said to her, "Madam, I think your husband is looking upwards—making some effort to rise above the world, towards God and heaven. *You must not let him try alone.* Whenever I see the husband struggling alone in such efforts, it makes me think of a dove endeavouring to fly upwards while it has one broken wing. It leaps and flutters, and perhaps raises itself up a little way, and then it becomes wearied, and drops back again to the ground. If both wings co-operate, then it mounts easily."

2941. HUSBAND, and wife. "*She always made home happy,*" was the epitaph in a churchyard inscribed by a husband after sixty years of married life.—*New Handbook of Illustrations.*

2942. HUSBAND and wife, Duties of. Mary, wife of Prince William of Orange and the heir-apparent to the English throne, was asked what her husband the Prince should be if she became Queen. She called in her husband, and she promised him *he should always bear rule*; and she asked only that he would obey the command of, "Husbands, love your wives," as she should do that, "Wives, be obedient to your husbands in all things."—*Little's Historical Lights.*

2943. HUSBAND, Conversion of. As I was conversing with a pious old man I inquired what were the means of his conversion. For a moment he paused; I perceived I had touched a tender string. Tears gushed from his eyes, while, with deep emotion, he replied, "My wife was brought to God some years before myself. I persecuted and abused her because of her religion. She, however, returned nothing but kindness, constantly manifesting an anxiety to promote my comfort and happiness; and it was her amiable conduct, when

suffering ill-treatment from me, that first sent the arrows of conviction to my soul. Temper," added he, "is everything."—*New York Observer.*

2944. HUSBAND, Kindness of. In the year 1762 I was witness to a remarkable instance of the disposition of the Indians to indulge their wives. There was a famine in the land, and a sick Indian woman expressed a great desire for a mess of Indian-corn. Her husband, having heard that a trader at Lower Sandusky had a little, set off on horseback for that place, one hundred miles distant, and returned with as much corn as filled the crown of his hat, for which he gave his horse in exchange, and came home on foot, bringing his saddle back with him.—*Rev. Mr. Heckwelder.*

2945. HUSBAND, Proud of. An Ionian lady, upon entering Phocion's house, was entertained by his wife, to whom she displayed the bracelets and necklaces with which she adorned her person. But her entertainer was simply a modest matron who pretended to no display, and rather delighted herself in the crown of virtue than any tiara of diamonds or coronet of pearls, and simply said, "Phocion is my ornament, who is now called for the twentieth time to the command of the Athenian armies."

2946. HUSBAND, unkind, Cure of. A decent countrywoman, says an English divine, came to me one market day and begged to speak with me. She told me, with an air of secrecy, that her husband had behaved unkindly to her, and sought the company of other women, and that, knowing me to be a wise man, I could tell what would cure him. "The remedy is simple," said I; "*always treat your husband with a smile.*" The woman thanked me, dropped a curtsy, and went away. A few months afterwards she came again, bringing a couple of fine fowls, told me, with great satisfaction, that I had cured her husband, and begged my acceptance of the fowls in return. I was pleased with the success of my prescription, but refused the fee.—*Arvine.*

2947. HYMN, History of. Dr. Raffles pointed to a particular autograph on one page of his book, and said, "I will give you the history of that. Some thirty or forty years ago sermons were to be preached on a particular Sabbath in the town of Wrexham, in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The clerk of the parish church came in very disconsolate to the vicar of the parish, and told him that there was no hymn suitable for such a subject. The son-in-law of the vicar happened to be at that time visiting him, and the vicar, turning to him, said, 'You are a bit of a poet; you see the distress of my clerk. I wish you would relieve him by writing a hymn for this occasion. Let it be of a simple, easy measure, and we will have it sung on the Sabbath.' The son-in-law retired to a corner of the room, and in an hour and a half produced a hymn. That hymn was sent to the printers, sheets were struck off and distributed in every pew, and it was sung on the next Sabbath. I had the pleasure of looking upon the manuscript of this old hymn, and this was the autograph, 'Reginald Heber;' and the hymn was—

'From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—'

a hymn which has inspired, perhaps, *more of missionary spirit* in the Churches than any other."—*Punshon (condensed).*

2948. HYMN, Power of. On one of the days that President Garfield lay dying at the seaside he was a little better, and was permitted to sit by the window, while Mrs. Garfield was in the adjoining room. Love, hope, and gratitude filled her heart, and she sang the beautiful hymn commencing—

"Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah!"

As the soft and plaintive notes floated into the sick-chamber, the President turned his eyes up to Dr. Bliss and asked, "Is that Crete?" "Yes," replied the Doctor, "it is Mrs. Garfield." "Quick, open the door a little," anxiously responded the sick man. Dr. Bliss opened the door, and after listening a few moments Mr. Garfield exclaimed, as the large tears coursed down his sunken cheeks, "Glorious, Bliss, isn't it?"

2949. HYMN, Power of. A little boy came to one of our city missionaries, and holding out a dirty and well-worn bit of printed paper, said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a paper containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows:—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died; and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one to put in a frame to hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"—*Dr. Penicost.*

2950. HYMNS, Influence of. I remember a remarkable instance which occurred in my father's lecture-room during one of those sweet scenes which preceded the separation of the Presbyterian Church into the old and new schools. At that time controversy ran high, and there were fire and zeal and wrath mingled with discussion; and whoever sat in the chair, the devil presided. On the occasion to which I refer an old Scotchman, six feet high, much bent with age, with blue eyes, large features, very pale and white all over his face, and bald-headed, walked up and down the back part of the room; and as the dispute grew furious he (and only he could have done it) would stop and call out, "Mr. Maudera-a-tor, let us sing 'Sal-va-a-tion;'" and some would strike up and sing the tune, and the men who were in angry debate were cut short; but one by one they joined in, and before they had sung the hymn through they were all calm and quiet. When they resumed the controversy it was in a much lower key. So this good old man walked up and down, and threw a hymn into the quarrel every few minutes, and kept the religious antagonists from absolute explosion and fighting. *It is the nature of hymns to quell irascible feeling.* I do not think that a man who was mad could sing six verses through without regaining his temper before he got to the end.—*Beecher.*

2951. HYMNS, Power of. A fine, intelligent young Virginian, while residing in the Western States of America, became an infidel and blasphemous of God's name. From this state he was delivered

by reading a work by Soame Jenyns ; but whilst he became convinced of the truth of revelation, he did not feel its power. A lingering and fatal illness led him to reflection and prayer. Three Christian friends used to visit him, and spent the hours singing hymns. He said to them one day, "There is nothing I like so much to hear as the first hymn you ever sang to me, '*Jesus, lover of soul.*'" We sang it again to the tune "Martyn," and found the solemnity which had reigned in the room during the singing of the former hymns changed to weeping. We struck the very touching strain of the second stanza, "Other refuge have I none;" the weeping became loud. The heart of him who had reviled Christ was broken ; we feared to sing the remaining stanzas, owing to the prostration of the sufferer. A few days after he said, "I don't think I shall ever hear, '*Jesus, lover of my soul,*' sung again ; it excites me so that my poor body cannot bear it."—*Belcher's Historical Sketches of Hymns.*

2952. HYMNS, Power of. A Presbyterian clergyman in New Orleans once called to visit a young Scotchman who was lying very low, and talked to him about his soul. The young stranger gave him but little attention. During one of his visits the minister began to hum over to himself the lines—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !"

The youth burst into tears, and exclaimed, "I used to hear my dear mother sing those words when I was a child." His heart melted under a strain that seemed to come back to him as from his cradle ; and the heart thus softened, *received* the "faithful saying" with penitence and joy. I am persuaded that we ministers make too little use of the *gospel in metre* as a means of awakening and conversion. A hymn often goes many fathoms deeper than a sermon.—*Cuyler.*

2953. HYPOCRISY, Charge of. Sir John Trevor, who had for some misdemeanours been expelled from Parliament, one day meeting Archbishop Tillotson, cried out, "I hate to see an Atheist in the shape of a Churchman." "And I," replied the good Bishop, "hate to see a knave in any shape."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

2954. HYPOCRISY, Deceit of. A traveller noticed a parrot clearing the water with his wing, and asking what it meant, the parrot replied, "I clear the water to avoid drinking flies, and thus destroying life." The parrot flew off, and a little farther on the same traveller saw the same bird perched on a wall saying his prayers. Taking a liking for such a pious bird, the traveller went up to where he was, and found him busily feasting on worms. On the same journey the traveller entered an abode, and found the master of the house feasting a priest whom he had invited to perform services. On the ground, in front of the priest, was a piece of gold. The priest slyly stuck a piece of wax on his praying sceptre, and thus, unnoticed, picked up the gold, and put it into the bosom of his coat. As the priest left the house he happened to see a piece of thread sticking to his dress. This thread he pompously returned to the master of the house, saying that it would be sinful in him, a priest, to take anything out of the house that had not been given to him.—*Rev. J. Gilmour, M.A. (from the Mongolian).*

2955. HYPOCRISY, Gradations in. The Duchess of Gordon said that on Sunday she never saw company, nor played cards, nor went out. In England, indeed, she did so, because every one else did the same ; but she would not introduce those manners into this country (Scotland). I stared at these gradations of piety *growing warmer as it came northward*, but was wise enough to stare silently.—*Mrs. Grant.*

2956. HYPOCRISY, in the family. A minister of the gospel went to dine at the house of one of his hearers, whom he was in the habit of visiting. Dinner being on the table, the master of the house requested the preacher to ask a blessing. It was no sooner done than one of the children, a prattling boy about seven years old, asked the following appropriate and memorable question, "Papa, what is the reason we *always* have a blessing asked when Mr. — dines with us, and *never* at any other time?"—*Whitecross.*

2957. HYPOCRISY, Influence of. Many years ago there was in the North of Scotland a man who long and resolutely forsook all religious ordinances. When expostulated with by a minister, he made this remarkable statement regarding a noted professor, whom he once greatly honoured for his piety—"That man's proved hypocrisy, after such a profession, was the beginning of my ruin, and ever after I could neither bear religion nor religious men."—*Clerical Library.*

2958. HYPOCRISY, Ostentatiousness of. Drones make more noise than bees, though they make neither honey nor wax. It is reported of Mr. John Fox that, as he was going along London streets, a woman of his acquaintance met him, and as they discoursed together she pulled out a Bible, telling him that she was going to hear a sermon ; whereupon he said to her, "If you will be advised by me, go home again." But said she, "When shall I go, then?" to which he answered, "*When you tell nobody of it.*"—*Trapp.*

2959. HYPOCRITE, detected. A certain deacon, who was a zealous advocate for the cause of temperance, one day employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlour. In repairing a corner near the fireplace it was found necessary to remove the wainscot, when lo ! "a mare's nest" was brought to light, which astonished the workman most marvellously. A brace of decanters, sundry bottles—all containing "something to take"—a jug, and tumblers were easily reposing there in snug quarters. The carpenter, with wonder-stricken countenance, ran to the proprietor with the intelligence. "H'm ! Well, I declare," exclaimed the unworthy deacon, "that is curious, sure enough. It must be that old Captain Brown left those things there when he occupied the premises thirty years ago." "Ah ! perhaps he did," returned the discoverer ; "but say, deacon, that ice in the pitcher must have been well frozen to have remained solid all this time."

2960. HYPOCRITE, to the last. The sincerity of his (the Emperor Alexius) moral and religious virtues was suspected by the persons who had passed their lives in his familiar confidence. In the last hours, when he was pressed by his wife Irene to alter the succession, he raised his head and breathed a pious ejaculation on the vanity of this

world. The indignant reply of the Empress may be inscribed as an epitaph on his tomb : " You die as you have lived—a hypocrite."—*Gibbon*.

2961. HYPOCRITES, discovered on nearer inspection. How many are like that famous painting of the olden time, in which the artist depicted what seemed at a distance a holy friar with a book before him, and his hands crossed in devotion, looking like a saint indeed ; but when you came close to the venerable impostor, you found that his hands, though clasped, enclosed a lemon, and instead of a book there was a punch-bowl, into which he was squeezing the juice. To seem to be answers men's purposes so well, that it is little marvel if pretenders swarm like the flies in Egypt's plague ; yet if they would remember the last great day, men would abhor hypocrisy.—*Spurgeon*.

2962. HYPOCRITES, everywhere. An old English writer says :—"The Emperor Frederick III., when one said unto him he would go and find some place where no hypocrites inhabited, told him he must travel, then, far enough beyond the Sauromatæ or the frozen ocean ; for yet, when he came there, he should find a hypocrite if he found himself there. And it is true that every man is a hypocrite. Hypocrisy is a lesson that every man readily takes in. All are not fit for the wars ; learning must have the picked and choicest wits ; arts must have leisure and pains ; but all sorts are apt enough, and thrive in the mystery of dissimulation. The whole throng of mankind, the whole world, is but a shop of counterfeit wares, a theatre of hypocritical disguises. Grace is the only antidote."

2963. HYPOCRITES, everywhere. There was a court-martial held on a young officer who had gone on a spree and had a fight in a bar-room. The bar proprietor was brought before the Court and put in the witness-box. The prisoner was placed in full view. "Witness, do you recognise the prisoner ?" "Yes, your honour, and most of the Court."

2964. HYPOCRITES, Friendship between. The Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Burgundy were rivals, but gave every outward token of amity and friendship to each other, even sharing the same couch at night. The care with which they fortified their hotels and guarded against surprise, however, betrayed their deep distrust, amid this outward reconciliation. On the 20th of November 1407 the two cousins partook of the sacrament together. Never was there a blacker instance of sacrilegious hypocrisy. At the very moment when he thus profaned the most solemn rite of Christianity Jean sans Peur had deliberately doomed his rival to a bloody and violent death.—*Little's Historical Lights* (condensed).

2965. HYPOCRITES, Motives of. The abbot in Melancthon lived strictly and walked demurely and looked humbly, so long as he was but a monk ; but when, by his seeming extraordinary sanctity, he got to be abbot, he grew intolerable, proud, and insolent, and being asked the reason of it, confessed that his former lowly look was but to see if he could find the keys of the abbey.—*Brooks*.

2966. HYPOCRITES, Motives of. See yonder eagle, how it mounts ! Does it care for the ethereal blue or aspire to commune with the stars of heaven ?

Not a whit ; such airy considerations have no weight with the ravenous bird ; and yet you will not wonder that it soars aloft when you remember that it thus obtains a broader range of vision, and so becomes the more able to provide for its nest. The bird mounts towards heaven, but it keeps its eye evermore upon the outlook for its prey. No celestial impulse is needed ; its love of blood suffices to bear it aloft. It soars only that it may flash downwards with fell swoop upon the object of its desires. Wonder not that men with the hearts of devils yet mount like angels ; there is a reason which explains it all.—*Spurgeon*.

2967. HYPOCRITES, Motives of. "Upon one of the Easter holidays," saith George Marsh, martyr, "Master Sherburn and Master More sent for me, persuading me much to leave mine opinions, saying, 'All the bringers-up and favourers of that religion had ill luck, and were either put to death or in prison and in danger of life. Again, the favours of the religion now used had wondrous good luck and prosperity in all things.'"—*Trapp*.

2968. HYPOCRITES, seeking their own advantage. God is in the hypocrite's mouth, but the world is in his heart, which he expects to gain through his good reputation. I have read of one that offered his Prince a great sum of money to have leave once or twice a day to come into his presence and only say, "*God save your Majesty !*" The Prince, wondering at this large offer for so small a favour, asked him what advantage this would afford him. "O sire," saith he, "this, though I have nothing else at your hands, will get me a name in the country for one who is a great favourite at court, and such an opinion will help me to more at the year's end than it costs me for the purchase." Thus some, by the name they get for great saints, advance their worldly interests, which lie at the bottom of all their profession.—*Gurnall*.

2969. IDEALS, Realising. Thorwaldsen, being asked whether anything had distressed him, answered "My genius is decaying." "What do you mean ?" said the visitor. "Why ! here is my statue of Christ ; it is the first of my works that I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now my ideal has always been far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again."—*Julius C. Hare*.

2970. IDEA, The one. Richard Cobden was a man of one idea only ; his motto was that of the great Apostle, "This one thing I do." Having given himself to the cause of Free Trade, he was not the man to desert it. It was the passion of his soul and the purpose of his life, and his resolute pursuit at any expense, and in spite of innumerable discouragements.—*Denton*.

2971. IDEAS, Influence of. Ideas make their way in silence, like the waters that, filtering behind the rocks of the Alps, loosen them from the mountains on which they rest.—*D'Aubigne*.

2972. IDEAS, influenced by our habits. "I've been in India for many a year, and I never saw a native Christian the whole time." So spake a colonel on board a steamer going to Bombay. Some days after the same colonel was telling of his hunting experiences, and said that thirty tigers had fallen to his rifle. "Did I understand you to say thirty, colonel ?" asked a missionary at the table.

"Yes, sir, thirty," replied the officer. "Because," pursued the missionary, explanatorily, "I thought perhaps you meant three." "No, sir, thirty," this time with emphasis. "Well, now, that's strange," said the missionary; "I have been in India twenty-five years, and I never saw a wild live tiger all the while." "Very likely not, sir," said the colonel; "but that's because you didn't know where to look for them." "Perhaps it was so," admitted the missionary, after a moment or two of apparent reflection; "but may not that be the reason you never saw a native convert, as you affirmed the other evening at this table?"

2973. IDEAS, Stimulus of. A story is told of a Frenchman who emigrated to this country (Canada) when it was new, and lived at a distance from a city. He soon made a pilgrimage thither on foot, just for the sake of finding some one *with whom he could converse*. He spent some days talking, and then returned to his "clearing." His neighbours considered him a great idler to spend so much time for nothing away from his work. But in the stimulating effect upon his own thought, which contact with other minds afforded, he doubtless was a gainer by his loss of time. Man's mode of life is often of so much more importance to him than life itself, that the real dignity of being is lost sight of. Beautiful homes are nothing if there be no cultivated inmates to adorn them.—*Belle P. Drury.*

2974. IDLENESS, and death. Ælian mentions a witicism of Alcibiades, when some one was vaunting to him the contempt which the Lacedæmonians had for death. "It is no wonder," said he, "since it relieves them from the heavy burden of an idle and stupid life."—*Tyler.*

2975. IDLENESS, and pride. There was a certain member of Trinity College more remarkable for the gorgeousness of his dress than for the splendour of his intellectual attainments or his obedience to college discipline. Being caught in some breach of rule and summoned before the Master, the latter remarked to a brother don, after grimly regarding him for a minute, "Mr. — appears to devote all the time which he can spare from the adornment of his person to the neglect of his duties."

2976. IDLENESS. Death from. The Marquis de Spinola asking Sir Horace Vere what his brother died of, Sir Horace replied, "He died, sir, of having nothing to do." "Alas!" said Spinola, "*that is enough to kill any general of us all.*"—*Smiles.*

2977. IDLENESS, Results of. At Amoy (China) each church proposes to pay its pastor so many dollars a month, and at the annual meetings the question is asked if the promise has been fulfilled, and the pastor has to get up and say whether it has or has not. In one case the pastor said the obligation had not been met, and then an explanation was asked for. There was an ominous silence, until an old deacon got up and said, "Sirs, the church would have paid, could have paid, if the pastor had only done his work; but he is a lazy man."—*Rev. Wardlaw Thompson, M.A.*

2978. IDLENESS, Torment of. We in general place idleness among the beatitudes of heaven; it should rather, I think, be put amidst the tortures of hell.—*Montesquieu.*

2979. IDOL, Danger of. A lady in London, who had become interested in the preaching of Rev. William Romaine, said to him, "Sir, I like the doctrine you preach, and I think I can give up everything but one." "What is that, Madam?" "Cards, sir." "You think you could not be happy without them?" "No, sir, I could not." "Then, Madam, they are your god, and to them you must look for salvation."—*Rev. C. F. Beach.*

2980. IDOL, Danger of. In my student days I knew a young man who made a fetish of *smoke*. What! did he worship smoke? Yes, he did really thus. By smoke I mean *tobacco*. Now I daresay tobacco has its uses. But this fellow-student of mine worshipped it to that degree that he was always smoking—morning, noon, and night. What was the consequence? Why, it had an evil effect upon him. His constitution would not stand it. He always seemed asleep. He used to sit down to his books and nod over them. He was unable to do his duty. Instead of being the master of smoke, he was the slave of smoke; *it was his fetish, his idol, his god*. In this way we may make an idol of anything—good, perhaps, in itself and in moderation. The African's stone would be good for building or roadmaking; his piece of wood for a bench or canoe; but it is not good for a god. So with us; games are good for recreation, and gold is good as money for trading, but neither is good as a god.—*Rev. G. Litling, LL.B.*

2981. IDOL, Destroying. Happening, on St. Anthony's Day, to meet, upon a bridge spanning a narrow stream in the neighbourhood, a solemn procession headed by priests chanting the praises of the saint, whose effigy they bore aloft, Farel was seized with an uncontrollable desire to arrest the impious service. Snatching the image from the hands of ecclesiastics, who were little prepared for so sudden an onslaught, he indignantly cried, "Wretched idolaters, will you never forsake your idolatry?" At the same instant he threw the saint into the water, before the astonished devotees had time to interfere. Had not some one just then opportunely raised the shout, "The saint is drowning!" it might have gone hard with the fearless iconoclast.—*Baird.*

2982. IDOL, still concealed. Chromatius, a heathen, sought a cure from one of the early Christians who was reported to have the gift of healing. As a condition thereto, he demanded that all the idols in his house should be brought. The heathen gave his keys to the Christian, who went about the house and destroyed all the idols he could find, and then went to praying for the desired cure. The sick man was as sick as ever. The Christian said, "There is yet an idol in your house which must be destroyed." The heathen confessed that he had one of beaten gold, which he wished to save. When it was broken Chromatius was healed.—*Foster's Cyclopædia.*

2983. IDOL, Worship of. In the Old Testament the prophet ridicules the idol-maker who cuts down a tree and shapes it after the fashion of a man that it may be his god, but some time ago some of the Chinese in Peking outdid the idolater of old by taking as their god a tree growing in a neighbour's courtyard, and worshipping it without cutting it down or carving it at all. Some days after, hearing the rumour that such a delusion had sprung up, I

happened to be passing the end of the lane in which the tree grew, and recollecting what I had heard, turning on my heel, I saw a man in the act of offering a bundle of burning incense to the tree. On going up to examine it, there was nothing remarkable about the tree or its surroundings. It was a great, old, ordinary tree, of which there are many in Peking; and it was growing just inside of a brick wall, which was all the truer a sample of an ordinary brick wall by having a part of its length in ruins. Just at the ruinous part, and opposite the tree, the deluded worshipper was bowing down and offering his incense beside the pile of fallen-down half-bricks and mud, at the spot which was marked by the ashes of the incense of former votaries.—*Rev. J. Gilmour.*

2984. IDOLATRY, Folly of. Two missionaries were walking around the Temple of Siva, or Great Pagoda of Tanjore, India, when they noticed the people carrying out one of the brass idols in procession. It being a warm sunny day, it became heated. Some one happened to touch it, and perceiving that it was very warm, concluded *it must have a fever!* The rajah, being present, sent for a physician. He came, and told them they need not be troubled, for the god was well enough. But the rajah called him a fool and sent him home, and ordered that another physician should be called. When he came he told them that the god was very sick, had a high fever, and remedies must be applied immediately or he would die. So he directed them to put him in a shady place, and washed him with some cool liquid, and when he was well cooled off the doctor pronounced him *cured!* And the rajah gave him three thousand rupees for saving the life of his god.—*Life-Scenes from Mission Fields.*

2985. IDOLATRY, Folly of. Rev. John Thomas made a company of Hindoos ashamed of their idol-worship, on one occasion, by a very simple device. When travelling through the country in the discharge of his duties he came one day upon a number of people waiting near an idol-temple. He went up to them, and as soon as the doors were opened he walked into the temple. Seeing an idol in an elevated position, he walked boldly up to it, held up his hand, and asked for silence. He then put his finger on its eyes, and said, "It has eyes, but it cannot see! It has ears, but it cannot hear! It has a nose, but it cannot smell! It has hands, but it cannot handle! It has a mouth, but it cannot speak! neither is there any breath in it!" Instead of being offended, the natives were all surprised and ashamed; and an old Brahmin was so convinced of his folly by what Mr. Thomas said, that he cried out, "It has feet, but it cannot run away!" The people raised a shout, and being ashamed of their stupidity, they left the temple and went to their homes.

2986. IDOLATRY, Morality of. In the East India Museum, in London, there is an elaborately carved ivory idol, about two feet high, having twelve hands, and in every hand there is an instrument of torture—a fair index to the moral trend of that abominable religious code under which Thuggism abounds and human life is held so frightfully cheap.—*Cyrus D. Foss, D.D.*

2987. IDOLS, Destroying. A native teacher at Arosea, in the Gilbert group of islands, Polynesia,

gives the following description of one of the incidents of his work:—"There were a great many stone gods in the island. I counted two hundred and fifteen. The people came to me to ask me to throw their gods away, because if they remained they would, out of fear, give offerings to them; but they wished to have only the God of heaven for their God. It was hard work for me. I began at one end of the island, and went on to the other end. It took me two whole days to destroy their idols. There were three stones larger than the others. The people said these were superior gods. I went to one of these when I was destroying the stones, and taking some of the food which was before it, I began to eat. The people cried out, expecting I should fall down dead.

2988. IDOLS, Reign of, ended. While walking through the settlement we saw two grim-looking gods in a more dishonourable situation than they had been wont to occupy, for they were sustaining upon their heads the whole weight of the roof of a cooking-house. Wishing to make them more useful, we offered to purchase them from their former worshipper. He instantly propped up the house with other pieces of wood, took out the idols, and threw them down; and while they were prostrate on the ground he gave them a kick, saying, "There—*your reign is at an end.*"—*Williams.*

2989. IDOLS, Test of. Mr. Roper, the noble African missionary, when he was at Ibbadan, used often to talk to a clever heathen woman, and try to persuade her to give up her false gods and to believe in Jesus. The woman listened and half believed, but she was frightened that if she became a follower of the true God her god would be angry with her. Not that she was altogether pleased with her own god, for sometimes she knelt down before his image, and asked him to send her good luck and prosperity, and yet sometimes the luck all went against her; then she would go home in a rage and scold the image, and sometimes even would take a bamboo stick and give it a good beating. One day, when she had heard Mr. Roper preach, she went home and took this image into a back-room which was empty, and placed it in the middle of the floor, and said, "Now, I've brought you here, and I am going away trading for three months, and I will lock the door, and you will be safe; but this prayer-man says you are not a true god, and cannot take care of me, and that his God can; so I will make this bargain with you—if *you are worth anything, you can take care of yourself.* Now, if you are all right when I come back I and my family will always worship you; but if a rat gets to you and eats you I will pray to you no more, for I shall know what the prayer-man says is true." So she locked the door and went away with the key. Three months passed, and she returned to Ibbadan; her friends and children were waiting to welcome her, but she pushed through them and went straight to the room where she had left her god. She looked at it, and ran away with it to Mr. Roper. She threw the gnawed thing down before him, and exclaimed, "He could not take care of himself. Your God has sent a rat; teach me and my children to be prayer-people!"—*Mrs. Garnett (condensed).*

2990. IGNORANCE, and false security. An agent of the Church Missionary Society called upon an old woman, who, to his inquiries about her hope

of getting to heaven, replied, "I do expect to get there, sir." Desirous of ascertaining the ground of her hope, she said, in answer to a further inquiry, "Why, you see, sir, I have a daughter in heaven; and she'll be praying for me." Learning that her daughter had been dead only some two or three years, he asked whether she had any hope previously. "Why, yes, sir; a sort of hope. You see, whenever there was a shower I used to leave whatever I was doing, and run out, that the first drop might fall on me." "But why did you do that?" "Ah! sir, we do believe that the first drops do wash our sins away."—*Denton.*

2991. IGNORANCE, and the soul. When Lady H—— was once at Tunbridge she asked the daughter of a poor man whether she took any thought for her soul. The young woman answered, "I never knew that I had a soul." "Bid your mother call on me to-day," replied the Countess. She came as desired, and her ladyship said to her, "How is it that your daughter is sixteen years of age, and does not know that she has a soul?" The woman answered, "Indeed, my lady, I have so much care upon me to find my daughter in food and clothes for her body, that *I have no time to talk to her about her soul.*"—*John Bruce.*

2992. IGNORANCE, confessed. A lady once asked him (Dr. Johnson) how he came to define *pastern* the knee of a horse. Instead of making an elaborate defence, as she expected, he at once answered, "Ignorance, Madam; pure ignorance."—*Boswell.*

2993. IGNORANCE, Cure for. Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was stating the law to a jury at Guildhall, when Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying, "If *that* be law, I'll go home and burn my books." "My lord," replied Dunning, "you had better go home *and read them.*"—*Henry J. Leigh.*

2994. IGNORANCE, Hazard of. Gibbon says that "a bag of shining leather filled with pearls fell into the hands of a private soldier" when Galerius sacked the camp of the Persians. "He carefully preserved the bag, but he threw away its contents." So foolish men pass through life; they do not know when they come across the true riches, and even the "pearl of great price" itself is cast aside as a thing of little worth.—*B.*

2995. IGNORANCE, how judged of often. A friend of mine, a country parson, on first going to his parish, resolved to farm his glebe for himself. A neighbouring farmer kindly offered the parson to plough one of his fields. The farmer said that he would send his man John with a plough and a pair of horses on a certain day. "If ye're goin' about," said the farmer to the clergyman, "John will be unco weel pleased if you speak to him, and say it's a fine day, or the like o' that; but dinna," said the farmer with much solemnity—"dinna say onything to him aboot ploughin' and sawin'; for John," he added, "is a stupid body, but he has been ploughin' and sawin' all his life, and he'll see in a minute that *ye ken naething aboot ploughin' and sawin'*; and then," said the sagacious old farmer, with extreme earnestness, "if he comes to think that *ye ken naething aboot ploughin' and sawin'*, he'll think that *ye ken naething aboot onything!*"—*A. K. H. B.*

2996. IGNORANCE, Learned. "I used frequently," says Cecil, "to visit Dr. Bacon at his living near Oxford. He would frequently say to me, 'What are you doing? What are your studies?' 'I am reading so-and-so.' 'You are quite wrong. When I was young I could turn any piece of Hebrew into Greek verse with ease. But when I came into this parish, and had to teach ignorant people, I was wholly at a loss; *I had no furniture.* They thought me a great man, but that was their ignorance, for I knew as little as they did of what it was most important for them to know. Study chiefly what you can turn to good account in your future life."

2997. IGNORANCE, Love of. In Italy was a particular order of friars called *Frates Ignorantie*, that is, Brethren of Ignorance, who took a solemn oath that they would neither know, learn, nor understand anything at all, but answer all questions with "*Nescio.*"—*Luther's Table Talk.*

2998. IGNORANCE, made an excuse. One woman he could not bring to the communion, and when he reproved or exhorted her, she only answered that she was no scholar.—*Dr. Johnson.*

2999. IGNORANCE, Monkish. Conrad of Heresbach, a grave author of the sixteenth century, relates the following saying of a monk to his companions:—"They have invented a new language, which they call Greek: you must be carefully on your guard against it; it is the matter of all heresy. I observe in the hands of many persons a book written in that language, and *which they call the New Testament*; it is a book full of daggers and poison. As to the Hebrew, my brethren, it is certain that whoever learns it becomes immediately a Jew."

3000. IGNORANCE, not needed in a minister. When the late Dr. Cox was professor in a theological seminary a student, not over-modest of his own abilities, sought his advice as to the propriety of shortening his course, intimating that he might let drop a year without disadvantage. The Doctor, impatient of such nonsense, as he would call it, replied, "Young man, how much ignorance do you think it takes to make a minister of the gospel?"

3001. IGNORANCE, of Scripture truth. We meet occasionally with individuals who have so long absented themselves from public worship, that they have forgotten the cardinal facts and doctrines of Christianity. A village curate, who had for many years unsuccessfully urged upon an aged woman the duty of attendance at the house of God was gratified one Good Friday by seeing her there. On his way home he overtook her, and expressed the pleasure he felt on finding his exhortations had at last prevailed; and as they walked along side by side he spoke to her of the awful event they had just commemorated. On the pastor taking leave of her at his gate, she inquired of him how long ago it was since that cruel piece of business took place. "It happened nearly two thousand years ago." "Two thousand years ago!" she exclaimed, with a brightening countenance; "then let's hope it is not true."—*Paxton Hood.*

3002. IGNORANCE, of the common people. Sceptics are of many kinds. Some of them ask questions to get answers, and others put difficulties to puzzle the people. An honest sceptic said to me

in a crowd in Hyde Park, "I have been trying to believe for these ten years, but there is a contradiction I cannot get over, and it is this : we are told that printing was invented not five hundred years ago, and yet that the Bible is five thousand years old, and I cannot for the life of me see how this can be." Nay! the crowd did not laugh at this man. *Very few people in a crowd know much more than he did about the Bible.* But how deeply they drank in a half-hour's account of the Scripture manuscripts, their preservation, their translations and versions, their dispersion and collection, their collation and transmission, and the overwhelming evidence of their genuine truth!—*John Mc'Gregor.*

3003. IGNORANCE, rebuked. Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! You know no more about it than they do."

3004. IGNORANCE, rebuked. In the early part of the Duke of Wellington's career, when Sir Arthur Wellesley, in India, an officer dining at the mess where he presided was sporting his infidel sentiments. Sir Arthur, wishing to put down such conversation, said, "S—, did you ever read Paley's 'Evidences?'" The reply was in the negative, "Well then," said Sir Arthur, "you had better read that book before you talk in the way you are doing."

3005. IGNORANCE, Spiritual. Nelson, a name which every British seaman is taught to reverence, died, after being mortally wounded by a musket-ball, amidst demonstrations of much spiritual ignorance. In reading his words one for a moment suspects that he was not perfectly collected, especially when his affecting complaint is remembered, "O victory, victory, how you do distress my poor head!" But every account represents him as perfectly calm and collected. What were the last words of the man who had renounced his own amiable and unoffending consort, and attached himself to another man's wife, to whom he had just been transmitting his last messages? "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner. Thank God, I have done my duty." Judging the hero by some of his letters, which exhibit his moral delinquencies by the side of the most fervent appeals to God, it is to be feared that he knew no better than he said.—*Life's Last Hours.*

3006. IGNORANCE, the secret of cavilling. A young man, a little too forward, had, in presence of many, said, that he could conceive no reason, in the reading of the old authors, why men should so greatly admire them. "No marvel, indeed," quoth Master Foxe; "for if you could conceive the reason, you would then admire them yourself."

3007. ILLNESS, and death. Douglas Jerrold, speaking of a dangerous illness from which he had recovered, described it as "a runaway knock at Death's door."—*Henry S. Leigh.*

3008. ILL-WILL, Loss of, desired. Tasso being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy—"I wish not to plunder him," said he; "but there are things I wish

to take from him—not his honour, his wealth, or his life, but his ill-will."

3009. IMAGES, Jewish dislike of. The Jews of the Apostolic age, as we learn from Josephus, regarded images with a horror which the Mohammedans themselves could not have exceeded. We are told that the figures displayed on the Roman standards gave such offence that Vitellius was warned to take a different route from which he had intended, for fear that these images should cause a popular outbreak. Origen says that the trade of a maker of images was unknown among the Jews. Nor was there a painter or sculptor to be found in the whole nation.—*Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A.*

3010. IMAGES, Reverence for. Fox tells an amusing story which may illustrate the manners of North Lancashire in the reign of Mary. As their old rood was destroyed, they bargained with the village carpenter to make and set up a new image like their old one. As he was not a perfect artist, he could promise only to do his best for their satisfaction. On the completion of his work, the parishioners, never having seen such a figure in a church, refused to pay the carpenter, on which account he summoned the churchwardens before the Mayor of Lancashire. The churchwardens pleaded that the carpenter had covenanted to make a rood like the old one, who was "a well-favoured man," but the new one was "the worst-favoured man they had ever set eyes upon, gaping and grinning in such sort that their children were afraid to look him in the face or go near him." His worship decided that "the man had done his work as well as he could; that they should have sought a more skilful workman; that they must pay the money as they had promised; that if they did not like their god, they could put a pair of horns upon him, and *he might make a capital devil.*" The carpenter was pleased, the churchwardens laughed, but Fox adds, "Not so the Babylonish priest."—*Dr. Halley.*

3011. IMAGES, Worship of. I shall only notice the judgment of the bishops on the comparative merit of image-worship and morality. A monk had concluded a truce with the demon of fornication, on condition of interrupting his daily prayers to a picture in his cell. His scruples prompted him to consult the abbot. "Rather than abstain from adoring Christ and His Mother in their holy images, it would be better for you to enter every brothel and visit every prostitute in the city."—*Gibbon.*

3012. IMITATION, is worship. The imitation of the object of worship has always been felt to be the highest form of worship. Many an ancient teacher besides the Stoic philosopher has said, "*He who copies the gods worships them adequately.*"—*MacLaren.*

3013. IMITATION, the sincerest flattery. When Augustin Caracci pronounced a long discourse in honour of the Laocoon all were astonished that his brother Annibal said nothing of that celebrated *chef-d'œuvre*. Divining their thoughts, the latter took a piece of chalk and drew the group against the wall as accurately as if he had it before his eyes—a silent panegyric which no rhetoric could have surpassed.—*Horace Smith*

3014. **IMITATORS, Inferiority of.** Philip of Macedon replied to one who prided himself on imitating the notes of the nightingale, "I prefer the nightingale herself!"—*I. D'Israeli.*

3015. **IMMORTALITY, and love.** I never saw a man that did not believe in the immortality of love when following the body of a loved one to the grave. I have seen men under other circumstances that did not believe in it; but I never saw a man that, when he stood looking upon the form of one that he really loved stretched out for burial, did not revolt from saying, "It has all come to that: the hours of sweet companionship; the wondrous interlacings of tropical souls, the joys, the hopes, the trusts, the unutterable yearnings—there they all lie." No man can stand and look in a coffin upon the body of a fellow-creature, and remember the flaming intelligence, the blossoming love, the whole range of Divine faculties which so lately animated that cold clay, and say, "*These have all collapsed and gone.*" No person can witness the last sad ceremonials which are performed over the remains of a human being—the sealing down of the unopenable lid, the following of the rumbling procession to the place of burial, the letting of the dust down into dust, the falling of the earth upon the hollow coffin, with those sounds that are worse than thunder, and the placing of the green sod over the grave—no person, unless he be a beast, can witness these things, and then turn away and say, "I have buried my wife; I have buried my child; I have buried my sister, my brother, my love."—*Beecher.*

3016. **IMMORTALITY, Argument for.** Why should love allow the end of what it loves? If it cannot prevent the end, why does it create? It is as though a father should rear children till their love for him had bloomed into full sweetness, and then dig graves into which he thrusts them while their hearts are springing to his and his name is trembling upon lips that he smothers with eternal dust. It is related of an Arab chief, whose laws forbade the rearing of his female offspring, that the only tears he ever shed were when his daughter brushed the dust from his beard as he buried her in a living grave. But where are the tears of God as He thrusts back into eternal stillness the hands that are stretched out to Him in dying faith? If death ends life, what is this world but an ever-yawning grave in which the loving God buries His children with hopeless sorrow, mocking at once their love and hope and every attribute of His own nature?—*T. T. Munger.*

3017. **IMMORTALITY, Heathen idea of.** "We live only a few days here," said old Chinsunse, "but we live again after death; we do not know where, or in what condition, or with what companions, for the dead never return to tell us. Sometimes the dead do come back, and appear to us in dreams, but they never speak, nor tell us where they have gone, nor how they fare."—*Livingstone's Travels.*

3018. **IMMORTALITY, how gained.** In the Zendavesta we are told that there is a tree, the king of trees, which is called the Death-destroyer. It grows by the fountain of Ardecision—in other words, by the water of life—and its sap confers immortality. It is but a tradition taken from the

Bible. To come to Christ, to feed on Him by faith is to gain an immortality of bliss.

3019. **IMMORTALITY, Man's idea of.** Napoleon I., in company with some officers, was visiting the picture gallery of the Louvre, in Paris. Pointing to a remarkable picture, he expressed his admiration of it to one of his generals. "Yes," said the general, "it is immortal." "Immortal!" said Napoleon; "how long will it last?" "Three or four hundred years," was the reply. Then, pointing to a splendid statue, he asked, "How long will that last?" "Three or four thousand years." "You call that immortality!" said the Emperor.

3020. **IMPEDIMENTS, Casting away.** At Sidler Tchifik three men sprang on to the train just as it was starting, and clung to the carriage-doors. The guard saw them, but dared not push them off for fear of killing them, yet could not venture to stop the train on account of the delay this would have caused. He therefore beckoned to the men to creep slowly along the side of the carriages after him. It was a terrible walk, and made my blood run cold to see it. The poor men were wet, benumbed, and awkward. Each had a bundle on his shoulder—one on a stick, one on a gun, one on a sword. As they crept slowly along, hanging on for their lives, first one bundle, then another, dropped off, till at last, after an agony of suspense, they were safely landed in a cattle-truck, having lost the very little all that they possessed.—*Lady Brassey.*

3021. **IMPORTUNITY, Power of.** A poor old woman had often in vain attempted to obtain the ear of Philip of Macedon to certain wrongs of which she complained. The King at last abruptly told her he was not at leisure to hear her. "No!" exclaimed she; "*then you are not at leisure to be King.*" Philip was confounded; he reflected a moment in silence over her words, then desired her to proceed with her case, and ever after made it a rule to listen attentively to the applications of all who addressed him.

3022. **IMPOSSIBILITIES, Scorn of so-called.** It was in the defile of Charreire (Pass of St. Bernard) that Napoleon encountered his most formidable difficulties. The old road was declared by Marescat, chief of the engineers, as "barely passable for artillery." "*It is possible! Let us start, then!*" was the heroic reply of his master.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

3023. **IMPOSSIBILITIES, Scorn of so-called.** Napoleon proposed to cross the bridge at Lodi in the face of the Austrian batteries that swept it. "It is impossible," said one of his officers, "that any men can force their way across that narrow bridge in the face of such an annihilating storm of balls as must be encountered." "How impossible?" exclaimed Napoleon; "*that word is not French.*" He himself, bearing a standard, was the second across.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

3024. **IMPRESSIONS, Early and lasting.** In our great museums you see stone slabs with the marks of rain that fell hundreds of years before Adam lived, and the footprint of some wild bird that passed across the beach in those olden times. The passing shower and the light foot left their prints on the soft sediment; then ages went on, and it has hardened into stone; and there they remain, and will remain for evermore. That is like

a man's spirit ; in the childish days so soft, so susceptible to all impressions, so joyous to receive new ideas, treasuring them all up, gathering them all into itself, retaining them all for ever.—*Maclaren.*

3025. IMPRESSIONS, for Christ. Ranavalona the Second, the late Queen of Madagascar, is said to have received her first religious impressions at a secret meeting of Christians held during the times of persecution, before she ascended the throne. She attended the meeting in disguise, lest it should become known to her aunt the Queen. On another occasion she entered the house of an old lady very early one cold morning to warm herself by the fire, and as she was dripping with dew, her aged friend asked her where she had been such a night as that. "I have been," she said, "to a meeting of Christians out yonder on the marsh ;" to which the old woman replied, with tears in her eyes, "The Lord prosper you in your seeking after Him thus."—*Rev. R. Baron.*

3026. IMPRESSIONS, may be from God. A remarkable instance of deep impressions occasionally made by the Holy Spirit on the mind of the Rev. William Bramwell during prayer occurred in Liverpool. A pious young woman wished to go to her friends, then living in Jamaica. She took her passage, had her luggage on board, and expected to sail on the following day. Having the greatest respect for Mr. Bramwell, she waited on him, to take leave and request an interest in his prayers. Before parting they knelt down, and he recommended her to the care of God. After he had engaged in prayer he suddenly paused and said, "My dear sister, *you must not go to-morrow.* God has just told me you must not go." She was surprised, but he was positive, and prevailed upon her to postpone her voyage, and assisted her to remove her luggage out of the vessel. The ship sailed, and in about six weeks intelligence arrived that the vessel was lost, and all on board perished.—*Henry T. Williams' Wonders of Prayer.*

3027. IMPROVEMENT, should begin at home. Dr. H——, one of the skilled physicians of old-time Philadelphia, was a member of the Society of Friends, though not always strictly obedient to their rules. He was called on at one time by a committee of the "meeting," who expostulated with him upon his want of conformity in some respect. He heard them patiently and in silence, and then said, "Friends, I have had a dream which I would like to tell you." They agreed to hear him, and the old gentleman proceeded :—"I dreamed that the whole Society of Friends were collected in our great meeting-house, and attending to the business of the Church. The subject under discussion was the filthy condition of the meeting-house, and the means of cleansing it. Many plans were proposed and discussed by the prominent members who sat in the upper seats ; but none seemed likely to answer the purpose, until one little man who occupied a seat on the floor of the house, and had not taken part in the discussion, got up and said, 'Friends, I think that if each one of us would take a broom and sweep immediately around his own seat, the meeting-house would be cleaned.' " A good lesson for every one. Improvement may go abroad, but should begin at home. Let each man improve himself, and all will be improved.—*Hastings.*

3028. IMPROVEMENTS, Some men's ideas of. Goldsmith at one time in his life had a plan of going to the East, in order to inquire into the arts peculiar to those parts, and to bring home such as might be valuable. Johnson, who knew how little Goldsmith was fitted to make such an inquiry, replied, when the project was mentioned to him, that the poet was utterly ignorant of such arts as we already possessed. "Sir," he said, "he would bring home a grinding-barrow, which you see in every street in London, and think that he had furnished a wonderful improvement."

3029. INATTENTION, Influence of. "Why do I sit as if I were asleep when I play ?" said Rubinstein, in reply to a question. "I will gladly tell you how that is. Some five years ago I gave a concert in London. My audience seemed very interested, and I myself was well disposed. As I was playing Beethoven's '*Appassionata*,' without thinking I looked around, and there, at the other end of the piano, I saw a lady gossiping as fast as possible ! It was like a douche of ice-water. I closed my eyes at once, and since then I have never dared to even cast a glance at an audience."

3030. INCARNATION, Emblem of. In some churches of old, on Christmas Eve, two small lights, typifying the Divine and the human nature, were seen to approach one another gradually, until they met and blended, and a bright flame was kindled.—*Julius C. Hare.*

3031. INCARNATION, Heathen testimony to its necessity. I had been talking one day to a heathen audience about idolatry, and the difference between, on the one hand, deifying dead men who in their day had been, like ourselves, bright examples, perhaps, of virtuous living, but nothing more than men ; and, on the other hand, worshipping a living God, the Creator of all things, the Fountain of virtue in every man, and the Author and Upholder of our lives. A man in the congregation—a perfect stranger to the gospel—turned to me and said, "*If God never became man, I should like to ask you how you can know anything about Him.*" On another occasion a man who had been listening to me for some time as I preached of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, stopped me and said, "I have listened to you with interest. Now I should like to ask you a question. Will you tell me in few words what I am to do ? I am a sinner, as you say. I am all wrong, I know. What I want to ask is, How am I to get right ?"—*Rev. A. Foster, B.A., Hankow.*

3032. INCARNATION, Heathen testimony to. While Mr. Kirkland was a missionary to the Oneidas, being unwell, he was unable to preach on the afternoon of a certain Sabbath, and told Peter, one of the head-men of the Oneidas, that he must address the congregation. Peter modestly and reluctantly consented. After a few words of introduction, he began a discourse on the character of the Saviour. "What, my brethren," said he, "are the views which you form of the character of Jesus ? You will answer, perhaps, that He was a man of singular benevolence. You will tell me that He proved this to be His character by the nature of the miracles which He wrought. All these, you will say, were kind in the extreme. He created bread, to feed thousands who were ready to perish. He raised to life the son of a poor woman, who was a

widow, and to whom his labours were necessary for her support in old age. Are these, then, your only views of the Saviour? I will tell you, they are lame. When Jesus came into the world He threw His blanket around Him, *but the God was within.*"
—*Arvine.*

3033. **INCARNATION**, illustrated. There is a story of a missionary—a Moravian—who was sent out to the West Indian islands to preach the gospel to the slaves; but he found that they were driven so hard, that they went forth so early and came back so late, and were so spent, that they could not hear. At night they came from their toil to gnaw their crust, and roll in on their straw, and snore through their brief hours of repose; and the bell and the whip brought them out again by light in the morning to go to the field; and he saw that he could not reach them. He was a white man, and they were black. It was the white man that oppressed them. There was nobody to preach to them unless he could accompany them in their labour. *So he went and sold himself to their master*, who put him in the gang with them. For the privilege of going out with these slaves and making them feel that he loved them and would benefit them, he worked with them and suffered with them; and while they worked he taught; and as they came back he taught; and he won their ear, and the grace of God sprang up in many of these darkened hearts. He bowed himself to their condition and took upon him their bondage in order that he might show his sympathy and love for them. Tell me, is not this the very epitome of what Christ did, who, in order that He might reach the poor and needy, and bring the power of the truth to bear on their understandings, and mitigate their sufferings, and rescue them, and empower their moral nature against their animal nature, "took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross?"—*Becher.*

2034. **INCARNATION**, Necessity of. To this 'old faith' he clung more and more strongly; and a friend about this time, with whom he was speaking of the deep things of God, said she could never forget his look and voice as, folding his arms, he bowed his head and said, "I cannot—cannot live without the man Christ Jesus."—*Life of Kingsley.*

3035. **INCONSISTENCIES**, of Christian Professors. Theodosius the Great was a member of the *Christian Church*, and in his zeal against paganism and what he deemed heresy, surpassed all who were before him. The Christian writers of his time speak of him as a most illustrious model of justice, generosity, benevolence, and every virtue. And yet Theodosius denounced capital punishments against those who held heretical opinions, and commanded intermarriage between cousins to be punished by burning the parties alive. On hearing that the people of Antioch had demolished the statues set up in that city in honour of himself, and had threatened the governor, he flew into a transport of fury, ordered the city to be laid in ashes and all the inhabitants to be slaughtered; and upon hearing of a resistance to his authority in Thessalonica in which one of his lieutenants was killed, he instantly ordered a general massacre of the inhabitants; and in obedience to his command seven thousand men,

women, and children were butchered in the space of three hours.

3036. **INCONSISTENCIES**, of Christians. An Atheist being asked by a professor of Christianity how he could quiet his conscience in so desperate a state, replied, "As much am I astonished as yourself that, believing the Christian religion to be true, you can quiet your conscience in living so much like the world. Did I believe what you profess, *I should think no care, no diligence, no zeal enough.*" Alas! that there should still, by Christians, be so much cause given for the astonishment of Atheists!

3037. **INCONSISTENCIES**, of men. To a point of honour Montassim, the Mohammedan general, had sacrificed a flourishing city, two hundred thousand lives, and the property of millions. The same caliph descended from his horse and dirtied his robe to relieve the distress of a decrepit old man, who, with his laden ass, had tumbled into a ditch. On which of these actions did he reflect with the most pleasure when he was summoned by the angel of death?—*Gibbon.*

3038. **INCONSISTENCY**, a hindrance to the truth. A barber, having amassed a competency, retired to his native place, where he became preacher in a small chapel. Another person from the same village, being equally fortunate, settled there also, and attended the ministry of the barber. Wanting a wig, he said to his pastor, "*You might as well make it for me,*" to which the quondam barber assented. The wig was sent home, badly made, but charged at nearly double the usual price. The good man said nothing, but when anything particularly profitable escaped the lips of the preacher, he observed to himself, "Excellent; but—*oh! the wig!*"—*Rowland Hill.*

3039. **INCONSISTENCY**, dealt with. The conscience of a backsliding professor was smitten by the active and earnest efforts of a more faithful brother, whom he at length offered to assist in devotional services. To this objection was made by one who said, "I cannot hear him pray for me. *His life does not pray.* Let him repent of his unfaithfulness and confess to God and men, and then we will hear him." If we would have our prayers credited as sincere, our lives must be in accordance with them."—*Paxton Hood (abridged).*

3040. **INDEBTEDNESS**, how it can be dealt with. A merchant in Antwerp loaned Charles V. a vast sum of money, taking for it a bond. One day this Antwerp merchant invited Charles V. to dine with him, and while they were seated at the table, in the presence of the guests, the merchant had a fire built on a platter in the centre of the table. Then he took the bond which the King had given him for the vast sum of money, and held it in the blaze until it was consumed.

3041. **INDECISION**, illustrated. A little way west of Mount Zion, near the Jaffa Gate, is a little terrace, on the top of the water-shed, so level that the rain that comes down from heaven upon it seems at a loss which way to go. But part of it, perhaps by the breath of heaven, is carried over on the west side, and descends into the Valley of Roses, and down to the beautiful plain of Sharon; and there it diffuses itself abroad, and fertility and

beauty, and flowers and fruits, spring up all about the plain, until finally it is all exhaled from the fragrant cups of lilies and roses of Sharon to heaven. But a large part finds its way to the other side of the terrace, and descends down, down, below Mount Zion, through the dark Valley of Tophet, type of hell, the Valley of Hinnom—Valley of Fire, as it is called—to the Dead Sea, where it brings forth the apples of Sodom, and is lost—lost for ever—in the bitter waters of the Sea of Death. This terrace is the *Terrace of Indecision*.

3042. INDEPENDENCE, a blessing. Bishop Mancini staying once on a visit to Monsieur Poussin till it was dark, Monsieur Poussin took the candle in his hand, lighted him downstairs, and waited upon him to his coach. The prelate was sorry to see him do it himself, and could not help saying, "I very much pity you, Monsieur Poussin, that you have not one servant." "And I pity you more, my lord," replied Poussin, "that you have so many."—*Buck*.

3043. INDEPENDENCE, A noble. A decrepit old man used to break stones for the road, in all weathers, for which he got twopence a day. The postman was wont to drop him a word of cheer as he passed. One bitterly cold morning he found the old man at his work, the snow beating his bosom and whitening his grey hair. With fingers red, numb, and swollen, he was slowly plying his hammer upon the frosty pebbles, which shot out from the blow at nearly every stroke. "Why don't you go into the Union-house? This is not work for old men like you." "Ah!" said the old man in a low tremulous voice, "*I never thought I should live to be so old. I have earned my support with my own hands till now; and I had rather break stones here for twopence a day than go to the Union if its walls were made of gold.*" These were his very words; and they are worthy of being written in letters of gold in "the simple annals of the poor."—*Elihu Burritt (abridged)*.

3044. INDIFFERENCE, Call of. A minister with a large congregation came home one day in great trouble and told his wife that he was almost out of heart, and felt very much like resigning his place and giving up his work. "And what makes you feel that way?" responded his wife. "Well," said the minister, "everything seems to be going wrong. It is so difficult to keep people interested in religion, and so many seem to be almost wholly indifferent." "So you would like to have everybody and everything just right, would you?" said the wife. "That is it." "Very well," continued the wife, "then you could resign; then *your work would not be needed*. But as things are, you should hold firmly your place, for the reason you have given is just why you should work on."

3045. INDIFFERENCE, Foolish. A ship being in great danger at sea, everybody was observed to be upon his knees but an Irish officer, who, being called upon to come to prayers with the rest, "Not I," said he; "it is your business to take care of the ship; *I'm but a passenger.*"

3046. INDIFFERENCE, Heartless. Madame du Defiant was conspicuous in the gay circles of France as a *bel-esprit* before the period of the first French Revolution. Death seized her whilst in the act of playing at cards, in the midst of a circle of her gay

and thoughtless friends. So little concerned was the rest of the party at the solemn event which had just occurred, that they resolved, with a hardened indifference rarely to be equalled, to play out their game before they gave the alarm.—*Memoirs of Grimm*.

3947. INDIFFERENCE, in the house of God. Some years ago, on a great public occasion, a distinguished statesman rose to address his countrymen, and, in reply to certain calumnious and dishonourable charges, held up his hands before the vast assembly, exclaiming, "These hands are clean!" Now, if you, or I, or any of our fallen race did entertain a hope that we could act over this scene before a God in judgment, then I could comprehend the calm, the unimpassioned, indifference with which men sit in church on successive Sabbaths, idly gazing on the cross of Calvary, and listening with drowsy ears to the overtures of mercy.—*Guthrie*.

3048. INDIFFERENCE, is not fortitude. As the life of Petronius Arbitrator was altogether dissolute, the indifference which he showed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of *natural carelessness* rather than fortitude.—*Addison*.

3049. INDIGNATION, Necessity of, in a true man. At a party at Dalkeith Palace, where Mr. —, in his mawkish way, was finding palliations for some villainous transaction, Adam Smith waited in patient silence until he was gone, then exclaimed, "Now I can breathe more freely. I cannot bear that man; he has no indignation in him."

3050. INDIVIDUALS, Dealing with. Richard Baxter adopted the method of individual dealing with the parishioners of Kidderminster, bringing them to his house and *taking them apart one by one*. He tells us that, because of it, he had reason to believe that more than a third of the grown-up inhabitants of the place were converted to God. The late Mr. Grant of Arndilly was so intent upon this habit of individual intercourse that in three months he had dealt with 1500 souls, while the refrain of all his letters, as Mrs. Gordon says, was always this, "Speak a word for Jesus."

3051. INDOLENCE, a shameful sickness. There once lived in Ghent a beggar who was accustomed to collect alms upon the pretence that he had a secret disease lying in his bones and weakening his whole body, and that he dared not for shame mention the name of it. This appeal was exceedingly successful, until a person in authority, more curious than the rest, insisted upon following him, and examining him at home. At last the beggar confessed as follows:—"That which pains me you see not; but I have a shameful disease in my bones, so that I cannot work; some call it sloth, and others term it idleness." Alas! that so many in our churches should be so far gone with THIS SAME SICKNESS!—*Spurgeon*.

3052. INDOLENCE, a sin. If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer, pride or luxury, or ambition or egotism? No, I shall say *indolence*. He who conquers *indolence* will conquer all the rest.—*Lavater*.

3053. INDULGENCES for sin, Folly of. That shameless trafficker in indulgences, Tetzl, in one

instance at least, was caught in his own trap. He sold a gentleman an indulgence for sins to be committed—a free pardon—and the purchaser waylaid the inquisitor in a wood, and after giving him a mild chastisement with a stick, carried off a chest of money. The injured man took his cause before the authorities; but when the Elector saw the document which the offender possessed, the case was dismissed.—*Anecdotes of the Reformation.*

3054. INDULGENCES, Romish. I have saved more souls by my indulgences than the apostle (St. Peter) by his sermons. Whatever crime one may have committed (naming an outrage upon the person of the Virgin Mary), *let him pay well*, and he will receive pardon. Likewise the sins which you may be disposed to commit in future may be atoned for beforehand.—*Tetzel (in Bunsen's Luther).*

3055. INDUSTRIES, Value of. There is a trite but apposite moral in the anecdote told of James I. on having a girl presented to him who was represented as an English prodigy because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James; "but pray tell me, *can she spin?*"

3056. INDUSTRY, and its acquired wealth. Heat gotten by degrees, by motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.—*Thomas Fuller.*

3057. INDUSTRY, may make up for want of ability. What we want in natural abilities may generally and easily be made up in industry, as a dwarf may keep pace with a giant if he will but move his legs a little faster. "Mother," said the Spartan boy going to battle, "my sword is too short." "Add a step to it," was the reply.—*Horace Smith.*

3058. INDUSTRY, the secret of success. When the immortal Newton was asked by what means he had been enabled to make that successful progress in the sciences which struck mankind with wonder, he modestly replied, that it was not so much owing to any superior strength of genius, as to a habit of patient thinking, laborious attention, and close application.—*Bruce.*

3059. INFANTICIDE, Commonness of. Referring to the practice of infanticide in Tahiti and the Society Islands previous to the introduction of Christianity, the Rev. John Williams narrates a conversation with three native women who happened one day to be in his house. He says:—"Addressing the first, I said to her, 'Friend, how many children have you destroyed?' She was startled at my question, and at first charged me with unkindness in harrowing up her feelings by bringing the destruction of her babes to her remembrance; but on hearing the object of my inquiry, she replied, with a faltering voice, 'I have destroyed *nine*.' The second, with eyes suffused with tears, said, 'I have destroyed *seven*;' and a third informed us she had destroyed *five*. Thus three individuals, casually selected, had killed one-and-twenty children!"—*Missionary Anecdotes.*

3060. INFANTS, Education of. A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was then four years old. "Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile that gleams over an infant's cheek your opportunity begins."—*Bishop of Norwich.*

3061. INFIDEL, and hypocrisy. Barker went out to Frankford, a part of Philadelphia, and there lectured against the Bible to a large audience. At the close of his address he invited replies or questions from any of the audience. After a moment's silence a substantial-looking Quaker rose, and said, "Friend Barker, thee said not only that the Bible was a pack of lies and fables, but that every preacher was a hypocrite, and well knew that in his preaching he was telling what was not true—did thee not?" Barker assented that he did say so, and that it was true. "Well, friend Barker, was not thee a preacher so many years ago, and did thee not then preach just as other ministers do?" Barker was taken by surprise, and colouring not a little, he was compelled to admit that he had been a preacher, but had long ago given up everything like preaching. "Well," said the Quaker, "if thee was not a hypocrite then, surely thee could not say that all preachers were hypocrites; and if thee was a hypocrite then, *thee mayest be so now*, in what thee is telling us. And, besides," he continued, "the Bible must be true, for ages ago it exactly described thyself, saying, 'In the last days there shall come scoffers, false teachers, bringing in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, by whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of;' and this is just what thee is doing." Barker seemed not a little confused, and making no reply, the Quaker again said, "Friend Barker, I would ask thee another question—Did thee ever know a mother teach her child to be an infidel? And if thee was dying would thee not just as lief have the Christian's faith and hope as to be without them then?" The questions evidently cut Barker to the quick, and made a strong impression on the audience. Barker did not attempt to answer them, and the assembly soon dispersed. Some years afterward, about 1870, he renounced his infidelity, and preached as a minister till his death. After his conversion he laboured with an earnestness and energy bordering on desperation to counteract the influence he had exerted while an infidel; and his excessive labours with pen and tongue, in the pulpit and on the platform, are said to have hastened his death. He was constantly receiving letters from infidels in this and other countries, complaining that he had led them into infidelity, and now had forsaken them. All these letters he endeavoured to answer, rising early and sitting up late, that, if possible, he might bring the writers back to the truth. He was in the habit of telling them to read the Gospels, for it was the story of Christ that had converted him. He said what first opened his eyes, and led him to consider the whole subject anew, was the gross immorality and licentiousness to which he saw infidelity led its disciples. And he added that he had never known an infidel who hated and opposed the Bible who was not an immoral man; thus reminding us of Wilnot, the infidel, who, when dying, laid his hand upon the Bible, and solemnly, and with unwonted energy said, "The only objection against this book is a bad life!"—*Christian Age.*

3062. INFIDEL Conversion of. Some years ago a gentleman in New York met a young friend of his who had just returned from South America. The young man's father had left him very rich. His money had led him into all sorts of wickedness, and he had become an open and avowed infidel. Now he was a humble, earnest Christian. His friend was delighted to find what a blessed change had taken place in his views and feelings since they had last met, and he asked him what it was that had led to this great change. "I'll tell you gladly," said the young man. "You know I'm very fond of hunting, and while in South America I spent much of my time in that way. One beautiful Sabbath-morning I went into the woods in search of game. After a while, feeling weary with roaming about, I sat down on a log to rest. While seated there my attention was drawn to a neighbouring tree by the cries of a bird, which was fluttering over her nest, apparently in great distress. On looking round I soon found the cause of this trouble. I saw a venomous snake creeping along towards the tree, with his eye fixed on the bird and her nest. Presently I saw the male bird fly quickly away, as if anxious to get something. In a little while he returned with a twig, covered with leaves, in his mouth. Perching near the nest, he laid the twig very carefully over his mate and her young, entirely covering them, and then, taking his place on one of the topmost branches of the tree, he awaited the arrival of the enemy. "By this time the snake had reached the spot. Twisting himself around the trunk, he climbed up the tree; then gliding along the branch till he came near the nest, he lifted his head as if he were going to dart upon the poor bird. He looked at the nest for a moment, and then, suddenly throwing back his head, as if he had been shot, he made his way down the tree as fast as he could and went off. I felt very curious to find out the explanation of this strange conduct on the part of the snake; and so, climbing up the tree, and examining the leaves of the twig, which had been such a shield and defence to that helpless bird, I found that it had been broken off from a bush which is poisonous to the snake, and which it is never known to touch. In a moment the question arose in my mind, *Who taught this bird its only weapon of defence in such an hour of danger?* And quick as thought came the answer, None but God Almighty, that great Being whose very existence I have denied, but in whose pardoning mercy, through Jesus Christ, I now find peace and hope and joy."—*Rev. Dr. Newton.*

3063. INFIDEL, Death of. Mr. Hobbes, the celebrated infidel, in bravado, often said very unbecoming things of God and the Bible; yet when alone he was haunted with the most tormenting reflections, and used to awake in great terror if his candle happened to go out in the night. He never could bear any discourse about death, and seemed to cast off all thoughts of it. Notwithstanding all his high pretensions to learning and philosophy, his uneasiness constrained him to confess, as he drew near the grave, that he was *about taking a leap in the dark.*

3064. INFIDEL, Death of. To his physician he (Voltaire) said, "Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six months' life." The doctor answered, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." Voltaire replied, "Then shall I go to

hell, and you shall go with me;" and soon after expired.

3065. INFIDEL, Death of. "Take away from my sight," said Mirabeau when dying, "all those funeral-looking things. Why should man be surrounded by the grave before his time? Give me flowers, let me have essences, arrange my dress, let me hear music, and let me close my eyes in harmony."—*Denton.*

3066. INFIDEL, Folly of. In 1792 Paine went to Paris, and, engaging in constitution-making with Condorcet, he was imprisoned by Robespierre. His imprisonment lasted eleven months, during which time he wrote and published the first part of his "Age of Reason." The author showed the manuscript of the first part of the work to Franklin, who returned it, saying, "I would advise you to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification, and perhaps a good deal of repentance. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?" In 1802 Paine, as if in fulfilment of this prophecy, thus replied to an infidel admirer—"I am sorry that that work ever went to press. I wrote it more for my own amusement, and to see what I could do, than with any design of benefiting the world. I would give worlds, had I them at my command, had the 'Age of Reason' never been published!"

3067. INFIDEL, Hypocrisy of. So far was Voltaire from abiding by the consequences of his own opinions, that, when he was informed of being watched by spies from Versailles, he actually received the sacrament. Desirous of obtaining Christian burial, he professed that he died "in the holy Catholic Church," in which he was born.—*Denton (condensed).*

3068. INFIDEL, Reason for being a. Hume and other sceptical innovators are vain men, and will gratify themselves at any expense. Truth will not afford sufficient food to their vanity, so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth, sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull. If I could have allowed myself to gratify my vanity at the expense of truth, what fame might I have acquired! Everything which Hume has advanced against Christianity had passed through my mind long before he wrote.—*Dr. Johnson.*

3069. INFIDEL, Sycophancy of. When the French King took a prostitute for a mistress Voltaire extolled her as an adorable Egeria.—*Bancroft.*

3070. INFIDELS, Death of. The philosophical friends of Voltaire hastened to support his resolution in his last moments, but were only witnesses to their mutual ignominy, as well as to his own. "Think of your laurels!" said one of them. "Remember the success of your late tragedy!" "You talk to me of literary glory!" exclaimed the expiring Atheist, in a tone of stern despondency; "but I am dying in frightful torture!" Often would he curse them, and exclaim, "Retire! It is you that have brought me to my present state! Begone! I could have done without you all—but you could not exist without me. And what a wretched glory have you procured me!" . . . The expiring moments of Paine were miserable. What must

have been the agony of that man's mind when he exclaimed on one occasion, "*I think I can say what they make Jesus Christ to say—'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'*"—*Denton*.

3071. INFIDELS, Mistakes of. Tom Paine, on his return from France, sitting in the City Hotel in Broadway, surrounded by many leading men, who came to do him homage, predicted that "in five years there would not be a Bible in America." Voltaire said he was living in the twilight of Christianity; so he was, but it was *the twilight of the morning*.—*Arvine*.

3072. INFIDELITY, contrasted with Christianity. Many years ago I was walking in Hyde Park, when I saw man after man preaching. At last I came by a tree where a downright infidel was talking in that fluent way in which people of that kind talk, and he asked what was the use of the Bible, and the churches, and the chapels; and then he finished up by asking of what good those people with white chokers were, and recommended the burning of Bibles, churches, and chapels too; for he said what they wanted was more fat pigs and fewer fat parsons. When he had concluded a working man came forward and said, "I can't answer all the arguments that you have put forward, but I will ask you one or two questions. I will ask you whether or not this country, where the Bible is read, taught, believed, and obeyed, is not far better than those countries where the Bible, if they have it at all, is not allowed to be read. I will ask you also, as to our own country, and whether or not in the parishes and streets, where the men and their wives get out their Bibles and read them one to the other, teaching their children likewise to read and love them, whether there is not more charity, and more disinterested love, and more unselfishness than in those houses where the Bible is not to be found, and where drink is their god. And if this is the case, I challenge you to say," said he, "*that the Bible is such a bad thing after all*."—*Bishop Ryle*.

3073. INFIDELITY, Degeneracy of. Infidelity in London, open and avowed, has come down to one old corrugated iron shed opposite St. Luke's. I believe that is the present position of it. "The Hall of Science" is it not called? Its literature was carried on for a long time in half a shop in Fleet Street; that was all it could manage to support, and I don't know whether even that half shop is used now. It is a poor, dotting, drivelling thing. In Tom Paine's time it bullied like a vigorous blasphemer, but it was outspoken, and, in its own way, downright and earnest in its outspokenness. It commanded in former days some names which one might mention with a measure of respect; Hume, to wit, and Bolingbroke and Voltaire were great in talent if not in character. But where now will you find a Hobbes or a Gibbon?—*Spurgeon*.

3074. INFIDELITY, has nothing to hold to. A lady who had been a prominent lecturer among the infidel classes came to her deathbed. Being much disturbed in her mind, her friends gathered about her and exhorted her to "hold on to the last." "Yes; I have no objection to holding on," said the dying woman, "but will you tell me *what I am to hold on by*." These words so deeply impressed a sceptic standing by, that he was led to renounce the delusion of infidelity and become a Christian.

3075. INFIDELITY, Insincerity of. Lord Barington once asked Collins, the infidel writer, how it was that, though he seemed to have very little religion himself, he took so much care that his servants should attend regularly at church. His reply was, that he did it to prevent their robbing or murdering him.

3076. INFIDELITY, Insincerity of. One day a member of the French Academy went to see Diderot, an able champion of infidelity; he found him explaining a chapter of the gospel to his daughter as seriously as, and with the concern of, a most Christian parent. The visitor expressed his surprise. "I understand you," said Diderot; "but, in truth, what better lesson could I give her?"

3077. INFIDELITY, Levity of. I told him (Johnson) that a foreign friend of his, whom I had met with abroad, was so wretchedly perverted to infidelity that he treated the hopes of immortality with brutal levity, and said, "As man dies like a dog, let him lie like a dog." Said Johnson, "*If he dies like a dog, let him lie like a dog*."—*Boswell's Johnson*.

3078. INFIDELITY, tested. Colonel Allen, of Vermont, in Connecticut, was an avowed Deist, and the author of several works against the Christian religion. But how little faith he possessed in his own tenets in the hour of danger and of death is evinced by the following fact:—While reading some of his own writings to a friend who was on a visit to his house, he received information that his daughter was at the point of death. His wife was a pious woman, who had instructed the daughter in the principles of Christianity. When the father appeared at the bedside the daughter said to him, "I am about to die. *Shall I believe in the principles you have taught me, or shall I believe in what my mother has taught me?*" On hearing this question the father became much agitated, and after waiting a few minutes, replied, "Believe in what your mother has taught you." Let the reader judge whether the Christian or the Deist, regarded in this point of view merely, evinces the greater credulity.—*Dr. Dwight*.

3079. INFIDELITY, The right answer to. No matter how infidel philosophers may regard the Bible; they may say that Genesis is awry, and that the Psalms are more than half-bitter imprecations, and the Prophecies only the fantasies of brain-bewildered men, and that the whole book has had its day; I shall cling to it until they show me a better revelation. The Bible emptied, effete, worn out! If all the wisest men of the world were placed man to man, they could not sound the shallowest depth of the Gospel of John. O philosophers! teach me how to find joy in sorrow, strength in weakness, and light in darkest days, and this not for me only but for the whole world that groans and travails in pain, and *until you can do this, speak not to me of a better revelation*.—*Beecher (condensed)*.

3080. INFIDELITY, unnatural. Of savage life, Roger Williams declared that he had never found one native American who denied the existence of God; in civilised life, when it was said of the court of Frederick the Great that the place of King's Atheist was vacant, the gibe was felt as the most biting sarcasm.—*Bancroft*.

3081. INFIDELITY, untrustworthy. A gentleman whom I found sitting with him (Johnson)

one morning said, that in his opinion the character of an infidel was more detestable than that of a man notoriously guilty of an atrocious crime. I differed from him, because we are surer of the odiousness of the one than of the error of the other. Said Johnson, "Sir, I agree with him; for the infidel would be guilty of any crime if he were inclined to it."—*Boswell*.

3082. INFIDELITY, Wickedness of. If we look at the writings and conduct of the principal adversaries of Christianity, we shall form no very favourable opinion of their system, as to its moral effects. The morals of Rochester and Wharton need no comment. Woolston was a gross blasphemer. Blount solicited his sister-in-law to marry him, and, being refused, shot himself. Tindal was originally a Protestant, then turned Papist, then Protestant again, merely to suit the times, and was, at the same period, infamous for vice in general and the total want of principle. He is said to have died with this prayer in his mouth, "If there be a God, I desire that He may have mercy upon me." Hobbes wrote his "*Leviathan*" to serve the cause of Charles I., but finding him fail of success, he turned it to the defence of Cromwell, and made a merit of this fact to the usurper, as Hobbes himself unblushingly declared to Lord Clarendon. Morgan had no regard for truth, as is evident from his numerous falsifications of Scripture, as well as from the vile hypocrisy of professing himself a Christian in those very writings in which he labours to destroy Christianity. Voltaire, in a letter now remaining, requested his friend, D'Alembert, to tell for him a direct and palpable lie, by denying that he was the author of the *Philosophical Dictionary*. D'Alembert, in his answer, informed him that he had told the lie. Voltaire has, indeed, expressed his own moral character perfectly in the following words—"Monsieur Abbé, I must be read; no matter whether I am believed or not." He also solemnly professed to believe the Catholic religion, although, at the same time, he doubted the existence of a God. Hume died as a fool dieth. The day before his death he spent in a pitiful and affected unconcern about this tremendous subject, playing at whist, reading Lucian's dialogues, and making silly attempts at wit concerning his interview with Charon, the heathen ferryman of Hades.

3083. INFIRMITIES, show we are mortal. When the French ambassador visited the illustrious Bacon in his last illness, and found him in bed with the curtains drawn, he addressed this fulsome compliment to him:—"You are like the angels of whom we hear and read much, but have not the pleasure of seeing them." The reply was the sentiment of a philosopher, and language not unworthy of a Christian: "If the complaisance of others compares me to an angel, *my infirmities tell me I am a man.*"

3084. INFLUENCE, All have. A gentleman was once lecturing in the neighbourhood of London. In the course of his address he said, "All have influence. Do not say that you have none; everyone has some influence." There was a rough man at the other end of the room with a little girl in his arms. "Everybody has influence, even that little child," said the lecturer, pointing to her. "That's

true, sir," cried the man. Everybody looked round, of course; but the man said no more, and the lecturer proceeded. At the close the man came up to the gentleman and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but as I did not like to go to the public-house alone, I used to carry this child. As I came near the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, father.' 'Hold your tongue, child.' 'Please, father, don't go.' 'Hold your tongue, I say.' Presently I felt a big tear on my cheek. I could not go a step farther, sir. I turned round and went home, and have never been in a public-house since—thank God for it. I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that even she had influence I could not help saying 'That's true, sir; all have influence.'"—*Freeman*.

3085. INFLUENCE, for good. In a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl, and on the stone were chiselled these words—"A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us'"—one of the most beautiful epitaphs ever heard of.

3086. INFLUENCE, Individual. Whenever I think of *winning* souls to Christ, I recall the history of a beloved friend who, thirty years ago, was a wretched waif on the current of "fast living" (which really means fast dying). The reckless youth seemed abandoned of God and man. He spent his nights in the buffooneries of the dram-shop, and his days in the waking remorse of the drunkard. On a certain Sabbath afternoon he was sauntering through the public square of Worcester, out of humour with all the world and with himself. A kind voice suddenly saluted him. It was from a stranger, who touched him on the shoulder and said, very cordially, "Mr. Gough, I believe?" "Yes, sir, that's my name." Then followed a few kind words from the benevolent stranger, with a pressing invitation to "come to our meeting to-morrow night, where I will introduce you to good friends, who will *help* you keep a temperance pledge." The promise was made on the spot, and faithfully kept. The pledge was taken, and by God's help is kept to this hour. The poor boot-maker who tapped that youth on the shoulder has gone to heaven. But the man he saved has touched more hearts to tears than any other living man on the globe. Methinks, when I listen to the thunders of applause which greet John B. Gough in vast crowded lecture-halls, I am only hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder under the elms of Worcester. He that *winne*th souls is wise.—*Cuyler*.

2087. INFLUENCE, Individual, and the Sabbath. The change of heart in Gobat (afterwards Bishop Gobat) produced fruit first of all when he became liable for the duties of the Landwehr in his native canton in Switzerland. The custom was to perform military exercises for fifteen Sunday afternoons. Gobat attended, but declared he would take no part in this profanation of the Lord's Day. He withdrew, and paid the fine for several successive Sundays. When he could do so no longer he went to the prefect to ask to be excused. The prefect was so much impressed that he said, as he had no authority to exempt him, he would pay the fines himself.—*From Autobiography of Bishop Gobat*.

3088. INFLUENCE, Lasting. On one occasion Mr. Flavel preached from these words : "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." The discourse was unusually solemn, particularly the explanation of the words *anathema, maranatha*—"cursed with a curse, cursed of God, with a bitter and grievous curse." When he rose to pronounce the benediction he paused, and said, "How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it, who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ, is anathema maranatha?" The solemnity of this address deeply affected the audience, and one gentleman, a person of rank, was so much overcome by his feelings, that he fell senseless to the floor. Fifty-three years afterwards the memory of this sermon was blessed to the conversion of a man who had heard it, named Luke Short, in his hundredth year of age.

3089. INFLUENCE, Lasting effects of. A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a boy, sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as he stood at the garden-gate one morning, she said, "Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of seamen's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor." "And," said he, for he told the story, "I gave the promise, and went the world over, to Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, and the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes; and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor." Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half; "for," still continued he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty years. 'Do you know me?' 'No.' 'Well,' said he, 'I was brought into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there until I had slept off my intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother. I said I never heard a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden-gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest ships in New York Harbour, and I have come to ask you to come and see me.'"

3090. INFLUENCE, of past habits upon the soul. Late observations have shown that under many circumstances the magnetic needle, even after the disturbing influence has been removed, will continue wavering, and *require many days before it points aright* and remains steady to the pole. So is it ordinarily with the soul, after it has begun to force itself from the disturbing forces of the flesh and of the world.—*Coleridge's Aids to Reflection.*

3091. INFLUENCE, over the godless. Lord Peterborough, speaking on one occasion of the celebrated Fénelon, observed—"He is a delicious creature; I was forced to get away from him as fast as I possibly could, else he would have made me pious." Would to God that all of us had such an influence over godless men!—*Spurgeon.*

3092. INFLUENCE, Personal. A draft of a treaty of amity and commerce was sent out from England to Madagascar, and on the margin these words were written :—"Queen Victoria asks, as a

personal favour to herself, that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians." A month afterwards the treaty was signed in Madagascar, with the insertion of the following words :—"In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages there shall be no persecution of the Christians in Madagascar."—*Ellis.*

3093. INFLUENCE, Personal. A poor converted woman of India said, "I have no money to give to missions, but I am able to speak of the Saviour to my neighbour." Could a volume tell more of the duty of the people of this country who live in so much light? Said a young man in a prayer-meeting recently, "I worked for Mr. —, a well-known Christian, for eight years, and he never spoke to me of religion." The woman in India had learned what is better than money—the power of personal influence.

3094. INFLUENCE, Personal power of. A minister had delivered a course of addresses on infidelity, and as time went on he was delighted to find that an infidel was anxious to unite himself with the congregation. "Which of my arguments did you find the most convincing?" asked the minister. "No argument moved me," was the reply, "but the face and manner of an old blind woman who sits in one of the front rows. I supported her one day as she was groping along, and, putting out her hand to me, she asked, '*Do you love my blessed Saviour?*' Her look of deep content, her triumphant tones, made me realise as never before that He who could suffice to make one so helpless bright and glad must be a 'blessed Saviour' indeed."—*The Quiver.*

3095. INFLUENCE, Secret of. The secret of the ascendancy Thomas Carlyle has exerted over his countrymen, and more than his countrymen, has been, that he had educated himself in his art of *low living and high thinking* before he presumed to educate them. In the lonely farmhouse among the grim hills of Nithsdale he learnt to know himself, and found or refound his own faith before he mounted the philosopher's desk. When he had become famous, as while he was obscure, he never taught the world lessons which he had not first made part of his own being. Everybody has heard the story how, when, by a friend's carelessness, the manuscript of the "History of the French Revolution" was used to light a fire, its writer sat down, and chapter by chapter rebuilt from the very foundation the whole wondrous combination of fiery passion and patiently accumulated facts. He had but to look back within himself, and there he found it all.—*The Times.*

3096. INFLUENCE, Secret of. When Livia had attained such an ascendancy over her husband, Augustus, that he could hardly refuse her anything, though emperor of the world, many of the married ladies of Rome were anxious to know the secret and the source of her success; to whom she replied, "*I rule by obeying.*"

3097. INFLUENCE, seen after many days. Between the sowing and the reaping there may be a long interval. The hand that gave either the rich man's abundance or the poor widow's farthing for the spread of the gospel, and the lip that either falteringly or eloquently spoke for Christ, may lie

cold in the grave ; but the good seed sowed in God's husbandry shall yet yield a glorious harvest. I have seen a little four-paged tract, written half a century ago, that recently found its way into a heathen hamlet, and converted a whole household. There lives on yonder Pacific coast a faithful follower of Jesus whose youthful waywardness brought down a parent's grey head in sorrow to the grave. But the while her weeping words of prayer had buried themselves deep in the boy's bosom ; and when they told him of her death it was as if a spirit had come back from eternity to glide through his chambers of imagery, breathing again her tender words, and looking on him with her eyes of weeping love—and the strong man was a child again, a child of grace—yea, a child of glory.—*Dr. Wadsworth.*

3098. INFLUENCE, should be consecrated, however small. "I have no more influence than a farthing rushlight," said a workman in his blouse. A friend replied, "Well, a rushlight does much. It may burn a haystack or a house—nay, it helps me to read a chapter in God's Word. Go your way, and let your rushlight so shine before men that they may glorify your Father in heaven."

3099. INFLUENCE, Spiritual. When a lecturer on electricity wants to show an example of a human body surcharged with his fire, he places a person on a stool with glass legs. The glass serves to isolate him from the earth, because it will not conduct the fire—the electric fluid. Were it not for this, however much might be poured into his frame, it would be carried away by the earth ; but when thus isolated from it, he retains all that enters him. You see no fire, you hear no fire, but you are told that it is pouring into him. Presently you are challenged to the proof—asked to come near, and hold your hand close to his person ; when you do so a spark of fire shoots out towards you. If thou, then, wouldst have thy soul surcharged with the fire of God, so that those who come near thee shall feel some mysterious influence proceeding out from thee, thou must draw nigh to the source of that fire, to the Throne of God and of the Lamb, and shut thyself out from the world—that cold world which so swiftly steals our fire away. Enter into thy closet, and shut to thy door, and there, isolated "before the Throne," await the baptism ; then the fire shall fill thee ; and when thou comest forth holy power will attend thee, and thou shalt labour, not in thine own strength, but with demonstration of the Spirit and with power.—*Rev. W. Arthur.*

3100. INFLUENCE, subtle, but felt. I go into my garden and collect a handful of fragrant leaves and blossoms—this leaf of geranium, and that leaf of sweet-scented verbenæ ; this blossom of mignonne, and that blossom from yonder bush—and carrying them in my hand in a thoughtful mood, and forgetful (for forgetting and thinking are twin brothers), at last I put them heedlessly in my pocket, and now they are hid. I go into my house, and instantly the little prattler comes running about me, and says, "What you got?" "I have got nothing," I say. Presently my friends, coming around me, commence sniffing and saying, "You have a perfume about you." I cannot keep the secret. It will out. If I do not tell it will *smell* itself out. These fragrant leaves and blossoms that I carry concealed from view send out fragrance, so

that everybody knows that I have some sweet-smelling substance about me.—*Beecher.*

3101. INFLUENCE, Unconscious. It is related that when Thorwaldsen returned to his native land with those wonderful marbles which have made his name immortal, chiselled with patient toil and glowing aspiration during his studies in Italy, the servants who opened them scattered upon the ground the straw in which they were packed. The next summer, flowers from the gardens of Rome were blossoming in the streets of Copenhagen *from the seeds thus accidentally planted.* The genius that wrought grandly in marble had unconsciously planted beauty by the wayside.

3102. INFLUENCE, Unconscious. It is said that among the high Alps, at certain seasons, the traveller is told to proceed very quietly, for on the steep slopes overhead the snow hangs so evenly balanced that the sound of a voice or the report of a gun may destroy the equilibrium and bring down an immense avalanche that will overwhelm everything in ruin in its downward path. And so about our way there may be a soul in the very crisis of its moral history, trembling between life and death, and a mere touch or shadow may determine its destiny. A young lady who was deeply impressed with the truth, and was ready, under a conviction of sin, to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" had all her solemn impressions dissipated by the unseemly jesting and laughter of a member of the church by her side as she passed out of the sanctuary.

3103. INFLUENCE, Unconscious. The Bible calls the good man's life a light, and it is the nature of light to flow out spontaneously in all directions, and fill the world unconsciously with its beams. *So the Christian shines,* it would say, not so much because he will, as because he is a luminous object. Not that the active influence of Christians is made of no account in the figure, but only that this symbol of light has its propriety in the fact that their unconscious influence is the chief influence, and has the precedence in its power over the world.—*Bushnell.*

3104. INFLUENCE, Unconscious. It is a great comfort just to look at a man who is good-natured. I remember once riding from Franklin, in Indiana, on a cold night. I was chilled. I was so cold that I almost feared that I should freeze. After a while I came across a blacksmith's shop. I saw a bright shining light on the forge. Logs were burning and smouldering there, and sending up their red flame. I was so cold that, to tell you the truth, I cried. I wanted to get off and warm myself, but I was afraid that I should be so numb that I could not get on again. So I sat and looked at the fire a moment, and then I said, "Well, I feel better just for looking at you," and rode on.—*Beecher.*

3105. INFLUENCE, Unconscious. It has been stated by all sensitive musicians that bad players injure good instruments, and, *vice versa*, that apt performers improve indifferent musical apparatus. This is the chief reason why fine musicians never allow inferior performers to play on their favourite instrument.—*Dr. Hands.*

3106. INFLUENCES, Unseen. A sailor remarks, "Sailing from Cuba, we thought we had gained

sixty miles one day in our course, but at the next observation we found we had lost more than thirty. It was an under-current. The ship had been going forward by the wind, but going back by a current." So a man's course may often seem to be right, but the stream beneath is driving him the very contrary way to what he thinks.

3107. INGRATITUDE, Extreme. A poor negress, a slave in the Mauritius, with great labour and long parsimony, had saved as much money as enabled her to purchase her daughter from their common owner; being content to remain in bondage for the pleasure of seeing her child walking at large, with *shoes* on her feet, which are there the badge of freedom among people of colour, no slave being permitted to wear them. Soon after the affectionate mother, happening to come into a room where this daughter was sitting, very naturally and unconsciously sat down beside her, as she had been wont to do. A moment or two afterwards the daughter turned round in a rage and rebuked her, exclaiming, "How dare you sit down in my presence? Do you not know that I am a free woman, and you are a slave? Rise instantly and leave the room!"

3108. INGRATITUDE, The world's. Socrates, one of the wisest and noblest men of his time, after a long career of service in denouncing the wrongs of his age, and trying to improve the morals of the people, was condemned to death and obliged to drink poison. Dante, when Italy was torn by political factions, each ambitious of power, and all entirely unscrupulous as to the means employed to attain it, laboured with untiring zeal to bring about Italian unity, and yet his patriotism met no other reward than exile. "Florence for Italy, and Italy for the world," were his words when he heard his sentence of banishment. Columbus was sent home in irons from the country he had discovered. The last two years of his life present a picture of black ingratitude on the part of the Crown to this distinguished benefactor of the kingdom, which it is truly painful to contemplate. He died, perhaps, the poorest man in the whole kingdom he had spent his lifetime to enrich. Bruno, of Nola, for his advocacy of the Copernican system, was seized by the Inquisition and burned alive at Rome in 1600, in the presence of an immense concourse. Scioppus, the Latinist, who was present at the execution, with a sarcastic allusion to one of Bruno's heresies, the infinity of worlds, wrote, "The flames carried him to those worlds."—*M. Denton*.

3109. INIQUITY, Curiosity about. I believe three-fourths of the young men who are ruined in our cities are ruined for the simple reason that they went to look at iniquity. They had at first no idea of participation. . . . In 1794, during the Reign of Terror in Paris, there were people who, to hide from their persecutors, got into the sewers, under the city, and went on mile after mile, amid the stifling atmosphere, poisoned and exhausted, coming out, after a while, at the River Seine, where they washed and breathed again the pure air. But, alas! that so many men who attempt to explore underground New York life never come to a River Seine, where they can wash, and they horribly die in the sewers!—*Talmage*.

3110. INIQUITY, Sentence pronounced against. In the year 1572, on the afternoon of one of those

sunny days that make the hill-tops around Auld Reekie golden in their glory, intelligence reached the town that the pious Coligni, Admiral of France, the brave, generous head of the Protestant cause in Middle and Southern Europe, was murdered in Paris by the orders of Charles IX. He was Knox's old friend, and the shock was terrible. But worse news was stalking through France, knee-deep in blood. There was to be a general massacre of French Protestants. And there was. It was the black day of Christendom, the massacre of St. Bartholomew. This intelligence, producing the utmost consternation and horror in Scotland, inflicted a deep wound on the exhaustive spirit of John Knox. Having been conveyed to his pulpit, and summoning the remainder of his strength, he thundered "the vengeance of Heaven against that murderer and traitor, the King of France." "Go!" he said, addressing Le Croc, the French ambassador, whom he saw among the crowd—"Go, tell your master that sentence against him is pronounced, that Divine vengeance will never more be lifted from his house, that no son proceeding from his loins shall enjoy his kingdom in peace, and that his name shall be execrated to posterity!"—*N. S. Dodge*.

3111. INJURY, forgotten. A great man, having injured a philosopher, sent his servant to entreat him that he would not write against him, by whom he returned this answer, that he was not at leisure to think of him.

3112. INJURY, Illustration of. A Pittsburg newspaper tells of two thieves who robbed a gentleman one night of a box he was carrying under his arm with great care. The gentleman was a naturalist, and the box contained four rattlesnakes. The rascals must have experienced a sensation when they opened the box and divided this booty. While we laugh over their consternation, yet we may see in their cupidity and disappointment a picture of what transpires very frequently, and possibly very near at home. Every man who does his neighbour a wrong has stolen a snake, and must carry it with him to the judgment, unless restitution is made.

3113. INJUSTICE, a pollution. Louis the Fourteenth had granted a pardon to a nobleman who had committed some very great crime. M. Voisin, the Chancellor, ran to him in his closet and exclaimed, "Sire, you cannot pardon a person in the situation of M. ——" "I have promised him," replied the King, who was ever impatient of contradiction; "go and fetch the great seal." "But, sire!"—"Pray, sir, do as I order you." The Chancellor returns with the seals; Louis applies them himself to the instrument containing the pardon, and gives them again to the Chancellor. "They are polluted now, sire," exclaims the intrepid and excellent magistrate, pushing them from him on the table; "I cannot take them again." "What an impracticable man!" cries the monarch, and throws the pardon into the fire. "I will now, sire, take them again," said the Chancellor; "the fire, you know, purifies everything."

3114. INJUSTICE, Hatred of. Lord Lawrence, overhearing some young officers, who were out shooting, congratulating each other, *more suo*, that "a good stiff rule" was still going on in the city, and that a Goojur prisoner, who had been sen-

tenced to death before his arrival, had been executed, inadvertently or not, in defiance of his orders, as soon as his back was turned, went back in high wrath to Delhi, and gave what is believed to have been the severest reprimand ever given by him. "Write," he said to his secretary (now Sir Richard Temple), "a severe dispatch, condemning what has been done." Temple did as he was told. "Write it much more strongly," he said. In vain, soon afterwards, as he and the secretary were driving out together, did the magistrate of the city press strongly that some of the expressions might be modified. "No ;" said Lawrence, "there is not a word of it I will alter. It is not half strong enough."

3115. INJUSTICE, Weight of. One of the Moorish kings of Spain wished to build a pavilion on a field near his garden, and offered to purchase it of the woman to whom it belonged, but she would not part with what her fathers had owned. The King then seized the field, and the poor woman complained to the *cadi*, or judge, who promised to do all in his power to help her. One day, while the King was in the field, the *cadi* came to him with an empty sack, and asked permission to fill it with the earth on which he was standing. When it was filled he asked the King to help him put it on his horse. The King laughed, and tried to lift the sack, but soon let it fall, complaining of its great weight. "It is, however," said the *cadi*, "only a small part of the ground which thou hast wrested from one of thy subjects. How, then, *wilt thou bear the weight of the whole field when thou shalt appear before the Great Judge laden with this iniquity ?*" The King felt the reproof, and not only restored the field, but gave the woman the building he had erected, and all it contained.

3116. INNOCENCE, Power of. When men declared the possibility of walking on hot iron if the heart were pure and the conscience unstained, they did but figure the great power of innocence. Una with her lion is but weak, but Una in her innocence is strong.—*George Dawson.*

3117. INNOCENCE, Power of. A young widow, a Christian woman, with two children, was living in the city of Berlin. One evening she had to be away for a while. During her absence a man entered her house for the purpose of robbing her. But "the Lord who provides" protected her. On returning she found a note on the table which read as follows :—"Madam, I came here with the intention of robbing you ; but the sight of this little room, with the religious pictures hanging around, and those two sweet-looking children quietly sleeping in their little bed, touched my heart. The small amount of money lying on your desk I leave untouched, and I take the liberty of adding fifty dollars besides." *The hearts of men are in the hands of God,* and "He turneth" them as the "rivers of water" are turned.—*Henry T. Williams (abridged).*

3118. INNOCENCE, Power of. Sir Lindorm Ribbing having been beheaded by King Christian of Sweden, the tyrant cruelly ordered that his two little boys should also be led to the scaffold, fearing that they might grow up to avenge their father's death. When the head of the eldest child fell, the younger turned innocently and winningly to the executioner and said, "Please, my good man, *don't*

stain my shirt with blood like my brother's, or my mother will whip me when I return home." "Child," answered the headsman, "I would rather bloody my own shirt than yours," and turning away from his fearful work, said, "I cannot do it." The King, insatiable still, had executioner and child both put to death.—*A. Alberg.*

3119. INQUISITION, War against. Thomas Maynard, English consul, was thrown into the prison of the Inquisition at Lisbon, under pretence that he had said or done something against the Roman religion. Mr. Meadows, who was then Resident, advised Cromwell of the affair, and being directed by him, demanded of the King of Portugal the liberation of Maynard. The King told him he had no authority over the Inquisition. The Resident sent this answer to Cromwell, from whom he received instructions to tell the King that, since His Majesty had declared that he had no power over the Inquisition, he was commanded by Cromwell to declare war against the Inquisition itself. This declaration so terrified the King and the Inquisition, that they opened the prison doors and gave the consul liberty to go out. He, however, refused to go out privately, and required that he should be honourably brought forth by the Inquisition.

3120. INSENSIBILITY, comes from use. As a miller hears his wheels as though he did not hear them, or a stoker scarcely notices the clatter of his engine after enduring it for a little time, or as a dweller in London never notices the ceaseless grind of the traffic, so do many members of our congregations become insensible to the most earnest addresses, and accept them as a matter of course. The preaching and the rest of it get to be so usual that they might as well not be at all.—*Spurgeon.*

3121. INSENSIBILITY, produced by undue love of pleasure. In the village in which I lived for many years, there was a ball but a few steps from my house, and one of the young ladies who was to be there died suddenly on the very day of the ball. It was proposed by one of the managers to postpone the dance, but the others would not consent ; and on it went, although the corpse lay directly in front of the ball-room, and the dim light in the room where it lay could be seen by every dancer, and the sound of the music and dancing disturbed the melancholy watchers. Who can doubt that such amusements blunt the finer sentiments of our nature, and weaken even the humane feelings of their votaries. Congress will adjourn at the announcement of the death of one of their number ; but a similar announcement procures not the adjournment of a ball.—*New York Observer.*

3122. INSIGNIFICANT things, not to be despised. There was a diminutive dwarf, who asked a King to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The King, seeing him so small, said "Certainly ;" whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a tremendous giant, covered all the land with his first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third knocked the King down and took his throne.—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdote.*

3123. INSINCERITY, Test of. The Khôja had a lamb, and his friends devised a plan to get a share of it. One of them met him, as if by accident, and

said, "What do you intend to do with this lamb, O Khója? To-morrow is the Last Day; come, let us kill and eat it." The Khója paid little attention to him. A second companion came up and said the same; in short, they all came up and said the same, till at length the Khója professed to believe them. "Since it is thus," quoth he, "be welcome, my friends; let us go to-day into the fields and kill the lamb, and pass our last moments merrily in a little feast." They all agreed, and took the lamb and went into the fields. "O my friends," said the Khója, "do you all amuse yourselves while I cook the lamb." So they all took off their cloaks and turbans, laid them beside him, and went away to stroll about the plain. Without delay the Khója lighted a great fire, threw all the clothes into it, and began to cook the lamb. Shortly afterwards his friends say to one another, "Let us see what the lamb is like, and eat it." They approached, and seeing that the Khója had thrown all their clothes into the fire, "Art thou mad?" cried they. "Why hast thou destroyed our clothes?" "O sirs," answered the Khója, "do you not, then, believe your own words, with which you have persuaded me? *If to-morrow be the Last Day*, what need have you of clothes?"—*From the Turkish.*

3124. INSPIRATION, and human life. When the French army went down into Egypt under Napoleon, an engineer, in digging for the foundation of a fortress, came across a tablet which has been called the Rosetta stone. There were inscriptions in three languages on that Rosetta stone. Scholars, by studying out the alphabet of hieroglyphics from that stone, were enabled to read ancient inscriptions on monuments and on tombstones. Well, my friends, many of the handwritings of God in our life are indecipherable hieroglyphics; we cannot understand them until we take up the Rosetta stone of Divine inspiration, and the explanation all comes out and the mysteries vanish, and what was before beyond our understanding now is plain in its meaning, as we read, "All things work together for good to those who love God."

3125. INSPIRATION, and truths not perceptible to the senses. The New York *Sun* says that not only have excellent photographs of the heavenly bodies been obtained, and an absolutely accurate picture of the skies secured for permanent examination and study, but it has been found that the camera reveals stars invisible even with the aid of the most powerful telescope in existence. This is due to the fact that the camera is able by continued exposure to obtain an image of an object which may be so faint that a shorter exposure would give no image. This, of course, is a power that the eye does not possess. It is equivalent to being able to see plainly by long gazing what cannot be seen at all by a brief inspection. A notable instance of this power is seen in photographs of the Pleiades, the group of stars mentioned in Job xxxvi. 31. Here a nebula is shown in the photograph which the eye cannot perceive in the sky, but which undoubtedly exists. Astronomers believe in the revelations of the camera, though they are not confirmed by actual observation. Their example may be commended to men who reject the inspired revelation of the Bible, and refuse to exercise faith when they are asked to accept spiritual truth not perceptible to the senses.

3126. INSPIRATION, Belief in. When dining with a friend one of the guests ventured to ask, in general terms, "Surely there is no one here so antiquated as to believe in the inspiration of Scripture?" "Yes I do," said George Moore from the other side of the table, "and I should be very much ashamed of myself if I did not." Silence followed, and the subject was changed. The ladies went to the drawing-room, and the gentlemen followed. "Can you tell me," asked the non-believer in inspiration of a lady, "who is the gentleman who so promptly answered my inquiry in the dining-room?" "Oh yes! He is my husband." "I am sorry," said he, "you have told me that so soon, for I wished to say that I have never been so struck with the religious sincerity of any one. I shall never forget it."—*Samuel Smiles.*

3127. INSPIRATION, Faithfulness of. If it could be said of Suetonius that, in writing the lives of the twelve Cæsars, he took the same liberty to set down their faults that they took to commit them, how much more truly may this be said of the holy penmen, they spared not themselves, much less their friends!—*Trapp.*

3128. INSPIRATION, Tribute to. Niebuhr, one of the greatest of German historians, though sceptical himself and a bitter writer against those holding opposite views, could yet feel it right to educate his son in a way that must have led to the deepest reverence for the very letter of the inspired records. These are his own words:—"He (his son) shall believe in the letter of the Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him, from his infancy, a firm faith in all that I have lost or feel uncertain about."—*Canon Conway.*

3129. INSTRUCTIONS, need to be repeated. It is said that the mother of John Wesley was obliged to tell her son the same thing over many times. One day his father inquired why she told that child the same simple thing over and over again, nineteen or twenty times, since he failed so continually to remember it. Her patient reply was, "Perhaps he will remember it the twentieth time."—*Christian Age.*

3130. INSTRUMENTS, God's choice of. The following address was delivered in the hearing of the Rev. Henry Townley by a native convert, who had originally belonged to one of the lowest castes, to a number of his countrymen, among whom were some of the superior castes. "I am, by birth, of an insignificant and contemptible caste—so low, that if a Brahmin should chance to touch me, he must go and bathe in the Ganges for the purpose of purification; and yet God has been pleased to call me, not merely to the knowledge of the gospel, but to the high office of teaching it to others. My friends, do you know the reason of God's conduct? It is this. If God had selected one of you learned Brahmins, and made you the preacher, when you were successful in making converts by-standers would have said it was the amazing learning of the Brahmin and his great weight of character that were the cause; but now, when any one is converted by my instrumentality, no one thinks of ascribing any of the praise to me, and God, as is His due, has all the glory."

3131. INSTRUMENTS, God's, to be kept pure. How diligently the cavalry officer keeps his sabre

clean and sharp ! Every stain he rubs off with the greatest care. Remember you are God's sword, His instrument—I trust, a chosen vessel unto Him to bear His name. In great measure, *according to the purity and perfection of the instrument* will be the success. It is not great talents God blesses so much as likeness to Jesus.—*M'Cheyne.*

3132. INSULT, Bearing. When Xavier preached in one of the cities of Japan some of the multitude made sport of him. One man, more wanton than the rest, went to him while he addressed the people, feigning that he had something to communicate in private. Upon his approach Xavier leaned his head to learn what he had to say. The scorner thus gained his object, which was to spit freely upon the face of the devoted missionary, and thus insult him in the most public manner. The missionary, without speaking a word or making the least sign of anger or emotion, took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and continued his discourse as if nothing had occurred. By such an heroic control of his passions the scorn of the audience was turned into admiration. The most learned doctor of the city, who happened to be present, said to himself that a law which taught men such virtue, inspired men with such unshaken courage, and gave them so perfect a victory over themselves could not but be from God.

3133. INSULT, Bearing. Passing up the street one evening, a drunken man knocked Mr. Kilpin down, and rolled him into the gutter, exclaiming, "That's the place for you, John Bunyan !" The good man arose calmly, and returning to his family, related the circumstance, adding that *the honour of bearing such a name* had outweighed the insult.—*Arvine.*

3134. INTEGRITY, Fearlessness of. Julius Drusus, a Roman tribune, had a house that in many places lay exposed to the view of the neighbourhood. A person came and offered that for five talents he would so alter it that it should not be liable to that inconvenience. "I will give thee ten talents," said Drusus, "if thou canst make my house conspicuous in every room of it, that so all the city may behold in what manner I lead my life."—*Arvine.*

3135. INTEGRITY, not to be bribed. During the American Revolution, while General Reed was President of Congress, the British Commissioners offered him a bribe of ten thousand guineas to desert the cause of his country. His reply was, "Gentlemen, I am poor, very poor ; but your King *is not rich enough to buy me.*"

3136. INTEGRITY, Perfect. Among the Alps alone are found men rustic without being ferocious, civilised without being corrupted. The following trait is as characteristic as it is singular. Frantz went one evening to Gaspard, who was mowing his field. "My friend," said he, "the time is come to get up this hay. You know there is a dispute about the meadow, to whom it belongs, you or me ; to decide the question I have assembled together the appointed judges at Salenche ; so come with me to-morrow and state your claims." "You see, Frantz," answered Gaspard, "that I have cut the grass ; it is, therefore, absolutely necessary that I should get it up to-morrow ; I cannot leave it." "And I cannot send away the judges, who have chosen the day themselves. Besides, we must know to whom the

meadow belongs before it is cleared." They debated some time. At length Gaspard said to Frantz, "Go to Salenche, tell the judges my reasons as well as your own for claiming the meadow, and then I need not go myself." So it was agreed. Frantz pleaded both *for and against himself*, and, to the best of his power, gave in his own claims as well as those of Gaspard. When the judges had pronounced their sentence he returned to his friend, saying, "The meadow is thine ; the sentence is in thy favour, and I wish you joy." Frantz and Gaspard ever afterwards remained friends.—*Paxton Hood.*

3137. INTELLECT, A consecrated. The curate who attended Pascal on his dying bed, struck with the triumph of religion over the pride of an intellect which continued to burn after it had ceased to blaze, would frequently exclaim, "He is an infant !—humble and submissive as an infant !"—*Life of Pascal.*

3138. INTELLECT and spirit, Insight of. It has been said that when the great English anatomist, Hunter, died, leaving the results of his life-long observations and his classification in unpublished manuscripts, his fraudulent brother-in-law, wishing to appropriate the system as his own, burnt the work and fancied his guilty secret safe. But the scholar had recorded his thoughts in another volume. When competent naturalists opened his museum of specimens, preserved in the Royal College of Surgeons, there, on the cases, they could read off, in the exact arrangement of his specimens, as clearly as in words, his whole theory of the animal kingdom. And if even the intellect rises to these noble freedoms and independences, in its insight, *how much more the spirit*, which, because it dwelleth in love, is born of God, and dwelleth in God, already, and for ever.—*Huntington.*

3139. INTELLECT, Obscuration of. When that venerable and dear old man, my father, for a year was without the knowledge of himself, it was to me the most piteous, the most utterly unbearable, of all earthly spectacles, unrelieved but by this single thought—"Old patriarch, your light has not gone out. It is *merely obscured by some film of the flesh.* It shall not be quenched. And ere long the blow shall come that shall break this casquet and let it out. You are grander than you ever were, and nearer to royalty, always royal."—*Beecher.*

3140. INTEMPERANCE, and men of genius. I dined with Mr. Addison and Dick Stuart. They were half fuddled, but not I ; for I mixed water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten.—*Dean Swift.*

3141. INTEMPERANCE, and men of genius. It was at Dumfries that Burns's story first became really tragic. . . . As in Edinburgh at that time, there was a good deal of tavern life and much hard drinking at dinner and supper parties and the like. Burns was famous—he had lived in Dukes' houses, he corresponded with celebrated men, he could talk brilliantly, he had wit for every call as other men had spare silver, he could repeat his last poem or epigram—and as a consequence his society was in great request. It was something to have dined or supped in the company of Burns—if one was not the rose, it was at least something to have been near the rose—and the host was proud of him, as he was proud of his haunch of venison, his claret,

his silver *epergne*. Burns's good things circulated with the wine; his wit gave a new relish to the fruit and kindled an unwonted splendour in the brains of his listeners. Strangers passing through Dumfries . . . invited him to the inns in which they were living; Burns consented; frequently the revel was loud and late, and when he rose—after the sun sometimes—he paid his share of the lawing "*with a slice of his constitution*."—*Alexander Smith*.

3142. INTEMPERANCE, and men of genius. The same night in which Sheridan had electrified Parliament with his eloquence he might have been picked up drunk in the streets.—*Knight*.

3143. INTEMPERANCE, and men of genius. Robert Fergusson was the poet of Scottish city life, or rather the laureate of Edinburgh. . . . His dissipations were always on the increase, his tavern life and boon companions hastening him on to a premature and painful death. His reason first gave way. . . . He was sent to an asylum for the insane. After about two months' confinement he died in his cell.—*Chambers (condensed)*.

3144. INTEMPERANCE, and men of genius. On one occasion he (Burns) went to a party at the Globe Tavern, where he waited late, and on his way home, heavy with liquor, he fell asleep in the open air. The result, in his weakened state of body, was disastrous. He was attacked by rheumatic fever, his appetite began to fail, his black eyes lost their lustre, his voice became tremulous and hollow. Death came in the following July.—*Alexander Smith*.

3145. INTEMPERANCE, and men of genius. Edgar Allan Poe, the poet, was engaged to marry one of the most brilliant young women of New England. After the banns were published he was seen reeling through the streets of the city which was the lady's home; and in the evening that should have been the evening before the bridal, in his drunkenness, he committed at her house such outrages as made necessary a summons of the police. He was afterwards found in the streets of Baltimore drunk and dying, and closed his life in the hospital.—*Little's Historical Lights*.

3146. INTEMPERANCE, and men of genius. A story of *genius in ruins* rises on my mind. In one of the older colleges in Massachusetts, some twenty or twenty-five years since, there was seen a youth of the highest promise, bearing an honoured name, and concentrating in his own intellect the moral power of two generations of his ancestors. He was a prodigy of learning. While others of his class were slowly plodding through the daily tasks in Xenophon he would be reading the Greek tragedians *con amore*. He seized a language almost by intuition, and his heart entered into the heart of antiquity, as he read the language of the old and buried nations. Called upon by the officers of the college to read dissertations in the chapel upon abstruse and difficult subjects, he was accustomed to read them from blank papers, pouring forth spontaneous bursts of argument that thrilled while they convinced, and charmed while they persuaded. With Euclid, Newton, and Laplace he seemed as familiar as with Homer and Æschylus, and he levied large tribute from the lore of every nation under heaven. His person was faultless; his hair like the raven's wing; his eye like the eagle's. By

an anomaly in American colleges, he demanded and received his first and second degrees from his Alma Mater on the same day, and on the same evening he was joined in the holy bonds of wedlock with one of the most charming nymphs in the vale that embosoms the college. His course was still onward and upward. His profession, the law, led him to the highest office of advocacy in the state. He was Attorney-General at an age when most students are admitted to the bar. Suddenly, when as yet no one knew the cause, he resigned his high appointment, giving no reasons. He was a secret drunkard! Too high was his sense of honour and the importance of his station to entrust himself longer with the destinies of society. I turn with horror from the years of degradation that followed. He sank like a mighty ship in mid ocean, not without many a lurch, many a sign of righting once more to plough the proud seas that were destined to entomb him for ever.

3147. INTEMPERANCE, and the ministry. A clergyman in Illinois fell into drinking habits, and fell so low as to bring himself to grief and his church to reproach. It became necessary for him to retire from his pastoral office. At the close of a sermon which was preached by a neighbouring pastor the fallen minister tearfully addressed the congregation as follows:—"As a man, I have the highest conception as to what the life and character of a minister of the gospel should be. I know that he should lead a consistent and upright life, that he can be looked to by the community as an example of purity and righteousness. Knowing that my life has not been such in all respects, I desire to tender to this church, for which I have laboured so long, my resignation. You are aware that I refer to my sin of intemperance. This may be my last opportunity of addressing you, and I want to ask you that you will not charge this great shame to the religion of Christ. It teaches better things. Charge it to my own depravity and sinful nature. To you who have not this habit it is strange that I should thus yield to temptation. I well remember the time when I thought it strange that others drank and ruined themselves with alcohol. I am glad that there are so many young men here this morning, that I may lift my voice in warning, and beg them to profit by my example. You think now that you are strong, and in no danger. I well remember the time when I believed the same. Twelve years ago, when I reached forth my inexperienced hand and took the intoxicating cup, I thought I was strong; but I developed a habit that now holds me in chains, and in the most awful slavery that humanity was ever subjected to. It holds me in its embrace when I seek my bed for repose, it disturbs my dreams during the weary hours of night, and seizes me as its prey when I rise up in the morning to enter upon the duties of the day. Profit, oh! profit by my example! See what it has done for me."—*Christian Age*.

3148. INTEMPERANCE, Abolition of. An Irishman was once sweeping out a room, when a friend remarked, "You are sweeping out your room, then, Paddy?" The Irishman replied, "No, I'm a-sweeping out the dirt; but I shall leave the room." This is what I, and those with whom I work, want to do. It is said that the trade is perfectly legal. I know it is, but so was the slave-trade. Christian ministers were to be found who

supported this vile traffic, and opposed Macaulay and my grandfather with the Bible in their hands. Notwithstanding this the consciences of Englishmen spoke out; our countrymen rose up and swept the horrible system away. The abolition of slavery was the death-knell of similar evils. I have to ask temperance men to be patient, careful; to bear witness for their cause, and to work for the Lord. *Canon Basil Wilberforce.*

3149. INTEMPERANCE, Signs of. I remember the case of a man whose appearance had undergone a marked change. He had given way to drink; his swollen face and generally bloated appearance told what a miserable slave to intemperance he had become. On a certain occasion a friend said to him, "May I speak with you?" "Certainly you may," he replied. "Well, friend, the truth is, you have given way to drink until, unconsciously to yourself, perhaps, you are the victim of intemperance." "Me!" said the man with surprise. "I am not indeed; you are mistaken." "No," said the faithful friend, who was not to be put off or cheated by this outspoken but deceitful denial; "you have but to look in the glass. Nothing but excessive drinking could produce the swollen features, flushed cheeks, and discoloured eyes which you now have. Eight years since you looked clean, sober, healthy; now you have the testimony of your own experience and the faithful witness of the mirror against you." This is the glass drinking men should look into.—*Henry Varley.*

3150. INTEMPERANCE, the secret of ruin. A collier brig was stranded on the Yorkshire coast, and I had occasion to assist in the distressing service of rescuing a part of the crew by drawing them up a vertical cliff, two or three hundred feet in altitude, by means of a very small rope, the only material at hand. The first two men who caught hold of the rope were hauled safely up to the top; but the next, after being drawn to a considerable height, slipped his hold and fell; and with the fourth and last who ventured upon this only chance of life the rope gave way, and he also was plunged into the foaming breakers beneath. Immediately afterwards the vessel broke up, and the remnant of the ill-fated crew perished before our eyes. What, now, was the cause of this heartrending event? Was it stress of weather, or a contrary wind, or unavoidable accident? No such thing. It was the entire want of moral conduct in the crew. *Every sailor, to a man, was in a state of intoxication!* The helm was entrusted to a boy ignorant of the coast. He ran the vessel upon the rock at Whitby, and one-half of the miserable dissipated crew awoke to consciousness in eternity.—*Dr. Scoresby.*

3151. INTENTIONS, Good. Darwin's suggestion as to the evolution of the eagle's wings was an instructive one. The desire to ascend was there before the wings, and through countless ages of development the process of formation and adaptation went on, until at length, with mighty pinions, twelve feet from tip to tip, the eagle soared upwards towards the sun. Of us it might be said that every well-meant trial and intention was part of a great process; each started some feather in the eagle's wing.—*Dr. Collier.*

3152. INTERPOSITION, Providential. A Protestant, in the days of Queen Mary, of the name of

Barber was sentenced to be burned. He walked to Smithfield, was bound to the stake, the faggots were piled around him, and the executioner only waited the word of command to apply the torch. At this crisis tidings came of the Queen's death; the officers were compelled to stay proceedings till the pleasure of Elizabeth should be known; and thus the life of the good man was spared, to labour successfully in the service of the Church.—*Memoirs of William Whiston.*

3153. INTIMATION, A prophetic. In after years he (Mr. Knill) was heard to say he felt a singular interest in me, and an earnest expectation for which he could not account. Calling the family together, he took me on his knee, and I distinctly remember his saying, "I do not know how it is, but I feel a solemn presentiment that this child will preach the gospel to thousands, and God will bless him to many souls. So sure am I of this, that when my little man preaches in Rowland Hill's chapel, as he will do one day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn commencing—

'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'

This promise was, of course, made, and was followed by another, namely, that at his express desire I would learn the hymn in question, and think of what he had said. The prophetic declaration was fulfilled. When I had the pleasure of preaching the word of life in Surrey Chapel and also at Wootton-under-Edge the hymn was sung in both places.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

3154. INTOXICATION, no excuse for sin. By one of the laws of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, every fault committed by a person when intoxicated was deemed worthy of a double punishment.

3155. INTUITIONS, come from God. Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, a straightforward and excellent man, was in command of a ship crossing the Atlantic. His course brought him in sight of the island of Ascension, at that time uninhabited, and never visited except for the purpose of collecting turtles. The island was barely descried on the horizon, but as Sir Thomas looked at it he was seized by an unaccountable desire to steer towards it. His desire became more and more urgent and distressing, and foreseeing that it would soon be more difficult to gratify it, he told his lieutenant to prepare to "put about ship" and steer in that direction. The officer ventured respectfully to represent that changing their course would greatly delay them; that just at that moment the men were going to "their dinner; that at least some delay might be allowed. These arguments, however, only increased the Admiral's anxiety, and the ship was steered towards the island. All eyes were fixed upon it, and soon something was perceived on the shore. "It is white—it is a flag—it must be a signal! When they neared the shore it was ascertained that sixteen men, wrecked on the coast many days before, and suffering the extremity of hunger, had set up a signal, though almost without hope of relief. What made the Admiral steer his ship in the very opposite direction to what he and his crew wanted but the superhuman Spirit of God?—*Henry T. Williams (abridged).*

3156. INVITATIONS, Repeated. I have heard that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel, with its rider, some distance in advance; then, after a little space, follows another; and then, at a short interval, another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next one, hearing the voice, repeats the word, "Come!" while the nearest again takes up the cry, "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word, "Come!" So in that verse the Spirit and the bride say, first of all, "Come!" and then let him that heareth say, "Come!" and whosoever is athirst, let him come, and take of the water of life freely."—*Spurgeon*.

3157. JEALOUSY, and envy, Meanness of. The most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes. Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Fox were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters as when he reviles—he seldom praises John but to vex Thomas.—*Sharp's Conversation*.

3158. JEALOUSY, between rich and poor. At Avignon I saw some large baths in the garden by the temple of Diana, built on the foundations of the old Roman ones. "Does anybody bathe here now?" we asked, for we could see no materials for the purpose. "No," the guide answered. "Before the Revolution the rich used to bathe here; but they wanted to keep the baths to themselves, and the poor wanted to come too, and now nobody comes." What an epitome of a revolution!—*Augustus Hare's Guesses at Truth*.

3159. JEALOUSY, Effects of. A wrestler was so envious of Theagenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theagenes died and a statue was lifted to him in a public place, his envious antagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue, until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body, and it is killing to the soul.—*Talmage*.

3160. JESTING, Fear of. Solon, who was always willing to hear and to learn, and in his old age more inclined to anything that might divert and entertain, particularly to music and good-fellowship, went to see Thespis himself exhibit, as the custom of the ancient poets was. When the play was done he called to Thespis, and asked him if he was not ashamed to tell so many lies before so great an assembly. Thespis answered, it was no great matter if he spoke or acted so in jest. To which Solon replied, striking the ground violently with his staff, "If we encourage such jesting as this, we shall quickly find it in our contracts and agreements."—*Plutarch*.

3161. JESUS, an Advocate. Hugh M'Kail, a Scottish Covenanter, executed at Edinburgh, prayed the night before he suffered, "Now, Lord, we come to Thy Throne—a place we have not been acquainted with. Earthly kings' thrones have advocates against poor men, but Thy Throne hath Jesus an Advocate for us."

3162. JESUS, a personal Saviour. General H—— used to take his little son into his arms and talk with him about Jesus. The little boy never grew tired of that "sweet story." It was always new to him. One day, while sitting in his father's lap, his papa said to him, "Would my little son like to go to heaven?" "Yes, papa," he answered. "But," said the father, "how can you go to heaven? Your little heart is full of sin. How can you expect to go where God is?" "But all are sinners, papa," the little fellow answered. "That is true," replied the father; "and yet God has said that only the pure in heart shall see Him. How, then, can my little boy expect to go there?" The dear little fellow's face grew very sad. His heart seemed full, and, bursting into tears, he laid his head in his father's bosom and sobbed out, "Papa, Jesus can save me."—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdote*.

3163. JESUS, Beauty of. Whenever I think of the bright and morning star I am reminded of my first visit to Switzerland a good many years ago. We went up from Geneva to the valley of Chamouni, to see Mont Blanc. I wanted very much to see how that great mountain would look when the sun was rising on it. So on the next morning I got up between three and four o'clock, to be in good time to see the sun rise. All alone I walked quietly down the valley. It was a beautifully clear night or rather morning, though it was still quite dark. There was no mist around the mountain, and not a cloud in the sky. The summit of Mont Blanc is a great rounded dome of snow. This was lifted far up into the clear dark sky; and right over the top of the mountain I saw the morning star. How calm it seemed there! How soft and silvery was the light it shed! How brightly and beautifully it was shining down on the snowy summit of that great mountain. It was one of the most lovely sights I ever saw. As I walked slowly down the valley, looking at that beautiful star, I thought of these sweet words of Jesus: "I am the bright and morning star."—*Rev. R. Newton, D.D. (condensed)*.

3164. JESUS, Communion with. A good minister of the gospel was visiting among the poor one winter's day in a large city in Scotland. He climbed up into a garret at the top of a very high house. He had been told that there was a poor old woman there that nobody seemed to know about. He went on climbing up, till he found his way into that garret-room. As he entered the room he looked around. There was a bed and a chair, and a table with a candle burning dimly on it, a very little fire on the hearth, and an old woman sitting by it with a large Testament on her lap. The minister asked her what she was doing there. She said she was reading. "Don't you feel lonely here?" he asked. "Na, na," was her reply. "What do you do here all these long winter nights?" "Oh," she said, "I just sit here, wi' me light, and wi' me fire, and wi' me Testament on my knees, talking wi' Jesus."—*Rev. R. Newton, D.D.*

3165. JESUS, in this life. "I want," said a young corporal one day to Hedley Vicars, "to have more of Jesus in this life." Christ crucified is not a mere fund in reserve—a kind of extreme unction to help men to die in peace; it is the power which is daily to move the life, that they may live in holiness.

3166. JESUS, Looking to. The man that travels with his face northwards has it grey and cold. Let him turn to the warm south, where the mid-day sun dwells, and his face will glow with the brightness that he sees. "Looking unto Jesus" is the sovereign cure for all our ills and sins.—*Maclaren.*

3167. JESUS, Looking to. The great thinker Bishop Butler was lying on his deathbed; and so lying, he turned round and said to his chaplain, "I know that Jesus Christ is a Saviour, but how am I to know that He is a Saviour to me?" The chaplain answered simply, "My lord, it is written, '*His that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.*'" The dying Bishop paused and mused, and then he said, "I have often read and thought of that scripture, but never till this moment did I feel its full power, and now I die happy."

3168. JESUS, Love of. "I observed a little Namaqua girl in my house," says Mr. Schmelen, "about eight years of age, with a book in her hand, instructing another girl about fourteen very accurately. When I asked her if she loved the Lord Jesus, she answered, 'Yes, I do, and I desire to love Him more.' I inquired why she loved Him, since she had never seen Him? She answered, '*He loved me first, and died for me on the cross, that I might live.*' When I asked if the Lord Jesus Christ would love little children, she could answer no more for weeping, and then fainted away. I had frequently before observed her under deep impressions at our meetings. She is descended from a wild Bushman, and was stolen from her people and country, but has no desire now to return."—*Buck.*

3169. JESUS, Lover of. One cold morning, in London, a boy might have been seen ragged and miserable-looking. A gentleman passing was struck with his hungry appearance and abject looks, and after a few questions the promise of food and shelter for the day induced the boy to consent to attend a ragged school, though the condition that he should also learn was not so attractive to him. Poor fellow! he had never known a mother's love, and his father was a drunkard, and paid little heed to him. The story of Jesus came to him as a new and wonderful thing. Gradually the light shone into his soul, and it was evident to all around that Willie was indeed one of Jesus' little ones. One evening he sat singing to himself—

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me!"

"Stop that!" roared his father, and Willie was silent, but soon, with the forgetfulness of children, began again, "I am so glad." This time he was ordered to bed; and though he went quietly enough, the words kept ringing in his head, "Jesus loves me." In the middle of the night he was awakened by hearing his name called, "Willie, Willie, sing that again." Could it be a dream? No; there sat his father beside his bed. So Willie sang the hymn. "Is it all true, Willie?" "Quite true, father." "O Willie, could you pray for me?" "I don't know quite what to say, father." "Say I'm the biggest sinner on earth, but I want Jesus to love me and make me good." With his arms clasped round his father's neck Willie prayed, "Lord Jesus, this is my father, and he says he has been very wicked. O Lord Jesus, make him fit to live with Thee in heaven, and teach him to love

Thee." Little Willie's prayer was answered. His father got the forgiveness and peace he now so earnestly sought.

3170. JESUS, Marks of. A slave once carried a message written in punctures on the skin of his head, which had been previously shaved bare to receive the writing. When his hair was grown, so as to hide the letter, he went unsuspected, and the person to whom the message was sent, having shaved the letter-carrier's head, read the message. The slave in old times often carried on his body the marks (*stigmata*) of his master, just as the sailor in our own times loves to have printed on his arm the initials of his own name and ship, the figure of his crucified Redeemer, or the anchor and cable.—*Rev. W. W. Champneys, M.A.*

3171. JESUS, Name of. When Christian Gellert lay on his deathbed, at Leipsic, in great agony, he said to one beside him, "I cannot understand much now. Only let me hear you pronounce the name of the Redeemer; the very mention of Him never fails to inspire me with fresh courage and joy."

3172. JESUS, name of, Preaching. Bernardino of Siena was accustomed when preaching to hold in his hand a tablet on which was carved, encircled with golden rays, the name of Jesus. After one of his sermons in the great square of Santa Croce, in Florence, the listeners erected a monument on the spot, bearing the simple and single word "*Jesus.*"

3173. JESUS, only. Look at that heart-stricken woman whom the minister asked, "Are you in the habit of attending church?" "Yes," said she, "every church in town; but I come away as bad as I go. I read the Bible every day—always read it. I am sometimes a little comforted, but it leaves me as wretched as ever." "Do you ever pray for peace?" "I pray for peace every day, and sometimes I get it, and then I lose it. I am a miserable woman." "Madam, when you pray, to whom do you pray?" "Why, to God. To whom else should I pray?" "To whom else? Stop, now, and read this verse, '*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*' Who said that?" "Jesus." "Have you ever been to Jesus for rest?" The woman looked amazed, and the tears welled up into her eyes. A light like that which flooded the top of Mount Hermon with glory beamed upon her. Church, Bible, prayer, all vanishes, and her yearning heart saw no one in the universe save Jesus only. She was liberated from years of bondage on the spot. The old burden was lifted off, and her feet, like hinds' feet, leaped for joy.—*Cuyler (condensed).*

3174. JESUS, Praise of. In one of the churches at Hamburg is a portrait of the great German Reformer, under which some one has admirably written, "*Magnus non est cui Martinus Luther non est magnus.*" How much rather is this true, and how much more might be said, of Jesus of Nazareth!—*Clerical Library.*

3175. JESUS, Resting in. Dr. Cullis tells, in one of his reports, of an aged Christian who, lying on his deathbed in the Consumptives' Home, was asked the cause of his perfect peace in a state of such extreme weakness that he was often entirely unconscious of all around him. He replied, "When

I am able to think, I think of Jesus; and when I am unable to think of Him, I know *He is thinking of me.*"

3176. JESUS, Resting in. A Christian Hindoo was dying, and his heathen comrades came around him, and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology; but he waved his hand, as much as to say, "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen priest, and he said, "If you will only recite the *Numra* it will deliver you from hell." He waved his hand, as much as to say, "I don't want to hear that." Then they said, "Call on Juggernaut." He shook his head, as much as to say, "I can't do that." Then they thought perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said, "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of that god." He shook his head again, as much as to say, "No, no, no." Then they bent down to his pillow, and they said, "*In what will you trust?*" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere as he cried out, rallying all his dying energies, "Jesus!"—*Talmage.*

3177. JESUS, Sir, we would see. I do not now remember the name of the place, but it was the church and pulpit of an orthodox clergyman. He found one Sunday a slip of paper placed on his Bible by some of the members of his congregation, and written thereon were these words, "We would see Jesus." The pastor felt distressed, but being honestly desirous of being a shepherd, not a hireling, he was not offended; he set to examine himself and his work humbly and sincerely. The result was, that he made the sad and yet happy discovery that those people were justified in making the above demand. He thereupon "went into a desert place," and within a short time he found in his pulpit another slip of paper with the following words written on it:—"Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord."—*Pastor Funcke.*

3178. JESUS, Sir, we would see. One afternoon, in the Sabbath-school, when a lad was asked to repeat what he had learned in the week, he said simply, "*Sir, we would see Jesus.*" The teacher was strangely conscience-smitten. He remembered that he had given excellent lessons on the creation of the world, the fall of man, the bondage of the children of Israel, and similar subjects, but he had said little about Christ. He looked at the youth who had spoken those words, and then round upon the faces of the others. And then, instead of using the lesson he had prepared, he talked to the lads earnestly upon the request made so simply and opportunely. He spoke with such yearning for their souls, that the lads listened as never before; and as he spoke he felt that the Master's presence was in their midst. The want which had unconsciously been felt was met that afternoon, and souls were gathered into the eternal harvest.

3179. JESUS, Talking to. Some years ago, in Maryland, I used often to visit the prisoners in the county jail. One afternoon the jailer's wife said to me, "A slave was brought here yesterday by her master, as a punishment for running away. He ordered her into close confinement, but I will let you in for a little while, if you'll go." I entered her cell, and began a conversation. I learned that she had been a field hand, and was very ignorant. After a while I asked, "Did you ever go to meeting?"

"Never but once," she replied. "I walked five miles to go." "Do you ever hear the Bible read where you live?" "No." "Do you ever pray?" "No." "Do you know what prayer means?" "No; never heard tell of it before." I began to explain it to her by saying that prayer was just talking to God—speaking to the Lord Jesus. Her dark face lighted, the stupid look left it, and she exclaimed eagerly, "*Talking to Jesus!* I knows what dat means. When I'se here all alone I just tells de Lord Jesus all my troubles, and de darkness goes away. I don't feel lonely no more." "And do you love to talk to Him?" "Deed I do; it's all de comfort I has. 'Pears like He's standing close by and hears ebery word I say."

3180. JESUS, Thinking of. I thought of Jesus, until every stone in the walls of my cell shone like a ruby.—*Rutherford.*

3181. JESUS, What would He do? In a Scotch manse we once saw inscribed on the wall this searching question, "*What would Jesus do?*" We might well put this query to our own hearts in times of hesitation and uncertainty.—*Sunday at Home.*

3182. JESUS, willing to pardon. At the time of the Disruption Dr. Macdonald visited St. Kilda, and on one occasion addressed an old man who had lost his sight, saying it would be well if his mental eyes were opened. "I trust they are," he said. "But what, then, do you see?" "That I am blind—that in myself I am a ruined sinner, but Christ is an Almighty Saviour." "But what if He is not willing?" "*Willing! Would He die for sinners if He were not willing to save them?* No, no!"—*Clerical Library.*

3183. JEWELS, Christ's. When in the city of Amsterdam I was very much interested in a visit we made to a place famous for polishing diamonds. We saw the men engaged in this work. When a diamond is first found it has a rough, dark outside, and looks just like a common pebble. The outside must be ground off and the diamond be polished before it is fit for use. It takes a long time to do this, and it is very hard work. The diamond has to be fixed very firmly in the end of a piece of hard wood or metal. Then it is held close to the surface of a large metal wheel, which is kept going round. Fine diamond-dust is put on this wheel, because nothing else is hard enough to polish the diamond. And this work is kept on for days and months, and sometimes for several years, before it is finished. And if a diamond is intended to be used in the crown of a king, then longer time and greater pains are spent upon it, so as to make it look as brilliant and beautiful as can be. Now Jesus calls His people *His jewels*. He intends them to shine like jewels in the crown He will wear in heaven. To fit them for this they must be polished like the diamond.—*R. Newton, D.D.*

3184. JEWELS, Passion for. Henry the Seventh's desire for the acquirement of jewels scarcely knew any bounds, and on them alone he spent £110,000. It appears that this investment of money was a part of the habitual prudence of the King.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

3185. JOY, and sorrow mingled. Joy lives in the midst of the sorrow; the sorrow springs from the same root as the gladness. The two do not clash

against each other, or reduce the emotion to a neutral indifference, but they blend into one another; just as, in the Arctic regions, deep down beneath the cold snow, with its white desolation and its barren death, you shall find the budding of the early spring flowers and the fresh green grass; just as some kinds of fire burn below the water; just as, in the midst of the barren and undrinkable sea, there may be welling up some little fountain of fresh water that comes from a deeper depth than the great ocean around it, and pours its sweet streams along the surface of the salt waste.—*Maclaren*.

3186. JOY, Christian. Oh that we might have such joy as that which inspired the men at the battle of Leuthen! They were singing a Christian song as they went into battle. A general said to the King, "Shall I stop those people singing?" "No," said the King. "*Men that can sing like that can fight.*"—*Talmage*.

3187. JOY, in the hour of victory. "*Let them fire away,*" Wellington said as he pursued the routed French from the field of Waterloo; "the battle is won, and my life is of no value now." Nor would he listen to any advice as to taking care of himself from the chance shots of stragglers hidden behind the hedges.—*B*.

3188. JOY, in the progress of the gospel. A pious Armenian, calling on Mr. Hamlin, the missionary at Constantinople, remarked that he was astonished to see how the people are waking up to the truth; how, even among the most uncultivated, some are seeking after it as for hid treasure. "Yes," said he, "*it is going forward; it will triumph; but, alas! I shall not live to see it. Alas that I am born an age too soon!*" "But," said Mr. Hamlin, "do you remember what our Saviour said, 'There shall be joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth'? You may not live to see the truth triumphant in this empire, but should you reach the kingdom of heaven your joy over your whole nation redeemed will be infinitely greater than it could be on earth." He seemed surprised at this thought; but after examining the various passages to which I referred him, he seemed to be perfectly enraptured at the thought that our interest in the Church of Christ and the progress of His kingdom on earth is *something which death cannot touch*, and which, instead of ceasing with this life, will only be increased and perfected in another. "O fool, and slow of heart," said he, "to read the gospel so many times without perceiving such a glorious truth. If this be so, no matter in what age a Christian is born nor when he dies."

3189. JOY, may be fatal. Dias had stationed a small store-ship in one of the bays on the coast of Guinea, which he left in charge of a purser and a small crew. During his long absence disease had reduced the number of this little band until none remained but the purser and two or three sick, despairing sailors. When at last the purser saw in the distance the well-known vessel of his commander, such was the shock of his joy that he fell dead upon the deck of his vessel.—*Cyclopædia of Biography*.

3190. JOYS, Selfish. He who selfishly hoards his joys, thinking thus to increase them, is like a man who looks at his granary and says, "Not only will I protect my grain from mice and birds, but neither the ground nor the mill shall have it." And

so in the spring he walks around his little pit of corn and exclaims, "How wasteful are my neighbours, throwing away whole handfuls of grain!" But autumn comes, and while he has only his few poor bushels, their fields are yellow with an abundant harvest. "*There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.*"—*Beecher*.

3191. JUDGING, Be merciful in. One of the legends of Ballycastle preserves a touching story. It is of a holy nun whose frail sister had repented her evil ways and sought sanctuary at the convent. It was winter; the shelter she claimed was granted, but the sinless sister refused to remain under the same roof with the repentant sinner. She left the threshold, and proceeded to pray in the open air; but looking towards the convent, she was startled by perceiving a brilliant light issue from one of the cells, where she knew that neither taper nor fire could have been burning. She proceeded to her sister's bed—for it was in that room the light was shining—just in time to receive her last sigh of repentance. The light had vanished, but the recluse received it as a sign from heaven that the offender had been pardoned, and learned thenceforward to be more merciful in judging, and more Christlike in forgiving.—*S. C. Hall*.

3192. JUDGMENT, according to justice, not law. The following story is told of Judge Gray, now in the United States Supreme Court:—A man was brought before him who was justly charged with being an offender of the meanest sort. Through some technicality the Judge was obliged honourably to discharge him, but as he did so he chose the time to say what he thought of the matter. "I believe you guilty," he said, "and would wish to condemn you severely, but through a petty technicality I am obliged to discharge you. I know you are guilty, and so do you; and I wish you to remember that you will some day pass before a better and a wiser Judge, when you will be dealt with according to justice, and not according to law."—*S. S. Chronicle*.

3193. JUDGMENT, A mistaken. I have known several persons to whom no poem of Wordsworth's gave so much pleasure as the "Lines written while sailing in a boat at evening," which were composed, as he has told me, on the Cam, while he was at college. "Oh, if he had but gone on writing in that style," many will say, "what a charming poet he would have been!" For these are among the very few verses of Wordsworth's which any other person might have written.—*Julius C. Hare*.

3194. JUDGMENT, and Christ. I have seen Dr. Glyn's poem entitled, "The Day of Judgment." It is 'not without elegance and pathos; but its chief deficiency is, that it neglects to ascribe proper honour to Christ. He is, indeed, slightly hinted at in one chosen line; but He should have made the most distinguishing figure throughout the whole piece. All judgment is committed to Him. It is Christ who will come in the clouds of heaven; we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. This, to the believer, is a most delightful consideration—"My Redeemer is my Judge. He who died for me passes the final sentence. Look! how great is His majesty and glory, so great is my atonement and propitiation."—*Hervey*.

3195. JUDGMENT, and mercy. Look on the catastrophe of the Deluge. The waters rise till rivers swell into lakes, and the sea stretches out her arms along fertile plains to seize their flying population. Still the waters rise; and now, mingled with beasts that terror has tamed, men climb to the mountain-tops, the flood roaring at their heels. Still the waters rise; and now each summit stands above them, a separate and sea-girt isle. Still the waters rise; and, crowding closer on the narrow spaces of lessening hill-tops, men and beasts fight fiercely for standing-room. Still the thunders roar and lightnings flash, and rain descends, and the waters rise, till the last survivor of the shrieking crowd is washed off, and the head of the highest Alp goes down beneath the wave. Now the waters rise no more. . . . Death for once has nothing to do, but ride in triumph on the top of some giant billow, which, meeting no coast, no continent, no Alp, no Andes, against which to break, sweeps round and round the world. We stand aghast at the scene; and as the corpses of gentle children and sweet infants float by we exclaim, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?" No; assuredly not. Where, then, is His mercy? Look here. *Behold the ark*, as, steered by an invisible hand, she comes dimly through the awful gloom. Lonely ship on a lonely ocean, she carries mercy on board, and holds the costliest freight that ever sailed the sea.—*Guthrie*.

3196. JUDGMENT DAY, and the ministry. The Rev. T. Charles, of North Wales, at a time when unemployed in the ordinary work of his ministry, and hesitating what steps he should take in a change contemplated by him, had the following striking dream:—The day of judgment appeared to him. He saw millions assembled before the Judge; and what attracted his notice particularly was the trial of the idle and slothful servant, as recorded in Matt. xxv. He imagined these dreadful sounds uttered from the judgment-seat—"Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." He thought this a representation of his own case; it seemed to say to him, as Nathan said to David, "*Thou art the man*." When he awoke he felt greatly alarmed. The dream distressed him exceedingly. The fear of being like the idle and unprofitable servant greatly harassed his mind. It bore every appearance of being sent as a warning to him; and, by his subsequent activity, he appears to have improved it to the best of purposes.

3197. JUDGMENT DAY, Christ our Advocate in. When he lay down on his bed, during his last illness, one asked him how he was now. He answered, "I lie here in the everlasting arms of a gracious God." "Are you not afraid," said the friend, "to appear at the tribunal of God?" He replied "Were I looking to give the account in my own person, considering my sins, indeed I might be terrified; but then I view Christ the Judge as my Advocate and my Accountant, and I know that I do not owe more debt than He has paid."—*Life of the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington*.

3198. JUDGMENT DAY, how to be occupied. When a minister of the gospel was spending a few weeks in Edinburgh, there came, on business, to the house where he was a man of the world. He was introduced to the preacher in the following

manner:—"This is Mr. —, an acquaintance of mine, who, I am sorry to add, never attends public worship." "I am almost tempted to hope," replied the minister, "that you are bearing false witness against your neighbour." "By no means," said the infidel, "for I always spend my Sunday in settling accounts." The minister immediately replied, "You will find, sir, that the day of judgment will be spent in exactly the same manner."

3199. JUDGMENT DAY, No difference in. It was my sad lot to be in the Chicago fire. As the flames rolled down our streets, destroying everything in their onward march, I saw the great and the honourable, the learned and the wise, fleeing before the fire with the beggar and the thief and the harlot. *All were alike*. As the flames swept through the city it was like the judgment day. The Mayor, nor the mighty men, nor wise men could stop these flames. They were all on a level then, and many who were worth hundreds of thousands were left paupers that night. When the day of judgment comes *there will be no difference*. When the Deluge came there was no difference; Noah's ark was worth more than all the world. The day before it was the world's laughing-stock, and if it had been put up to auction you could not have got anybody to buy it except for firewood. But the Deluge came, and then it was worth more than all the world together. And when the day of judgment comes Christ will be worth more than all this world—more than ten thousand worlds.—*Moody*.

3200. JUDGMENT DAY, Ready for. There was an under-witted Scotch lad at the time of the great meteoric shower of November 1833. When on every side men and women were that night in terror at the thought that the hour of final doom had come, this lad's mother aroused him from his sleep with a cry, "Sandy, Sandy, get up, will you? The day of judgment has come." Instantly the boy was alive to that call, and was on his feet, shouting, "Glory to God! *I'm ready*."

3201. JUDGMENT DAY, Revealing in. I was looking of late at a wall in the Naples Museum, whereon a boy of Herculaneum, eighteen hundred years ago had scratched with a nail the figure of a soldier. I could fancy the child turning round and smiling on me after having done his etching. Which of us that is thirty years old has not had his Pompeii? Deep under ashes lies the life of youth—the careless sport, the pleasure and passion, the darling joy. You open an old letter-box and look at your own childish scrawls, or your mother's letters to you when you were at school, and excavate your heart. Oh me for the day when *the whole city shall be bare* and the chambers unroofed, and every cranny visible to the light above, from the Forum to the Lupanar!—*Thackeray*.

3202. JUDGMENT DAY, Severity and mercy in. "If any particular circumstance might be considered as making a more deep, lasting, and serious impression than others, it was a dream which I had when at school. I felt the apprehension of the approach of the last great judgment day. After I had perceived vast multitudes of the human race appearing before the throne of Christ, some being approved, and others rejected, I at length beheld my beloved father and mother, and several of the family. I heard them distinctly examined, and as distinctly heard the Judge say, 'Well done.' At

this period my whole soul was filled with horror, being conscious that I was not prepared to pass my final scrutiny. At length my name was announced, and I felt all the agonies of a mind fully expecting to be banished from the presence of God. The Judge then, in language which struck me with mingled shame and hope, said, '*Well, what sayest thou?*' I fell at his feet, and implored mercy, and prayed, 'Lord, spare me yet a little longer, and when thou shalt call for me again, I hope to be ready.' With a smile, which tranquillized my spirits, the Lord replied, 'Go then, and improve the time given thee.' The extreme agitation awoke me; but so deep was the impression, that I have never forgotten it."—*Rev. Herbert Mendis (condensed).*

3203. JUDGMENT, Difficulty of. James the First is said to have tried his hand as a judge, but to have been so much perplexed when he had heard both sides, that he abandoned the trade in despair, saying, "I could get on very well *hearing one side only*, but when both sides have been heard, by my soul, I know not which is right."

3204. JUDGMENT, Fear of. Adalbert, who lived in the tenth century, was appointed Archbishop of Prague. This preferment seemed to give him so little satisfaction that he was never seen to smile afterwards; and on being asked the reason, he replied, "It is an easy thing to wear a mitre and a cross, but an awful thing to give an account of a bishopric before the Judge of quick and dead."

3205. JUDGMENT, God in. When Rabbi Jochanan Ben Zachai was sick his disciples came to visit him, and when he saw them he began to weep. They said to him, "Rabbi, the light of Israel, the right-hand pillar, the strong hammer, wherefore dost thou weep?" He answered, "If they were carrying me before a king of flesh and blood, who is here to-day and to-morrow in the grave, who, if he were angry with me, his anger would not last for ever; if he put me in prison, his prison would not be everlasting; if he condemned me to death, that death would not be eternal; whom I could soothe with words or bribe with riches; yet even in such circumstances I should weep. But now *I am going before the King of kings*, the holy and blessed God, who liveth and endureth; who, if He be angry with me, His anger will last for ever; if He put me in prison, His bondage will be everlasting; if He condemn me to death, that death will be eternal; whom I cannot soothe with words nor bribe with riches. When, further, there are before me two ways, the one to hell and the other to paradise, and I know not into which they are carrying me, shall I not weep?"—*Talmud.*

3206. JUDGMENT, Man's, not infallible. Considerable weight is to be given to the judgment of men and women who live near to God, and in most instances their verdict will not be a mistaken one. Yet this appeal is not final nor infallible, and is only to be estimated in proportion to the intelligence and piety of those consulted. I remember well how earnestly *I was dissuaded from preaching* by as godly a Christian matron as ever breathed. The value of her opinion I endeavoured to estimate with candour and patience, but it was outweighed by the judgment of persons of wider experience.—*Spurgeon.*

3207. JUDGMENT, man's, Value of. I once saw a fly on the eyeball of the Madonna in one

of Raffaele's finest works. I wondered what the insect thought of the blotch of paint which made the focal light in the eye, and was all of the picture he could possibly see from his standpoint. Then I thought that his opinion of so much of the picture as he saw was like our opinions sometimes of so much of God's plan as we see, when our attention is chained down to some single detail of God's working. To see the picture really one must have some conception of the artist's idea in painting it, and see it as a whole. So with God's plan.

3208. JUDGMENT, No evasion in. I will tell you a dream of one of quality, related to myself by the dreamer himself. Said he, "I dreamed the day of judgment was come, and all men appeared before Christ. Some were white, others spotted. Methought," said he, "I was all white, saving that I had one black spot upon my breast, which I covered with my hand. Upon the separation of these two sorts I got among the white on the right hand. Glad was I; but at last a narrow search was made, and one came and plucked away my hand from my breast; then appeared my spot, and I was thrust away among the spotted ones."—*Thomas Larkham.*

3209. JUDGMENT, Preparing for. When the allied princes entered the castle of their defeated foe, the renowned Sickengen, and found that intrepid soldier in a vault mortally wounded, they spared not to overwhelm him with objurgations and reproaches. His only answer was, "Leave me at peace, for *I must now prepare to answer a greater Lord than you.*"—*South.*

3210. JUDGMENT, reversed. It is related of Philip, King of the Macedonians, that while one was pleading before him he dropped asleep, and, waking on a sudden, passed sentence against the righteous cause. Upon this the injured person cried out, "I appeal." The King, with indignation, asked, "To whom?" He replied, "*From yourself sleeping to yourself waking;*" and had the judgment reversed that was against him.

3211. JUDGMENT, Some men never think of. A man goes into an inn, and as soon as he sits down he begins to order his wine, his dinner, his bed; there is no delicacy in season which he forgets to bespeak. He stops at the inn for some time. By-and-by the bill is forthcoming, and it takes him by surprise. "I never thought of that!—*I never thought of that!*" "Why," says the landlord, "here is a man who is either a born fool or else a knave. What! never thought of the reckoning—never thought of settling with me!" After this fashion too many live. They eat and drink and sin, but they forget the inevitable hereafter, when for all the deeds done in the body the Lord will bring us into judgment.—*Spurgeon.*

3212. JUDGMENT, Thought of. A Christian King of Hungary, being very sad and pensive, his brother, who was a gay courtier, was desirous of knowing the cause of his gloom. "O brother," said the King, "I have been a great sinner against God, and know not how to die, or how to appear before Him in judgment!" His brother, making a jest of it, said, "These are but melancholy thoughts." The King made no reply. But in the dead of night, as was usual in that country in the case of persons appointed to immediate death, he sent an executioner to sound a trumpet before his brother's door who, hearing it, and seeing the

messenger of death, sprang into the King's presence, imploring him to say in what he had offended. "Alas! brother," said the King, "you have never offended me. And is the sight of my executioner so dreadful? And shall not I, who have greatly offended Christ, fear to be brought before His judgment seat?"

3213. JUDGMENT, Thought of. Jerome said that the trumpet of the last day seemed to be always sounding in his ear, saying, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment."

3214. JUDGMENT, Waiting for. Arminius Vambéry, the celebrated Eastern traveller, tells us that, after an interview with the Emir of Samarkand he was led by a servant through a number of yards and halls, not knowing what impression he had produced upon the mind of the Emir or what fate awaited him, his thoughts occupied with grave fears and apprehensions of danger and death. His guide showed him, he says, after a deal of wandering about, into a dark room, "conveying to me by a sign that I should expect him here. I counted," he goes on to say, "the moments with feverish excitement, when the door opened again, and by the light of the opening door I saw him holding, instead of the frightful instruments of the executioner, a parcel of clothing folded up." His visit had been successful; it was a present sent to him from the Emir.—*B.*

3215. JUDGMENTS, Effects of. In the province of Quito, after the tremendous earthquake of 1797, a number of marriages were contracted between persons who had neglected for many years to sanction their union by the sacerdotal benediction. Children found parents by whom they had never till then been acknowledged, restitutions were promised by persons who had never been accused of fraud, and families who had long been at enmity were drawn together by the tie of common calamity. But if this feeling seemed to calm the passions of some, and open the heart to pity, it had a contrary effect on others, rendering them more *rigorous and inhuman*.—*Humboldt.*

3216. JUDGMENTS, God's, misunderstood. "Do you not perceive, Mr. Milton," Charles II. is said to have said to the sightless old poet, "that your blindness is a judgment of God for taking part against the late King, my father?" "Nay," is said to have said Milton, calmly; "if I have lost my sight through God's judgment, what can you say of your father, who lost his head?"—*Francis Jacox.*

3217. JUSTICE, and friendship. Themistocles, when he was told that he would govern the Athenians extremely well if he would do it without respect of persons, said, "May I never sit on a tribunal where my friends shall not find more favour from me than strangers."—*Plutarch.*

3218. JUSTICE, and friendship. Agesilaus, in other respects strictly and inflexibly just, wrote concerning a friend of his to Hydreus the Carian, "If Nicias is innocent, acquit him; if he is not innocent, acquit him on my account. However, be sure to acquit him."—*Plutarch (condensed).*

3219. JUSTICE, and mercy. On a certain day, the poet (Victor Hugo) tells us, he beheld an unknown woman, who seemed to float out of a cloud. Winged she was, and it seemed as if honey was on

her lips and heaven in her eyes. Now, this woman did naught but *point out the right road to footsore and heartsore wayfarers*, and it seemed that her voice said only, "Lo! ye have missed the way." And when he drew near he saw that this woman's eye had blessed whatsoever it looked on, so piercing, yet mild it was, and that this gush and overflow of unstinted, unmeted kindness made some to think her crazed. Then he fell on his knees and worshipped, for he deemed he knew her features. But she, reading his thoughts, said sadly, "Dost thou too know me not? My son, thou deemest me Mercy. Not so; my name is Justice."—*Literary World.*

3220. JUSTICE, A parent's love of. How astonishing was the rigid justice of Brutus the Elder, who, in spite of all the passions of a father, passed sentence of death upon his own sons for conspiring against the liberty of their country. While these youths stood trembling and weeping before him, and hoping their tears would be the most powerful defence with a father; while the Senate whispered for the moderation of the punishment, and that they might escape with banishment; while his fellow-consul was silent; while the multitude trembled, and expected the decision with horror, the inexorable Brutus rose, in all the stern majesty of justice, and turning to the lictors, who were the executioners, said to them, "To you, lictors, I deliver them." In this sentence he persisted, inexorable, notwithstanding the weeping intercession of the multitude and the cries of the young men, calling upon their father by the most endearing names. The lictors seized them, stripped them naked, bound their hands behind them, beat them with rods, and then struck off their heads; the inexorable Brutus looking on the bloody spectacle with unaltered countenance. Thus *the father was lost in the judge*; the love of justice overcame all the fondness of the parent; private interest was swallowed up in regard for the public good and the honour and security of government.—*President Davis.*

3221. JUSTICE, Inherent dislike to. When Aristides, so remarkable for his inviolable attachment to justice, was tried by the people at Athens, and condemned to banishment, a peasant who was unacquainted with the person of Aristides applied to him to vote against Aristides. "Has he done you any wrong," said Aristides, "that you are for punishing him in this manner?" "No," replied the countryman, "I don't even know him; but I am tired and angry with hearing every one call him the just."—*Buck.*

3222. JUSTICE, Instinctive sense of. Hugo Arnot, the ingenious author of the "History of Edinburgh," though unsound in his religious opinions, had a strong sense of honour, and accordingly was in the habit of declining all causes which did not appear founded in law and justice. Having refused a case put into his hands by an intending litigant, he said to the individual, "Pray, sir, what do you suppose me to be?" "A lawyer," replied the other. "I thought," rejoined Arnot, "that you had taken me for a scoundrel."—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

3223. JUSTICE, Love of. Aristides was carrying on a prosecution against his enemy, and after he had brought his charge, the judges were going to pass sentence without hearing the person accused.

He rose up to his assistance, entreating that he might be heard and have the privilege which the laws allowed.—*Plutarch.*

3224. JUSTICE, Love of. While Athens was governed by thirty tyrants, Socrates, the philosopher, was summoned to the Senate-house, and ordered to go with some other persons they named to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they determined to put out of the way, that they might enjoy his estate. This commission Socrates flatly refused, and, not satisfied therewith, added his reasons for such refusal—"I will never willingly assist an unjust act." Chericles sharply replied, "Dost thou think, Socrates, to talk always in this high style, and not to suffer?" "Far from it," added he; "*I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly.*"

3225. JUSTICE, merely punitive. At London-derry, above their courthouse there, I saw a figure of Justice. *The wind had blown away the scales, and left only the sword!*—*Guthrie.*

3226. JUSTICE, One reason for. A man dared to step from the crowd and claim of him (Mahomet) a concealed debt. "Help thyself," said the prophet; "it is better to *blush in this life* before men for one's injustice, than to blush in the other world before God."—*Lamartine.*

3227. JUSTICE, restrained. The Emperor Julian restrained, with calmness and dignity, the warmth of an advocate who prosecuted for extortion the president of the Narbonne province. "Who will ever be found guilty," exclaimed the vehement Delphidius, "if it be enough to deny?" "And who," replied Julian, "*will ever be innocent if it be sufficient to affirm?*"—*Gibbon.*

3228. JUSTICE, Retributive. One remembers, of course, the Regent Morton hugged to death by the "maiden" he had been the means of introducing into Scotland. The French doctor, Guillotin, is even now not uncommonly believed to have perished in the Reign of Terror by the instrument invented by and named after him; whereas he quietly died in his bed, many many years later than that. But the Revolution history is well stored with instances like that of Châlier, condemned to death by the criminal tribunal at Lyons—the guillotine which he had sent for from Paris to destroy his enemies being first destined to sever his own head from his body. A bungling executioner prolonged the last agonies of this man, who, in fact, was hacked to death, not decapitated. He tasted slowly, as Lamartine says, of the death, *a thirst for which he had so often sought to excite in the people*; "he was glutted with blood, but it was his own." Alison recognises in the death of Murat a memorable instance of the moral retribution which often attends on "great deeds of iniquity, and by the instrumentality of the very acts which appeared to place them beyond its reach." He underwent in 1815 the very fate to which, seven years before, he had consigned a hundred Spaniards at Madrid, guilty of no other crime than that of defending their country; and this, as Sir Archibald adds, "by the application of a law to his own case which he himself had introduced to check the attempt of the Bourbons to regain a throne which he had usurped."—*Francis Jacox.*

3229. JUSTICE, Sense of. It is said of Sir John Fitz-James, that the instant he was seated upon the bench he lost all recollection of his best friends, that would in the least degree have interfered with the administration of justice. A relation once solicited a favour of him. "Come to my house," said he, "and I will deny you nothing; but in the King's court I must do you justice."

3230. JUSTICE, should not be delayed. When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor he decreed a gentleman to pay a sum of money to a poor widow whom he had wronged; to whom the gentleman said, "Then I hope your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it." "I will grant your motion," said the Chancellor. "Monday next is St. Barnabas Day, which is the longest day in the year; pay it to the widow that day, or I will commit you to the Fleet."

3231. JUSTICE, Unswerving. When Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Matthew Hale was remarkable for his impartiality in the administration of justice. One of the peers, wishing to influence his judgment, called upon him at his chambers, stating that he had a suit in law to be tried before him, and that he was anxious to acquaint him with it, that he might the better understand it when it came to be heard in court. The judge interrupted him, saying he never received any information of causes but in open court, where both parties were to be heard alike. His grace complained to the King of the rudeness he experienced, but the King sustained both the honour and the office of the Baron, affirming that he verily believed that he would himself have been *used no better* had he gone to solicit him in any of his own causes. If such the exact and unswerving rectitude of an earthly ruler, how much more so the justice of Him to whom we shall one day give account!

3232. JUSTIFICATION, and its accompaniments. A prisoner may be dismissed from the bar, acquitted of the charge, or he may be convicted but pardoned; but he may go with all the principles of wickedness as strong as ever within him. His condition is changed, *but not his character.* But it is never so in God's dealings with men. In every case where there is justification, sanctification accompanies it.—*Wardlaw.*

3233. JUSTIFICATION, merely evaded. "Prisoner at the bar," a southern magistrate is credited with saying, "the Court agrees in finding you 'not guilty' this time, *but don't do it again.*" Let us be sure that in this God's law goes deeper than human laws, and does not evade the point at issue in this way.—*B.*

3234. JUSTIFICATION, must be of Christ, not of works. If it be shameful to renounce error and sacrifice all to truth, I do very willingly take this shame to myself, in a copy of verses which I formerly wrote, sacred to the memory of a generous benefactor. I remember the following lines:—

"Our wants relieved by thy indulgent care
Shall give thee courage at the dreadful bar,
And stud the crown thou shalt for ever wear."

These lines, in whatever hands they are lodged, and whatever else of a like kind may have dropped from my pen, *I now publicly disclaim*; they are the very reverse of my present belief, in which I hope to pre-

severe as long as I have any being. Far be it from me to suppose that any work of mine should, in order to create my peace or cherish my confidence, be coupled with Christ's most holy acts. "I will trust, and not be afraid." Wherefore? Because I am inherently holy? *Rather, God is my salvation*; God manifest in the flesh has finished my transgression, and made an end of my sin; and in this most magnificent work will I rejoice.—*Hervey (condensed)*.

3235. JUSTIFIED, Glorious position of the. Mr. Lyford, a Puritan divine, a few days previous to his death, being desired by his friends to give them some account of his hopes, replied, "I will let you know how it is with me, and on what ground I stand. Here is the great punishment of sin on the one hand; and here am I, a poor sinful creature, on the other; but this is my comfort, the covenant of grace, established upon so many sure promises, hath satisfied all. The act of oblivion passed in heaven is, "I will forgive their iniquities, and their sins will I remember no more, saith the Lord." This is the blessed privilege of all within the covenant, of whom I am one. . . . I know my interest in Christ. . . . Therefore my sins, being laid on Him, *shall never be charged on me.*—(Condensed).

3236. JUSTIFIED, Impossible to be, by works. No matter how much he (Luther) studied and prayed, no matter how severely he castigated himself with fasting and watching, *he found no peace to his soul.* Even when he imagined that he had satisfied the law, he often despaired of getting rid of his sins and of securing the grace of God.—*Rein.*

3237. JUSTIFIED, Man is, by faith alone. One day, wishing to obtain an indulgence promised by the Pope to all who should ascend on their knees what is called Pilate's staircase, the poor Saxon monk (Luther) was humbly creeping up those steps, when he thought he heard a voice of thunder crying from the bottom of his heart, as at Wittenberg and Bologna, "*The just shall live by faith.*" . . . He rises in amazement; he shudders at himself; he is ashamed of seeing to what a depth superstition had plunged him. He flies from the scene of his folly. . . . It was in these words God then said, "Let there be light: and there was light."—*D'Aubigne (condensed)*.

3238. KINDNESS, a religious act. Kingsley, on his way to the pulpit, after the earlier part of the service was over, stooped one Sunday morning to pick up a wounded butterfly and lay it aside in a place of safety, and his biographer tells us that he considered this as much a religious act as the preaching of the sermon which followed.

3239. KINDNESS, done as to Christ. A Russian soldier, one very cold, piercing night, kept duty between one sentry-box and another. A poor working man, moved with pity, took off his coat and lent it to the soldier to keep him warm, adding that he should soon reach home, while the soldier would be exposed out of doors for the night. The cold was so intense that the soldier was found dead in the morning. Some time afterwards the poor man was laid on his deathbed, and in a dream saw Jesus appear to him. "You have got my coat on," said the man. "Yes; it is the coat *you lent to me that cold night* when I was on duty, and you

passed by. I was naked, and you clothed me."—*Christian Age.*

3240. KINDNESS, Duty of. I see in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery. Now if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add it to the other I carry a point; if as I go home a child has dropped a halfpenny, and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, *I feel I have done something.*—*Rev. John Newton.*

3241. KINDNESS, False. No man has any right to make that which he believes to be the truth of God any less exacting, less sharp or clear, because he thinks his fellow-men will not accept it if he states it in its blankest and baldest form. I read an incident in a newspaper the other day that seems to me to illustrate this point. A tired and dusty traveller was leaning against a lamp-post in the city of Rochester, and he turned and looked around him and said, "How far is it to Farmington?" and a boy in the crowd said, "Eight miles." "Do you think it is so far as that?" said the poor tired traveller. "Well, seeing that you are so tired, I will call it seven miles." The boy, with his heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, pitied the exhausted traveller, and chose to call it seven miles. I know that I have seen statements of the truth that have dictated the same answer. Never make the road from Rochester to Farmington seven miles when you know it is eight. *Do not do a wrong to truth out of regard for men.*—*Beecher.*

3242. KINDNESS, Law of. Louis XIV., in a gay party at Versailles, thought he perceived an opportunity of relating a facetious story. He commenced, but ended the tale abruptly and insipidly. One of the company soon afterwards leaving the room, the King said, "I am sure you must all have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was. I did not recollect till I began that the turn of the narrative reflected very severely on the immediate ancestor of the Prince Armigues, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every occasion, I think it far better to *spoil a good story than distress a worthy man.*"

3243. KINDNESS, Memory of. A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened room, waiting to be laid away in the cold, lone grave. His mother and little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing the little girl asked to shake his hand. The child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it. So the mother took the cold hand and placed it in hers. The child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looking up through tears, said, "*Mother, this hand never struck me.*"

3244. KINDNESS, Natural. He (the Rev. Ebenezer Brown) had established a week-day sermon in North Ferry, about two miles from his own town, Inverkeithing. It was winter, and a wild, stormy, and dangerous day. His daughters besought him not to go; he smiled vaguely, but continued getting into his big coat. Nothing would stay him, and away he and the pony stumbled through the dumb and blinding snow. He was half-way on his journey, and had got into the sermon he was going to preach, and was utterly insensible to the outward storm; his pony, getting its feet balled, staggered about, and at last upset his master and himself into

the ditch at the roadside. The feeble, heedless, rapt old man might have perished there had not some carters bringing up whisky-casks from the Ferry seen the catastrophe and rushed up, raising him, and dightin' him with much commiseration and blunt speech—"Puir auld man! what brocht ye here in sic a day?" There they were, a rough crew, surrounding the saintly man, some putting on his hat, sorting and cheering him, and others knocking the balls off the pony's feet and stuffing them with grease. He was most polite and grateful, and one of these cordial ruffians having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whisky, and said, "Tak' that; it'll hearten ye." He took the horn, and bowing to them said, "Sirs, let us give thanks!" and there, by the roadside, in the drift and storm, *with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, and took a tasting of the horn.* The men cried like children. They lifted him on his pony, and going with him; and when the rest arrived in Inverkeithing they repeated the story to everybody, and broke down in tears whenever they came to the blessing. "And to think o' askin' a blessin' on a tass o' whisky!" Next Presbytery day, after the ordinary business was over, he rose up—he seldom spoke—and said, "Moderator, I have something personal to myself to say. I have often said that real kindness belongs only to true Christians, but"—and then he told the story of these men—"but more true kindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God—I don't know; but I never mean again to be so positive in speaking of this matter."—John Brown, M.D.

3245. KINDNESS, Payment of. The Rev. John Craig, colleague of Knox, having gone to reside in Bologna, found a copy of Calvin's "Institutes," which God made the means of his conversion. He was seized as a heretic soon after, and condemned to be burnt at Rome; but on the evening preceding the day of execution the reigning Pontiff died, and, according to custom, the doors of all the prisons were thrown open. All others were released except heretics. That night, however, a tumult was excited, and Craig and his companions escaped. They had entered a small inn, when they were overtaken by a party of soldiers sent to apprehend them. The captain looked Craig steadfastly in the face, and asked him if he remembered having once relieved a poor wounded soldier in the neighbourhood of Bologna. Craig had forgotten it. "But," said the captain, "*I am the man; I shall requite your kindness.* You are at liberty; your companions I must take with me, but I shall treat them with all possible lenity." He gave him all the money he had, and Craig escaped. His money soon failed him; yet God, who feeds the ravens, did not. Lying at the side of a wood, a dog came running up to him with a purse in its teeth. Suspecting some evil, he attempted to drive the animal away, but in vain. He at length took the purse, and found in it a sum of money which carried him to Vienna.

3246. KINDNESS, Power of. A Christian lady was told of a very depraved woman who had ruined herself by debauchery, but was of so violent a temper that no one durst interfere with her. She proposed to go up and see her, but was warned, "She will kill you." Entering the miserable apartment, a withered, miserable-looking creature raised herself upon her elbow, and with frenzied look demanded

what she wanted. She replied, "I love you; I want to be kind to you, because Jesus loves you." Going forward, she kissed her brow, and, notwithstanding violent, repelling words, kissed her again. "Go away," was the cry, "go away! You will break my heart; you put me in mind of my mother. Never has any one kissed me as she did; never have I been so treated since I lost her: many kicks and blows have I had, but no kisses like this." *The fountain of feeling was opened,* the confidence of the heart was won, and step by step that all but utterly lost soul was led back to Jesus.

3247. KINDNESS, Power of. Euclid, a disciple of Socrates, having offended his brother, the brother cried out in a rage, "Let me die, if I am not revenged on you one time or other!" to whom Euclid replied, "And let me die, if I do not soften you by my kindnesses, and make you love me as well as ever."

3248. KINDNESS, Power of. Arcadius, an Argentine, was incessantly railing at Philip of Macedon. Venturing once into the dominions of Philip, the courtiers reminded their Prince that he had now an opportunity to punish Arcadius for his past insolences, and to put it out of his power to repeat them. The King, however, instead of seizing the hostile stranger, dismissed him loaded with courtesies and kindnesses. Some time after word was brought that the King's old enemy was *become one of his warmest friends,* and did nothing but diffuse his praises wherever he went. On hearing this Philip turned to his courtiers, and asked, with a smile, "Am not I a better physician than you?"

3249. KINDNESS, Power of. "How is it," said an illustrious lady to Sir Edwin Landseer, "that you exercise such a subjugating power over dogs?" Smiling briefly and modestly, Sir Edwin answered, "By peeping into their hearts!" And in that way he won the love of "Tiny," the little white stray terrier (given to him by the friend that rescued it) who never left his side, and whom the great artist embraced shortly before his last breath, saying, "My dear little white dog, nobody can love me half so much as thou dost."

3250. KINDNESS, Power of. It must have been a strange feeling that stole into the heart of an imaginative man who, in the early ages, first saw the rude earth or ores heaped upon fuel, and coals upon the ore, and then, in the growing intensity of heat, at length beheld the flashing drops trickling down and flowing out like water! The struggle is over! The hammer could not beat it out, pinchers could not pull it, the frost could not reach it, nor pressure overcome it. But the silent searching of fire overcomes the tough metal; it yields, and flows sparkling down—subdued by coals!—*Preacher's Lantern.*

3251. KINDNESS, remembered. A sun-dial in Spain has this appropriate motto engraved upon it:—"I mark only the bright hours." Let this be our motto. In life let us forget the dark days, and remember only the bright ones. Let us forget the evils others have done us, and remember only deeds of kindness.

3252. KINDNESS, remembered. On one of my boat journeys on the Yangtze I put in about dusk at Hwang Sz Kang, and I had no sooner finished

preaching on shore than a man rushed after me on to the boat, with hands full of peaches, which he pressed me to accept. I told him that I was not aware that I had done anything to warrant my taking them; but he would hear of no refusal. "You are from Hankow, are you not?" said he. "Yes," I replied. "Well, you will probably not remember me," he added; "but a few years ago I went up to your hospital there, very ill indeed, and had it not been for Dr. Mackenzie I certainly should not have lived. And not only so, but when all my money was exhausted he supported me for a whole month, and both he and the native assistants treated me with so much kindness that, when I saw you here, knowing as I did that you must be connected with the mission, I thought the least that I could do was to give you some slight acknowledgment of the kindness shown me. I am but a poor man—a huckster—and in a very small way, but I shall be only too glad if you will accept these peaches."—*Rev. D. Hill.*

3253. KINDNESS, Return for. At Worms, when Luther had returned, forsaken and dispirited, to his hotel, a servant entered, bearing a silver vase filled with refreshing beverage, the offering of the aged Duke Eric of Brunswick, a powerful lord belonging to the Pope's party. As the Reformer, touched deeply by the kindness, drank, he said, "As on this day Duke Eric has remembered me, may the Lord Jesus Christ remember him in an hour of his last struggle!" The servant took back the message to his master. The aged Duke called to mind these words at the moment of his death, and addressing a young man who stood at his bedside, said, "Take the Bible and read to me." The youth read the words of Christ, and the soul of the dying man took comfort: "*Whosoever shall give you a cup of cold water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.*"

3254. KINDNESS, Secret of. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued. From the fear of lions we preferred remaining at the village during the night. The people rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons which still remained on my jacket for a little milk; this also was refused. We had the prospect of a hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight drew on a woman approached. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. She handed the latter to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking-vessel, a leg of mutton, and water, sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire, and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, till entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. The solitary tear stole down her sable cheek when she replied, "*I love Him whose servants you are; and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full; therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place.*" On learning that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her *how she kept up the life of God in her soul, in the entire absence of the communion of saints.* She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch Testament

which she had received when in school some years previous. "*This,*" she said, "*is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp burn!*"—*Moffat (condensed).*

3255. KINDNESS, to the weary. That is a pretty story of him (Irving) when he was the star of Glasgow, as the co-pastor of Dr. Chalmers, when on his way to some great Presbytery meeting in the country, and a number of the brethren poured in in carriages. The tall, remarkable figure of Irving was at last seen coming along with a heavy burden upon his back, and a poor worn-out Irishman wearisomely limping along by his side. He excited great laughter among those who knew him; but he could see no occasion for laughter. He had found the poor creature broken down and sick of heart on the way, so he had shouldered the pack to help the poor man on his journey. "*His countrymen were kind to me,*" said the great, noble, simple-hearted, and childlike Irving; and this was the only answer he deigned to give to the sneers.—*Paxton Hood.*

3256. KINDNESS, towards those thought reprobate. A popish princess was entreated by some Romish ecclesiastics to concur with them in bringing a supposed heretic to the flames. "Is it not true," asked she, "that heretics burn for ever in hell fire?" "Without doubt," was the reply of the priests. "Then," added she, "it would be too severe to burn them in both worlds. Since they are devoted to endless misery hereafter, it is but justice to let them live unmolested here."

3257. KINDNESS, under the guise of cruelty. Kindness in the guise of cruelty was shown in a novel way by a Montana stage-driver. The stage was on its way from Deer Lodge to Missoula, and was passing over the Flint Creek Hills. So intense was the cold that the only passengers—a woman and her child—were in danger of freezing to death. The driver saw that drowsiness, the first stage of freezing, had fallen upon the wretched woman. He put his coat around her, but her blood seemed to be standing still. Then he grew very harsh, seized the woman, dragged her from the coach, and left her by the roadside. "Oh, my baby!" the mother cried. The driver cracked his whip. The stage flew over the snow, with the woman running after. The race was kept up for nearly two miles, when the driver took the mother in and again wrapped his coat around her. By a clever ruse he had thus warmed her blood and saved her life.—*Light and Love Magazine.*

3258. KINDNESS, Words of. In Parkhurst Prison the governor told me he once had twenty-five children, the refuse of society. He collected them together, and spoke to them kindly of what they might derive from the cultivation of better feelings, and told them that his object was to do all he could to remove their misfortunes; and the result was they burst into tears—they clung to his knees while they said, "*This is the first moment in our lives that we ever heard a word of kindness.*"—*Bishop of Norwich.*

3259. KINGDOM, of Christ, Interest in. I shall never forget what a dying Christian man once said to me. As he approached very near his end I asked him what I should pray for, expecting that he would have some request personal to himself to make. To my surprise and delight he said, "*Pray that the*

kingdom of Christ may be extended." There is an exalted state of heart possible, when the Christian forgets himself in the thought of his Master's kingdom. It is a self-forgetful, unconscious life, the blessed life, the eternal life, in some of its fulness and joy.—*Rev. Samuel Pearson, M.A.*

3260. KINGDOM of Christ, not of this world. An attempt had been made to alarm the Emperor by connecting the Christian hope of the second coming of Christ with the intrigues of the Jews for the recovery of their independence. Domitian at once questioned the grandchildren of Jude (he had heard that they were of the race of David) as to the nature of the glorious Kingdom for which they were looking. He was only reassured by learning how poor they were, and by *seeing their horny hands*, which proved that these supposed rivals of Cæsar were nothing more than simple labourers.—*E. De Presencé.*

3261. KINGDOM of God, to be sought first. When a young man made a public profession of the gospel, his father, greatly offended, gave him this advice—"James, you should first get yourself established in a good trade, and then think of and determine about religion." "Father," replied he, "Christ advises me very differently; He says, 'Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God.'"

3262. KINGDOM of God, What is it? A peasant boy, on reading the passage, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God," was asked, "And what is *that Kingdom*?" He paused, and with an expression of seriousness and devotion which I shall never forget, placing his hand on his bosom, he said, "*It is something here!*" and then raising his eyes, he added, "*and something up yonder!*"—*Leifchild (abridged).*

3263. KINGDOM of heaven, Entering. Mr. Swartz one day met a Hindoo dancing-master, with his female pupil, and told them that no unholy persons shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. "Alas! sir," said the poor girl, "in that case hardly any European will ever enter it;" and passed on.

3264. KINGDOM of heaven, Seeking. A young lady under deep conviction was visiting at a neighbour's house. Father Haynes, the coloured minister of the congregation of Vermont, made his appearance. He soon discovered her difficulty. He asked her the following questions:—"Young woman, do you expect to go home to-night?" "Yes, sir." "How do you expect to get there?" "I expect to walk." "How will you walk?" The young lady was embarrassed, and made no reply. "Well," said Mr. Haynes, "I will tell you how you'll walk. You'll put one foot before t'other—that's the way you'll get home, if the Lord pleases; and you must start now, and go step by step into the Kingdom." By this singular introduction he arrested the young lady's attention. On her way home that night every step she took was an admonition in the light of the instruction she had just received to commit her ways to the Lord. She soon found relief, then went on her way rejoicing.—*Christian Age.*

3265. KINSHIP, Recognition of. It happened in the reign of King James, when Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, was Lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a labourer's son in that county was pressed into the

wars. The old man at Leicester requested that his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who by his industry maintained him and his mother. The Earl demanded his name, which the man for a long time was loath to tell—as suspecting it a fault for so poor a man to tell the truth. At last he told his name was Hastings. "Cousin Hastings," said the Earl, "*we cannot all be top branches of the tree*, though we all spring from the same root; your son, my kinsman, shall not be pressed."—*Thomas Fuller.*

3266. KNOWLEDGE, and love. A poor ignorant woman in Scotland, after being questioned by a minister as to her Christian knowledge and fitness for going to the Lord's Table, was told she must first study the doctrines of the Catechism for three months, and then she might be more fit to attend the sacrament. "O sir," she cried, "I know I cannot understand and explain doctrine like some of those you have admitted, but, sir, *I feel I love Christ so much that I could die for Him!*" On the ground of her true self-devoting love, she at once received a token of admission to the Lord's Table.—*Christian World.*

3267. KNOWLEDGE, and practice. One day, Cicero tells the story in his treatise "On Old Age," an aged Athenian came into the theatre, but not one of his fellow-citizens in that immense crowd would incommode himself to make room for him. As, however, he approached the ambassadors from Lacedæmon, who had their own special seat, they all rose to receive him into their midst. The whole assembly burst into applause. Whereupon somebody said, "The Athenians know what is good, but they will not practise it."—*Christian Family.*

3268. KNOWLEDGE, and success. The smith's main business is to shoe horses. Let him see that he knows how to do it; for, should he be able to belt an angel with a girdle of gold, he will fail as a smith if he cannot make and fix a horse-shoe.—*Spurgeon.*

3269. KNOWLEDGE, Application of. In a dark night I once saw a feeble lamp struggling to pierce the dense darkness; but the mighty genius of night defied its impotent rays. Near by I saw another lamp, of the same general pattern, whose light streamed out dazzlingly into the distant darkness. I asked, "Why does this lamp give more light than the other? Is the oil better?" "No." "Does it burn more oil?" "No." "Is the burner better?" "No." But, surely, it generates more light? Unexpectedly the answer was, "No." "Why, then, does it emit a light so much more dazzling than the other?" This was the answer: "Do you see behind that bright lamp the polished reflector, which the other has not? *That reflector gathers all the divergent rays*, and converges and flings them out in one glittering flood of light." Professor Jaques thus illustrates two men equally learned—one having the power of reducing his knowledge to practice, the other destitute of it.—*Biblical Museum.*

3270. KNOWLEDGE, enlarged at death. A consumptive disease seized the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Hamilton, which ended in his death. As he was lying one day on the sofa his tutor was conversing with him on some astronomical subject, and about the nature of the fixed stars. "Ah," said he, "in a little while *I shall know more of this than all of you together.*"

3271. KNOWLEDGE, Fragmentary nature of. The wisest men feel that they know nothing compared with what they are capable of knowing. I was struck with a remark that a man once made to me on this subject. To my mind he was a marvel of learning. He seemed thoroughly educated in every direction. As now there is not a tree in the forest which, if you tap it, will not run sap, so there was not a side on which you could touch him where his knowledge did not seem complete. I said to him one day, "If I knew a tithe of what you know I should think myself very fortunate." Said he, "Henry, I seem to myself like a basket in which are being carried away the fragments of a hotel—a bit of this, the fag-end of that, and all sorts of things jumbled up together. I do not know anything! except little fragmentary parts of this, that, and the other."—*Becher.*

3272. KNOWLEDGE, Fragmentary nature of. A missionary in Maulmain asked a dying man if he was acquainted with Christianity. "Yes," he replied, "I know about going up to God." Handing a bit of paper containing some verses of the Twenty-fourth Psalm beginning, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?" "I know that much," he said, and in that hope he died.

3273. KNOWLEDGE, from God, Longing for. On the eve of battle the Roman soldiers shot birds with their arrows, and brought their bodies, still palpitating with life, to the commissioned priests, who proceeded to search their entrails, with many an incantation, in order to detect signs, known only to the illuminated and the expert, by which to settle difficult questions as to precarious results. "Why examine the *birds*?" you ask. All priestcraft, of course; but then the most bewildered men will often have some reason in their madness. The birds flew very high. Twilight birds especially flit with supernatural mystery through the skies. They seem very much like angels, to those who never see angels. The name Dante applies to angels is "Birds of God." These wing creatures go up next the stars, perhaps next heaven; they may overhear God in counsel. It was a conceivable thing even that Deity should hide His Word in their hearts. *And men wanted to hear from God.* Unfortunately the space was unbridged, and no human being could fly.—*Charles S. Robinson, D.D.*

3274. KNOWLEDGE, gained by adversity. Frederick the Fifth, Elector Palatine of the Bohemians, hearing that his army was cut to pieces, had to flee, leaving his crown behind him. It was on this occasion that he uttered the memorable saying, "*There are virtues which misfortune only can teach us, and it is in adversity alone that princes learn to know themselves.*"—*B.*

3275. KNOWLEDGE, how gained. A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not allowing shame to prevent me from asking questions when I was ignorant."

3276. KNOWLEDGE, lightly estimated. Demetrius, satisfied with expelling the garrison (of Megara), declared the city free. Amid these transactions he bethought of Stilpo, a philosopher of great reputation. He sent for him and asked him whether they (the people and soldiers) had taken anything from

him. "No," said Stilpo; "I found none that wanted to steal any knowledge."—*Plutarch.*

3277. KNOWLEDGE, Necessity of technical. I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness with difficulty; but after many strenuous efforts I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful attempts he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy?) since the collar was put on; for, he said, "it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar." Just at this instant a servant-girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La! master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way; you should do like this;" when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.—*Life of Coleridge.*

3278. KNOWLEDGE, not shown by noise. A rabbi of little learning usurping all the discourse at table, one present asked was he not a great scholar. "For aught I know," was the reply, "he may be learned, but I have never heard *learning make so much noise.*"

3279. KNOWLEDGE, of Christ, Without. When the Apostle Paul, after appealing from Agrippa to Cæsar, was sent to Rome, the vessel which carried him was detained at Puteoli for seven days. And there is an old tradition—exceedingly touching as well as beautiful—that while delayed there the Apostle went up to the tomb of Virgil, and, as he stood by it, wept at the thought that the great poet had died without the knowledge of Christ.

3280. KNOWLEDGE, of our own duties. He (Venn Elliott) was seated on the coach-box, and travelling on the Bath road. As usual, he was questioning the coachman—"What place is that?" "To whom does this estate belong?" "What is the name of yonder village?" To all these questions he received the one invariable answer, "I do not know." Vexed, as he always was when in contact with a man who had no eyes, he asked somewhat sarcastically, "What do you know?" Without the movement of a muscle, the man replied, "I know, sir, how to drive you from Bath to Bristol."—*Life of the Rev. H. Venn Elliott.*

3281. KNOWLEDGE, of ourselves. Thales, the Milesian, used to say that "*for a man to know himself is the hardest thing in the world.*" This is one of the three precepts which Pliny affirms to have been consecrated at Delphos in golden letters.—*F. Mason.*

3282. KNOWLEDGE, of the truth, Illustration of. The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by any one who himself possessed it, upon

any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

3283. KNOWLEDGE, Pursuit of, under difficulties. The shepherd, with no apparatus besides his thread and beads, has lain on his back on the starry night, mapped the heavens, and unconsciously become a distinguished astronomer. The peasant boy, with no tools but his rude knife, and a visit now and then to a neighbouring town, has begun his scientific education by producing a watch that would mark the time. The blind man, trampling upon impossibilities, has explored the economy of the beehive, and, more wondrous still, lectured on the laws of light. The timid stammerer, with pebbles in his mouth and the roar of the sea-surge in his ear, has attained correctest elocution, and swayed as one man the changeful tides of the mighty masses of the Athenian democracy. All these were expedients. It is thus in the life religious. No man ever trod exactly the path that others trod before him. There is no exact chart laid down for the voyage. The rocks and quicksands are sifting; he who enters upon the ocean of existence arches his sail to an untried breeze. He is "the first that ever burst into that lonely sea." Every life is a new life.—*Robertson.*

3284. KNOWLEDGE, Sacrifices for. "Give me half the money you pay for my board," said the youthful Benjamin Franklin to his master. "I will board myself." The master consenting, the apprentice found that he could live upon half of the half. What did the calculating wretch do with the money? Put it into his money-box? No; he laid it out in the improvement of his mind.—*Cyclopædia of Biography (condensed).*

3285. KNOWLEDGE, Saved by. On one occasion Hugh Miller had climbed a lofty cliff for a famous raven's nest. He came within six or eight feet of the prize, when he noticed that the smooth rock which sloped to it glistened in the sun. He examined it more closely, and saw that it was chlorite, a rock too slippery to allow any foothold. He did not risk the descent, *knowing the peril.* Five years later a famous cragsman reached the same point. Knowing nothing of chlorite, he ventured on the smooth rock, and in an instant was shot over the precipice. His remains were found on the rocks beneath.

3286. KNOWLEDGE, Unapplied. The Chinese have understood the manufacture of glass for the past 2000 years; they have possessed the use of gunpowder from time immemorial, but only employed it for ornamental fireworks; they were acquainted with the mariner's compass, but only as a matter of curiosity, not applying it to navigation.—*Tytler (condensed).*

3287. KNOWLEDGE, Usefulness of. The celebrated physiologist, Julius Müller, a Protestant by birth and education, became a zealous Catholic. One day he knelt down in prayer before some relics. Having glanced at them, he suddenly jumped up, calling out, "For Heaven's sake! these are bones of an ass!" It appears that his anatomical eye perceived that the relics exposed for veneration as the bones of some saint were in reality those of the brute mentioned.—*Christian Age.*

3288. KNOWLEDGE, Worth of. A philosopher stepped on board a boat to cross a stream; on the

passage he inquired of the ferryman if he understood astronomy. The man looked astonished. "Astronomy? No, sir; never heard of it before." The philosopher replied, "I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone." A few minutes after he asked the ferryman, "Do you know anything of mathematics?" The boatman smiled, and replied, "No." "Well, then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is gone." A third question was asked the ferryman, "Do you understand arithmetic?" "Oh no, no; never heard of such a thing." "Well, my friend, then another quarter of your life is gone." Just at this moment the boat ran on a rock. The ferryman jumped up, pulled off his coat, and asked the philosopher, "*Sir, can you swim?*" "No," said the philosopher. "Well, then," said the ferryman, "your whole life is gone; for the boat is going to the bottom."

3289. LABOUR, a seasoning. Dionysius being at an entertainment given to him by the Lacedæmonians, expressed disgust at their black broth. "No wonder," said one of them, "for it wants seasoning." "What seasoning?" asked the tyrant. "*Labour,*" replied the citizen, "joined with hunger and thirst."

3290. LABOUR, and fretting. "What a pity it is," said a grazier to a small farmer who had just entered on a little farm, "that that pasture of yours is so overrun with thistles!" "It is a pity," was the reply of the small farmer; "but if I fret myself into a consumption, it will not free the thistles out of the ground; so I will try whether labour and good management will not put it into better order."—*New Encyclopedia of Anecdotes.*

3291. LABOUR, and idleness. An eminent divine, suffering under chronic disease, consulted three physicians, who declared, on being questioned by the sick man, that his disease would be followed by death in a shorter or longer time, according to the manner in which he lived; but they unanimously advised him to give up his office, because, in his situation, mental agitation would be fatal to him. "If I give myself to repose," inquired the divine, "how long, gentlemen, will you guarantee my life?" "Six years," answered the doctors. "And if I continue in office?" "Three years at most." "Your servant, gentlemen," he replied; "I should prefer living two or three years in doing some good to living six in idleness."—*Whitecross.*

3292. LABOUR, and life. Mr. Charles of Bala had an ardent desire to procure a correct and infective edition of the Bible for his Welsh countrymen; therefore his toil and labour were very great, though without any remuneration from man. While engaged in this work he acknowledged that he had a strong wish to live until it was completed; and then, "said he, 'I shall willingly lay down my head and die.' He lived to see it completed; and he expressed himself very thankful to the Lord for having graciously spared him to witness the work finished; and the last words ever written by him, as it is supposed, were these, with reference to this work—"It is now finished."

3293. LABOUR, Christian, not in vain. In 1735 the wife of Hans Egede, the first missionary to Greenland, died; and he himself, dejected in spirits and broken in health, shortly afterwards bade farewell to Greenland, taking the remains

of his wife with him to his native land. He preached his last sermon before sailing from the text: "I said, I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for nought and in vain. Yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." But before his death, which occurred in 1758, Hans Egede had the joy to hear that hundreds of the once indifferent Greenlanders were converted to the faith of the gospel.

3294. LABOUR, intended of God. King Alphonso, doing something with his hands, and labouring so, that some which beheld him found fault, smiled and said, "Hath God given hands to kings in vain?"—*Bernard.*

3295. LABOUR, Profit in. "I never heard," wrote a gentleman, "of a true labourer ever getting tired of his work. I never heard of an apostle, prophet, or public benefactor getting tired and giving up." It is quite true; the more a man *does*, the more he wants to do. And what he does he is proud of. Coke, of Leicestershire, when made a nobleman, was a great deal prouder of the breed of long-woolled sheep which he had introduced and improved than he was of his coronet.—*J. Hain Friswell.*

3296. LABOUR, Respect for. Some slaves (at St. Helena), with heavy burdens on their shoulders, came toiling up the narrow pathway. Mrs. Balcombe, . . . in rather an angry tone, ordered them to keep back. But the Emperor (Napoleon I.), making room for the slaves, turned to Mrs. Balcombe and said mildly, "*Respect the burden, Madam.*"—*Abbott.*

3297. LABOUR, Reward of. A poor Macedonian soldier was one day leading before Alexander a mule laden with gold for the King's use. The beast being so tired that he was not able either to go or sustain the load, the mule-driver took it off, and carried it himself with great difficulty a considerable way. Alexander, seeing him just sinking under the burden, and about to throw it on the ground, cried out, "Friend, do not be weary yet; try and carry it quite through to thy tent, for it is *all thy own.*"

3298. LABOURS, Abundant. What shall I speak of his (Calvin's) indefatigable industry, almost beyond the power of nature, which, paralleled with our loitering, will, I fear, exceed all credit! It may be the truest object of admiration how one lean, worn, spent, and wearied body could hold out. He read every week of the year through three divinity lectures; every other week, over and above, he preached every day; so that (as Erasmus said of Chrysostom) I know not whether more to admire his constancy or theirs that heard him. Some have reckoned his yearly lectures to be *one hundred and eighty-six*, and his yearly sermons *two hundred and eighty-six*. Every Thursday he sat in the Presbytery. Every Friday, when the ministers met to consult upon difficult texts, he made as good as a lecture. Besides all this, there was scarcely a day that exercised him not in answering, either by word of mouth or writing, the doubts and questions of different churches and pastors; so that he might say with Paul, "The care of all the churches lieth upon me." Scarcely a year passed wherein, over and above all these employments, some great

volume, in folio or other size, came not forth.—*Dr. Hoyle.*

3299. LABOURS, to the last. Calvin, even in his dying illness, would not refrain from his labours; but when his friends endeavoured to persuade him to moderate his exertions, he replied, "*What! shall my Lord come and find me idle?*"

3300. LAMB of God, Pointing to. Hannah More relates that Dr. Johnson, on his deathbed, was in great distress of mind. Not being comforted by ordinary conversation, he desired to see a minister, and described what kind of a minister he wanted. Mr. Winstanley was named, and the Doctor requested him to be sent for. Mr. Winstanley, being a nervous man, felt appalled by the thought of encountering Dr. Johnson. He therefore wrote to the Doctor as follows:—"SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the honour of your note, and am very sorry that the state of my health prevents my compliance with your request. Permit me, therefore, to write what I should wish to say were I present. I can easily conceive what would be the subjects of your inquiry. I can conceive that the views of yourself have changed with your condition, and that, on the near approach of death, what you once considered mere peccadilloes have risen into mountains of guilt, while your best actions have dwindled into nothing. On whichever side you look, you see only positive transgression, defective obedience, and hence, in self-despair, are eagerly inquiring, 'What must I do to be saved?' I say to you, in the language of the Baptist, 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.'" When this was read to the Doctor he anxiously asked, "Does he say so?" The consequence was, that he was brought to the renunciation of himself and a simple reliance on Jesus as his Saviour.

3301. LANGUAGE, Too fine. Dr. William Bates, the accomplished and courtly Nonconformist minister, once complained in the presence of his faithful but unpolished friend, Daniel Burgess, that he found very little success in his work as a minister; when his aged brother smartly replied, "Thank your velvet mouth for that—too fine to speak market language!"—*Clerical Library.*

3302. LATE, Too! in saving. "I remember," says the Rev. George Burder, "reading of a woman whose house was on fire. She was very active in removing her goods, but forgot her child, who was sleeping in the cradle. At length she remembered the babe, and ran with earnest desire to save it. But it is now too late! The flames forbade her entrance.

3303. LAUGHTER, Life saved by. Dr. Patrick Scougal, a Scotch bishop in the seventeenth century, being earnestly besought by an old woman to visit her sick cow, the prelate, after many remonstrances, reluctantly consented, and walking round the beast, gravely said, "If she live, she live; and if she die, she die; and I can do nae mair for her." Not long afterwards he was dangerously afflicted with a quinsy in the throat; hereupon the old woman, having got access to his chamber, walked round his bed repeating the same words which the Bishop had pronounced when walking round the cow, and which she believed had cured the animal. At this extraordinary sight the Bishop was seized with a fit

of laughter which broke the quinsy and saved his life.—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

3304. LAW, and mercy. Lord Kenyon having passed the sentence of death upon a young woman convicted of stealing forty shillings, though under extenuating circumstances, the unhappy prisoner instantly fell lifeless at the bar. In great distress the good judge, whose sensibilities had not been impaired by the sad duties of his office, cried out from the bench, "*I don't mean to hang you, good woman—I don't mean to hang you. Will nobody tell her I don't mean to hang her.*"—*Anecdotes of Law and Lawyers.*

3305. LAW, and tradition. "There was a flute in the Temple," says the Talmud, "preserved from the days of Moses; it was smooth, thin, and formed of a reed. At the command of the King it was overlaid with gold, which ruined its sweetness of tone until the gold was taken away. There was also a cymbal and a mortar, which had become injured in course of time, and were mended by workmen of Alexandria summoned by the wise men; but their usefulness was so completely destroyed by this process that it was necessary to restore them to their former condition. Are not these things an allegory? Do they not imply that by overlaying the written Law with what they called gold, but what was in reality the dross and tinsel of tradition, the rabbis had destroyed or injured its beauty and usefulness?"—*Farrar.*

3306. LAW, cannot remit punishment. I was much interested with one prisoner in the Eastern Penitentiary, Pennsylvania, who had nearly completed his seven years' solitary confinement. He stated that he had been guilty of stealing one hundred dollars, and that, his conscience upbraiding him, he took them back previous to being found out; and still he was sentenced to this frightful punishment.—*George Moore.*

3307. LAW, Debt to, cancelled. An Oriental custom tells that when a debt had to be settled, either by payment or forgiveness, it was the usage for the creditor to take the cancelled bond and nail it over the door of him who had owed it, that all passers-by might see that it was paid. Oh blessed story of our remission! There is the cross, the door of grace, behind which a bankrupt world lies in hopeless debt to the law. See Jesus, our bondsman and brother, coming forth with the long list of our indebtedness in His hand. He lifts it up where God and angels and men may see it, and then, as the nail goes through His hand, it goes through the bond of our transgressions to cancel it for ever.—*Clerical Library.*

3308. LAW, Entirety of. The strength of a chain is only equal to its weakest part. Snap one link, and what avails the strength of all the rest until that broken or loose link be welded again? "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one, he is guilty of all." The question of small sins is as clear as a problem of Euclid—a question of a drop of prussic acid and a vial full or a sea full.—*Rev. A. B. Grosart.*

3309. LAW, Subject to. "Do you know that I am above the law?" said James II. to the young Duke of Somerset, when he refused to introduce the Nuncio because he was advised that it was illegal.

"Your Majesty may be, but *I am not,*" was the reply.—*Baldwin Brown.*

3310. LAW, The moral, perfect. An eminent lawyer, who had not read the Bible, and was doubtful about its being God's Word, asked a Christian friend to tell him what books he should read to satisfy his mind. His friend said, "*Read the Bible itself.*" The inquirer thought his question had been misunderstood. He wanted some books that would say something about the Bible. But his friend said, "No; I will not send you to other books. Read the Bible for yourself." The lawyer obtained a Bible. "Where shall I begin?" said he. "Oh, begin at the beginning, and read it through." The Christian called upon him now and then, and was delighted to find that he continued to read. One day the friend found the doubter walking up and down his room full of thought. He inquired what subject occupied his mind so completely. "I have been reading," said he, "the moral law in the book of Exodus." "Well, what do you think of it?" "Why, I have been trying whether I can add anything to it, but I can't; and I have considered whether there is anything that can be taken from it, so as to make it better, and I cannot. *It is perfect.*"—*Biblical Museum.*

3311. LAW, Unsatisfactory nature of. A very learned judge was once asked what he would do if a man owed him ten pounds and refused to pay. His reply was worth remembering. He said, "Rather than bring an action against him, with its costs and uncertainty, I would give him a receipt in full of all demands; yes, and I would send him five pounds over, to cover all possible expenses."

3312. LAW, Use of. The wife of a drunkard once found her husband in a filthy condition, with torn clothes, matted hair, bruised face, asleep in the kitchen, having come home from a drunken revel. She sent for a photographer, and had a portrait of him taken in all his wretched appearance, and placed it on the mantel beside another portrait taken at the time of his marriage, which showed him handsome and well dressed, as he had been in other days. When he became sober he saw the two pictures, and awakened to a consciousness of his condition, from which he arose to a better life. Now, the office of the law is not to save men, but to *show them their true state* as compared with the Divine standard. It is like a glass, in which one seeth "what manner of man he is."

3313. LAWS, Human and Divine, contrasted. I once heard a judge at Stafford conclude an address to a prisoner convicted of uttering a forged one pound note, after having pointed out to him the enormity of the offence and exhorted him to prepare for another world: "And I trust that, through the merits and mediation of our Blessed Redeemer, you may there experience that mercy which a due regard to the *credit of the paper currency* of the country forbids you to hope for here."—*Lord Campbell.*

3314. LAWS, Obedience to. A man who is twenty years old has more chances of life than a boy who is only ten years old. A man at thirty has more chances of life than a man at twenty. A man at forty has more chances of life than a man at thirty. A man at fifty still has more chances of life than a man at any age below that. The interpretation of this fact is, that *God gives a premium to*

men for the observation of the great laws of nature, augmenting the chances of long life in this world in the cases of such as are obedient to those laws.—*Beecher.*

3315. LAWS, How men come to know. "How is one to get to know the rules of the House?" asked a young Irish member of his leader in Parliament. "*By breaking them,*" was the cynical but significant reply.

3316. LAZINESS, Excuse for. When one asked a lazy young fellow what made him lie in bed so long? "I am employed," said he, "in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up; sloth to lie still; and they give me twenty reasons for and against. It is my part, as an impartial judge, to hear all that can be said on both sides, and by the time the cause is over dinner is ready."—*Bruce.*

3317. LAZY people, take most trouble. There was a man in the town where I was born, who, being lazy-minded, used to steal all his firewood, instead of working for it. He would get up on cold nights and go and take it from his neighbour's wood-piles. A computation was made, and it was found that he spent more time and worked harder than if he had earned it in an honest way.—*American.*

3318. LEADER, Faithful to. When Sir James Douglas was carrying the heart of Bruce in a silver casket, by a chain suspended from his neck, for interment at Jerusalem, he found the King of Castile engaged in war; and thinking any contest with the Saracens consistent with his vow, he joined the Spaniards in a battle against the Moors, but, ignorant of their mode of fighting, was soon surrounded by horsemen. In desperation he took the precious heart from his neck, and threw it before him, saying, "Pass first in the fight, as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die."

3319. LEADER, Foolish and unnatural. The tail, it seems, one day quarrelled with the head, and instead of being forced always to follow, insisted that it should lead in its turn. Accordingly the tail undertook the charge, and as it moved forward at all adventures it tore itself in a terrible manner; and the head, which was thus obliged, against nature, to follow a guide that could neither see nor hear, suffered likewise in its turn.—*Plutarch.*

3320. LEADER, Love of. When Cæsar led the Roman legions to invade Britain he was met on the rocky shores by our wild and savage forefathers, who raised such a yell as they burst on them like the whirlwind, that even the indomitable Cæsar quailed for a moment. But the general, seizing the standard and rushing to the shore, said, "Romans, soldiers, will you allow your general to be cut to pieces?" The effect was electrical; the Romans leaped on the shore after their leader, and our forefathers were vanquished.

3321. LEADER, Stimulus from. I am told that when General Sherman went through the Southern States he left in the fort in the Kennesaw Mountains a little handful of men to guard some rations that he brought there. General Hood got into the rear, attacked the fort, and drove the men in from the outer works into the inner works. Half of them were either killed or wounded; the general

who was in command was wounded seven different times; and when they were ready to run up the white flag and surrender Sherman got within fifteen miles, and through the signal corps on the mountain he sent the message, "*Hold the fort, I am coming.*"—W. T. Sherman." That message fired up their hearts, and they held the fort until reinforcements came, and the fort did not go into the hands of their enemies.—*Moody.*

3322. LEADERS, Too many. When Nucion . . . ravaged the sea-coast and the adjacent country, Phocion advanced against him with a body of Athenians. On this occasion a number of them were very impertinent in pretending to dictate or advise him how to proceed. One counselled him to secure such an eminence, another to send his cavalry to such a post, and a third pointed out a place for a camp. "Heavens!" said Phocion, "*how many generals we have, and how few soldiers!*"—*Plutarch.*

3323. LEARNING, and piety. Grotius confessed to a friend, in whose company he had been visiting the dying chamber of a poor but pious peasant, that he would gladly part with all his learning to have the simplicity and holy ardour of that good man at the last.—*Leifchild.*

3324. LEARNING, and practising. It is related of one of the ancients that a man without learning came to him to be taught a psalm. He turned to the Thirty-ninth, but when he had heard the first verse of it, "*I said I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue,*" the man would hear no more, saying this was enough, if he could practise it; and when the instructor blamed him, that he had not seen him for six months, he replied that he had not done the verse; and forty years after he confessed he had been all that time studying it, but had not learned to fulfil it. "*If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.*"—*Whitcross.*

3325. LEARNING, depised. A learned clergyman was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," replied the former, "that the Lord opened my mouth without any learning." "A similar event," retorted the clergyman, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence in the present day."

3326. LEARNING, in the pulpit. Some of the Rev. W. Romaines' congregation, thinking his style of preaching too common and plain, requested him to exhibit a little more learning in the pulpit. Accordingly, the next opportunity, he read his text in Hebrew. "Now," said he, "I suppose scarcely one in the congregation understands that." He then read it in Greek, and added, "There may be one or two that understand me now. I will next read it in Latin." He did so, and said, "Possibly a few more may comprehend me, but the number is still very limited." He last of all repeated the text in English. "There," he continued, "now you all understand it. Which do you think is best? I hope always so to preach that the most ignorant person in the congregation may understand me."

3327. LEARNING, Men who despise. The judicious Hooker said to one who had reprobated his

knowledge of Aristotle and the great schoolmen, and charged him with quoting them instead of Holy Scripture, "If Aristotle and the schoolmen be such perilous creatures, you must needs think yourself a happy man, whom God hath so fairly blessed from too much knowledge in them."

3328. LEARNING, never ended. Michael Angelo was found by the Cardinal Farnese walking in solitude amid the ruins of the Coliseum, and when he expressed his surprise the great artist answered, "*I go yet to school that I may continue to learn.*" Who among us can after this talk of finishing our education?—*Feathers for Arrows.*

3329. LEARNING, Should be progress in. "For ever learning and never coming to the truth" is the motto of the worst rather than the best of men. I saw in Rome a statue of a boy extracting a thorn from his foot; I went my way, and returned in a year's time, and there sat the self-same boy, extracting the intruder still. Is this to be our model?—*Spurgeon.*

3330. LEGACY, A noble. When the renowned Admiral Haddock was dying he begged to see his son, to whom he thus delivered himself—"Notwithstanding my rank in life and public services for so many years, I shall leave you only a small fortune; but, my dear boy, *it is honestly got, and will wear well; there are no seamen's wages or provisions in it, nor is there one single penny of dirty money.*"

3331. LIBERALITY, Exhortation to. It has been narrated of Thomas Wilson, Esq., Treasurer of Highbury College, that he received an impulse to greatly enlarged liberality from a discourse by the Rev. Andrew Fuller especially from the following observation:—"Observe," said the preacher, "it is not said, 'cast thy crumbs, but thy bread, thy substance, the whole loaf.'"—*Leifchild.*

3332. LIBERTY, Christian. I know an elder in the Presbyterian Church who was, in a neighbouring town in this state, expelled because he went on a Sabbath-day to hear a spiritualist lecture. He was the best man, by the consent even of those that expelled him in that church. He was a model citizen, I am told. But it was contrary to the laws of the church that he should leave his place on Sunday to hear this peripatetic heresiarch. He might, perhaps, have spent his Sunday better, but if he thought he could not I take his side, and say that it was *a part of his liberty to judge for himself* as to what would do him the most good.—*Beecher.*

3333. LIBERTY, A means of safety. Fizz! went the beer from the hole from which it had driven the peg! The master hammered the peg in tight. Fizz! fizz! fizz! went the beer through a seam in the cask. The master plastered the seam with pitch. Bang went the beer through the bung-hole all over the cellar! "It's a pity!" said the old barrel, standing nearly empty; "but if he had but left a little liberty and breathing-room *it wouldn't have taken the law into its own hands.*"—*Leisure Hour.*

3334. LIBERTY, and conscience, Martyr for. "Blessed be God," exclaimed Sir Henry Vane as he bared his neck for the axe, "I have kept a conscience void of offence till this day, and have not deserted

the righteous cause for which I suffer." That cause was democratic liberty.—*Bancroft.*

3335. LIBERTY, Excesses in the name of. Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, she (Madame Roland) asked for pen and paper, "to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her"—a remarkable request, which was refused. Looking at the statue of Liberty which stands there, she says bitterly, "O Liberty, what things are done in thy name!" For Lamarche's sake she will die first—show him how easy it is to die. "Contrary to the order," said Samson. "Oh, shame! you cannot refuse the last request of a lady," and Samson yielded.—*Carlyle's French Revolution.*

3336. LIBERTY, How men learn to appreciate. A prisoner whom the French Revolution liberated from the Bastille hung up his fetters in his English home, that, looking on them, he might bless the bitter discipline that had taught him the sweetness of liberty.

3337. LIBERTY, Selfish conceptions of. "What did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts's teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way, and *make other people do the same,*" was the reply. Unhappily for Puritanism, there was only too much truth in the answer.—*B.*

3338. LIE, may be acted. Once, while he (Robert Hall) was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady, who was there on a visit, retired, that her little girl of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her, "She is gone to sleep; I put on my night-cap and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off." Mr. Hall, who overheard this, said, "Excuse me, Madam, *do you wish your child to grow up a liar?*" "Oh dear no, sir; I should be shocked at such a thing." "Then bear with me while I say you must never act a lie before her; children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not is a lie, whether acted or spoken." This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten.—*Dr. O. Gregory.*

3339. LIE, not permitted to Christian. The minister of the seminary at Clermont (France) having been seized at Autun by the populace, the Mayor, who wished to save him, advised him not to take the oath, but to allow him to tell the people that he had taken it. "I would myself make known your falsehood to the people," replied the clergyman; "it is not permitted me to ransom my life by a lie. The God who prohibits my taking this oath will not allow me to make it believed that I have taken it."—*Arvine.*

3340. LIFE, A doomed. Private Fisher had remained through all his trials so gentle-mannered and uncomplaining that we all loved him. He had walked up and down his ward for the first time since he was wounded, and seemed almost restored. That same night he turned over and uttered an exclamation of pain. Following the nurse to his bed, and turning down the covering, a small jet of blood spurted out. The sharp edge of the splintered bone must have severed an artery. I instantly put my finger on the little orifice and awaited the surgeon. He soon came, took a long look, and shook

his head. The explanation was easy; the artery was imbedded in the fleshy part of the thigh, and could not be taken up. No earthly power could save him. Long I sat by the boy, unconscious himself that any serious trouble was apprehended. The hardest trial of my duty was laid upon me, the necessity of telling a man in the prime of life and fulness of strength that *there was no hope for him*. It was done at last; the verdict received patiently and courageously, some direction given by which his mother could be informed of his death, and then he turned his questioning eyes upon me. "How long can I live?" "Only as long as I keep my finger upon this artery." A pause ensued. He broke the silence at last. "You can let go"—But I could not. Not if my own life had trembled in the balance. Hot tears rushed to my eyes, a surging sound to my ears, and a deathly coldness to my lips. The pang of obeying him was spared me, and for the first and last time during the trials that surrounded me for four years I fainted away. —*Christian Age (condensed).*

3341. LIFE, a failure. A gentleman of high standing, a lawyer, a politician, a man of talents, and, as the world estimates, a man who was successful in all his undertakings, was suddenly arrested by disease, and brought to the close of life. He was asked by a friend how he felt as he looked back upon his past life; and the answer, coming from a man of sense and thought, with eternity full in his view, was striking and memorable. "With all its success, I now see and feel that *my life has been a failure*. I have not gained one of the great ends for which life was given, and now it is too late to gain them."

3342. LIFE, A foolish. Charles Churchill died a miserable death at Boulogne. "*What a fool I have been!*" are said to have been his last words. Thus was closed the wretched career of the brilliant writer of "The Rosciad." —*Denton.*

3343. LIFE, A merciful. More than two thousand years ago, in a far-off country, a prince was born. Every care was taken that he should be made happy, and sights of sorrow were kept from him. He was of a very kind, loving, and tender disposition. But the care even of a king for a prince could not keep away all sorrowful sights. His watchful eyes sometimes saw suffering that filled his heart with pity. As he was playing with his cousin in the palace ground a flock of wild swans flew over their heads. His cousin drew his bow and wounded one. It fell at his feet. The prince, with pity, drew the arrow from the wounded bird, nursed it, and saved its life. The years passed by and he became a man. His heart still filled with pity for every suffering creature. He went from the palace, from home and dear friends, to become poor and a wanderer, that he might help the suffering. It is beautifully told that in his wanderings he came upon a flock of sheep driven along the dusty highway. There was one poor wounded, bleeding lamb, which he took tenderly in his arms and carried. And so through life *his pity and his help were given to the weak*, whether men or beasts. From his tender and beautiful life men came to worship him after his death. The prince was Prince Gautama, of India, who is worshipped as Buddha. —*Christian Age (condensed).*

3344. LIFE, A pleasant. Matthew Henry's deathbed was tranquil as a little child's. Speaking to Mr. Illidge, he said, "You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men; this is mine: that a life spent in the service of God, and communion with Him, is the *most pleasant life that any one can live* in this world." —*Grosart.*

3345. LIFE, A ruined. Sailing down the Thames one occasionally sees a green flag, in tatters, inscribed with the word *wreck*, floating in the breeze over a piece of the mast or the funnel of a steamer which is just visible above the water. How many lives might thus be marked, and how needful that they should be so labelled, lest they prove ruinous to others!

3346. LIFE, a shadow. On the face of the municipal buildings at Aberdeen is an old sun-dial, said to have been constructed by David Anderson in 1597. The motto is, "*Ut umbra, sic fugit vita.*"

3347. LIFE, a tabernacle. Father Taylor once described our life as a tabernacle, through whose thin walls the lamp of a holy soul shines clearer and brighter as the walls themselves grow thinner; while death is but the stepping forth from such a tent into those glories which have no dimming veil between. To such sanctified natures it is

"Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent, already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent walls."

—*Life of Father Taylor.*

3348. LIFE, a testimony to principles. On board the flag-ship of a celebrated commander a complaint was made by the captain against a number of the crew for disturbing the ship's company by frequent noises. The admiral ordered an inquiry to be made. The accusation was, that these men were Methodists, and that when their watch was below they were in the constant habit of reading the Bible to each other aloud, of frequently joining in social prayer, and singing of psalms and hymns. After the statement had been proved the admiral asked, "What is the general conduct of these men on deck—orderly or disobedient, cleanly or the contrary?" "*Always orderly, obedient, and cleanly,*" was the reply. "When the watch is called do they linger or are they ready?" "*Always ready at the first call.*" "You have seen these men in battle, sir; do they stand to their guns or shrink?" "*They are the most intrepid men in the ship, my lord, and will die at their post.*" "Let them alone, then," was the decisive answer of this magnanimous commander; "if Methodists are such men, I wish that all my crew were Methodists."

3349. LIFE, a time of trial illustrated. At the battle of Crecy, where the Black Prince, a youth of eighteen, led the van, the King, his father, drew up a strong party on a rising ground, and there beheld the conflict, in readiness to send a relief where it should be wanted. The young prince, being sharply charged, sent to his father for succour; and as the King delayed, another messenger was sent to crave immediate assistance. To him the King replied, "Go, tell my son that I am not so inexperienced a commander as *not to know when succour is wanted*, nor so careless a father as not to send it."

3350. LIFE, A wasted. A nobleman who had spent his short life in pleasure and gaiety, when dying, said to a friend, "Oh! *with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity* we have wasted together! Return, ye long-neglected moments! Let me dwell with hermits, let me rest on the cold earth, but may I once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown! Ye vain grandeurs of a court, ye sounding titles and perishing riches, what do you now signify?—what consolation, what relief can ye give me? I have a splendid passage to the grave. I die in state. I languish under a gilded canopy. I am expiring on soft and downy pillows. My dependents sigh. My sisters weep. My father bends over me with a load of years and of grief. My lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish. But, oh! which of them will bail from the arrest of death? Who will descend into the cold prison of the grave for me? Here they all leave me, while my soul stands trembling before my Judge."—*Denton*.

3351. LIFE, A wasted. In one of the narrow closes of Glasgow there lay a man who was dying, and who cried out, "Lost, lost, lost!" His mother heard him, and asked, "Is it possible that you have lost your faith in God?" "No," said he; "I have a hope of heaven, but *I have lost my life*. I have lived twenty-four years, and have done nothing for the Lord."—*Christian Age*.

3352. LIFE, An ill-spent. A millionaire lately died in New York. On his deathbed he gave continual expression to his remorse for what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "if I could only live my years over again; if I could only be spared for a few years I would give all the wealth I have amassed in my lifetime. *It is a life devoted to money-getting that I regret*. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter!" His clergyman endeavoured to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall. "You have never reproved my avaricious spirit," he said to the minister; "you have called it a wise economy and forethought, but I now know that riches have been only a snare for my poor soul!"—*Denton*.

3353. LIFE, and Christian work. When John Elliot, from advanced age and infirmities, was laid aside from his former employments, he sometimes said, with an air peculiar to himself, "I wonder for what the Lord Jesus lets me live. He knows that now I can do nothing for Him."

3354. LIFE, and death. In the cathedral at Spanish Town, Jamaica, is a monument to the memory of Major-General Bannister, which bears the following inscription—

"That death might happy be
To live learned I.
That life might happy be
I learned to die."

—*Lady Brassey (condensed)*.

3355. LIFE, and death. The late excellent Mr. Newton was once speaking of a lady who was recently dead. A young lady immediately asked, "O sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied, "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first."

"Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than, 'How did she die?'" He replied, "How did she live?"

3356. LIFE, and immortality, Image of. Joseph of Arimathea was the patron saint of Glastonbury. Outrunning Paul as a missionary, he first preached Christianity in Britain, and he preached it here. Ascending a hill just outside the town, he struck the staff he brought from Palestine into the earth, where it sprouted, and grew up into a beautiful little tree called the Holy Thorn. It put forth its white flower about Christmas, typifying the blossoming of life and immortality out of a human stalk at Bethlehem.—*Elihu Burritt*.

3357. LIFE, and preaching should correspond. There was a ridiculous actor in the city of Smyrna, who, pronouncing "*O cælum!*"—"O heaven!"—pointed with his finger towards the ground, which, when Polemo, the chiefest man in the place, saw, he could abide to stay no longer, but went from the company in a great chafe, saying, "This fool hath made a solecism with his hand; he has spoken false Latin with his finger." And such are they who teach well and do ill, that, however they have heaven at their tongue's end, yet the earth is at their finger's end; such as do not only speak false Latin with their tongue, but false divinity with their hands; such as live not according to their preaching. But He that sits in the heaven will laugh them to scorn and hiss them off the stage if they do not mend their action.—*Thomas Playfere*.

3358. LIFE, and words do not correspond. We have all heard the story of the man who preached so well and lived so badly, that when he was in the pulpit everybody said he ought never to come out again, and when he was out of it they all declared he never ought to enter it again. From the imitation of such a Janus may the Lord deliver us!—*Spurgeon*.

3359. LIFE, after death. "If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a sceptic to a clergyman. "Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?" was the ready reply.

3360. LIFE, Allegory of. An artist painted a picture of a little child in the dress of a pilgrim. He is walking slowly along a narrow path. This path has on each side of it a dreadful precipice. The edges of these precipices are hidden from view by means of beautiful flowers that are growing there. Behind the child is an angel. His face is full of tenderness and love. His hands are resting lightly on the shoulders of the child, to keep him in the centre of the path. The child has closed his eyes, that the sight of the flowers may not tempt him into danger. He is walking carefully along, feeling, and following the gentle touch of the angel that is leading him. He acknowledges the angel by following his touch, and while he does this the angel "directs his paths."—*Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.*

3361. LIFE, Aspects of, to some. The celebrated Gibbon confessed, just before his death, that when he considered all worldly things they were fleeting; when he looked back they had been fleeting; when he looked forward "*all was dark*"

and doubtful." Surely no one can wish to be an infidel for the comfort of it.

3362. LIFE, Brevity of. The army which Xerxes conducted against Greece consisted of seventeen hundred thousand men, besides a numerous fleet. When the Persian monarch beheld, from an eminence, the Hellespont covered with his ships and the plains of Abydos filled with his troops of different nations he pronounced himself happy. Immediately after, however, he began to weep; and being asked by his uncle why he wept, surrounded as he was by so much glory, he replied, that he wept to think that of the vast crowd which he then beheld not one individual would be living in a hundred years.

3363. LIFE, Brevity of. There was a friend who, speaking with reference to the saying of Solomon, "There is a time to be born and a time to die," said, "Our time to live is so short, that Solomon thought it was not necessary to mention it."

3364. LIFE, Brevity of. In the anecdote-books of our boyhood we used to be told the story of an Indian faquir who entered an Eastern palace and spread his bed in one of its ante-chambers, pretending that he had mistaken the building for a caravanserai or inn. The prince, amused by the oddity of the circumstance, ordered—so ran the tale—the man to be brought before him, and asked him how he came to make such a mistake. "What is an inn?" the faquir asked. "A place," was the reply, "where travellers rest a little while before proceeding on their journey." "Who dwelt here before you?" again asked the faquir. "My father," was the prince's reply. "And did he remain here?" "No," was the answer; "he died and went away." "And who dwelt here before him?" "His ancestors." "And did they remain here?" "No; they also died and went away." "Then," rejoined the faquir, "I have made no mistake, for your palace is but an inn after all." The faquir was right. Our houses are but inns, and the whole world a caravanserai.—*Clerical Library.*

3365. LIFE, Brevity of, enforced by nature. A Mr. Cox discovered by sheer accident one of nature's curiosity-shops near the mouth of a great aperture in the Mendip Hills. Of all the exquisite work in this laboratory, nothing struck me so forcibly as the ticking and the telling of a little watch that nature had wound up and set agoing here, perhaps before Adam was created. It is a century-glass made for time to tick off the earth's ages, and it keeps the reckoning with a precision that an astronomer would covet. Its construction and action are simple. It is the dripping of an icicle of stone which freezes as it falls and forms another icicle pointing upward. When Mr. Cox broke into this clock-factory of nature there was this ticking timepiece—two icicles of stone trying to make their points meet. The lower one had risen about a foot. It was climbing slowly. He had watched it for twenty years, and could hardly see the difference of an inch in its height; yet it was climbing, perhaps at the rate of six inches a century. It is one of nature's chronometers hung up in the thousand and one caverns of the earth, whose minute-hand tells off her centuries. I never before looked at a time-piece and heard it tick with such thoughts—in

such contrast with the scant measurements of human life.—*Elihu Burritt (abridged).*

3366. LIFE, Business of, over. A singular circumstance is related of the illustrious Boerhaave, who kept feeling his pulse, the morning of his death, to see whether it would beat till a book he was eager to see was published. He read the book, and said, "Now the business of life is over."

3367. LIFE, Changes in. So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a rude blast had forced open its virgin modesty and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

3368. LIFE, Changes in. I have heard it said, but I cannot be sponsor for its truth, that a famous chieftain, Lochiel, was rocked in a cradle like a baby in his old age. An old man, whose studies had been of the severest scholastic kind, used to love to hear little nursery-stories read over and over to him. One who saw the Duke of Wellington in his last years describes him as very gentle in his aspect and demeanour. I remember a person of singularly stern and lofty bearing who became remarkably gracious and easy in all his ways in the latter period of his life.—*O. Wendell Holmes.*

3369. LIFE, Changes in. A Dublin merchant, who was one of the founders and supporters of the Old Men's Asylum in that city, when advanced in life became an inmate, as also did another Dublin merchant who for several years had been in receipt of an annual income of £5000.

3370. LIFE, Changes in. The same equable and constant motion urges the orb of our lives from morning to noon, and from noon to evening. The glory of the dawning day, with its golden clouds and its dewy freshness, its new-awakened hopes and its unworn vigour, climbs by silent, inevitable stages to the hot noon. But its ardours flame but for a moment; but for a moment does the sun poise itself on the meridian line and the short shadow point to the pole. The inexorable revolution goes on, and in due time come the mists and dying purples of evening and the blackness of night. The same progress which brings April's perfumes burns them in the censer of the hot summer, and buries summer beneath the falling leaves, and covers the grave with winter's snow.

"Everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment."

So the life of man, being under the law of growth, is, in all its parts, subject to the consequent necessity of decline. And very swiftly does the direction change from ascending to descending. At first, and for a little while, the motion of the dancing stream, which broadens as it runs, and bears us past fields each brighter and more enamelled with flowers than the one before it, is joyous; but the slow current becomes awful as we are swept along when we would fain moor and land; and to some of us it

comes to be tragic and dreadful at last, as we sit helpless, and see the shore rush past and hear the roar of the falls in our ears, like some poor wretch caught in the glassy smoothness above Niagara, who has flung down the oars, and, clutching the gunwale with idle hands, sits effortless and breathless till the plunge comes. Many a despairing voice has prayed as the sands ran out and joys fled, "Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." But in vain. Once the wish was answered; but for all other fighters the twelve hours of the day must suffice for victory and for joy. Time devours his own children. The morning hours come to us with full hands and give, the evening hours come with empty hands and take; so that at the last, "Naked shall he return, to go as he came."—*Maclaren*.

3371. LIFE, Changes in. If a reflective aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain forgotten fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting verbatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire? He would half lose the assurance of his identity under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name.—*John Foster*.

3372. LIFE, Christ the source of. I remember once conversing with a celebrated sculptor, who had been hewing out a block of marble to represent one of our great patriots—Lord Chatham. "There," said he, "is not that a fine form?" "Now, sir," said I, "can you put life into it? Else, with all its beauty, it is still but a block of marble." Christ, by His Spirit, puts life into a beauteous image, and enables the man He forms to live to His praise and glory.—*Rowland Hill*.

3373. LIFE, coming to an end. At Coburg I went about and sought me out a place for my grave; I thought to have been laid in the chancel under the table, but now I am of another mind. I know I have not long to live, for my head is like a knife, from which the steel is wholly whetted away, and which is become mere iron; the iron will cut no more. Even so it is with my head. Now, loving Lord God, I hope my time is not far hence; God help me, and give me a happy hour; I desire to live no longer.—*Luther*.

3374. LIFE, Conceptions of. M'Cheyne's seals for his letters was the figure of a sun going down behind a hill. Walter Scott is said to have used a like emblem, adding in Greek, "The night cometh." Calvin's motto is said to have been, "I burn for thee," accompanying the figure of a heart all in flames. This he alternated with the figure of a heart with wings outspread and soaring. Martin Luther pictured two hammers crossed and standing with their iron heads in the air. This came from the mechanical calling of his father, and he employed the device as symbolic of work. Maurice, son of William the Silent, at seventeen years of age, took for his seal a fallen oak, with a young sapling springing from its root; and on this he placed the motto, "*Tandem fit surculus arbor*"—"By-and-by the twig will become a tree."—*Christian Age*.

3375. LIFE, Conceptions of. When Swift and Bolingbroke had closed the tenth lustre of their years his cynical lordship wrote from Brussels to the cynical Dean that he thought it high time to determine how they should "play the last act of the farce. Might not my life," adds accomplished St. John, "be entitled much more properly a what-d'y-e-call-it than a farce?—some a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Balvardo."—*Francis Jacob*.

3376. LIFE, consecrated, Secret of. "If I could not call Thee *Thou*," he (Feneberg) was once heard to pray, "O Father, we could never get on." "It is a fine thing," wrote Sailer, "if you can say a man lived and never lifted a stone against his neighbour; but it is a finer far if you can say also he took out of the path the stones that would have caught his neighbour's feet. So did Feneberg, and this his doing was his life."—*Dr. Stephenson's Praying and Working*.

3377. LIFE, Crisis-moment in. I once stood on a platform with a clergyman who told this marvellous story—"Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park Theatre, New York, to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theatre to see that vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theatre. One of the young men stopped and started for home, but returned and came up to the door, but had not the courage to go in. He again started for home, and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position. He lost his morals. He lost his soul. He died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you to-day," said that minister, "to thank God that for twenty years I have been permitted to preach the gospel. *I am the other young man.*"—*Talmage*.

3378. LIFE, Dangers and difficulties in. A chamois-hunter, attempting to cross the Mer de Glâce, slipped in one of the ravines, and cried for help, but no help came. The ice was grinding and groaning about him. He stood in the water waist-deep. He knew that he must perish if he stood there long, and so he threw himself into the torrent, at the foot of one of the ice-crags, and was carried by the torrent under the ice. For a while it was horrible darkness, but in a few minutes he came out, amid the flowers and the sunshine of the valley of Chamouni. Good men sometimes slip down amid the precipices of life. They are surrounded by the ice and the darkness. Hardly knowing what they do, they plunge ahead, and are carried on under the ice and through the darkness; but they will, after a while, come out amid the brightness and the bloom of the valley of heaven.—*Talmage*.

3379. LIFE, Disappointment in. They say that when great men arise they have a mission to accomplish, and do not disappear until it is fulfilled. Yet this is not always true. After all his deep study and his daring action, Mr. Hampden died on an obscure field, almost before the commencement of

that mighty struggle which he seemed born to direct.
—Lord Beaconsfield.

3380. LIFE, everywhere. I took up some of the sand (between the Nile and Suakin, on the Red Sea) in my hand, and it was so hot it nearly burned me; yet, to my astonishment, I found it alive with insects. Without, apparently, a particle of nourishment or moisture—for here there is no rain—thousands of these wonderful little creatures, perfect in a delicate and complicated organisation, were existing in the desert sand, and apparently enjoying life too!—*E. A. De Cosson, F.R.G.S.*

3381. LIFE, End of. John Wesley exhibited in his last moments a striking instance of the “ruling passion.” He evidently supposed himself dismissing one of his assemblies. “*Now we have done,*” he said, “let us all go.”—*Denton.*

3382. LIFE, end of, Contrast in. The novelist wrote as follows:—“The old postchaise gets more shattered at every turn of the wheel. Windows will not pull up; doors refuse to open and shut. Sicknesses come thicker and faster; friends become fewer and fewer. Death has closed the long, dark avenue upon early loves and friendships. I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place filled with monuments of those once dear to me. I shall never see the threescore and ten, and shall be summed up at a discount.” Ah! that is not a cheerful sunset of a splendid literary career. At evening-time it looks gloomy, and the air smells of the sepulchre. Listen now to the old Christian philanthropist, whose inner life was hid with Christ in God. He writes:—“I can scarce understand why my life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be just as happy without a fortune as with one. Sailors on a voyage drink to ‘friends astern’ till they are half-way across, and after that it is ‘friends ahead.’ With me it has been ‘friends ahead’ for many a year.” The veteran pilgrim was getting nearer home. The Sun of Righteousness flooded his western sky. At evening-time it was light.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

3383. LIFE, explains religion. One of our party greatly needed some elder-flower water for her face, upon which the sun was working great mischief. It was in the Italian town of Varallo, and not a word of Italian did I know. I entered a chemist’s shop and surveyed his drawers and bottles, but the result was *nil*. Bright thought; I would go down by the river, and walk until I could gather a bunch of elder-flowers, for the tree was then in bloom. Happily the search was successful; the flowers were exhibited to the druggist; the extract was procured. When you cannot tell in so many words what true religion is, exhibit it by your actions. Show by your life what grace can do. There is no language in the world so eloquent as a holy life. Men may doubt what you say, but they will believe what you do.—*Spurgeon.*

3384. LIFE, Fleeting nature of. Young people, you recollect that I have asked you for whom you were building that farm-house, and you have answered that it was for you, and the family which God should give you; upon which I have wished you the blessing of the Lord. But what have you said to me when I reminded you, according to the

Scripture, that that house would be to you but as *the tent which the shepherd pitches at night and which he takes up in the morning*, and that you ought to think, while building that perishable abode, of *that which is abiding*? You have then told me, “We are still young, and we have before us the whole of a long life.” Thus you have shown that you were deceiving yourselves, and that you were forgetting that the longest career of a man is reduced to a *handbreadth*; that youth and strength are *like the flower, which in the morning appears in beauty, but which in the evening is faded and gone*. I have also spoken to you, men and women of mature age; and I have asked you, mothers of a family, for whom you were spinning that flax and preparing those cloths which bleached on your meadows; and you have answered that it was for your children and grandchildren. But what have you told me when I reminded you that there would be some portion of it, without doubt, to envelop you when you should be placed in a narrow coffin? “Ah!” you have said, mirthfully, “we hope, indeed, that that flax is not yet sown, and that it will not be sown for several years to come.” And thus you also, who ought to have been wise, have shown that you were deceiving yourselves, and that you were forgetting, just as well as the young, that *our days are carried away like a flood*, and that *they pass more swiftly than a post or an eagle hastening after its prey*. And you, fathers of a family! what have you answered when I asked you for whom you were establishing that vineyard and planting those great orchards? You have said also, “It is for us and for our children.” But what have you said when I reminded you, according to the Scripture, that there is a *vine*, an eternal vine, of which we must be branches, and that there is a *tree of life* whose fruits we must have longings after? You have said to me, “We will think about it, and we hope to eat thereof when we shall have seen these flourishing.” And you also have shown your self-deception, and that you were forgetting that *man who is born of a woman hath but a short time to live*; that he plants, indeed, the vine, but does not know who shall gather its fruit; and that often, when he has prepared to enjoy his good things, God says to him, “Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee!” I have talked with you, ye elders of the village, old men whose white hair commands respect. I have sat down at your side, near the gates, and I have conversed with you on the evening of man’s life, and on the solemnity of his last hours. But what have you answered me? Alas! you have spoken of your father, of your grandfather, and of your ancestors who have reached fourscore years and ten, or a hundred years, or even more, and you have said to me, “We are still lusty and full of strength.” And thus even you also, old and venerable men, *the great number of whose days*, the Scripture says, *ought to have increased wisdom*, you have shown that just like other men, you were deceived, and that you were forgetting that *you are pilgrims and strangers here below*, and that *you know neither the hour nor the moment when the Lord will come upon you*.—*Dr. C. Malan.*

3385. LIFE, Frailness of. Dr. Doddridge, at his birth, showed so small symptoms of life that he was laid aside as dead. But one of the attendants, thinking she perceived some motion of breath, took that necessary care of him upon which, in those

tender circumstances, the feeble flame of life depended, which was so nearly expiring as soon as it was kindled.—*Whitecross*.

3386. LIFE, Fulfilment in. Martyrs of circumstances, exiled in the rarity of their own minds, . . . perhaps at last, when they are nearing the invisible shores, signs of recognition and fulfilment may penetrate the cloud of loneliness ; or perhaps it may be with them as with the dying Copernicus, made to touch the first printed copy of his book when the sense of touch was gone, seeing it only as a dim object through the deepening dusk.—*George Eliot*.

3387. LIFE, Greatness of. Life is *all* great Life is great because it is the aggregation of littles. As the chalk-cliffs in the south, that rear themselves hundreds of feet above the crawling sea beneath, are all made up of the minute skeletons of microscopic animalculæ, so life, mighty and awful as having eternal consequences, life, that towers beetling over the sea of eternity, is made up of these minute incidents, of these trifling duties, of these small tasks ; and if thou art not faithful in that which is least thou art unfaithful in the whole.—*MacLaren*.

3388. LIFE, how to view it. I went to see a lady once, who was in much darkness on account of the great afflictions which had come to her. She had fallen into deep melancholy. When I went in she was working a bit of embroidery, and as I talked with her she dropped the side of it, and there it lay, a mass of crude work, tangled ; everything seemed to be out of order. "Well," said I, "what is this you are engaged at?" "Oh," she replied, "it's a pillow for a lounge ; I'm making it for a Christmas gift." I said, "I should not think you would waste your time on that. It looks tangled, without design and meaning," and I went on abusing the whole bit of handwork and belittling the combinations of colours. "Why, Mr. P——," she said, surprised at the sudden and abrupt change of the subject and the persistency with which I had opposed her work—"Why, Mr. P——, you are looking at the wrong side. Turn it over." Then I said, "That's just what you are ; you are looking at the wrong side of God's workings with you. Down here we are looking at the tangled side of God's providence ; but He has a plan—here a stitch, there a movement of the shuttle, and in the end a beautiful work."

3389. LIFE, Image of. An old Norse King sat in his great hall one night, when the tempest was roaring and whirling without. The great fire threw its glow far out into the dark recesses of the hall, all the brighter for the storm and darkness around. While the King talked with his counsellors before the fire a bird flew in and passed over them, and out again at the great open window. "*Such*," said the King, "*is the life of man* : out of the darkness into the light, and then lost in the blackness and storm again." "Yes, sire," answered an old courtier ; "but the bird has its nest beyond."

3390. LIFE, Image of. Prince Esterhazy, in a fit of economy, resolved to dismiss his orchestra. Haydn wrote a farewell symphony. The music began, as a farewell dirge, very solemnly. Suddenly the drummer stopped, shut his book, snuffed out his candle, and left the orchestra. In a moment the flutist did the same ; the trombone man soon

followed. Then another snuffed out his candle and left ; then another and another, till only one violin was left playing alone. The prince took the hint, and retained his musicians.

3391. LIFE, Image of. The Strauniki (Wanderers), a Russian sect, have no fixed abode, on account of being always on the flight from the Antichrist, and object to every relation with State or Church. A part, however, of the sect at least are keeping up an apparent relation with the State, in order to be able to hide their friends and help them out of difficulties. When these "Settled Wanderers" are dying they wish to be brought out into the street or into the open country, in order to gain the merit of breathing their last in the flight from Antichrist.

3392. LIFE, Image of. Mr. Hughes tells a characteristic anecdote of starting one winter's night with his friend, Charles Kingsley, to walk down to Chelsea, and of their being caught in a dense fog before they had reached Hyde Park corner. "Both of us," Mr. Hughes adds, "knew the way well, but we lost it half a dozen times, and Kingsley's spirit seemed to rise as the fog thickened ! "Isn't this like life?" he said, after one of our blunders ; a deep yellow fog all round, with a dim light here and there shining through. You grope your way on from one lamp to another, and you go up wrong streets and back again. But *you get home at last*—there's always light enough for that."—*Clerical Library*.

3393. LIFE, Image of. There is a sight which those who cross the Atlantic often see. The ocean heaves and swells with life. Great crests form on the waves ; the waves seem to break away from the sides of the vessel and chase each other across the entire plain of waters ; and then, far out, as far as the eye can see, on the very edge of the horizon, the crested waves leap and dance like wild horses, and disappear one by one into the unseen. As often as I recall that spectacle I think of it as a symbol of our life upon earth. There is the same restless heave and swell, the same crested pride, the same breaking away and racing of competing lives, the same wild clash of toil and conflict far as the eye can reach, and at last the same disappearance of all in the unseen.—*Alexander Macleod, D.D.*

3394. LIFE, incomplete, Image of. We crossed the dry beds of three streams (between the Nile and Suakin, on the Red Sea), children of the thunder-storm, the secret of whose birth and death was known only to the mountain-peaks and the thirsty sands ; for the guide could tell nothing of where they came from or whither they went, save that they *never reached the sea*.—*E. A. De Cosson, F.R.G.S.*

3395. LIFE, Influence of. The first time I appeared on the platform of our Home Missionary Society I heard Mr. Stovel say, "When I take the New Testament in my hand and look round on my acquaintances I cannot point to one and say, 'There is an embodiment of the principles contained in this book.' " This is lacking to-day scarcely less than it was lacking then. And this lack, I am bold to say, is the greatest hindrance to our success in the conversion of the world. Only let this be supplied, and we shall not need to resort to pantomime displays, nor to musical entertainments, nor to bribes in the form of meat or money, given

to those who are not proper objects of charity. Men will listen to us with respect when the character of Christians generally testifies that their religion is not a name merely, nor an empty form, but a living, mighty transforming power.—*Dr. Landels.*

3396. LIFE, its imperfections. When the ship-master is steering across the sea, all the time keeping his eye upon the compass, and holding the vessel as near as he can to an exact line, it seems to him that he is running in a straight line; but he is far from it. I looked with great interest at the charts that were laid out for those yachts that crossed the ocean. They undertook to draw the shortest line between New York and Liverpool; and it seems, when you look at the record of their observations, as though they ran up and down, constantly, going in anything but a straight line, although they thought at the time that they were following a direct course. Let a man take any one of his feelings, and chart it from day to day, and follow it, and see how zig-zag it goes; how out of proportion it is; how it is deficient here and in excess there. There is not a man who is not obliged to say, "If I measure by this second element of manhood I am all the time living below my manhood, and out of tune with myself."—*Beecher.*

3397. LIFE, its purpose. I have read of an author who, whilst he was writing a book he was about to publish, would every now and then look back to the title to see if his work corresponded thereto, and if it answered the expectation raised thereby. Now the use I would make hereof, and would recommend to you, is, for thee, O sinner, to look back every now and then, and consider for what thou wast created; and for thee, O saint, to look back every now and then, and consider for what thou wast redeemed.—*Mr. Ashburner.*

3398. LIFE, its stores are being exhausted. I have read a parable of a man shut up in a fortress under sentence of perpetual imprisonment, and obliged to draw water from a reservoir which he may not see, but into which no fresh stream is ever to be poured. How much it contains he cannot tell. He knows that the quantity is not great; it may be extremely small. He has already drawn out a considerable supply during his long imprisonment. The diminution increases daily, and how, it is asked, would he feel each time of drawing water and each time of drinking it? Not as if he had a perennial stream to go to. "I have a reservoir; I may be at ease." No. "I had water yesterday, I have it to-day; but my having it yesterday and my having it to-day is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching." Life is a fortress; man is a prisoner within the gates. He draws his supply from a fountain fed by invisible pipes, but the reservoir is being exhausted. We had life yesterday, we have it to-day; the probability—the certainty—is, that we shall not have it on some day that is to come.—*R. A. Wilmott.*

3399. LIFE, Length of. There is a little insect that crawls upon the trees, and creeps in one short day of ours through all the experiences of life, from birth to death. In a short twenty-four hours his life begins, matures, and ends—birth, youth, activity, age, decrepitude, all crowded and compressed into these moments that slip away uncounted

in one day of our human life. Is his life long or short? Is our life long or short to him? If he could realise it by any struggle of his insect brain, what an eternity our threescore years and ten must seem to him!—*Philip Brooks, D.D.*

3400. LIFE, Little value of. In one of the provincial towns of England there stands the mound of the block on which human heads were once struck off by the axe for the crime of stealing articles of as low value as thirteen-pence halfpenny; and the by-law that ordered it stands in round, full type, in the records of the place, as if printed more recently than "Baxter's Saints' Rest."—*Elihu Burritt.*

3401. LIFE, made up of small things. Scarcely once in a year does anything really remarkable befall us. If I were to begin and give an inventory of the things you do in any single day—your muscular motions, each of which is accomplished by a separate act of will, the objects you see, the words you utter, the contrivances you frame, your thoughts, passions, gratifications, and trials—many of you would not be able to hear it recited with sobriety. But three hundred and sixty-five such days make up a year, and a year is a twentieth, fiftieth, or seventieth part of your life. And thus, with the exception of some few striking passages or great and critical occasions, perhaps not more than five or six in all, your life is made up of common and, as men are wont to judge, unimportant things. But yet, at the end, you have done an amazing work and fixed an amazing result. You stand at the bar of God, and look back on a life made up of small things—but yet a life, how momentous for good or evil!—*Bushnell.*

3402. LIFE, may contradict the profession. A story is told of a minister who, wishing to take advantage of the custom of charging ministers out West half-price, said to the landlord of an hotel where he had put up, "I am a minister." "What! you a minister! I should never have guessed it; you asked no blessing at your meals. I went with you to your room and took away the light, and you did not say your prayers. You ate like a heathen, drank like a heathen, and I guess you had better pay like a heathen."—*J. B. Gough.*

3403. LIFE, misspent. Salmatius, the celebrated French scholar, at the end of life found that he had so far mistaken true learning and the source of solid happiness as to cry out, "Oh! I have lost a world of time!—time, that most precious thing in the world!—whereof had I but one year now, it should be spent in David's psalms and Paul's epistles." Many another learned man has uttered dying regrets that he had not given more of his hours and heart to the Book of books. Death is a stern and faithful teacher.—*Biblical Museum.*

2404. LIFE, Monotony in. Goethe knew a gardener, and the overseer of some extensive pleasure-grounds, who once splenetically exclaimed, "Shall I see these clouds for ever passing, then, from east to west?"

2405. LIFE, Movement towards. May it not be said that the movement of our age is towards life? I sometimes fancy that I can discern three epochs in the Reformed Churches, corresponding in the main to those three weighty epithets—*via, veritas, vita.* The Reformers themselves, no doubt,

laid the stress chiefly upon the first (*via*). It was on this Popery had gone most astray, obscuring the doctrine of justification by faith alone. The epoch following was essentially dogmatic (*veritas*), when the doctors drew up "systems" of the truth. It was now, indeed, Christ as *veritas*! but the dogma taken alone led to coldness, dogmatism, sectarianism, and formality. Happy will it be for the Church if, not forgetting the other two, she shall now be found moving on to the third development of Christ as *vita*—the *life*, which will regulate the two former aspects, while it consummates and informs them. This *life* must develop the individual, and on individuals the Church depends; for in God's sight it is no abstraction.—*John Mackintosh.*

3406. LIFE, Mysteriousness of. It is not unusual for captains to receive their commands from their country to set sail, especially in times of war and danger, knowing not their destination. They cannot open their commission, perhaps, until they have reached a solitary, silent part of the great ocean. And we "sail under sealed orders;" we all go out "not knowing whither we go."—*Hood's Dark Sayings on a Harp.*

3407. LIFE, Necessity of. A little girl, being asked whether her father was living, promptly replied, "He is not *very* living." Vitality—a life animated by the Spirit of God—is the great essential thing.

3408. LIFE, not self-rewarding. I confess I see little life that is of itself rewarding, little life that pays as it goes. There are few who can say with Sir Walter Scott, "*Sat est vixisse*;" it is enough to have lived. For vast multitudes life is unutterably sad and bitter, for many others it is dull and insipid, for others one long disappointment; for none is it its own reward.—*Theodore T. Munger.*

3409. LIFE, One sign of. Mistress Sallie Ward, a neighbour of mine, had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, upon which Mrs. Ward would exclaim, "There's one of my children *that isn't dead*!"—*President Lincoln.*

3410. LIFE, only a commencement. Theodore Monod said he would like the epitaph on his tombstone to be, "Here endeth the First Lesson."—*Smiles.*

3411. LIFE, only lived once. In the private journal of a lady in New York, recently deceased, were found these words,—“I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show, to any fellow-creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.”—*Christian Age.*

3412. LIFE, Our destiny in. Bound from New York to Liverpool, a few moments ago we all had our sea-glasses up watching the vessel that went by. "What is her name," we all asked, "and whither is she bound?" We pass each other on the ocean of life to-day. We only catch a glimpse of each other. The question is, "Whither are we bound? For harbour of light or realm of darkness?" As we decide these questions we decide everything.—*Talmage.*

3413. LIFE, Our part in. An aged minister, on being asked if he did not rejoice that his time was near when he would be called home, bluntly replied, "I have no wish about it. *I have nothing to do with death.* My business is to live as long as I can—as well as I can—and serve my Master as faithfully as I can, until He shall think proper to call me home."

3414. LIFE, Our work in. The story of Mozart's "*Requiem*" is a remarkable and suggestive one. The composition was ordered and paid for from time to time by an unknown stranger, who showed no anxiety to possess himself of the manuscript. The conviction seized the musician that he was writing his own requiem. So he wrought, a dying man, with zeal that flagged not until the task was finished, and then life itself was ended. And that is true of every man's life-work. It may be paid for by another, but still it is his own; and be it well done and nobly, men listen to it in the future from that standpoint, and that standpoint alone.—*B.*

3415. LIFE, Passion for. Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the Emperor's feet, addressed him as follows:—"Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist or relieve or remember me, but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead. Permit me, then, O Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace. I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me." The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for *life*. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell.—*Goldsmith.*

3416. LIFE, Passion for. "Is there anything I can do for you?" said Taylor to Dr. Wolcot, as he lay on his deathbed. The passion for life dictated the answer, "*Bring me back my youth!*"—*Denton.*

3417. LIFE, Pleading for. The voice of a man speaking for his honour and his life may well drown the jingling of thy bell.—*Danton (to the President of the French Convention).*

3418. LIFE, Power of the inner. On a winter's day I have noticed a row of cottages with a deep load of snow on their several roofs; but as the day wore on large fragments began to tumble from the eaves of this one and that other, till, by-and-by, there was a simultaneous avalanche, and the whole heap slid over in powdery ruin on the pavement, and before the sun went down you saw each roof

as clear and dry as on a summer's eve. But here and there you would observe one with its snow-mantle unbroken and a ruff of stiff icicles around it. What made the difference? The difference was to be found within. Some of these huts were empty, or the lonely inhabitant covered over a scanty fire; whilst the peopled hearth and the high-blazing faggots of the rest created such an inward warmth that grim winter melted and relaxed his gripe, and the loosened mass folded off and tumbled over on the trampled street. It is possible by some outside process to push the main volume of snow from the frosty roof or chip off the icicles one by one. But they will form again, and it needs an inward heat to create a total thaw. And so, by sundry processes, you may clear off from a man's conduct the dead weight of conspicuous sins; but it needs a hidden heat, a vital warmth within, to produce such a separation between the soul and its besetting iniquities, that the whole wintry incubus, the entire body of sin, will come spontaneously away. That vital warmth is the love of God abundantly shed abroad—the kindly glow which the Comforter diffuses in the soul which He makes His home. His genial inhabitation thaws that soul and its favourite sins asunder, and makes the indolence and self-indulgence and indeavour fall off from their old resting-place on that dissolving heart. The easiest form of self-mortification is a fervent spirit.—*James Hamilton, D.D.*

3419. LIFE, providentially spared. Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange in London, was the son of a poor woman, who, while he was an infant, abandoned him in a field. By the providence of God, however, the chirping of a *grass-hopper* attracted a boy to the spot where the child lay; and his life was by this means preserved.

3420. LIFE, Purpose of. The harassing and fatigue which Wyclif met with occasioned his having a dangerous fit of sickness, bringing him almost to the point of death. The friar mendicants, hearing of it, immediately instructed deputies to be sent to him in their behalf. These, when they came to him, first of all wished him health and a recovery from his distemper. Then they began to take notice of the many injuries he had done them by his sermons and writings, and exhorted him, as he was on the point of death, like a true penitent, to bewail and revoke in their presence whatever things he had said to their disparagement. But Wyclif, recovering strength, immediately called his servants to him, and ordered them to raise him a little on his pillow. Then, turning to the friars, he said, to their confusion, in a loud voice, "*I shall not die, but live and declare the evil deeds of the friars;*" which afterwards turned out to be true.

3421. LIFE, recalled in death. I remember to have read of an eminent painter who was devoted to the delineation of common and domestic life and the strife of battlefields. His canvas represented such scenes with wonderful fidelity. Ill-health compelled him to retire to the country. There he declined rapidly, and lay in almost solitude and poverty in a sick-chamber. While in a state of delirium he was overheard describing, in artistic style, the several scenes which he had successfully studied and painted. He died while gathering around him in his sick-chamber the varied originals which he had contemplated. Thus he recalled the

peaceful cottage and the wandering stream, the populous market-place and the domestic interior, the battle array and the sanguinary field—passing rapidly and confusedly from quiet homes and placid pastoral scenes to busy life, to the death-charge of excited troops, and the victory or defeat of the heroes of a country's history.—*Leischild (abridged).*

3422. LIFE, Reflections on. When I look back to the earlier and middle periods of my life, and now, in my old age, think how few are left of those who were young with me, I always think of a summer residence at a bathing-place. When you arrive you make acquaintance and friends of those who have already been there some time, and who leave in a few weeks. The loss is painful. Then you turn to the second generation, with which you live a good while and become most intimate. But this goes also, and leaves us alone with the third, which comes just as we are going away, and with which we have nothing to do. I have been esteemed one of fortune's chiefest favourites; nor will I complain or find fault with the course my life has taken. Yet, truly there has been nothing but toil and care; and I may say that in all my seventy-five years I have never had a month of genuine comfort. It has been the perpetual rolling of a stone, which I have always had to raise anew.—*Goethe.*

3423. LIFE, Responsibility in. The father of Herod the Great must have ended his life in poverty and contempt had he not discovered an immense treasure buried under an old house, the last remains of his patrimony. According to the law, the Emperor might have asserted his claim, and the prudent Atticus prevent by a frank confession the officiousness of informers. Nerva, who then filled the throne, refused to accept any part of it, and commanded him to use, without scruple, the present of fortune. The cautious Athenian still insisted that the treasure was too considerable for a subject, and that he knew not how to use it. "Abuse it, then," replied the monarch, with a good-natured peevishness, "*for it is your own.*"—*Gibbon (condensed).*

3424. LIFE, Review of. A remarkable circumstance is related by Captain Marryat. A man belonging to his ship fell overboard, and he jumped into the sea to save him. As he rose to the surface he discovered that he was in the midst of blood. In an instant the horror of his situation flashed on him. He knew that the sharks were around him, and that his life was to be measured by seconds. Swifter than pen can write it his whole life went into the twinkling of an eye. Burst upon his view all that he had ever done or said or thought. Scenes and events of the far past which had been long blotted from his remembrance came back upon him as lightning.—*Denton.*

3425. LIFE, reviewed in a moment. A lady narrates that, after morning service one Sunday, she was ascending a flight of stone steps, and had nearly reached the top, when her foot slipped, and she fell back, her head coming in contact with one of the steps. "I have no recollection," she says, "as to what followed, but I suppose I turned over again, and fell on the steps below. In the moment that elapsed between the time of catching my foot and the blow I received on my head all the events of my life rushed into my mind. I thought of all

my friends, those still living and those who had departed ; how many of them I should meet in that world which in another moment I expected I *must* enter ; and I thought of the service to which I had just been attending ; that I should never again be seen in that pew ; and how truly it is said, 'We know not what a day or an *hour* may bring forth.' And I thought not only of the past, but of the future. Should I on awaking to consciousness find myself in heaven or hell ? Was I prepared for thus suddenly being summoned into eternity ? I expected that as soon as my head came in contact with the edge of the steps I should be killed, for I had no means of saving myself, and then reflected how entirely I was in the hands of God. I shall never forget that feeling. He had the power either to spare my life or take it away in a moment ; and my recollection closed with the prayer of the Publican of old, and of Stephen, 'God be merciful to me a sinner ;' 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'—*Leifchild (abridged).*

3426. LIFE, said to be a farce. The last words of Rabelais were significant of the man's character. He laughed always, and at all things. Human life he looked upon as a mere farce. And as was his life so was his death. He was humorous to the last. When the last moment came he said, with a burst of laughter, "Draw the curtain ; the farce is played out."—*Denton.*

3427. LIFE, short. "Brief life is here our portion," you say. Then, I reply, it should be a life of love. Some one wrote Tennyson a spiteful letter, and he replied :—

"O foolish bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages ?
I think not much of yours or of mine,
I hear the roll of the ages.

This fallen leaf. Isn't fame as brief ?
My rhymes may have been the stronger ;
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot,
I last but a moment longer."

—*Enoch D. Solomon.*

3428. LIFE, Shortness of. The old Hebrews, among their many traditions, tell us a story of Methuselah. They say that his great length of life was early made known to him. His friends counselled him to build a substantial house for himself. He refused, saying that it was not worth while building a house at all for such a *short time*. He realised the shortness of life, not its length ; and he looked for "the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

3429. LIFE, spent in doubt. Philip Melancthon, on the authority of a person who had filled an important post at the court of Clement VII., mentioned that every day, after the Pope had dined or supped, his cup-bearer and cooks were imprisoned for two hours, and then, if no symptoms of poison manifested themselves in their master, were released. "What a miserable life !" observed Luther ; "'tis exactly what Moses has described in Deuteronomy : 'And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee ; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even ! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning !'"—*Luther's Table Talk.*

3430. LIFE, Sweetness of. One of the martyrs, when being led to the stake, was urged to recant ;

and as a motive to induce him to do so it was said, "Life is sweet, and death is bitter." "True," said the good man, "life is sweet and death is bitter, but eternal life is sweeter, and eternal death is more bitter."—*Rev. C. Field.*

3431. LIFE, The, a sign of piety. A wonderful man for doing good was old John Read, the clogger, a Wesleyan class leader of the town of Settle, in Yorkshire. An infidel of Settle was thought to be dying, and his wife, being concerned for him, asked leave to send for some one to come in and pray. After a moment's thought the man said, "You may send for old Mr. Read. I know him. His life is right." The good old man came and prayed with him. The infidel recovered, and became a pious and useful man.

3432. LIFE, The one necessity of. The Empress Theodora, when implored to fly from Constantinople during an insurrection, replied, "They who have reigned should never survive the loss of dignity and dominion ; may I no longer behold the light when I cease to be saluted with the name of Queen." Christian, is it not as true that the new birth in Christ brings that which, thus enjoyed and realised, is henceforth and always the one necessity of life ?—*B.*

3433. LIFE, the true test. A candidate for admission to church-membership under the Rev. Rowland Hill, being required to give some account of his first impressions as to the evil of sin and the need of the gospel, related a *dream* by which he had been affected, led to serious inquiry, and to the hearing of sermons. When he had ended Mr. Hill said, "We do not wish to despise a good man's dreams by any means ; but we will tell you what we think of the dream *after we have seen how you go on when you are awake.*"—*Christian Age.*

3434. LIFE, to be read aright hereafter. On the 8th of August 1529 Luther, with his wife, lay sick of a fever. Overwhelmed with dysentery, sciatica, and a dozen other maladies, he said, "God has touched me sorely, and I have been impatient ; but God knows better than we whereto it serves. Our Lord God is like a printer, who sets the letters backwards, so that here we must so read them ; when we are printed off, yonder, in the life to come, we shall read all clear and straightforward. Meantime we must have patience."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

3435. LIFE, Tree of. A tree is one vegetable form, but one that below has many roots, and above has many branches ; and even so is that "Tree of Life" which has Christ for its root, and for its fruits holiness and heaven.—*Guthrie.*

3436. LIFE, True length of. "Father," said a Persian monarch to the old man, who, according to Oriental usage, bowed before the sovereign's throne, "pray be seated ; I cannot receive homage from one bent with years, whose head is white with the frost of age. And now, father," said the monarch, when the old man had taken the proffered seat, "tell me thine age ; how many of the sun's revolutions hast thou counted ?" "Sire," answered the old man, "I am but four years." "What !" interrupted the King, "fearest thou not to answer me falsely, or dost thou jest on the very brink of the tomb ?" "I speak not falsely, sire," replied the aged man ; "neither would I offer a foolish jest on

a subject so solemn. Eighty long years have I wasted in folly and sinful pleasures, and in amassing wealth, none of which I can take with me when I leave this world. Four only have I spent in doing good to my fellow-men; and shall I count those years that have been utterly wasted? Are they not worse than blank?—and is not that portion only worthy to be reckoned as a part of my life which has answered life's best end?"

3437. LIFE, Uncertainty of. Dr. Arnold used to tell how suddenly he had been himself left an orphan, and how his father had, on the Sunday evening before his death, caused him to read a sermon on the text: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." "Now," said he, "cannot you see, when you talk with such certainty about this day week, and what we shall do, why it seems sad to me?" "It is one of the most solemn things I do," said he (referring to his habit of writing in his manuscript volume of sermons the date of its commencement, and not that of its completion), "to write the beginning of that sentence, and think that I may not live to finish it."—*Life's Last Hours.*

3438. LIFE, Value of. "You take a life from me that I cannot keep," said one of the martyrs to his persecutors, "and bestow a life upon me that I cannot use; which is as if you should rob me of counters and furnish me with gold."

3439. LIFE, Value of. It was said that Admiral Hunter endangered one of his vessels, and a court-martial was called to try him. Evidence was given that the vessel had been seriously injured, and he was put upon his defence. His answer was, "Gentlemen, all the evidence you have heard is true; but you have not heard the reason why the vessel was injured. I ordered the vessel to be put about. Why? There was a man on board, and I hoped to save him; and, gentlemen, *I deem it that the life of a private sailor in Her Majesty's navy is worth all the vessels that float upon the seas.*"—*Denton.*

3440. LIFE, Value of. A large vessel was nearing the shore, when a violent storm arose. Many of those on board were men returning from the gold-diggings. There was one way, and only one and that only for those able to swim. A row of the strongest men stood on deck binding round their waists leathern bags full of gold. One by one they sprang into the sea, until only one man was left. A short but fearful struggle, and those who had dived sank to rise no more. The man on deck saw them sink; he looked at his bag of gold, which he had gained by the sweat of his brow, and with which he had hoped to gain ease and respect in his fatherland. His hope by day, his dream by night—all lay in that bag. Could he part from it? Then he looked at the surging waters. Without it he might get to land, but with never! He weighed it in his hand, then with firmness threw it into the sea. One spring and he was also in the water struggling for dear life, but, being a good swimmer he happily gained the shore.

3441. LIFE, Vanity of. Just before Talleyrand's death a paper was found on his table on which he had written, by the light of the lamp, such lines as these—"Behold eighty-three years passed away! What cares! What agitation! What anxieties! What ill-will! What sad complications! And all

without other results, except great fatigue of mind and body, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and disgust with regard to the past!"

3442. LIFE, Wearied of. Lord Byron gave this testimony to Dr. Millingen, who attended him in his last illness. "Do you suppose that I wish for life? *I have grown heartily sick of it*, and shall welcome the hour I depart. Why should I regret it? Can it afford me any pleasure? Have I not enjoyed it to a surfeit? Few men can live faster than I did; I am, literally speaking, a young old man. Pleasure I have known under every form in which it can present itself to mortals. I have travelled, satisfied my curiosity, lost every illusion; I have exhausted all the nectar contained in the cup of life; it is time to throw the dregs away." He had sought his happiness in the things of the world; the result was dissatisfaction of spirit.—*Denton.*

3443. LIFE, Weariness in. Wilberforce was once on a visit at the Duke of Queensberry's Richmond villa, where every pleasure was collected which wealth could purchase or luxury devise. He tells us that the views from the villa looked quite enchanting. The Thames was resplendent; but the Duke looked on with indifference. "What is there," he said, "to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite weary of it. There it goes—flow, flow, flow—always the same."

3444. LIFE, Weariness of. Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, and an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the King, his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection, till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol!—*Goldsmith.*

3445. LIFE, what given for. Why was our life given us, if not that we should manfully give it? Descend, O Do-nothing Pomp; quit thy down cushions, expose thyself to learn what wretches feel and how to cure it! The Czar of Russia became a dusty, toiling shipwright, worked with his axe in the dock of Saardam, and his aim was small to thine. Descend thou: undertake this horrid "living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger" weltering round thy feet, and say, "I will heal it, or behold I will die foremost in it."—*Carlyle.*

3446. LIFE, what is it? Writing to his friend, Sir George Beaumont respecting his brother, who had recently perished at sea, Wordsworth, after stating the sad fact, exclaims, "Alas! what is human life? This present moment."—*Denton.*

3447. LIFE, what it may become. I remember hearing of a painter who had drawn a picture of innocence. He had taken for its type a beautiful smiling boy, kneeling on a stool in the act of prayer

near the lap of his mother—health upon the cheek, freshness in the whole countenance, a fearless glance of the eye, love of his mother, and something beyond ; everything, in short, indicating that which the painter wished to describe—the simple freshness and joy of innocence. Now, it so happened that the artist wanted a fellow to this painting. He wanted a picture of guilt, and for a long time he sought in vain that which should convey its full purport and wretchedness. At length some friend told him that in a prison not far off he might find the object that he desired. He went there : he entered a cold dungeon. A few rays of light streaming through a grated window revealed to him a wretched object on the floor, broken down with crime and sensuality, the cheeks hollowed by disease and misery, the eye lustreless and averted from every spectator (it was the aversion of shame), and everything indicating the deepest distress. There the artist had a picture of guilt. He painted it ; and when he had done this he thought he would place the two pictures side by side in the dungeon, that he might see the effect of the contrast. He did so, and no sooner had he placed the pictures there than that poor wretched creature clasped his hands together and began to weep bitterly. “It is my mother !” he exclaimed. It was the same individual.—*Dr. A. Reed.*

3448. LIFE-WORK, Desire to save. Columbus, homeward-bound after his brilliant discovery of the New World, is overtaken by a terrific storm ; and in his indescribable agony that not his life merely, and that of his crew, but his magnificent discovery must all go down irrecoverably into the abyss, and that, too, not far from land, commits to the deep hurried entries of that discovery sealed up in bottles, in hope that some day they might reach land.—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

3449. LIFE-WORK, still unfinished. Paolo Sarpi, the Venetian monk who dealt the temporal power of the Pope in Italy a very deadly blow, and was, in retaliation, dangerously wounded by the assassin's knife, died at the ripe age of seventy, with the pathetic saying on his lips, “I must go to St. Mark's, for it is already late, and I have much to do.”—*Venice Past and Present.*

3450. LIFE-WORK, time and eternity. The last time I saw him (my father) was about the 1st of August last, a few days before departing hither. He was very kind, seemed prouder of me than ever. What he had never done the like of before, he said, on hearing me express something which he admired, “Man, it's surely a pity that thou shouldst sit yonder with nothing but the eye of Omniscience to see thee, and thou with such a gift to speak.” His eyes were sparkling mildly, with a kind of deliberate joy. Strangely, too, he offered me on one of those mornings (knowing that I was poor) “two sovereigns” which he had of his own, and pressed them on my acceptance. They were lying in his desk ; none knew of them. He seemed really anxious and desirous that I should take them, should take his little hoard, his *all* that he had to give. I said jokingly afterwards that surely he was fey. So it has proved. I shall now no more behold my dear father with these bodily eyes. With him a whole threescore and ten years of the past has doubly died for me. It is as if a new leaf in the great book of time were turned over. Strange time—endless

time ; or of which I see neither end nor beginning. All rushes on. Man follows man. His life is as a tale that has been told ; yet under time does there not lie eternity ? Perhaps my father, all that essentially was my father, is even now near me, with me. Both he and I are with God. Perhaps, if it so please God, we shall, in some higher state of being, meet one another, recognise one another. As it is written, we shall be for ever with God. The possibility, nay (in some way) the certainty, of perennial existence daily grows plainer to me. “The essence of whatever was, is, or shall be even now is.” God is great. God is good. His will be done, for it will be right.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

3451. LIGHT, A claim for. The steeple of Bow Church had lanterns, and lights placed nightly in them, in the winter, whereby travellers to the city might have the better sight thereof, and not to miss their ways. The Mayor commanded, a century earlier, that lanterns and lights should be suspended in front of the houses on winter evenings. “*Hang out your lights,*” was the cry of the ancient watchman.—*Knight (condensed).*

3452. LIGHT, a protection. Out West a friend of mine was walking along one of the streets one dark night, and saw approaching him a man with a lantern. As he came up close to him he noticed by the bright light that the man seemed as if he had no eyes. He went past, but the thought struck him, “Surely that man is blind.” He turned round and said, “My friend, are you not blind ?” “Yes.” “Then what have you got the lantern for ?” “I carry the lantern that people may not stumble over me, of course,” said the blind man. Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.—*Moody.*

3453. LIGHT, a sign of liberty. Going to Helena I saw piles of boxes and goods and all manner of things on the landing, and I said to the superintendent, “Do the slaves buy as much as used to be bought for them by their masters ?” “A great deal more.” “Well, what things do they buy ?” “Buy ? Looking-glasses and candles.” “Looking-glasses, of course : candles, however ?” said I. “What do they want with candles ?” In the old slave-times a slave was never allowed to have a lighted candle in his cabin after it was dark ; nothing, unless it was a fire, was allowed, and the candles became in their eyes the signal of liberty ; and the moment that they were free they said, “Give us light.”—*Beecher.*

3454. LIGHT, God is. The cloud-compelling Jupiter shrouded himself in darkness, because he dwelt in an abstracted and silent solitude ; but the God of day rejoiced in the light, because He was also the God of eloquence.—*Sir James Stephen.*

3455. LIGHT, Going into. A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments, “*I move into the light !*”—*Talmage.*

3456. LIGHT, hatred of its warnings. A colonial governor of the Bahamas, who was about to return to England, offered to use his good offices to procure from the Home Government any favour the colonists might desire. The unanimous reply was as startling as the demand for the head of John the Baptist in a charger : “Tell them to tear down the lighthouses ; they are ruining the prosperity of this colony.” (The people were wreckers.)—*W. C. Church.*

3457. LIGHT, in darkness. I was in a darkened room, that I might observe the effect produced by the use of what is appropriately called "luminous paint." A neat card, on which the words "Trust in the Lord" were printed, rested upon the book-case, and shone out clearly in the darkness. The effect fairly startled me. It was the first time that I had seen this simple but interesting effect. How remarkable that, if from any cause the light of sun or day failed to rest upon the card, its luminousness gradually declined, but returned when the sun's action infused fresh light! Truly, we also, if hidden from the face of our Lord, cease to shine. "Ye are light in the Lord: walk as children of the light,"—*Henry Varley (condensed).*

3458. LIGHT, in death. "Light breaks in! light breaks in! Hallelujah!" exclaimed one when dying. Sargeant, the biographer of Martyn, spoke of "glory, glory," and of that "bright light;" and when asked, "What light?" answered, his face kindling into a holy fervour, "The light of the Sun of Righteousness." A blind Hindoo boy, when dying, said joyfully, "I see! now I have light. I see Him in His beauty. Tell the missionary that the blind see. I glory in Christ." Thomas Jewett, referring to the dying expression of the English infidel, "I am going to take a leap in the dark," said to those at his bedside, "I am going to take a leap in the light." While still another dying saint said, "I am not afraid to plunge into eternity." A wounded soldier, when asked if he were prepared to depart, said, "Oh yes; my Saviour, in whom I have long trusted, is with me now, and His smile lights up the dark valley for me." A dying minister said, "It is just as I said it would be, 'There is no valley,'" emphatically repeating, "*Oh, no valley.* It is all clear and bright—a *king's highway.*" The light of an everlasting life seemed to dawn upon his heart; and touched with its glory, he went, already crowned, into the New Jerusalem. A Christian woman lay dying. Visions of heaven came to her. She was asked if she really saw heaven. Her answer was, "I know I saw heaven; but one thing I did not see, the *valley of the shadow of death.* I saw the suburbs." A young man who had but lately found Jesus was laid upon his dying bed. A friend who stood over him asked, "Is it dark?" "I shall never," said he, "forget his reply. 'No, no,' he exclaimed, '*it is all light! light! light!*' and thus triumphantly passed away."—*Am. Mess.*

3459. LIGHT, let it shine. With the window in the second story of the Town Hall (Christiania) where Hange used to sit (then a prisoner for preaching the gospel) is connected a beautiful story. A friend of his had come into the town with the hope of getting a conversation with him, and being consoled by him in his spiritual distress. Entrance was denied him. He stood despairingly on the opposite side of the street and gazed up at the prison window. At last Hange looked down at him through the dirt-begrimed window. He hit upon a remarkable expedient for communicating with his disconsolate friend. He took a candle and let the wick grow so long that the light shone only with extreme faintness; thereupon he snuffed it, and the light blazed up into a clear flame. His friend went home comforted with the assurance that it was his duty to let his light shine.—*Richard Lovett, M.A.*

3460. LIGHT, Love, Life. On Herder's grave at

Weimar there was placed by royal authority a cast-iron tablet with the words, "*Light, Love, Life.*"

3461. LIGHT, must be kept burning. A little girl lived with her father in a lighthouse on the coast of Cornwall. One day the keeper went ashore, and when there was seized and kept prisoner by a band of wreckers, who thought if they could only keep him prisoner the lighthouse would be unlighted at night, and vessels would be wrecked, of which they would get the spoils. But his little daughter was left in their watery home; and when no father came home at night, though her heart sank within her at his absence, she thought of the poor sailors who might be lost, and, brave girl that she was! she went up to the top of the lighthouse and lighted all the lamps, till the whole sent forth the clear and welcome blaze.

3462. LIGHT, Safety in. When I was a boy I remember that at night the jewellers' stores, and others that had valuable things in them, used to have heavy wooden or iron shutters to the windows; and these would be fastened with locks or great iron bolts and bars. And all this was done for safety. But now many of those stores have no shutters at all to them; and others only have a thin wire grating over them. But if you stop and look through one of those windows at night, you will find that the gas is lighted in the store, and kept burning. If a thief should get in there and begin to steal, he would be seen by the watchman or the people going by. And so the thieves stay away. They are afraid to go into a shop where the gas is burning.

3463. LIGHT, sufficient for the present. "How can I know," said a young man, "that even if I do begin a religious life I shall continue faithful, and finally reach heaven?" He wanted to see the whole way there before taking the first step. While in this state of indecision he sought the house of his favourite professor—for he was a college student at the time—and they talked for several hours upon the all-absorbing topic. When he was about to go home the professor accompanied him to the door, and observing how dark the night was, prepared a lantern, and handing it to his friend, said, "George, this little light will not show you the whole way home, *but only one step at a time*; but take that step, and you will reach home in safety." It proved the word in season. As George walked securely along, brightened by the little lantern, the truth flashed through his mind, "Why can I not trust my Heavenly Father," he said to himself, "even if I can't see my way clear to the end, if He gives me light to take one step? I will trust Him; I do trust Him."

3464. LIGHT, to be reflected by Christians. There is one kind of diamond which, after it has been exposed for some minutes to the light of the sun, when taken into a dark room will emit light for some time. The marvellous property of retaining light, and thereby becoming the source of light on a small scale, shows how analogous to light its very nature must be. Those who touched the Saviour became sources of virtue to others. As Moses' face shone when he came from the mount, so converse with spiritual things makes Christians the light which shines in the dark places of the earth. "Let your light so shine before men."—*Weekly Pulpit.*

3465. LIGHT, where it should be seen. Virtue should shine in cities, not in solitudes. The Christian's duty is here among men, and the nearer he draws to his fellow-men, so that his Christianity be real and true, the more good he is likely to do them. On the north coast of Cornwall and Devon is a lighthouse, which first of all was placed high up upon the cliffs, where the mists and the fogs often obscured and hid its brightness from the passing mariner in hours of the sorest need. So they took it down and built it afresh on the rock out at sea, amid the waves of that dangerous coast, *there to shine where it was most necessary.*—*B.*

3466. LIGHT, whence it comes. "See how much they think of me!" said a lantern to some dips that were hanging on a nail close by. "The master says he doesn't know what he should do without me these dark nights." "No doubt," said the candle; "but he'd sing a different song if it weren't for one of us inside of you. Did it never occur to you, friend, that you wouldn't be of the least use to anybody if our light didn't shine through you."—*Mrs. Prosser.*

3467. LIGHTHOUSE, The church a. Do you ask, "Why not do away with the Church, if its members make so many mistakes?" Would you take away the lighthouse because careless mariners, through wrong observations, run their ships high and dry upon the shore? Would you put out the lamp in your house because moths and millers burn their wings in it? What would the children do?—*Beecher.*

3468. LINGERING, Folly of. In the time of the Civil Wars in England, about two hundred years ago, a gentleman was taken prisoner. Some time afterwards an opportunity offered of an escape. Instead of taking immediate advantage of it, he stayed to put on his band and *adjust his wig*, that he might seem a person of quality. It was then too late, and he lost his life through his silly regard for his personal appearance.

3469. LITERALISM, in reading the Scriptures. A Quaker, to prove the text that "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by the word of God," persisted in refusing his meals. The literal text proved for him a dead letter, and this practical commentator died by a metaphor.—*I. D'Israeli.*

3470. LITERATURE, Appreciation of. John Wesley, one of the most scrupulous and intelligent Christians who ever lived, was a diligent reader of Shakespeare, and left behind him an annotated copy of Shakespeare's works, which his less enlightened successor in the presidency of the Wesleyan Conference destroyed.—*R. A. Bertram.*

3471. LITERATURE, Love of. Macaulay, in affliction, wrote, "That I have not utterly sunk under this blow I owe chiefly to literature. What a blessing it is to *love books as I love them*—to be able to converse with the dead, and to live amidst the unreal!"

3472. LITTLE things, Effects of. A child playing with matches caused the destruction of 232 houses in the Hungarian village of Nemedi. The entire population has thereby been made bankrupt.—*Family Circle.*

3473. LITTLE things, Effects of. A friend of mine who had to attend a series of interviews in

which business was discussed of much vexation to him, and where he had to undergo, justly, much contumely, discovered that the occasions when he gave way to temper and behaved unwisely were those in which he rode on a tiresome horse to the place of business. This is very natural; *his nerves were a little ruffled* in managing the unruly quadruped; his powers a little impaired; his composure slightly broken through to begin with; and where things are nicely balanced this slight disturbance of equanimity might turn the scale. Afterwards he took care to go to the place of these interviews always in the easiest manner, and noted the good effect of this change.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

3474. LITTLE things, Importance of. A relief lightboat was being built, and while the workmen were busy over it one man lost his hammer. Whether he knew it or not, it was nailed up in the bottom of the boat. Perhaps, if he found it out, he thought the only harm done was the loss of one hammer. But the boat was put to service, and every time it rocked on the waves that hammer was tossed to and fro. Little by little it wore for itself a track, until it had worn through planking and keel, down to the very copper-plating, before it was found out. Only that plate of copper kept the vessel from sinking. *It seemed a very little thing* in the start, but see what mischief it wrought. So it is with a little sin in the heart.

3475. LITTLE things, keep men from God. It is amazing what *little* things sometimes keep men from God. One man came to me and told me that his business was that of selling a kind of soap which was advertised to do remarkable work in taking out grease-spots. "The soap will do all that is claimed for it," said he; "but the truth is, it *rots the clothes*; and if I become a Christian I must give up my business; and I can't afford to do it." And so in his case it was soap which kept him out of the kingdom of God.—*Moody.*

3476. LITTLE things, One use of. The *Sanitarian* records an instance of flies acting as sanitary inspectors. In one of the rooms of a residence in an American city offensive odours were detected, but their exact source could not be located. The carpets were raised, and a carpenter engaged to take up the entire floor. At this moment a friend who chanced to come in suggested that an appeal be made to the instinct of the fly. Two blue-bottles were brought from a neighbouring stable, and the doors and windows of the room closed. The flies soon settled upon one of the cracks in the floor, and when the boards were raised at this point a decomposed rat was found. Little things are often cleverest in the search after corruption. We may now see a use for little souls in our churches. They may serve as flies to discover anything wrong.—*The Freeman.*

3477. LITTLE things, Suggestiveness of. A spectacle-maker's boy, amusing himself one day in his father's shop by holding out two pieces of glass between his finger and thumb, perceived the weathercock on the church-spire opposite to be turned upside down, and apparently much larger than usual; this excited the attention of the father, and led him to try additional experiments, which resulted in the completion of that singular yet useful instrument, the telescope.

3478. LITTLE things, Value of. Matthias Joyce, a papist, one of the vilest of the vile, went to hear Mr. Wesley preach in Dublin, and though he did not understand him, says, "His hoary hair and grave deportment commanded my respect and gained my affections. What endeared him to me still more was seeing him stoop down and *kiss a little child that sat on the pulpit-stairs.*" That kiss melted his hard heart, and he became one of Mr. Wesley's itinerant ministers, useful in life and triumphant in death.—*Anecdotes of the Wesleys.*

3479. LITTLE things—whereto they may grow. When the air balloon was first discovered a matter-of-fact gentleman contemptuously asked Dr. Franklin what was the use of it. The Doctor answered this question by asking another—"What is the use of a new-born infant? It may become a man."—*Spurgeon.*

3480. LIVE and die, Men must. About the time of the Restoration, when, according to Baxter's account, eighteen hundred clergymen were deprived for nonconformity, a Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, was representing to a friend the great difficulties of conformity in points of conscience, and concluded with the words, "But we must *live.*" His friend replied in a like number of words, "But we must *die* also."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

3481. LIVE, innocently. The celebrated Linneus always testified, in his conversation, writings, and actions, the greatest sense of God's omniscience; yea, he was so strongly impressed with the idea, that he wrote over the door of his library, "*Innocue vivite, Numen adest*"—"Live innocently, God is present."

3482. LONELINESS, Cure of. A poor woman living alone in a small cottage in the forest was asked if she did not feel the loneliness of the place. "Oh no," was her reply, "for Faith closes the door at night, and Mercy opens it in the morning."—*Sunday at Home.*

3483. LOOKING back, Danger of. There is a story of a high mountain on whose top was a palace filled with all treasures, gold, gems, singing birds—a paradise of pleasures. Up its sides men and women were climbing to reach the top; but every one who looked back was turned into stone. And yet thousands of evil spirits were around them, whispering, shouting, flashing their treasures, singing love-songs to draw their eyes from the treasure at the top, and to make them look back; but every one that looked back was turned into stone. So is every one who is seeking heavenly treasures tempted by earthly music and sinful joys; but whosoever yields is lost.

3484. LOOKING up, Influence of. "Can you climb?" a captain asked of a sailor-boy before taking him out in his ship. The trial was soon after made, and the poor boy's head began to grow dizzy as he mounted higher and higher on the rigging. "Oh, I shall fall!" he cried, looking down upon the sea. "*Look up, my boy!*" shouted the captain; and so he did, and gained the masthead. Thus it is with us. When we look below and see the waves we fear we may sink; but when we look up to God with a hopeful spirit we know we are safe.

3485. LORD, the, Waiting for. Everybody knows and loves the beautiful story of the dog Argus, who

just lives through the term of his master's abode and sees him return to his home, and recoils at him, and, rejoicing in the sight, dies. Beautiful, too, as the story is in itself, it has a still deeper allegorical interest. For how many Arguses have there been, how many will there be hereafter, the course of whose years has been so ordered that they will have just lived to see their Lord come and take possession of His home, and in their joy at the blissful sight, have departed! How many such spirits, like Simeon's, will swell the praises of Him who spared them that He might save them!—*Augustus Hare.*

3486. LORD'S Prayer, Power of. "I remember, on one occasion," says Mr. Hay, "travelling in the country with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine. We arrived at a door, near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the rebellors against God. My friend, who spoke a little Arabic to an elderly person whose garb bespoke him a priest, said, 'Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer and judge for yourselves.' He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent till the priest exclaimed, 'May God curse me if ever I again curse those who hold such a belief; nay, more, the prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat that prayer, that it may be remembered among us in letters of gold.'"—*Christian Age.*

3487. LORD'S Supper, a commemoration. One Sabbath morning, during the reign of James II. of England, as a captain with a party of soldiers went out to hunt down the Protestants, as they termed it, they met a young woman, a servant-maid, running along the road early in the morning, without either shoes or stockings. The captain of the band asked her where she was going so early in the morning, and what was the urgency of the business that made her run so fast. She told him that she had learned that her elder brother was dead, and she was going to receive her share of the riches he had bequeathed to her, as well as to her other brothers and sisters; and she was afraid she should be too late. The commander was so well pleased with her answer that he gave her half a crown to buy a pair of shoes, and also wished her success; but if he had known the real business she was going on, which was to a sacrament, he would most probably have prevented her from going that day to the place where she hoped to receive durable riches.—*Whitecross.*

3488. LORD'S Supper, and the preaching of the gospel. One day a courtier found Henry V. attending the celebration of the Eucharist at an almost deserted side altar in Westminster Abbey, whilst a great crowd filled the nave, and hung upon the lips of a popular preacher. When the courtier inquired why he was not with the larger congregation in the nave, the King replied, "I would rather go to meet my Friend than merely to hear Him talked about."

3489. LORD'S Supper, Longing for. One of the converted Greenlanders, who had taken a seal, rather than be absent from the settlement of the missionaries when the Lord's Supper was to be administered, rowed the whole night in his kaiaik with the animal

in tow, and when his exertion was mentioned—"How could I," said he, "stay where I was? My soul hungers and thirsts after the Lord and His communion."—*Whitecross.*

3490. LORD'S Supper, not intended as a test. In a speech in the House of Lords, in 1719, Lord Lansdowne said, "The receiving of the Lord's Supper was *never intended to be as a qualification for an office*, but as an open declaration of one's being and remaining a sincere member of the Church of Christ. Whoever presumes to receive it with any other view profanes it, and may be said to seek his promotion in this world by eating and drinking his own damnation in the next."

3491. LOSS, a stimulus. Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, dwelling near the coast of Cornwall, rendered from its stormy character the scene of frequent shipwrecks, and often a spectator of fearful loss and misery, bent his mind to the discovery of a stronger light than had heretofore been adopted—that of an oil-lamp and reflectors. The result of his attempts was the magnificent "Bude Light;" so named by the inventor in honour of the place where the idea was originated and brought to a practical result.—*Denton.*

3492. LOSS, Carelessness in. In the midst of the distresses with which France was harassed in the reign of Charles VII., and whilst the English were in possession of Paris, Charles amused himself and his mistresses with balls and entertainments. The brave La Here, coming to Charles one day to talk to him on some business of importance, whilst the luxurious prince was occupied in arranging one of his parties of pleasure, was interrupted by the monarch, who asked him what he thought of his arrangement. "I think, Sire," said he, "it is impossible for any one to lose his kingdom more pleasantly than your Majesty."

3493. LOSS, Refuge in. Dr. Grosvenor's first wife was a most devout and amiable woman. The Sabbath after her death the Doctor expressed himself from the pulpit in the following manner:—"I have had an irreparable loss; and no man can feel a loss of this consequence more sensibly than myself; but the cross of a dying Jesus is my support; I fly from *one death for refuge to another.*"

3494. LOSS, Worldly. A bankrupt merchant, returning home one night, said to his noble wife, "My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff." After a few moments of silence the wife looked into his face and said, "Will the sheriff sell you?" "Oh no." "Will the sheriff sell me?" "Oh no." "Will the sheriff sell the children?" "Oh no." "Then do not say we have lost everything. *All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood.* We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left us."—*Christian Age.*

3495. LOSSES, for Christ. A learned philosopher objected to religion, that if he should adopt it he should lose all that he had in this world. A Christian friend said one never lost anything by serving Christ, and offered to give his bond to indemnify the philosopher for all losses he should suffer on that account. The bond was duly executed, and the philosopher became a praying man. Just

before his death he sent for his Christian friend and gave him the paper, saying, "Take this bond and fear it up. I release you from your promise. Jesus has made it up to me a hundredfold for all that I ever did or suffered on His account. There is nothing left for you to pay. Tell everybody that *there is great profit in serving Christ.*"

3496. LOST, at the harbour-mouth. In an October day a treacherous calm on the northern coast is suddenly followed by one of the fiercest storms within the memory of man. Without warning signs a squall comes sweeping down the main, and the ocean leaps in its fury like a thing of life. The heavens seem to bow themselves, and form a veil of mirk and gloom; and above the voices of the storm is heard the cry of those on shore, "O God of mercy, send us those we love!" But, alas! there are those for whom that prayer cannot now avail; for floating spars and bodies washed ashore from which all life is sucked tell too plainly that some home is desolate, some spirit crushed. And now a mighty shout is heard, and all eyes again turn towards the sea, for through the darkness of the storm a boat is seen struggling towards the shore, now lost to sight, and again borne on the crest of the wave, nearer and yet nearer the harbour's mouth. The climax now approaches in this wild race for life; and hearts are high with hope or chilled with fear, for the next wave must either bear them into safety or send them to their doom. See! there it comes, threatening in its vastness and twisting in its progress like some hideous thing of night. A cold sweat breaks out on those on shore, for the boat is lifted on its boiling crest and dashed with resistless fury against the stonework of the pier; and as a mighty cry of anguish rises, the men clinging to the wreck wave to their friends a last adieu, who, close at hand, stand agonised spectators of the scene! Yes, they have surmounted all the dangers which have proved fatal to their fellows, only to miss the friendly hands stretched out to save, and perish before the eyes, and be washed up lifeless at the very feet of those they love. In all such cases the grief of onlookers, and of all who mourn their loss, is augmented by the thought that though *so near to safety they yet were lost.* Remember that to be near the harbour-mouth is not to be safe in its shelter—that though near to the kingdom of heaven you may never enter there; and that, in so far as your final salvation is concerned, being near to Christ is no better than being far away, if it never lead to a complete surrender of your heart to Him.—*Rev. W. Landels, D.D. (condensed).*

3497. LOST, Christ came to save. Mr. Whitefield, brother of the noted preacher, had fallen into a backslidden state; but, under a sermon preached by his brother in the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel, Bath, it pleased God to arouse him from that state; after which, however, he became melancholy and despairing. The Countess of Huntingdon endeavoured to raise his desponding hopes by conversing on God's infinite mercy through Jesus Christ, but, for a while, in vain. "My lady," he replied, "I know what you say is true. The mercy of God is infinite; I see it clearly. But, ah! my lady, there is no mercy for me—I am a wretch entirely lost." "I am glad to hear it, Mr. Whitefield," said Lady Huntingdon. "I am glad at my heart that you are a lost man." He looked with great surprise. "What, my lady, glad!—glad at

your heart that I am a lost man!" "Yes, Mr. Whitefield, truly glad; for *Jesus Christ came into the world to save the lost!*" "Blessed be God for that," said he; "glory to God for that word!" he exclaimed. "Oh, what unusual power is this which I feel attending it! Jesus Christ came to save the lost! then I have a ray of hope"—and so he went on. He went out into the chapel court for the benefit of the air, but staggered to the wall, exclaiming "I am very ill." Soon after coming into the house he expired.

3498. LOST, Consciousness of being. Charles IX. of France was a cruel and persecuting monarch, and died in a very wretched state. He expired, bathed in his own blood, which burst from his veins, and in his last moments he exclaimed, "What blood! what murders! I know not where I am! How will all this end? What shall I do? I am lost for ever! I know it!"

3499. LOST, Danger of being. An artist once drew a picture. It represented a night-scene. A solitary man is rowing a little skiff across a lake; the wind is high and stormy, the billows, white and crested, rage around his frail bark; and not a star, save one, shines through the dark and angry sky above. But upon that lone star the voyager fixes his eye, and keeps rowing away—on, on, on through the midnight storm. Written beneath the picture were these words, "*If I lose that I'm lost!*"—*Denton.*

3500. LOST, from neglect. A man who had charge of a swing-bridge opened it just to oblige a friend, who said there was plenty of time for his boat to go through before the train of cars came along. But a moment after the lightning-like express came thundering on and dashed into the dark waters below. The bridge-keeper, whose neglect had caused the disaster, lost his reason, and his life since has been spent in a madhouse. The first and only words he uttered when the train leaped into the open chasm were, "*If I only had,*" and he has gone on constantly repeating the vain regret. Ah! that will be the cry of the lost in another world—"If I only had."—*Moody.*

3501. LOST, How Christ brings back. Among the hills of our native land I have met a shepherd far from the flocks and folds, driving home a lost sheep—one which had "gone astray," a creature panting for breath, amazed, alarmed, footsore; and when the rocks around rang loud to the baying of the dogs, I have seen them, whenever it offered to turn from the path, with open mouth dash fiercely at its sides, and so hound it home. How differently Jesus brings back His lost ones! The lost sheep sought and found, He lifts it up tenderly, lays it on His shoulder, and retracing His steps, returns homeward with joy, inviting His neighbours to rejoice with Him.—*Guthrie.*

3502. LOST, Ideas of. The morning papers of 13th June contained an account of the suicide of a French nobleman, the Count Aubriet de Pévy, who drowned himself in the Thames. A letter was found in his clothes on the bank, headed "Last Impressions of Count Aubriet." He had resolved to die; the world was but a kind of experimental hell; he hoped for a better world in which immediately after he should appear in an ethereal body. He had great respect for Jesus of Nazareth, but

this was the only resurrection. He had a firm belief that he was safe—"saved" was ridiculous. Count de Pévy has only a little more plainly than usual expressed the sentiment of multitudes. They are so good, so amiable, so religious, that to speak of their being lost appears to them to be a ridiculous misuse of terms, and salvation for them is an insulting superfluity. They are "safe," and need not to be "saved."—*Spurgeon.*

3503. LOST, in sight of home. A few months ago, during one of the severe storms that visited Colorado, a young man *perished in sight of home.* In his bewilderment he passed and repassed his own cottage, to lie down and die almost in range with the "light in the window" which his young wife had placed there to guide him home. All alone she watched the long night through, listening in vain for the footsteps that would come no more; for long before the morning dawned the icy touch of death had for ever stilled that warm, loving heart. The sad death was made still sadder by the fact that he was lost in sight of home. How many wanderers from the Father's house are lost in sight of home, in the full glare of gospel light!—*British Workman.*

3504. LOST, near help. I remember, a few years ago, that a boy who was sent upon some errand on a cold winter evening, was overtaken by a dreadful storm, when the snow fell so thick, and drifted in such a manner, that he missed his way, and continuing to wander up and down for several hours, was ready to perish. About midnight a gentleman in the neighbourhood thought he heard a sound, but he could not imagine what it was, till, opening his window, he distinguished a human voice at a great distance pronouncing in piteous tones, "*Lost! lost! lost!*" Humanity induced the gentleman to send in search of the person from whom the voice proceeded, when the boy at length was found and preserved. Happy for him that he perceived his danger, that he cried for help, and that his cry was heard.—*Burder.*

3505. LOST, near home. When, after safely circumnavigating the globe, the "Royal Charter" went to pieces in Moelfra Bay, on the coast of Wales, it was my melancholy duty, as a minister in Liverpool, to visit and seek to comfort the wife of the first officer, made by that calamity a widow. The ship had been telegraphed from Queenstown, and she was sitting in the parlour expecting her husband, with the table spread for his evening meal, when the messenger came to tell her he was drowned. Never can I forget the grief, so stricken and tearless, with which she wrung my hand, as she said, "*So near home, and yet lost.*" That seemed to me the most terrible of human sorrow.

3506. LOST, Recovery of. In Indiana, on the verge of civilisation, there was a poor family—it was in pioneer life. There were two children—one too small to get out of the house, and the other five years old. The father was gone. The oldest child ran to the woods; the mother went to find it; spent and tired, she gave the alarm. Men were summoned; they started about the middle of the day, went out with torches at night, and the next day, and the night following. The third day one of the pioneers came across the little fellow in a thicket, spent and weary. In triumph he seized the child, and took a bee-line for home. He shouted; the

mother heard the shout. I never knew what happened when the mother got her child. He stammered as he told it. The human heart is yet a human heart. When you bring back God's child, lost in the world's wilderness, there's joy in heaven.—*Beecher*.

3507. LOST, Rescue of. Some years ago South-wark was divided into districts by the visitors of the Auxiliary Bible Society. One district was found to contain such a depraved neighbourhood that it was spoken of as the "Forlorn Hope;" and for some time no individual would engage to visit it. At length three ladies, advanced in life, undertook the hopeless task. On entering one house of the vilest description, they found, in the first room into which they went, a young female, of pleasing appearance, mixing something in a cup, which she put into a closet when she saw them. They conversed with her, and asked if she would accept a Testament, which she gladly received. They found she was the daughter of a clergyman, but, vain of her personal attractions, she had been betrayed into that wretched course of life. She eagerly listened to all they said; and finding her anxious to leave the paths of wickedness, they procured her admission into an asylum, and the event proved that she was indeed desirous to return to the paths of virtue. The mixture in the cup when these ladies entered the house was *poison*. In a few short hours, in all human probability, she would have departed to everlasting misery. She afterwards filled a situation of comfort, and was enabled to look forward with hope to a blissful eternity.

3508. LOST, Search for. One evening in 1861, as General Garibaldi was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. Garibaldi at once turned to his staff, and announced his intention of scouring the mountain in search of the lamb. A grand expedition was organised. Lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off full of zeal to hunt the fugitive. But no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed fast asleep. The attendant waked him. The general rubbed his eyes; and so did his attendant, when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb, and bid him convey it to the shepherd. The general had *kept up the search through the night* until he had found it. Even so doth the Good Shepherd go in search of His lost sheep until He finds them.—*Sunday-school Times*.

3509. LOST, The, found again. We have read somewhere a story in real life regarding a long-missing child, the heir to vast estates. The tale describes how this innocent little one had been decoyed from the parental roof, and was last seen when a tribe of gipsies had been prowling about the neighbourhood of his princely home. Golden bribes had been a hundred times offered for his restoration; but the cruel mystery remained hopelessly unsolved, all efforts were in vain to recover the valued life. One day as the family carriage was at a little distance, bearing along the highway these two saddened hearts, a gang of the wandering race were passing by. In their midst, with a heavy burden on his shoulders, and attired in tatters, an eye and a countenance met theirs which could not be mistaken. A shriek of mingled terror and delight was

heard; the mother, leaping in frantic joy from her seat, had in a moment that aggregate of rags and squalor in her arms: her son, who had been long dead, was alive again; long lost, he was again found. . . . Yonder castle, looking forth on the wide demesne, kept high festal holiday that evening. Servants were gathered and menials were feasted, and the firesides of the poor were made brighter and happier by the recovery of the wanderer.—*Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D.*

3510. LOST, Seeking the. Some time ago I read of a miner wandering through a vast and dangerous mine—one of those great, black underground cities of England—when suddenly the lamp which he carried in his hand was extinguished by an unseen stream of water from the roof. He wandered about in search of an exit from his dreadful, dark prison, but wandered all in vain for long, long hours. At last, utterly exhausted and utterly hopeless, he lay down to die. He felt and confessed himself a "dead man." Shortly after he did so, to his wavering and flickering eyesight there appeared a light at a great distance. Was it a mere delusion, or a reality? It seemed to come nearer and nearer; and then, as it approached, he saw the light shining on and showing the face of a brother, who was and had been in anxious search for him.—*Sir James Simpson*.

3511. LOST, The thought of. "*Dead! lost! lost!*" These were the words that rang in the ear of young Adoniram Judson, and startled him from unbelief into a Christian life. On a journey, he was stopping at an hotel, where, in the next room to his, an old college companion was lying upon the borders of the grave. Inquiring how he was in the morning, he was told that he died before daylight. "Then he is *dead*, poor fellow! and *lost! lost!*" thought Judson. It unnerved him. He could hardly pursue his journey. He knew and *felt* the truth of the gospel. He became a Christian—a missionary. Would to God the same words, *dead! lost! lost!* might startle us! Daily are tens of thousands of our fellows perishing—and yet we *slumber on!*—*Christian Age*.

3512. LOT, A sad. I read a melancholy story to-day. A young English lady, who had been sent from Australia to finish her education in England, was returning to her parents, when the vessel was wrecked, and all the party with whom she was, except herself, was slain. She was taken prisoner by the natives, and has been forced to live with them ever since. She has been seen more than once, vigilantly attended by a black. She is hurried away instantly when the whites are seen. All efforts hitherto to penetrate the forest and discover her have been unavailing. The Australian savage is almost lower than the Bosjesman in the scale of humanity. Conceive such a lot for a refined and educated girl!—*Robertson*.

3513. LOVE, A mother's. A touching story was told to us of a squaw, the wife of one of the chiefs of a community of Christian Ojibbeway Indians on Manitoulin Island. She had wandered too near the edge of the shore-ice at a time when thaws had loosened it. The block on which she stood parted from the rest, and a wind carried it out into the open water. She was found dead from the cold, but her last care had been for her baby, and it was found to have perished also, but *had been covered by*

the mother with everything she had which might give it warmth ; and when she had herself laid down in the icy blast to die, she had arranged her body so that even in death it might be a shelter for her infant against the storm.—*The Marquis of Lorne.*

3514. LOVE, A mother's. The daughter of a poor widow, who had been led astray in the paths of sin, left her mother's cottage. Fervent, believing prayer was the mother's only resource ; nor was it in vain. He who heareth the cry of the afflicted heard the cry of that poor widow. Touched by a sense of her sin, and anxious to regain that peace to which she was now a stranger, late one night the daughter returned home. It was near midnight, and she was surprised to find the door unlatched. "*Never, my child,*" said the mother, "*by night or by day, has the door been fastened since you left.* I knew you would come back some day, and I was unwilling to keep you waiting for a single moment."

3515. LOVE, A mother's. There is something wonderfully piteous in the cause of her death (the Princess Alice). The physician who permitted her to watch over the suffering family enjoined her under no circumstances whatever to be tempted into an embrace. Her admirable self-constraint guarded her through the crisis of this terrible complaint in safety. She remembered and observed the injunction of her physicians. But it became her lot to break to her son—quite a youth—the death of his youngest sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. The boy was so overcome with misery that the agitated mother, to console him, *clasped him in her arms,* and thus received the kiss of death.—*Lord Beaconsfield.*

3516. LOVE, and DEATH, Mystery of. The saddest of all the sights of the Morgue (Hospice of St. Bernard) is the corpse of a woman lying huddled up, dressed in dark rags. In her arms she holds a bundle, which you are told is a baby ; and her withered face bends over it with a fond expression, which death and decay have not been able to obliterate. The light shines full on her quiet features, which are no more ruffled by earthly pain. You cannot fail to see that she had made every effort to preserve the life of the baby to the last moment, for most of her own scanty clothing is drawn up and wrapped round its tiny form, leaving her own limbs exposed to the blast. Oh, sacred mystery of mother's love, stronger than pain, more enduring than death ! But, alas ! in vain was its self-sacrificing tenderness here. The weary feet could no longer bear the precious burden over the wild, and sinking in the fatal sleep, the snow drifted over them, fold by fold, silent and swift, and the place that knew them once knew them no more for ever : the wind passed over it and it was gone. They found the hapless pair in the following spring, when the snows had melted away ; and they bore them tenderly and sadly to this last resting place. No one came to claim them. Where the poor woman came from, what was her name, no one ever knew ; and in this heart-touching pathos of mystery and death she awaits the coming of that other and brighter spring that shall melt even the chill of the tomb.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

3517. LOVE, and despair. Few heathen wives are like Phocion's, of whom Plutarch tells, who, when her husband was unjustly put to death by the

Athenians, herself lighted his funeral pyre, and gathered up his bones in her lap and brought them to her house and buried them under her hearthstone, saying, "Blessed hearth ! to your custody I commit the remains of a good and brave man." What love, and yet what despair !—*Theodore T. Munger.*

3518. LOVE, and giving. A poor widow contributed to the Dorpatian branch of the Russian Bible Society a rouble ; and, to the question whether that sum was not rather too much for one in her circumstances, she answered, "*Love is not afraid of giving too much.*"

3519. LOVE, and honour, Law of. A young lady resolutely discarded a gentleman to whom she was to have been married because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied, "A man of the world cannot be so old-fashioned as to regard God and religion." The lady started, but recovering herself, said, "From this moment I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honour God, can never love his wife constantly and sincerely."

3520. LOVE, and labour. An accident occurred recently in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park, when some workmen were suddenly buried by the falling-in of the earth from the sides of a drain where they were working. Amongst the spectators one stood listlessly with his hands in his pockets, until a woman, calling him by name, cried, "*Your brother is down there !*" when at once the man set to work, and with superhuman energy sought to release the entombed workmen.—*W. Justin Evans.*

3521. LOVE, and labour in art. I once asked a distinguished artist what place he gave to labour in art. "Labour," he said, in effect, "is the beginning, the middle, and the end of art." Turning then to another—"And you," I inquired, "what do you consider as the great force in art?" "Love," he replied. In their two answers I found but one truth.—*Borcee.*

3522. LOVE, and respect for law. We are told of a king who reigned in one of the countries of Greece. He gave his people a set of laws, which fixed some exceedingly severe punishments for disobedience. Among other things, it was made a rule that the man who broke a certain law should have both of his eyes put out. It happened some time after that this law was violated by the king's own son. The king was a righteous man, and endeavoured to set an example of justice and goodness before his people. He could not allow his laws to be lightly disobeyed ; and yet the heart of the father was filled with deep sorrow for the son. What, then, did he do ? When one of his son's eyes had been put out, *he took his place,* and commanded one of his own eyes to be put out ; and at the same time that he showed pity towards his son he sustained and honoured the requirements of his law.

3523. LOVE, and support. A noble American woman was out in missionary labour in the Levant. She said, "One Sunday I had attended the school, I had a prayer-meeting with my scholars, a meeting for the women in the village, and then a ride of five miles. Oh how I longed for rest ! Just then, as I was sitting on the floor of the chapel, according to the Oriental custom, a Christian native woman

sat down behind me, and said, 'Lean against me.' I declined. She just drew me over against her, and said, 'Now, *if you love me, lean hard.*' Very refreshing was that support. Then came the Master's sweet voice, 'If ye love me, lean hard.' I leaned on Him too, as well as the faithful woman. I found myself so refreshed that I went through all my lessons with the women and with the children, and took the long ride home that night not one whit tired. Ever since that I have fed on those sweet words, 'If ye love me, lean hard.'—*Cuyler.*

3524. LOVE, and the soul. The soul may sooner leave off to subsist than to love; and, like the vine it withers and dies if it has nothing to embrace.—*South.*

3525. LOVE, Attitude of. Bianconi, the introducer of the car system into Ireland, in leaving his home in Italy, found his most trying leave-taking in separating from his mother. She fainted as he left her. Her last words were words which he never forgot—"When you remember me, *think of me as waiting* at this window watching for your return."—*Smiles.*

3526. LOVE, begets love. An English lady, writing from Syria, says that the Mohammedan girls there are continually singing our beautiful hymns in Arabic. "Safe in the arms of Jesus" is a great favourite. A little Moslem girl accounted for her preference for the Christian religion by saying, "I like your Jesus because He loved little girls. Our Mohammed did not love little girls."

3527. LOVE, beyond knowledge. "Papa," said the son of Bishop Berkeley, "what is the meaning of the words *cherubim* and *seraphim* which we meet with in the Holy Scriptures?" "Cherubim," replied his father, "is a Hebrew word signifying knowledge; seraphim is another word of the same language, and signifies flame; whence it is supposed that the cherubim are angels who excel in knowledge, and that the seraphim are angels likewise who excel in loving God." "I hope, then," said the little boy, "when I die I shall be a seraph; for I would rather love God than know all things."

3528. LOVE, Bond of. The ancient Thebans had in their armies a band of men that were called "the holy band," consisting of such from the various regiments and battalions as were joined together in a bond of love, and were sworn to live and die together in the service of their country. These men were reckoned of great value. They were esteemed the strength of the army, and in time of special danger or alarm were looked to as the nation's hope.—*Denton.*

3529. LOVE, Charm of. When Dr. Doddridge asked his little daughter, who died so early, why everybody seemed to love her, she answered, "I cannot tell, unless it be because I love everybody." This was not only a striking but very judicious reply. It accords with the sentiment of Seneca, who gives us a love-charm. And what do you suppose the secret is? "Love," says he, "in order to be loved." No being ever yet drew another by the use of terror and authority.—*Jay.*

3530. LOVE, Constraining power of. Workmen were blasting the castle rock (Stirling), near where it abuts upon a walk that lies open to the street.

The train was laid and lit, and an explosion was momentarily expected. Suddenly trotting round the great wall of the cliff came a little child going straight to where the match burned. The men shouted, and by their very terror in shouting alarmed and bewildered the poor little thing. By this time the mother also had come round, in a moment saw the danger, opened wide her arms, and cried from her very heart, "*Come to me, my darling!*" and instantly, with eager pattering feet and little arms opened to her arms, the little thing ran back and away, and stopped not until she was clasped in her mother's bosom.—*Alexander B. Grosart.*

3531. LOVE, Constraining power of. A lady came into the office of the New York City Mission, and said that, although she did not think she could do very much of active work for the Lord, yet she should like to distribute a few tracts. One day she saw a policeman taking a poor drunken woman to jail—a miserable object, ragged, dirty, with hair disordered; but the lady's heart went out in sympathy toward her. She found the woman after she came out of jail, and just went and folded her arms around her and kissed her. The woman exclaimed, "My God! *what did you do that for!*" and she replied, "I don't know, but I think Jesus sent me to do it." The woman said, "Oh, don't kiss me any more; you'll break my heart. Why, nobody hasn't kissed me since my mother died." But that kiss brought the woman to the feet of the Saviour, and for the last three years she has been living a godly, Christian life, won to God by a kiss.—*Moody.*

3532. LOVE, Constraining power of. It was once a problem in mechanics to find a pendulum which should be equally long in all weathers; which should make the same number of vibrations in the summer's heat and in the winter's cold. They have now found it out. By a process of compensation they make the rod lengthened one way as much as it contracts the other, so that the centre of motion is always the same; the pendulum swings the same number of beats in a day of January as in a day of June, and the index travels over the dial-plate with the same uniformity, whether the heat try to lengthen or the cold to shorten the regulating power. Now the moving power in some men's minds is easily susceptible of surrounding influences. It is not principle but *feeling* which forms their pendulum rod; and according as this very variable material is affected their index creeps or gallops, they are swift or slow in the work given them to do. But principle is like the compensation rod, which neither lengthens in the languid heat nor shortens in the brisker cold, but does the same work day by day, whether the ice-winds whistle or the simoom glow; and of *all principles a high-principled affection to the Saviour* is the strongest and most secure.—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

3533. LOVE, Constraining power of. "The love of Christ constraineth us!" It is like one of those applications of power you have often seen where a huge hammer is lifted up, and comes down with a crash that breaks the granite in pieces, or maybe allowed to fall so gently and so true that it touches without cracking a tiny nut beneath it—the *one principle*, mighty and crushing when it is wanted, and yet coming down with gentle, with accurately proportioned force on *all life*.—*M'Laren.*

3534. LOVE, Conquering power of. "I'll master

it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike. "Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backwards and forwards on its surface till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside. "Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way." But at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before. "Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. But they all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron, and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.—*Mrs. Prosser.*

3535. LOVE, Conquering power of. The Master came one night to the door, and knocked with the iron handle of the law; the door shook and trembled on its hinges; but the man piled every piece of furniture which he could find against the door, for he said, "I will not admit Him." The Master turned away, but by-and-by He returned, and with His own soft hand, using most that part where the nail had penetrated, He knocked again—oh so softly and tenderly. This time the door did not shake, but, strange to say, it opened, and there, upon his knees, the once unwilling host was found rejoicing to receive his guest. "Come in, come in; Thou hast so knocked that my heart is moved to Thee. I could not think of Thy pierced hand leaving its bloodmark on my door, and of Thy going away houseless, Thy head filled with dew. I yield—Thy love has won my heart." What Moses with the tablets of stone could never do Christ does with His pierced hand.—*Spurgeon.*

3536. LOVE, Conquest of. I remember to have heard a story of a bad boy who had run away from home. He had given his father no end of trouble. He had refused all the invitations his father had sent him to come home and be forgiven, and help to comfort his old heart. He had even gone so far as to scoff at his father and mother. But one day a letter came, telling him his father was dead, and they wanted him to come home and attend the funeral. At first he determined he would not go, but then he thought it would be a shame not to pay some little respect to the memory of so good a man; and so, just as a matter of form, he took the train and went to the old home, sat through all the funeral services, saw his father buried, and came back with the rest of the friends to the house, with his heart as cold and stony as ever. But when the old man's will was brought out to be read the ungrateful son found that *his father had remembered him along with all the rest of the family*, and had left him an inheritance with the others, who had not gone astray. This broke his heart in penitence. It was too much for him, that his old father, during all those years in which he had been so wicked and rebellious, had never ceased to love him.—*Moody.*

3537. LOVE, covers a multitude of faults. "Hast thou observed, Doris, that thy future husband has lame feet?" "Yes, papa," said she, "I have seen it; but then he speaks to me so kindly and piously that I seldom pay attention to his feet." "Well, Doris, but young women generally look at a man's figure." "I too papa," was her reply; "but Wilhelm pleases me just as he is. If he had straight feet he would not be Wilhelm Stilling;

and how could I love him then?"—*Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling.*

3538. LOVE, following. It is related in the annals of the Ottoman Empire that when Amurath II. died suddenly his son and destined successor, Mohammed, was about a day's journey distant in Asia Minor. Every day of interregnum in that fierce and turbulent monarchy is attended with peril. The death of the deceased Sultan was therefore concealed, and a secret message despatched to the prince to hasten at once to the capital. On receiving the message he leaped on a powerful Arab charger, and turning to his attendants, said, "*Let him who loves me follow!*" This prince afterwards became one of the most powerful sovereigns of the Ottoman line. Those who approved their courage and loyalty by following him in this critical moment of his fortunes were magnificently rewarded.

3539. LOVE, Fraternal. A gentleman of Marseilles, named Remonsat, shortly before his death, desired that his numerous family might be assembled about his bed. He acknowledged the delight which his children had afforded him by their affection and attachment, and especially for the tender love which they bore to one another. "But," continued he, "I have a secret to disclose, which will remove one of you from this circle. So long as I had any hopes of living I kept it from you, but I dare not violate your rights in the division of the property which I leave you. One of you is only an adopted child—the child of the nurse at whose breast my own child died. *Shall I name that child?*" "No, no," said they with one accord; "let us all continue to be brothers and sisters."

3540. LOVE, how it is won. A friend once said to the Count of Toulouse (Raymond VI.?), "I don't know what it is you do to charm all the people about you; but though you have two hundred servants, I believe there is scarcely any one of them that would not die to save your life." "That may be," replied the Count, "but I would rather lose two hundred lives than that one of them should suffer." That amply explains the servant's devotion, and it illustrates the love of Christians for the Lord. "*We love Him because He first loved us.*"

3541. LOVE, Human. Lady Russell, after the condemnation of her husband, personally implored his pardon without avail. He loved her as such a wife deserved to be loved; and when he took his final farewell of her, remarked, "The bitterness of death is now past!"—*Chambers.*

3542. LOVE, Infinity of. Clever men can tell to a nicety the exact distance between the earth on which we live and the moon; they can even tell just how far the sun is from us. They can even measure how far it is from one of the twinkling stars that shine in the sky at night to another; they know the size of the stars, and their weight. But not even the cleverest of all the clever men that ever lived can say how far one single little loving deed can go, or say where its influence will end. *Love is infinite and everlasting.* When the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, he that loveth and "doeth the will of God abideth for ever."—*Baldwin Brown.*

3543. LOVE, inherits. A rich gentleman's wife

died, and not long afterwards their only child, a little boy whom they both dearly loved, followed his mother to the grave. The gentleman never recovered from the shock of this double bereavement. After his death search was made for a will, but none could be found. At the sale of the house furniture an old domestic of the household was present for the purpose of buying a portrait of the little boy which was hanging on one of the walls. The servant had dearly loved the child when alive, and was now eager to secure the picture. It was sold to her where it hung, and on its being taken down the will was found fastened to the back of it, and when read it was discovered that the person who, at the sale of his effects, should purchase the picture of his much-loved son should have all his property. This is what God has said to us; if we honour and love His Son, He will make us inheritors of His Kingdom."

3544. LOVE, Inspiration of. A young artist was employed upon a piece which was, literally, a work of love, intended as an offering to the beloved of his heart. The task was difficult; but he wrought and applied himself to it with ardour. It was not toil, but pleasure. If any discouragement or difficulty presented itself, the thought of the one for whom he was working was sufficient to enable him to overcome all, and to gain success at last.

3545. LOVE, Labour of. A century ago, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illuminated, crowds came and waited, eager to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, the face upturned to this other marvellous face, which he had wrought—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face they said, "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this!"—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

3546. LOVE, Longing for. A story is told of Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, who was a slave-owner by inheritance, but a faithful pastor to his slaves. One of them was dying, and after ministering to him, he asked, "*Tom, is there anything else I can do for you?*" The answer was "Yes, Master; if you will only lie down by me on the bed and put your arm round my neck, and let me put my arm round your neck, as we used to do when boys lying under the green walnut-trees, I think I could die more easy;" and in his master's embrace he passed away.—*The Guardian.*

3547. LOVE of Christ, contrasted with our love. A good minister was once lying dangerously ill, and

prayers were being offered up at his bedside by members of his congregation that the Lord would raise him up again. In doing so they made mention, among other things, of his tender watchfulness in feeding the lambs of the flock, and used the expression, "Lord, Thou knowest how he loves Thee." The sick man heard them, and said, "Ah, children, do not pray thus! When Mary and Martha went to Jesus, their message was not, 'Lord, he who loveth Thee is sick,' but '*he whom Thou lovest.*' It is not my imperfect love to Him that gives me comfort, but His perfect love to me. 'There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear.'"—*Clerical Library.*

3548. LOVE of Christ, Influence of. So far from being unpractical, there is nothing more practical, for all kinds of true work, than this letting the love of Christ get in and about the root of our being. In a window this summer there was a flower-pot containing a plant whose use it was to be odorous and beautiful. The leaves were just beginning to curl up. I poured a cupful of water into the saucer in which the flower-pot stood; and a child looking on asked, "*What good will that do? Why did you not rather pour water on the leaves?*" It was a child that asked, and I answered the best way I could, that when God would bring beauty and fragrance and healthfulness into our lives, He waters us at the root, and His rain does good by going down there.—*Dr. Culross.*

3549. LOVE of God, marvellous. A gentleman who thought Christianity merely a heap of puzzling problems said to an old minister, "That is a very strange verse in the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.'" "Very strange," replied the minister; "but what is it, sir, that you see most strange about it?" "Oh, that part, of course," said the gentleman, "'Esau have I hated,' is certainly very strange." "Well, sir," said the old minister, "how wonderfully are we made, and how differently constituted! The strangest part of all to me is that *He could ever have loved Jacob.*"

3550. LOVE of God, shed abroad by the Holy Ghost. Frequently at the great Roman games the Emperors, in order to gratify the citizens of Rome, would cause sweet perfumes to be rained down upon them through the awning which covered the amphitheatre. Behold the vases, the huge vessels of perfume! Yes; but there is nought here to delight you so long as the jars are sealed; but let the vases be opened and the vessels be poured out, and let the drops of perfumed rain begin to descend, and every one is refreshed and gratified thereby. Such is the love of God. There is a richness and a fullness in it, but it is not perceived till the Spirit of God pours it out like the rain of fragrance over the heads and hearts of all the living children of God. See, then, the need of having the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost!—*Spurgeon.*

3551. LOVE, Power of. There was a sea-captain in command of an English vessel lying at Alexandria. He had left at home a wife and one child, a little invalid, Lucy. One day they brought him a telegram from England. He opened it leisurely, thinking it was an ordinary message from his employers. This is what it said: "My dear I

think it right to tell you that Lucy's worse." At once all was bustle on board ; all hands got orders which made them work their hardest. Goods not on board were left. Passengers flew to their places. Officers, sailors—all rushed from duty to duty, amazed at the pace of their captain's commands ; and in a time which seemed incredibly short the ship was out of the harbour, and at their greatest speed the engines drove her to sea. All wondered what had happened. They did not know that into their captain's heart had entered those dreadful words, "*Lucy's worse.*" The wind arose and the waves rolled mountains high, but amid the storm he kept the ship to her course. Malta was reached ; but, to the moment, Malta was left again. "Why this haste?" thought the Malta workers as they put cargo on board. It was those dreadful words, "*Lucy's worse.*" The soldiers on the rock at Gibraltar and the lighthouse-man on Point Finistère wondered at the rate at which the ship passed out of the range of their glasses. "She must have splendid engines." But it was not the engines alone that made her glide so swiftly along, it was the fact that Lucy was worse. Away steamed the ship up the Channel, through the Dover Straits, round the Nore up the Thames, till London was reached and the ship moored. That moment the captain was gone. Next day the papers announce the "*Wentworth*" from Alexandria as having had bad weather, but having made the shortest voyage on record. They did not add the reason ; had they done so it would have been a short sentence about a frail child—"Lucy's worse."—*Rev. Benjamin Waugh (abridged).*

3552. LOVE, Power of. A married woman of the Shawnee Indians made this beautiful reply to a man whom she met in the woods, and who implored her to love and look on him. "Oulman, my husband," said she, "*who is for ever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing you or any other person.*"

3553. LOVE, Power of. If I remember rightly, the old classic story tells us that, when a soldier was about to kill Darius, his son, who had been dumb from his childhood, suddenly cried out in surprise, "Know ye not that he is the King?" His silent tongue was *unloosed by love* to his father, and well may ours find earnest speech when the Lord is seen by us crucified for sin.—*Spurgeon.*

3554. LOVE, Power of. A pious physician once had under his care in prison a man who had murdered his wife, and was sentenced to be hung. No impression could be made on him. In vain the doctor urged him to repent—He did not feel that he had anything to repent of, and often quoted Scripture in a most scoffing tone. The doctor asked a good old man of his acquaintance to call at the cell. When he again visited his patient, "Doctor," he said, "you don't understand your business. You come here to benefit the souls of us poor prisoners, but you don't go about it right. That dear old Quaker friend of yours understood how. He came in and sat down by my side. With a feeling look he said to me, 'John, wasn't it gracious goodness on the part of the Almighty that He should have loved us so much as to send His only-begotten and well-beloved Son into the world to save such sinners as thou and I.' Why, doctor, that word 'I' killed me. *It killed me dead.* I could not get over it, that that good man should put himself on the same level

with me, a vile murderer, neither fit to live nor to die! I cannot keep it out of my thoughts."

3555. LOVE, proved. In the French Revolution a young man was condemned to the guillotine, and shut up in one of the prisons. He was greatly loved by many, but there was one who loved him more than all put together. How know we this ? It was his own father, and the love he bore his son was proved in this way. When the lists were called the father, whose name was exactly the same as the son's, answered to the name, and the father rode in the gloomy tumbril out to the place of execution, and his head rolled beneath the axe instead of his son's, a victim to mighty love. See here an image of the love of Christ to sinners ; for thus Jesus died for the ungodly.—*Spurgeon.*

3556. LOVE, rescuing from danger. Down the High Street of Edinburgh there came rushing a carriage and some horses, the horses having taken fright. A road was instantly cleared for them. At the bottom of the hill was a little child in the centre of the street, who was standing quite unconscious of the certain death rushing down upon it. The people stood aghast ; no one rushed to save the child, and still the horses dashed on. A Scotch-woman walking along suddenly saw the dangerous position that the child was in ; she sprang like lightning, caught the child in her arms, and rescued it from the imminent danger in which it was placed. Some came instantly to the woman and said, "Ma'am, is that child yours?" "No," she said, "it is not mine, I do not know whose it is, *but it is somebody's bairn.*"—*Guthrie.*

3557. LOVE, Sacrifices made by. That young sailor who, when the last place in the lifeboat was offered him, drew back, saying, "Save my mate here, for he has a wife and children," and went down himself with the sinking ship ; that brave soldier who, in the moment of deadly peril, threw himself in front of his old master's son and fell dead with a smile upon his lips, the fatal bullet in his heart ; that poor outcast woman, out in the wild winter night, who wrapped her baby in her own scanty dress and shawl, and patiently lay down in the snow to die, saving her child's life at the cost of her own ; the pilot dying at his post on the burning steamer ; the Russian servant casting himself among the wolves to save his master ; the poor child dying in a Yew York garret with the pathetic words, "I'm glad I am going to die, because now my brothers and sisters will have enough to eat"—these, and hundreds of true hearts like these, proclaim with the clearness of a voice from heaven, "The hand that made us is Divine ;" and in our Father's heart are higher heights of love, deeper depths of pity and self-sacrifice.—*Ellen Wonnacott.*

3558. LOVE, Self-sacrifice of. In Brooklyn one day I met a young man passing down the streets. At the time the war broke out the young man was engaged to be married to a young lady in New England, but the marriage was postponed. He was very fortunate in battle after battle, until the Battle of the Wilderness took place, just before the war was over. The young lady was counting the days at the end of which he would return. She waited for letters, but no letters came. At last she received one addressed in a strange handwriting, and it read something like this :—"There has been another

terrible battle. I have been unfortunate this time ; *I have lost both my arms*. I cannot write myself, but a comrade is writing this letter for me. I write to tell you you are as dear to me as ever ; but I shall now be dependent upon other people for the rest of my days, and I have this letter written to release you from your engagement." This letter was never answered. By the next train she went clear down to the scene of the late conflict, and sent word to the captain what her errand was, and got the number of the soldier's cot. She went along the line, and the moment her eyes fell upon that number she went to that cot and threw her arms round that young man's neck and kissed him. "I will never give you up," she said. "These hands will never give you up ; I am able to support you ; I will take care of you." My friends, you are not able to take care of yourselves. The law says you are ruined, but Christ says, "I will take care of you."—*Moody*.

3559. LOVE, Stimulating power of. I look on this mother, who stands with her child on the side of the sinking vessel, watching the last chance of a passing boat. She seizes the opportunity, not to leap in herself ; but, lifting her boy in her arms, and printing a last fond loving kiss upon his lips, she drops him in ; the mother herself remaining to drown and die. Or, I look at that noble maid in old Border story, who, having caught a glimpse of the arrow that, shot by a rival's hand, came from the bushes on the other bank, flung herself before her lover, and received the quivering shaft in her own true and faithful heart. I look at these things, and seeing *love to be strong as death*, I urge you above all things to cultivate the love of Jesus, and pass on in its Divine strength to the field of duty and the altar of sacrifice.—*Guthrie*.

3560. LOVE, Sympathy with. When Prince Albert came to England, a few days before his marriage, there was no coldness in the welcome he received. From the moment he landed eager crowds, shouting and cheering, met and followed him everywhere. The people were delighted that their Queen was making a love-match—more delighted with this mere fact than with all the grave imperial reasons for it, and all the admirable qualities of the bridegroom. "It is this which makes your Majesty's marriage so popular," Lord Melbourne said, and there was not a humble bystander in the crowd who did not acknowledge so strong a claim upon their sympathy.

3561. LOVE to Christ, Measure of. When I was a young man I was attending the Conference at Schenectady, and Bishop Hedding presided. He stayed with a friend of mine, next door to the church. It was very hot weather in the summer, and a brother was preaching who spoke quite loud. The Bishop could not go out, but remained in his room. After meeting we went to his room to see if he wanted anything, and we found him sitting in the dark by the open window, and listening to the sermon. And as one of our number said to him, "Can we do anything for you ?" he replied with a tremulous voice, "Nothing, my son." "Are you sick ?" "No, dear child ; no, no." "Can't we do *anything* for you ?" Tears were falling, and his breast was heaving and shaking, and he seemed bowed down with agitation. We were alarmed, and anxiously inquired, "What is amiss, Bishop ?" "Oh," said he, "I will tell you.

I have been sitting here listening to that brother while he was preaching. I could hear every word, and I have been examining my poor old heart to see whether I loved the Lord Jesus as much now as I did when I was of your age, my boys." As he spoke his lips quivered and tears ran. I said, "And what, Bishop, is the result of the hour's investigation ?" "Oh, my child, the result is written in the word ; I can, with Peter, say, '*Thou knowest that I love Thee !*'" I had rather have such wealth as that than all the wealth of the world.—*Rev. Dr. Armitage*.

3562. LOVE to Christ, Power of. A missionary was once asking a Burmese Christian if he was willing to go and preach the gospel to his heathen fellow-countrymen. The man was getting good pay as a boatman, and the missionary told him that he should only be able to give him eight shillings a month instead of the thirty which he was now getting. "Can you," he asked him, "go for eight shillings ?" The man sat thinking ; it was hard for him to make up his mind to go, but at last he looked up and said, "I cannot go for eight shillings, but *I can go for Christ*."—*Sunday Magazine*.

3563. LOVE to God, and heathenism. I have been reading Chinese books for more than forty years, and any general requirement to "*love God*," or the mention of any one as actually "*loving Him*," has yet to come for the first time under my eye.—*Dr. Legge*.

3564. LOYALTY, and duty. In a short time every officer who could direct the movements of the "Chesapeake" (fighting the British frigate "Shannon" outside Boston Harbour) was either killed or wounded. The brave young Lawrence was struck with a musket-ball, and fell dying on a bloody deck. As they bore him down the hatchway he gave, in feeble voice, his last heroic order—ever after the motto of the American sailor—"Don't give up the ship !"—*Little's Historical Lights*.

3565. LOYALTY, and faith. Dr. Hermann Adler, exhorting his countrymen, the Jews, to cling to their sacred books, tells the story of a man who, in trying to save a precious manuscript from the sea, held it aloft with one hand while he swam with the other ; and when he could no longer do this he placed it between his teeth, and so secured its preservation. "Thus," he says—and the application is as pertinent to Christians as to Hebrews—"must we cling to our faith and our laws."—*B*.

3566. LOYALTY, and faith. The holy banner was entrusted to Zeid (a Mohammedan leader). . . . Zeid fell, like a soldier, in the foremost ranks. The death of Jaafar was heroic and memorable ; he lost his right hand ; he shifted the standard to his left ; the left was severed from his body ; he embraced the standard with his bleeding stumps, till he was transfixed to the ground with fifty honourable wounds.—*Gibbon*.

3567. LOYALTY, Not ashamed of. When the Marquis of Montrose was condemned by the judges to have his limbs nailed to the gates of four cities, the brave soldier said, that he was sorry he had not limbs sufficient to be nailed to all the gates of the cities of Europe, as monuments of his loyalty.—*I. D'Israeli*.

3568. LOYALTY, Pride in. Gonsalvo, surnamed the Great Captain, being asked upon his deathbed what gave him the most satisfaction during the course of his long and glorious life, replied, that it was the consideration that he never drew his sword but in the service of his God and of his sovereign.—*Whitecross.*

3569. LOYALTY, Reverence for. So it is with loyalty, the reverence for order and law incarnated in a man, reverence for the king, as God's vicegerent and visible symbol. With their politics I have no sympathy, but for the loyalty of the old Cavaliers to Charles I have intense admiration. He stood to them not merely as the man Charles Stuart, but as the embodiment of Law, Order, Divinity; hence they were willing to lay down all they had for his sake, to peril life and limb in defence of his rights. Who can read the tale of that heroic woman who, when the life of her beloved queen and mistress was sought, bravely made her own frail white arm a bolt across the door to guard her from danger, and held it there until the shattered bone refused longer to obey her will, without saying that she did this, not as friend for friend, but as *subject for queen*? If we are not loyal now, it is because loyalty lacks objects on which to bestow itself, not because the deep perennial feeling of the heart is less strong than it was of old.—*George Dawson.*

3570. LOYALTY to Christ, Power of. Remember what you may become if you are only loyal to Christ, faithful to His Word, and true to each other. "Where's the brook?" said the willows to the bridge one day. "Where, indeed!" replied the bridge, looking down contemptuously on the thread-like stream beneath its massive arch. "Why, it's quite dried up!" said the willows. "Yes," said the bridge; "the poor, contemptible thing! I am really ashamed of standing over it. Any one might step across it. I ought to occupy a position where my value would be felt." Presently the rain fell, and the hills sent down their streams into the little brook and swelled it to a torrent. "Where's the bridge?" asked the willows. "Ah!" replied the brook, as it rushed foaming by them, "I have carried it away in ruins. I thought the other day, when he and you despised me, that, poor as I was in your eyes when my own simple worth was concerned, you ought to have remembered what I might become when I was helped from the hills."—*Rev. W. E. Rice.*

3571. LOYALTY to God, and our passions. Go yonder into Greenland with Dr. Ranke, and you will find a story among the men of the lonely North, to the effect that if a sorcerer will make a stirrup out of a strip of sealskin and wind it around his limbs, three times about his heart, thrice about his neck, and seven times about his forehead, and then knot it before his eyes, that sorcerer, when the lamps are put out at night, may rise into space and fly whithersoever his leading passion dictates. So we put ourselves into the stirrup of predominant love of what God hates, and predominant hate of what God loves; and we coil the strands about our souls. They are thrice wound about our heart, three times around the neck, seven times around our forehead, and knotted before our eyes. If the poor savages yonder, where the stars look down four months of the year without interruption, are right in their sublime theory as to the solemnities of the universe, we too,

when the lamps are out, shall rise into the Unseen Holy, and fly whithersoever our leading passion dictates. Greenland says that hunters once went out and found a revolving mountain, and that, attempting to cross the chasm between it and the firm land, some of these men were crushed as the mountain revolved. But they finally noticed that the gnarled, wheeling mass had a red side and a white side. They waited till the white side came opposite them; and then, ascending the mountain, found that a king lived on its summit; made themselves loyal to him; surrendered themselves to him, affectionately and irreversibly; and afterwards found themselves able to go and come safely. But the mountain had a red side, and it turned and turned, and there was no safety on it except on the white side, and in loyalty to the king at the summit in the clouds.—*Joseph Cook.*

3572. LOYALTY, to the last. In the battle of Sadowa, after the Prussians had gained the victory over the Austrians, a young Austrian officer was found mortally wounded in a wet ditch. When the Prussian ambulance officers tried to remove him he besought them with such terrible earnestness to let him lie where he was and die in peace, that at last, seeing he had but a few hours to live, they yielded to his entreaties; and there, in that wet ditch, he died. When they moved the body they discovered the reason of his earnestness to be left where he lay. Underneath the body were found hidden the *colours of his regiment*. Rather than they should fall into the hands of the enemy he had covered them with his dying body. The noble foe forebore to touch them. They wound them round the young hero's body, and buried him in that shroud with military honours.—*Ellice Hopkins.*

3573. LOYALTY, True. Suppose a statue in its niche, capable of speech, and ask of it, "Wherefore art thou here?" It would reply, "Because my master, the sculptor, placed me here." "Wherefore art thou so motionless?" Because he willed me to be so. "Of what use art thou? What does it profit thee to be here?" "I am not here for my own sake, but solely because it is the will of my master." "But canst thou not even see?" "No; but he sees me, and chooses that I should abide here." "Wouldst thou not fain have the power to move, and go nearer thy master?" "Not so, unless he willed it." "Hast thou no wishes?" "None; for I am where my master placed me, and his pleasure is the sole object of my existence."—*St. Francis de Sales, 1610.*

3574. LUST, repudiated of Christ. "Louis, the beloved, sleeps in the Lord," said the priest who announced the death of Louis the Fifteenth. "If," was Carlyle's comment—"if such a mass of laziness and lust sleeps in the Lord, who, think you, sleeps elsewhere?"

3575. LUST, should be expelled. Although Homer was pleased to compliment the beauty of Helen to such a height as to say "it was a sufficient price for all the evils which the Greeks and Trojans suffered in ten years," yet it was a more reasonable conjecture of Herodotus that during the ten years' siege of Troy, Helena, for whom the Greeks fought, was in Egypt, not in the city; because it was unimaginable but the Trojans would have thrown her over the walls rather than, for the sake of a trifle,

have endured so great calamities. We are more sottish than the Trojans if we retain our Helena, *any one beloved lust*, a painted devil and sugared temptation, with—not the hazard, but the certainty of having such horrid miseries, such invaluable losses.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

3576. LUST, the secret of cruelty. "It is strange," says Novalis, "that the real ground of cruelty is lust." The truth of this remark flashed across me this morning, as I was looking into a bookseller's window, where I saw "Illustrations of the Passion of Love" standing between two volumes of "A History of the French Revolution."—*Julius C. Hare*.

3577. LUST, Victim of. "Will you visit a young man to-night who, the medical men say, cannot live until the morning?" "Certainly," I replied. Reaching the house, we were ushered into a large bedroom. No sooner had I entered than a young man of about twenty-five years of age started up from the bed on which, in partial undress, he was lying, and abruptly said, "I don't want to see you; I know who you are, and what you have come for." Alluding to his friends who were in the room, he said, "They think I am going to die; they have told me so. Do I look like a dying man? What nonsense! I'm not going to die." And, as though to prove the utter unlikelihood of such a result, he walked round and round the room in intense excitement, and with as strong and firm a step as though he were in full and robust health. I was startled, and could scarcely realise the situation. At length one of the friends took me aside and said, "Two physicians from London have carefully examined him, and they state that he cannot live through the night." Do what I would I could not calm the agitated man, nor gain his attention to listen to words of pardon, grace, and salvation. He seemed utterly unable to believe that before the morning dawned he must die. He was not a criminal awaiting the scaffold, nor had the poisoned draught been taken in fatal mistake. It was nearly eleven o'clock before I left him, exhausted by the very means used to show that in his case it was simply absurd for the physicians to say that "*he must die*." Nevertheless, three o'clock the following morning he was dead. "His sin had found him out." Licentious in his life, a terrible and fatal form of venereal disease was swiftly and surely closing up the air-passages of the throat. Three o'clock A.M. saw the strong and vigorous frame of that young man stretched out in all the ghastliness of death, adding yet another to the awful list of the slain through immorality and lust. There was no inquest held. The verdict: however, was found written in the Book of God, "Be sure your sin will find you out."—*Henry Varley*.

3578. LUXURY, a sin. I remember that I was once a guest at the supper of a rich man in Apulia. It lasted from the ninth hour of the day (perhaps 3 P.M.) to midnight. Our host had brought together delicacies from Constantinople, from Babylon, from Alexandria, from Palestine, from Tripoli, Barbary, Syria, and Phœnicia; just as if Sicily, Calabria, Apulia, and Campania were not sufficient to provide a sumptuous banquet.—*John of Salisbury (Twelfth Century)*.

3579. LUXURY, and pride contrasted. A well-known minister was once rebuked by a sublime

brother for his indulgence in a certain luxury, and the expense was made a great argument. "Well, well," he replied, "there may be something in that; but, remember, I do not spend half so much upon my weakness as you do in starch."—*Spurgeon*.

3580. LUXURY, and saving. "How much do you spend a day in cigars?" asked an American of his friend. "Half-a-dollar," was the reply. "And how many years have you smoked?" "Oh, twenty or thereabout." "Ah, my friend, had you never smoked, what a fine house you might have had in Fifth Avenue here!" "You never smoked?" rejoined the other, quietly. "No, never." "Then please point out your house?"

3581. LUXURY, and spiritual religion. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe tells us that she well remembers that her stepmother was the first in Lichfield to have a small piece of carpet on her floor; and great was the talk in the town that the new wife of Lyman Beecher had brought with her a piece of carpet, and the general opinion concerning her was, that she was a proud and extravagant woman, not fit to be the wife of a minister. It was only a small piece, worked with her own hands, but it was considered inconsistent with Puritanical simplicity. One of Dr. Beecher's deacons, well known as Deacon Talmadge, a stern Puritan, came to see him on his return, and the first thing that drew his attention was the carpet on the floor. He could not speak to the Doctor, nor look at his new wife, nor even wish them well, his mind being so fully absorbed with this new innovation. At last he exclaimed, "Do you think that you can have all these grand things and heaven too?" How different things are in our days! And if they erred in the direction of extreme severity, it may be that we have gone to the extreme of luxury; and I think that there is more danger to spiritual religion in the latter than in the former.—*J. Thomas, D.D.*

3582. LUXURY, Evanescent nature of. Ina's (King of the West Saxons) taste was refined. He delighted in the splendour by which he was surrounded. He had, with his queen, been regaling luxuriously in one of his palaces, and thence was proceeding, as the custom was, to another station. Ethelburga, on their departure, directed the servants to defile the palace in every possible and most offensive manner. The "wall clothes," or tapestry dipped in purple dye, were besmeared with filth; the floor with the dung of cattle; upon the royal bed a sow was placed with her litter. When the royal pair had proceeded about a mile on their journey Ethelburga persuaded the King to return to the home which he had left. On their arrival the King was naturally struck with astonishment and dismay at the scene, when Ethelburga, taking for her text the circumstances she had created, began her sermon:—"My noble spouse, where are now the revellings of yesterday? where the tapestry dipped in Sidonian dye? where the flattery of parasites? where the sculptured vessels bearing down the very tables with their weight of gold? where the delicacies so anxiously sought throughout sea and land to pamper the appetite? *Are they not all gone like smoke and vapour?* Woe to those who attach themselves to these things, for in like manner they shall pass away."—*Dean Hook, from William of Malmesbury*.

3583. LUXURY, Ideas of. It is reported of old Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snowball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury. "Out upon thee," said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported; "art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?"—*Sir Walter Scott.*

3584. LUXURY, the sign of pride. Augustus Cæsar used to wear no other apparel but such as his wife, his sister, or daughters made him, and would often say, that rich and gay clothing was either the ensign of pride or the nurse of luxury.

3585. MAJESTY, and its accessories. You see at once that majesty (Louis XIV.) is made out of the wig, the high-heeled shoes and cloak, all *fleurs-de-lis* bespangled. As for the little, lean, shrivelled, paunchy old man of five feet two, in a jacket and breeches, there is *no majesty in him* at any rate; and yet he has just stepped out of that very suit of clothes. Put the wig and shoes on him and he is six feet high—the other fripperies, and he stands before you, majestic, imperial, and heroic.—*Thackeray.*

3586. MAJESTY, deprived of its externals. The best pun ever uttered was made by a most learned man. "What," said he, "is MAJESTY when deprived of the externals?"—*The Book of Notable Things.*

3587. MALICE, Image of. A bee, in inflicting a sting, it is said, leaves its barbed weapon in the wound, and, being thus mutilated, inevitably dies. The bee stings *itself* to death in *trying to sting some one else*. Your stinging may hurt others, and kill yourself.

3588. MALICE, where it comes from. It was said of the conspiracy against Julius Cæsar, all that was noble in it belonged to Brutus, but all the malice and cruelty in it was imputed to Cassius; so, in our temptations, all that is good, or that tends to God, comes from God, but all the malice and malignity comes from the Devil.—*Dr. Manton.*

3589. MAMMON, Worship of. Some years ago twenty-five thousand pounds were subscribed to erect a statue to a public person whose only known accomplishment was railway gambling, and whose only public virtue was success. This drew down the derision of an earnest spirit, who, instead of erecting for him a column to perpetuate his memory, proposed to sink for him a shaft in which to bury it out of sight. . . . Great was Diana of the Ephesians: great is Mammon of the Mart.—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

3590. MAN, A God-fearing. I have seen in an African desert a beautiful patch of green, a luxurious blending of graceful palm, waving grass, rippling spring, pendant fruits, and tropic flowers—an island of verdure, refreshment, and comfort in the midst of a sea of sand, of dreary brushwood, and of stunted thorn. Hither came both man and beast, hot with travel, scorched with heat, oppressed with hunger,

faint with thirst, and found food and drink, shelter and repose. The negroes who dwell in the surrounding region called the weary tract around the "*The Torment*," because it was hard, dry, difficult, inhospitable. The patch of natural garden-ground in the centre they called by an African word which means a god or a spirit in a good temper, or rather *The smile of God*. . . . Just what that green oasis is to the tribes of Ham, the God-trusting, God-fearing man is to his fellow-men—a centre of blessing, a precious possession, nothing other, nothing less than "the smile of God."—*J. Jackson Wray.*

3591. MAN, a strange compound. A colonel in the army was accustomed, while at dinner, when he supposed that no one was looking, to transfer from his plate to his pocket-handkerchief divers slices of whatever edibles had been supplied to him, and these were supposed to supply his breakfast upon the following morning. I know as a fact that this same gentleman, hearing of a brother officer being in distress, made him a present of £3000 without any solicitation, and merely remarking that he had intended to leave him that amount in his will, and thought that it might at the present time be of more service.—*Serjeant Ballantine.*

3592. MAN, a blot amid creation. The Savoyard's cottage, standing in the midst of an inconceivable, inexpressible beauty, set on some sloping bank of golden sward, with clear fountains flowing beside it, and wild flowers and noble trees and goodly rocks gathered round into a perfection as of Paradise, is itself a dark and plague-like stain in the midst of the gentle landscape. Within a certain distance of its threshold the ground is foul and cattle-trampled, its timbers are black with smoke, its garden choked with weeds and nameless refuse, its chambers empty and joyless, the light and wind gleaming and filtering through the crannies of their stones.—*Ruskin.*

3593. MAN, a fallen creature. Suppose that, on returning from Africa, some Park, or Bruce, or Campbell were to tell how he had seen the lions of the desert leave their natural prey, and, meeting face to face in marshalled bands, with roars that drowned the thunder, engage in deadly battle. Would he find one man so credulous as to believe him? The world would laugh the traveller and his tale to scorn. But should anything so strange and monstrous occur, or, while the air shook with their bellows and the ground trembled beneath their hoofs, should we see the cattle rush from distant pastures to form two vast, solid, opposing columns, and, with heads levelled to the charge, should they dash forward to bury their horns in each other's bodies, we would proclaim a prodigy—asking what madness had seized creation. But is not sin the parent of more awful prodigies? Look here; turn to the horrors of this battlefield. This is no fancy picture, but a fact—a sad, sickening fact. . . . Covering her eyes, humanity flies shrieking from the scene; and leaves it to rage, revenge, and agony. Sooner would I be an Atheist, and believe that there was no God at all, than that man in this scene appears as he came from the hand of a benignant Divinity. *Man must have fallen.*—*Guthrie.*

3594. MAN, and his insignificance. We may use the words of Socrates to his scholar, who saw in the contemplation of nature only a proof of his

own insignificance, and concluded "that the gods had no need of him," which drew this answer from the sage, "The greater the munificence they have shown in the care of thee, so much the more honour and service thou owest them."—*Biblical Treasury*.

3595. MAN, and the gospel. Eighty years ago it was doubted by some whether the gospel could reach the degraded, and it was not unusual to see notices on certain church doors, "Dogs and Hot-tentots not admitted."—*Rev. S. Macfarlane, New Guinea*.

3596. MAN, dead in trespasses and sins. One Sunday Father Taylor preached upon the Atonement. His text was, "*Dead in trespasses and sins*." "Dead!" he exclaimed; "not only dead, but buried; and you can't get out! A big boulder lays on the main hatch, keeping it down over your heads. You may go to work with all your purchases—bars, handspikes, winch, and double tackles; but you can't make it budge an inch. But hark! who is it that has the watch on deck! Jesus Christ. Now, sing out to Him, and sing out loud. Ah! He hears you; and He claps His shoulder against this rock of sin, cants it off the hatch, the bars fly open, and out you come."

3597. MAN, Degradation of. One evening a reporter for a Paris newspaper was going home rather late, in the midst of most horrible weather, when he overtook a drunken man trying to climb the Rue de Rome. He was followed by a mongrel cur, who kept at his heels, and seemed to stagger like his master. The drunken man stopped, and the dog began to bite at his legs. "Let me alone, will you?" cried the drunkard; "I'm going on after a rest." But the dog continued to tug at his trousers. The reporter stopped to see the end of this curious scene. "There—there!" cried the man at length. "I'm going on; you'll tear the clothes off me." He started, and the dog trotted at his heels. After a few yards the drunkard again stopped, and the same scene occurred, the dog snapping until his master began to go forward. The reporter went a mile out of his way to see this intelligent dog take his master home, and he saw him wag his tail with satisfaction as the drunkard reeled over his threshold.

3598. MAN, Descent of. The subject of a conversation at which Carlyle was present, but took no part, was the theory of evolution. At length a pause occurring, Carlyle emphatically and with solemnity observed, "Gentlemen, you are well pleased to trace your descent from a tadpole and an ape, but I would say with David, '*Lord, Thou hast made me but a little lower than the angels*.'"—*Leisure Hour*.

3599. MAN, Dignity of. When a piece of base metal is coined with the king's stamp, and made current by his edict, no man may henceforth presume either to refuse it, either in payment, or to abate the value of it; so God, having stamped his own image upon every man, and withal signified His blessed pleasure, how precious He would have him to be in our eyes and esteem, by express edict proclaiming, "At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man; *I require every man to be his brother's keeper*; for in the image of God made He man;" we must look to answer it as a high contempt of that sacred Majesty if we set any

man at nought, or make less account of him than God would have us. The contumelious use of the image is in common construction ever understood as a dishonour meant to the prototype. The Romans, when they meant to set a mark of public disgrace or dishonour on any eminent person, did manifest their intention by throwing down, breaking, or trampling upon their statues or pictures.—*Bishop Sanderson*.

3600. MAN, Dominion of. Among the pictures at Apsley House is "Van Amburgh in the Den with Lions and Tigers," painted by Landseer, after the instructions of the Duke of Wellington, who, with the Bible in his hand, pointed out the passage in which dominion is given to Adam over the earth and animals. The Duke "caused the text to be inscribed on the frame as an authority which conferred on him a privilege of power, and gave to himself 'the great commission' which he carried out on the fields of battle and chase."—*Biblical Museum*.

3601. MAN, fallen. We saw at Hanover the unfinished palace of the deposed monarch; we were shown his state and private carriages and his stables of cream-coloured horses. A saddening sight to see all the emblems of sovereignty and no king; the insignia of royalty and the monarch for ever exiled. How like to human nature, which has so much about it prepared for the service of the King of kings, so much of faculty for heavenly occupation; but the king has departed and the house is left desolate, and all the furnishing thereof perverted to alien uses!—*Spurgeon*.

3602. MAN, fallen and restored. Michael Angelo carved his celebrated statue of David from a block of marble which had received so deep an indentation as to be quite unserviceable under a *less daring chisel*. So Christ deals with humanity. No other hand but his could shape the saint, who is to stand faultless at last before the presence of the glory of God, out of man as we see him in the world around us.—*B*.

3603. MAN, Fear of I remember an anecdote of Thomas Scott having said to his curate, who was rather agitated on having to preach before him, "Well, sir, why should you be afraid before me, when you are not afraid before God?"—*Robertson*.

3604. MAN, Fickleness of. Before I translated the New Testament out of the Greek all longed after it; when it was done their longing lasted scarce four weeks. Then they desired the Books of Moses; when I had translated these they had enough thereof in a short time. After that they would have the Psalms; of these they were soon weary, and desired other books. All is acceptable until our giddy brains be satisfied; afterwards we let things lie, and seek after new.—*Luther's Table Talk*.

3605. MAN, Folly of. It was once remarked by Lord Chesterfield that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the peer; "and you may add, perhaps, that he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."—*Timbs*.

3606. MAN, his estimate of himself. There is a rebelliousness against himself in man—a disgust with himself. "*We are weary: give us rest*," said

a tribe to one of their missionaries ; and that tribe expresses the feeling of every human being.—*W. Pulsford, D.S.*

3607. MAN, Fear of. When Dr. Rowland Taylor was brought before Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop asked him how he durst look him in the face, and if he knew who he was. "Yes," replied the Doctor, "I know who you are—Dr. Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor, and yet but a mortal man, I trow. But if I should be afraid of your lordly looks, *why fear you not God, the Lord of us all?* How dare you look any Christian man in the face, since you have forsaken the truth, denied Christ, and done contrary to your oath and writing? With what face will you appear before Christ's judgment-seat and answer to your oath against popery in King Henry VIII's time and in the reign of King Edward VI., when you both spoke and wrote against it?"—*Whitcross.*

3608. MAN, his duty with regard to the gospel. A lady in Glasgow once asked Mr. Moody whether that word he was always using—"take"—was in the Bible, or was it merely one he had got into the habit of using? He just turned up nearly the last words in the Bible, and showed it to her. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely." God says plainly, "Take;" "Let him take;" and who can stop us if God says, "Take."—*Christian Age.*

3609. MAN, his folly and discontent. It is related by a London physician of a patient whom he was attending, that he was a great beauty. By some accident one of his hands was the victim of a malformation. The thing troubled the man day and night, and his health began to fail. He could not bear to have fingers so white and graceful disfigured. "My patient," says the doctor, "was also suffering from a disease that I knew, and he knew, would ultimately be fatal. *This, however, did not seem to trouble him.* It was his maimed left hand that haunted him everywhere, and concerning which he made perpetual complaint to me. At length he was taken with a fever, traceable in a measure to his unhappy frame of mind, and in a few days died."—*Preacher's Lantern.*

3610. MAN, his littleness. The intense beauty of the Arctic firmament can hardly be imagined. It looked close above our heads, with its stars magnified in glory and the very planets twinkling so much as to baffle the observations of our astronomer. I am afraid to speak of some of these night-scenes. I have trodden the deck and its floes when the life of earth seemed suspended, its movements, its sounds, its colouring, its companionships; and as I looked on the radiant hemisphere circling above, as if rendering worship to the unseen Centre of light, I have ejaculated in humility of spirit, "*Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?*" And then I have thought of the kindly world we had left, with its revolving sunshine and shadow and the other stars that gladden it in their changes, and the hearts that warmed to us there, till I lost myself in memories of those who are not, and they bore me back to the stars again.—*Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations.*

3611. MAN, his true position. Robert Hall, when shown the monument of the Rev. Mr. Robinson, in which the celebrated pastor is sculptured erect, in the act of receiving the Bible from the hands of Christ, instead of applauding the skill of the artist, exclaimed energetically, "Sir, the man ought to have been prostrate at the feet of his Saviour."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

3612. MAN, how his mistakes may be rectified by God. I sometimes think of it as of a child sitting in a boat. The child does not know the coast, and it very little understands how to row. If the child were left to itself, pulling upon the oars, its right hand being a little stronger than the other, it would be all the time veering the boat to the right, and the boat would be constantly turning round and round. The child would, perhaps, make its way out of the harbour and into the ocean, and it would be carried away and lost, if there were no guiding power in the boat except its own. But there in the stern sits the father. The uneven strokes of the child would carry the boat this way or that way out of its course; but the steady hand of the father overcomes those uneven strokes; and all the mistakes with the oars are rectified by the rudder, and the boat keeps the right course. So that the force exerted by the child, though misdirected, all works for good when the father guides.—*Beecher.*

3613. MAN, Inconsistency of. I never saw the honours of this world in their hollowness and hypocrisy so much as I have seen them within the last few days, as I have been looking over the life and death of that wonderful man just departed, Charles Sumner. Now that he is dead the whole nation takes off the hat. The flags are at half-mast and the minute-guns on Boston Common throb, now that his heart has ceased to beat. Was it always so? While he lived, how censured of legislative resolutions, how caricatured of the pictorials, how *charged with every motive mean and ridiculous*; how, when struck down in Senate-chamber, there were hundreds of thousands of people who said, "Good for him, served him right!" O Commonwealth of Massachusetts! who is that man that sleeps to-night in your public hall, covered with garlands and wrapped in the stars and stripes? Is that the man who, only a few months ago, you denounced as the foe of Republican and Democratic institutions? Is that the same man? You were either wrong then or you are wrong now—a thing most certain, O Commonwealth of Massachusetts! When I see a man like that pursued by all the hounds of the political kennel so long as he lives, and then buried under garlands almost mountain high, and amid the lamentations of a whole nation, I say to myself, "*What an unutterably hypocritical thing is all human applause and all human favour!*" You took twenty-five years in trying to pull down his fame, and now you will take twenty-five years in trying to build his monument. You were either wrong then, or you are wrong now. My friends, was there ever a better commentary on the hollowness of all earthly favour?—*Talmage (condensed).*

3614. MAN, Inhumanity of. A slave-dealer, looking out for a cargo on the African coast, found a trader on the beach, who produced two negro women, each with an infant in her arms. As the slave-dealer declined purchasing, he was asked the

reason. He replied that the women would suit him well enough, but their children were an objection. The trader immediately went up to one of the women, and taking the child out of her arms, dashed its head upon a stone. He did the same to the other, and then sold the women!—*Whitecross*.

3615. MAN, Iniquity of. Old records have come down to us of the ravages of the plague in the lands lying along the Mediterranean. The fairest cities of Italy were depopulated! The rich men and nobles fled to the mountains! The poor and helpless lay dead and dying! The sultry air was stifling with malaria! the parched earth foul with death-dust! Reptiles crawled and hissed in the hot streets, and foul birds were in the sky! And yet, even then, here and there the few surviving outcasts, the impure, the malignant, the blasphemous, would gather in the deserted palaces, filling all the air with their horrible merriment, and making death more terrible with their hideous orgies.—*Wadsworth*.

3616. MAN, Insensibility of. Socrates, whose father was a sculptor, expresses his surprise that a man should employ his whole attention to fashion an insensible stone into the image of a man, and that he should take so little pains *not* to resemble an insensible stone.

3617. MAN, Insensibility of. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Treatises on the law of sound would not bear in the music upon our finer sense, if heavenly anthems were to float down upon us through the midnight air. As I write these sentences an illustration comes to me through the outward senses. A stately company of sorrowful mounted soldiers are bearing out the lifeless form of their commander to burial. His horse, saddled but riderless, walks alone behind the hearse. Rising and falling on the waves of the solemn Sunday evening wind come from the blended instruments the melodious measures of that wonderful, weeping, supplicating dirge, "The Dead March in Saul," swelling slowly through the streets, winding over field and river, penetrating the silent chambers of the sick and dying, hushing even the children's talk in a hundred homes, till all the sympathising elements and features of the scene—the still trees and waters, the drooping clouds, the fading sunset—seem to join the funeral procession, and weep with them that weep. But withdraw yourself a moment from that august impression, where death is made so real,—look along the crowded groups that gather to gaze and listen. On some subdued faces the moving power has visibly descended, and they wait, perhaps they worship in this awful sanctuary of grief, amidst these irresistible harmonies. But others prattle and gossip and jest even then. Levity must have its laugh, and the frivolous must trifle, and irreverence see only the glitter of the uniforms and the sable plumes—even where the faithful tomb is unveiling its bosom to take this new treasure to its trust, and Life and Death are lifting together the curtains of the "illustrious morn." Oh yes! It is ever so, and ever must be. There are shut souls, that, *having eyes, will not see*, and, having ears, will not hear, though the vision be open, and the voice as the voice of many waters, and of a great thunder, and of harpers harping with their harps.—*Huntington*.

3618. MAN, Inventions of. In losing his God man had lost himself, as always happens. The

Fall was complete. Faith in God and the dignity of man went down together. *With Divine worship fell human rights and liberties.* The scholars and the priests mystified the people, the Epicureans tempted them, the Stoics flattered and despised them. Seneca, with his dainty doctrine that "the finding out of things useful is not a work for a philosopher, but drudgery for slaves," stood for the world's idea of learning; Cæsar for its idea of politics; Corinth for its idea of pleasure. There were gods enough: one for every propensity. But they were either patrons to be purchased, or abstractions to be apostrophised, or demons to be propitiated.—*Huntington*.

3619. MAN, Life of. Man is born with his hands clenched; he dies with his hands wide open. Entering life he desires to grasp everything; leaving the world, all that he possessed has slipped away. Even as a fox is man—as a fox which, seeing a fine vineyard, lusted after its grapes. But the palings were placed at narrow distances, and the fox was too bulky to creep between them. For three days he fasted, and when he had grown thin he entered into the vineyard. He feasted upon the grapes, forgetful of the morrow, of all things but his enjoyment; and lo! he had again grown stout, and was unable to leave the scene of his feast. So for three days more he fasted, and when he had again grown thin he passed through the palings and stood outside the vineyard, meagre as when he entered. So with man: poor and naked he enters the world; poor and naked does he leave.—*Talmud*.

3620. MAN, limited and circumscribed. It is said of a prince, that he ordered these words to be engraved on his tomb: "I could do all things." But the very subject of information was a contradiction to the assertion.

3621. MAN, made in the image of God. Theodoric was told by some of his subjects that they would like to debase some of the coin of his kingdom. "No," said he; "do you think I would have my face on a piece of coin that is debased?" But, alas! that our nature, on which was the impress of God, made in the very image of God, should be debased until it has become a counterfeit!

3622. MAN, Ministers should study. Michael Angelo, when painting an altar-piece in the conventual church in Florence, in order that the figures might be as death-like as possible, obtained permission of the prior to have the coffins of the newly buried opened and placed beside him during the night;—an appalling expedient, but successful in enabling him to reproduce with terrible effect, not the mortal pallor only, but the very anatomy of death. If we would preach well to the souls of men *we must acquaint ourselves with their ruined state*, must have their case always on our hearts both by night and day, must know the terrors of the Lord and the value of the soul, and feel a sacred sympathy with perishing sinners. There is no masterly, prevailing preaching without this.—*Spurgeon*.

3623. MAN, nature's superior. The guide who became confused by the details of the city, the palace, or the grounds which he was showing to you would certainly not be your guide a second time. "The man has lost his senses," you would say. The trusty guide must hold himself erect and entire in all museums and bazaars, in dockyards and palaces,

royal mews and kennels, gardens botanical and gardens zoological; yea, before all that is in the heavens and the earth. The man who does not know himself to be nature's superior will only lead you into a maze, and there leave you. Servilely he will exclaim, "Look at these wonderful particulars! and lo, here are more wonderful particulars!" "Yes," you reply; "but I am inquiring for the unity and philosophy of all particulars." He smiles, but is dumb. Without any clue he holds on his way, plunging more and more deeply into the labyrinth. You part, and in the moment of turning from him a voice penetrates to your inmost soul, crying, "Man, know thyself."—*John Pulsford.*

3624. MAN, Origin of. At a public meeting of the Anthropological Society the assertion was made that the aborigines of Australia, the negroes of Africa, and other miserable outcasts *did not belong to the human family at all, but were merely a superior kind of orang-outang, or gorilla; that, not possessing souls, they require none of the sympathy and care the friends of missions were so anxious to extend to them.* Immediately a young African requested permission to address the meeting. All eyes being fixed upon him, with a dignified mien and an unfaltering voice, he spoke as follows:—"Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen,—The speaker who has just addressed the meeting thinks that I and my brethren of the negro race are not men because we have curly hair, our craniums are thick, and we have a shuffling gait when we walk. I have lately been down in Dorsetshire, where I observed the farm labourers have a shuffling gait; and I thought that my countrymen, who generally walk much better, might be tempted to laugh at them for their awkwardness if they saw them, but I do not think they would doubt their humanity on that account. And as to our curly hair, I think that need be no disparagement to us, as I have known persons of fair complexion try to make theirs curl without success. With regard to the thickness of our skulls, I may observe, that I suppose our Almighty and All-wise Creator knew what He was doing when He made us so. Our home is in a very hot and sultry climate, where the fiery rays of the sun have great power, and where the inner region of the cranium no doubt requires such a defence. If, by any mistake in our conformation, we had been made with skulls as frail as that of the learned gentleman who last spoke, our brains, under the influence of the heat, might have become as thin and addled as his appears to be, judging from the foolish and unphilosophical statement which he has made, and then it might have been reasonably doubted whether we were men worth listening to." The young negro resumed his seat amid thundering applause; and for once, at least, it appeared to be the general opinion that the black was as clever as the white man.

3625. MAN, Power resides in. Paganini," the great violinist, had to perform at a celebrated concert, and great things were expected of him. Just before the time somebody stole his Cremona, his favourite violin, which by long practice had become endeared to him, and rendered the work he had to do very much easier. He was very much chagrined indeed to find the theft, and that a very inferior instrument had been substituted in its place; but subsequently, summing up his energies (he did not discover it before he came before the faces of his audience), he gnashed his teeth, as men do sometimes, not from

remorse, but from a sense of determination, and he repressed his mortification and anger. He shook his fiddlestick at the audience, and said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, you shall see that the music is not in my fiddle, but the music is in me."—*Punshon.*

3626. MAN, Separation between. We on this globe are like insects in a garden; those who live on an oak seldom meet those who pass their short lives on an ash.—*Voltaire.*

3627. MAN, Signs of. On his way from Corinth to Asia Aristippus was shipwrecked on the island of Rhodes. On the sea-coast he discovered a geometrical diagram, and exclaimed, "*Take courage; I see here the footsteps of men.*"—*G. H. Lewes.*

3628. MAN, susceptible to gospel influences. A jar may be charged with electricity, and capable, in certain circumstances, of giving forth light and heat; yet if it remain isolated all is dull and dark and silent. You cannot distinguish that charged, susceptible vessel from another of similar shape and size that is not so charged. When a certain sharp point is brought near the susceptible vessel sparks of living light are emitted; whereas, though the same sharp point is brought near the other vessel, all will remain dark and dead as before. Thus there is a human spirit, a susceptibility, and a capacity which lies dormant, indeed, as long as man is left to himself, but which leaps into life as soon as *the Word of God is pointed to the heart.*—*Rev. William Arnot.*

3629. MAN, undeveloped. "As a sculptor," Tauler says somewhere, with a striking range of mind for a monk of the fourteenth century, "is said to have exclaimed indignantly on seeing a rude block of marble, '*What a godlike beauty thou hidest!*'" Thus God looks upon man, in whom God's own image is hidden.—*Chevalier Bunsen.*

3630. MAN, Universal brotherhood of. The Irish famine (1847) touched the hearts of outside and distant peoples to a sentiment of their common humanity which was never stirred in them before to such fine issues. In America this fellow-feeling pervaded the whole population, North and South, black and white, bond and free. The very slaves in the South, at their rude cabin meals at night, thought and spoke of the hungry people somewhere beyond the sea, they knew not in what direction. And they came with their small gifts in their great hands, and laid them among the general contributions, each with a heart full of kindly feeling towards the suffering. Never was there such a rummaging in cellars, garrets, wardrobes, and granaries in the United States for things that would be comfortable to the hungry and needy. . . . The barrels and bags of flour, wheat, and Indian-corn, the butter, cheese, and bacon sent from the prairie farmers of the Western States, were marvellous for number and heartiness of contribution. From a thousand pulpits a thousand congregations of different creeds were invited to lend a hand to the general charity in a few earnest and feeling words about the Universal Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of Men.—*Elihu Burritt.*

3631. MAN, Vanity and egotism of. Kneller said to a sinner, "Flatter me, my dear sir; I paint

better when you flatter me;" and Pope, who says he never before saw such vanity, tells us that when Sir Godfrey lay dying he spent his time contemplating his own monument, and had a dream, in which he saw St. Luke in heaven, who welcomed him there, crying "Are you the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller from England?" and then embraced him, and paid him "many pretty compliments," said Sir Godfrey, "*on the art we both had followed while in this world.*" Can egotism go further? It would seem impossible; yet that exclamation of Farinelli's, the musician, exceeds it. "What a divine air!" said an admirer to him when he ceased playing. "Yes," said the Italian, as he laid down his violin; "one God, one Farinelli!"—*J. Hain Friswill.*

3632. MAN, what has he to be vain of? I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who, living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way that after a few days' burial they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

3633. MAN, what is in him. Behold a man who hath over-topped law, and reached the liberty of showing what is in man—a Napoleon, for instance; see millions fall before him; his own eye unbedewed, his own cheek unblanched, his heart unconscious of a pang, while he lets slip the last pack of his bloodhounds. Oh! oh! surely man, the master of all, who hath fallen from the greatest height of all, hath also fallen to the greatest depth of all!—*Edward Irving.*

3634. MAN, why created. "Since God," said some one, "knew that man would not continue in the state of innocence, why did He create him at all?" Dr. Luther laughed, and replied, "The Lord, all-powerful and magnificent, saw that He should need in His house sewers and cesspools; be assured He knows quite well what He is about. Let us keep clear of these abstract questions, and consider the will of God such as it has been revealed unto us."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

3635. MAN, Worth of a. The great Emperor Charles the Fifth said of his secretary, Eraso, when he presented him to his son and successor, Philip the Second, that in his Eraso he gave to him a greater gift than all his estate and all the kingdoms which he then resigned to him.—*Izaak Walton.*

3636. MANHOOD, in Christ. In my schoolboy drawing lessons, when I came to the human face, my master gave me first the eyes to practise upon, and then the nose, and then the mouth, and then the ears, and then the brow and hair, and after long weeks the day came when I was to combine them. I knew where to set the eyes, one over against the other, where to draw down the nose, and to open the mouth, and to place the ears, and to shade the hair about the forehead; and so at last I had a perfect face. Now, God is the great draught-master, and the world is His pupil. Here and there, through laws and institutions, He is developing the single features, and at length the day will come when they shall be combined to form a perfect manhood in Christ Jesus.—*Ward Beecher.*

3637. MANKIND, Love of. When Father Taylor was about to go, drawing his last breath, as it is

said the majority of persons do at the turn or ebbing of the tide, he was told that he would soon be among the angels. He replied, "*Folks are better than angels.*"—*Dr. Bartol.*

3638. MARRIAGE, Advice with regard to. Philip Henry's advice to his children with respect to their marriage was—"Please God, and please yourselves, and you will please me;" and his usual compliment to his newly married friends—"Others wish you all happiness. *I wish you all holiness,* and then there is no doubt but you will have all happiness."

3639. MARTYR, A modern. A man of some ability, and one of our Christian people, had been preaching for some months in a village, until one day he was seized by the people, dragged away to a neighbouring temple, and commanded to burn incense. When he positively refused they were enraged, and replied that he must burn incense or die. Without hesitation he answered, "I will never offer incense to another idol as long as I live; kill me if you will, but I can never deny the Lord Jesus, who died for me." They took him then straightway to a steep precipice, where they cut off his head and threw his body into the stream below.—*Rev. L. Leshler (Hong-Kong, 1885).*

3640. MARTYR, Death of. The floor was strewn with ox-bones, and they (the Danish army at Greenwich) now became inebriated with their south-country wine. The Archbishop was sent for to make them sport. "Money, Bishop, money," was the cry which resounded on all sides; "your ransom, Bishop, your ransom." . . . "Silver and gold," he said, "have I none; what is mine to give I freely offer—the knowledge of the one true God. Him it is my duty to preach; and if you heed not my call to repentance, from His justice you will not escape." Some one here threw an ox-bone with all his force at the defenceless old man, and amidst shouts of laughter the cowardly example was followed, till he fell in an agony of pain, but not dead. There was standing by a Dane whom Elphege had baptized on the preceding day. He knew not how to assist his spiritual father, but he was moved by feelings of pity and compassion. It was clear that he revolved in his mind what step he would take if his favourite war-horse were mortally wounded; and knowing that in such a case he would *as speedily as possible put him out of his pain*, he lifted up his battle-axe, and, as an act of Christian charity, clave in twain the skull of Elphege, Archbishop of Canterbury.—*Dean Hook (condensed).*

3641. MARTYR, for. In his "History of the Dutch Republic," Mr. Motley tells us of one Titelmann, a blood-red persecutor of the Netherlands. Upon any pretext would he put to death man, woman, or child. Not an opinion even could one hold without Titelmann knowing it; and that opinion, if not in consonance with his own, was death to the holder of it. There was a poor schoolmaster, Geleyn de Muler, of Audenarde. He had been suspected of Bible-reading. Titelmann found him, and his wife and four children, out, and told him that death by fire was his fate if he did not recant. "Will you give me the benefit of a trial?" asked Muler. "You are my prisoner, and are to answer to me and none other," was the reply. Some questions were asked by Titelmann, and then followed the demand immediately for Muler to recant. He was for some

moments speechless. "Do you not love your wife and children?" asked the demoniac Titelmann. "God knows," said the schoolmaster, "that were the heavens a pearl and the earth a globe of gold, and were I the owner of all, most cheerfully would I give them all to live with my wife and children, even though our lives must be passed in prison and our fare be only bread and water!" It was enough. Muler was strangled, and his body burned, and then scattered to the winds of heaven.—*Preacher's Lantern.*

3642. MARTYRS, Ashes of. To Lutterworth they came, Sumner, Commissaire, official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors, and the servants, . . . took what was left out of the grave and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrines, which now are dispersed all the world over.—*Fuller.*

3643. MARTYRS, God's dealings with. "Soul of mine, what is it that troubles thee?" "I have been thinking," says the soul, "of the martyr spirits who in all ages have lost their lives for God and for the truth. Eyes that see so clearly the world around, is there anything that can throw a light on this seeming carelessness of God as to the fate of His own best children?" "Certainly," soul of mine, "there is. I stood on the lighthouse tower with the watchman there, and far away on the land we saw the dogs chasing his favourite birds and fowls. And I said, 'Why allow this?' to the keeper. But he only smiled, and answered, 'Let them alone; the birds will fly home all the quicker, and I want them.'"—*B.*

3644. MARTYRS, the seed of the Church. How diverse were the barbarities and kinds of death inflicted on the Christian confessors! *The more they were slain, the more rapidly spread the faith;* in place of one sprang up a hundred. When a great multitude had been put to death one at court said to the King, "The number of them increaseth, instead of, as thou thinkest, diminishing." "How can that be?" exclaimed the King. "But yesterday," replied the courtier, "thou didst put such-and-such a one to death, and lo! there were converted double that number; and the people say that a man appeared to the confessors from heaven, strengthening them in their last moments." Whereupon the King himself was converted.—*The Apology of Al Kindy* (A.D. 830).

3645. MARTYRDOM, Comfort amid. One smiled in the midst of his great suffering. "Was it cold water," they asked, "that was brought unto thee?" "No," answered the sufferer; "it was one like a youth that stood by me and anointed my wounds; and that made me smile, for the pain forthwith departed."—*The Apology of Al Kindy* (A.D. 830).

3646. MARTYRDOM, Desire for. The Caliph Omar was inconsolable at the loss of his brother Zeid, who fell in the fatal "Garden of Death," at the battle of Yemâma. "Thou art returned home," he said to his son Abdallah, "safe and sound. Zeid is dead. Wherefore wast thou not slain before him? I wish not to see thy face." "Father," answered Abdallah, "he asked for the crown of martyrdom,

and the Lord granted it. I strove after the same, but it was not given unto me."—*Sir William Muir.*

3647. MASS, The common idea of. I well remember, when at Valetta in 1805, asking a boy who waited on me what a certain procession, then passing, was, and his answering, with great quickness, that it was Jesus Christ, *who lives here (sta de casa qui)*, and when He comes out it is in the shape of a wafer. But, "Eccellenza," said he, smiling and correcting himself, "non è Cristiano."—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

3648. MASTER, Attention from. Pliny relates it as a saying of the ancients, that the eye of the master is the most fruitful thing in the field; and Aristotle reports that a Persian, being asked what fattened a horse most, replied, "*The eye of the master*;" and an African being asked what was the best dung for land, answered, "The steps of the master."—*Gill.*

3649. MASTER, Choice of. When you see a dog following two men, you know not to which of them he belongs while they walk together; but let them come to a parting road, and one go one way, and the other another way, then you will know which is the dog's master.—*Ralph Erskine.*

3650. MASTER, Spirit of. A native convert, when trying to persuade his countrymen to give up their idols and believe in Christ, was ridiculed and scorned, and at last pelted with mud and stones till his face was red with the blood that flowed from the cuts in his temples. Mr. Johnson, meeting him, said, "You have had bad treatment to-day." He smilingly replied, "They may kill me if they will love Jesus."—*Rev. Mr. Johnson, China.*

3651. MASTERS, and servants. There is a story told of a Welsh chieftain who had come with his followers to a river, and he said he who would be master must first make himself useful, and he carried them one after another on his back until they reached the opposite shore. This is what we must do; we must all make ourselves the slaves of others, doing their work, securing their interests, if we wish to be in a high sense their lords and masters.—*Dean Stanley.*

3652. MATERIALIST, answered. At a dinner at Holland House a foreigner announced himself as a materialist. Presently Sydney Smith observed, "A very good *soufflé*! this." To which the materialist rejoined, "Oui, monsieur; il est ravissant." "By the way," replied Smith, with his usual knock-down application, "may I ask, sir, whether you happen to believe in a cook?"

3653. MATERIALS, Make the best of. A statuary, who was at work forming a figure out of a faulty block of marble, was called to account by a neighbour of his, who told him that it was absolutely impossible to make a perfect figure out of such imperfect materials. "All this is very true," replied the statuary; "but this block of marble, such as it is, was sent to me to be formed into a statue; and as I cannot make it better, I must content myself in forming the best figure out of it that I can."—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdotes.*

3654. MATTER, and its existence. After we came out of the church we stood talking for some time together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious so-

phistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that everything in the universe is merely ideal. I observed, that though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, "I refute it thus."—*Boswell*.

3655. MEANS, Insignificance of. Latreille, the celebrated entomologist, owed his escape from prison, and in all probability from death, to a beetle. As a member of an ecclesiastical body, he became an object of suspicion during the French Revolution, and was conveyed to one of the general depots of the city of Bordeaux, there to await *deportation*. The surgeon who visited the jail found him one day carefully examining a small beetle, and was informed by him that it was a very rare one. The surgeon expressed a wish to have the insect for two scientific friends of his who were naturalists, and through this Latreille's critical and dangerous position became known to those outside, who were already acquainted with his worth and eminence as an entomologist. Efforts to secure his release were immediately set on foot, and these were ultimately successful. A month later his fellow-prisoners were shipped as convicts for Cayenne, and the vessel which conveyed them foundered in the Bay of Biscay, when *every soul on board perished*.—*B.*

3656. MEANS, Neglect of. At a boarding-school in the vicinity of London one of the scholars was remarked for repeating her lessons well. A school-fellow, rather idly inclined, said to her one day, "How is it that you always say your lessons so perfectly?" She replied, "I always pray that I may say my lessons well." "Do you?" said the other. "Well, then, I will pray too." But, alas! the next morning she could not even repeat a word of her usual task. Very much confounded, she ran to her friend, and reproached her as deceitful. "I prayed," said she, "but I could not say a single word of my lesson." "Perhaps," rejoined the other, "*you took no pains to learn it!*" "Learn it! learn it!" answered the first; "I did not learn it at all. I thought I had no occasion to learn it when I prayed that I might say it."—*New Cyclo-pædia of Anecdotes*.

3657. MEANS, simplest, God uses. A great army, many years ago, invaded Scotland. They crept on stealthily over the Border, and prepared to make a night attack on the Scottish forces. There lay the camp, all silently in the starlight, never dreaming that danger was so near. The Danes, to make their advance more noiseless, came forward barefooted. But as they neared the sleeping Scots one unlucky Dane brought his broad foot down squarely on a bristling thistle. A roar of pain was the consequence, which rang like a trumpet-blast through the sleeping camp. In a moment each soldier had grasped his weapon, and the Danes were thoroughly routed. The thistle was from that time adopted as the national emblem of Scotland. God has His uses for even the simplest and humblest of us.—*Christian Age*.

3658. MEANS, used to bring man to Christ. When I was a little child I often stood near a forge and watched the blacksmith at work, admir-

ing the strength and skill of the wonder-working man. He was wont to treat me kindly and bear with me patiently, although I sometimes stood in his way. At one time he would benevolently answer my childish questions, and at another, instead of answering, would continue to handle his tools with his strong, bare arms, throwing glances of tenderness towards me from time to time out of his deep, intelligent eyes, only all in silence. When two pieces of iron, placed in the fire in order to be welded together, became red, I thought and said he should take them out and join them; but he left them lying still in the fire, without saying a word. They grew redder and hotter as they threw out angry sparks; now, thought I, he should certainly lay them together and strike; but the skilful man left them still lying in the fire, and meantime fanned it into a fiercer glow. Not till they were white and bending with their own weight when lifted, like lilies on their stalks—not till they were at the point of becoming liquid did he lay the two pieces alongside of each other, and by a few gentle strokes weld them into one. Had he laid them together sooner, however vigorously he had beaten, they would have fallen asunder in his hands. The Lord knows, as we know not, what preparation we need in order that we may be brought into union with Himself. He refuses, delays, disappoints—all in wise love, that He may bring the seeker's heart up to such a glow of desire as will suffice to unite it permanently with His own.—*Arnol*.

3659. MEANS, where to come from. It is said that the celebrated Handel one day gave a grand musical entertainment in London. Among the band there was a German trumpeter. Handel turned to him and said, "Blow louder," and he did so; after some minutes he repeated the same words, and he blew with all his power; a third time he called on him, "Louder;" the trumpeter was impatient, and answered, "You call louder, sir; but where is the wind to come from?"—*Denton*.

3660. MEDIATOR, A successful. We read that Æschylus was condemned to death by the Athenians, and about to be led to execution. His brother, Amyntas, had signalled himself in the service of his country, and just as his brother was condemned he entered the court. He came in, and, without saying a word, he lifted up his arm—the stump of his arm, for he had lost his hand in battle. He lifted it up in the sight of all, but said not a word; and when the judges saw this mark of suffering they forgave the guilty brother, for the sake of him who had imperilled his life in behalf of the country. And Jesus Christ has only to present Himself before the throne of His Father and show the marks of suffering to obtain acquittal and pardon for transgressors.—*Rev. J. C. Jones*.

3661. MEDIATOR, An effectual. Edward III. after defeating Philip of France at Crecy, laid siege to Calais, which, after an obstinate resistance of a year, was taken. He offered to spare the lives of the inhabitants on condition that six of their principal citizens should be delivered up to him, with halters round their necks, to be immediately executed. When these terms were announced the rulers of the town came together, and the question was proposed, "Who will offer himself as an atonement for the city? Who will imitate Christ, who gave Himself for the salvation of men?" Eustace St. Pierre,

the commander of the town, stepped forward and said, "I will lay down my life for your sakes. Who is the next one?" "Your son," cried a youth not yet arrived at manhood. "Who next?" Another and another offered, until the number was made up. On reaching the English camp they were received by the soldiers of Edward with every mark of commiseration. They appeared before the King. "Are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" he inquired sternly. "Of France, my lord," they replied. "Lead them to execution." At this moment the Queen arrived. She was informed of the punishment about to be inflicted on the six victims. She hastened to the King and pleaded for their pardon. At first he sternly refused, but her earnestness conquered, and the King yielded. When we submit our hearts as captives to the Father, and feel that we are condemned and lost, we have an effectual Mediator who stays the hand of justice.

3662. MEDIATOR, Argument from analogy for. The whole analogy of nature removes all imagined presumption against the notion of a "Mediator between God and man." For we find all living creatures are brought into the world, and that life in infancy is preserved, by the instrumentality of others, and every satisfaction of it, some way or other, is bestowed by the like means.—*Bishop Butler.*

3663. MEDIATOR, Illustration of. During one of the journeys of Queen Victoria a little boy was desirous of seeing her. He determined to go direct to the castle where she was residing, and ask to see her. He was stopped at the gate by the sentry, who demanded what he wanted. "I want to see the Queen," he replied. The soldier laughed at the boy, and with the butt-end of his musket pushed him away, and told him to be off immediately, or he would shoot him. The boy turned to go away, and gave vent to his tears. He had not gone far when he was met by the Prince of Wales, who inquired why he was crying. "I want to see the Queen," replied the boy, "and that soldier won't let me." "Won't he?" said the Prince; "then come along with me, and I'll take you to the Queen." He accordingly took him by the hand and led him towards the castle. On passing the sentinel he, as usual, presented arms to the Prince, and the boy became terrified, and ran away, fearing that the soldier was going to shoot him. The Prince soon quieted his fears, and led him past the gates into the presence of Her Majesty. The Queen, with surprise, inquired of her son whom he had there; and upon being informed of what had happened, she laughed heartily, spoke kindly to her little visitor, and, to his great delight, dismissed him with a piece of money. As the Prince presented the boy to the Queen, so Christ presents us to His Father.—*Biblical Treasury.*

3664. MEDIATOR, Necessity for. Luther saw ground enough for what he said when he cried out, "I will have nothing to do with an absolute God;" that is, with a God out of Christ. Woe, and alas! for evermore, to that man that meets a just and righteous God without a mediator.—*Flavel.*

3665. MEDIATOR, necessity of preaching. When the Ballardvale Church was dedicated Rev. Gershom F. Cox preached the sermon, on the subject, "One God and one Mediator," Father Taylor followed in prayer, thanking God for the second part of the sermon. "The first part," he said, "is un-

necessary, for *all know that there is a God.* May God bless the second part to the congregation!"

3666. MEDITATION, and death. Foster the essayist's natural tendency to solitary meditation never showed itself more strikingly than in his last hours. Aware of the near approach of death, he requested to be left entirely alone, and was found, shortly after he had expired, in a composed and contemplative attitude, as if he had thought his way to the mysteries of another world.

3667. MEDITATION, and prayer. "During his seclusion at Enderley," writes one of the biographers of Robert Hall, "almost entirely without society, he spent much of his time in private devotion, and not infrequently set apart whole days for prayer and fasting—a practice which he continued to the end of life, *deeming it essential to the revival and preservation of personal religion.* When able to walk he wandered in the fields and sought the shady grove, which often echoed with the voice of prayer and witnessed the agony of his supplications. He was frequently so absorbed in these sacred exercises as to be unaware of the approach of persons passing by, many of whom recollected with deep emotion the fervour and importunity of his addresses at the mercy-seat, and the groanings which could not be uttered. His whole soul appears, indeed, to have been in a state of constant communion with God; his lonely walks amid the woodland scenery were rendered subservient to that end, and all his paths were bedewed with the tears of penitential prayer. Few men have spent more time in private devotion, or resorted to it with more relish, or had a deeper practical conviction of its benefits and its pleasures, as well as of its obligation as a duty binding upon all."—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

3668. MEDITATION, Influence of. "I lived alone," writes Channing, in mature life, speaking of his experience when a tutor at Richmond at the age of eighteen, "too poor to buy books, spending my days and nights in an outbuilding, with no one beneath my roof except during the hours of school. There I toiled as I have never done since. With not a human being to whom I could communicate my deepest thoughts and feelings, I passed through intellectual and moral conflicts so absorbing as often to banish sleep and to destroy almost wholly the power of digestion. I was worn well-nigh to a skeleton. Yet I look back on those days and nights of loneliness and frequent gloom with thankfulness. If I ever struggled with my whole soul for purity, truth, and goodness, it was there. There, amidst sore trials, the great question, I trust, was settled within me, *whether I would obey the higher or lower principles of my nature*—whether I would be the victim of passion or the free child and servant of God. It is an interesting recollection that this great conflict was going on within me, and my mind receiving an impulse toward the perfect, without a thought or suspicion of one person around me as to what I was experiencing."—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

3669. MEDITATION, necessary in a minister. Anxious to give his people on the Sabbath what had cost him somewhat, he never, without an urgent reason, went before them without much previous meditation and prayer. His principle on this subject was embodied in a remark he made to some of us who were conversing on the matter. Being asked his view of diligent preparation for the pulpit, he

reminded us of Exodus xxvii. 20 : "*Beaten oil—beaten oil for the lamps of the sanctuary.*"—*Memoir of Robert Murray McCheyne*

3670. MEDITATION, Need and use of. I owe much to many hours, and even days, spent alone, under an old oak-tree by the River Medway. Happening to be somewhat indisposed at the time when I was leaving school, I was allowed considerable leisure, and armed with an excellent fishing-rod, I caught a few small fishes, and enjoyed many day-dreams, intermingled with searchings of heart, and much ruminating of knowledge acquired. If boys would think, it would be well to give them less classwork and more opportunity for thought.—*Spurgeon.*

3671. MEDITATION, what it is. Whoever has pondered long over a plan which he is anxious to accomplish, without distinctly seeing at first the way, knows what meditation is. It was in this way that one of the greatest of English engineers, a man uncouth, and unaccustomed to regular discipline of mind, is said to have accomplished his most marvellous triumphs. He threw bridges over almost impracticable torrents, and pierced the eternal mountains for his viaducts. Sometimes a difficulty brought all the work to a pause; then he would shut himself up in his room, eat nothing, speak to no one, abandon himself intensely to the contemplation of that on which his heart was set, and at the end of two or three days would come forth serene and calm, walk to the spot, and quietly give orders which seemed the result of superhuman intuition. *Robertson.*

3672. MEEK, Who are the? A missionary in Jamaica was once questioning the little black boys on the meaning of Matthew v. 5, and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "*Those who give soft answers to rough questions.*"

3673. MEEKNESS, and affection, Power of. Once, in Holland, a person of high rank invited Tersteegen to be his guest. This individual imagined himself to have attained to a state of peculiar inward peace, and therefore took occasion during dinner to criticise Tersteegen for being too active, and for not sufficiently knowing the ground on which he wrought. Tersteegen attended meekly and silently to all that was said; but when dinner was over he offered up a fervent prayer, in which he commended his host to the Lord in terms of such affection and compassion, that this great and warm-hearted man was so much struck and affected by it that his feelings overpowered him, and he fell upon the neck of his guest and begged his forgiveness.

3674. MEEKNESS, Power of. A Swiss colporteur entered a three-story house, in which, according to the custom of the country, three different families lived. He began with the highest story, and sold copies of the Scriptures in this and in the next. On inquiring about the family on the ground-floor, he was warned not to enter, but he did enter. He found both the man and his wife at home. He offered his Bibles; his offer was replied to with abuse, and a positive order to leave the house instantaneously; he, however, stayed, urging them to buy and read God's holy Word. The man then rose in a violent rage, and struck him a severe blow on the cheek. Up to this moment the colporteur stood quietly with his knapsack on his back.

He now deliberately unstrapped it, laid it on the table, and turned up the sleeve of his right arm, all the while steadily looking his opponent in the face. The colporteur was a very strong man. Addressing his opponent, he said, "Look at my hand—its furrows show that I have worked; feel my muscles—they show that I am fit for work. Look me straight in the face; do I quail before you? Judge, then, for yourself if it is fear that moves me to do what I am about to do. In this Book my Master says, 'When they smite you on one cheek, turn to them the other also.' You have smitten me on one cheek; here is the other! *Smite! I will not return the blow.*" The man was thunderstruck. He did not smite, but bought the Book, which, under the influence of God's Spirit, works marvels in the human heart.

3675. MEEKNESS, Power of. Anthony Blanc, one of Felix Neff's earlier converts, was very earnest in winning souls to Christ. The enemies of the gospel were angry at his success, and used alike scoffs and threats against him. One night, as he was returning home from a religious meeting, he was followed by a man in a rage, who struck him a violent blow on the head. "May God forgive and bless you!" was Anthony's quiet and Christian rejoinder. "Ah!" replied his assailant furiously, "if God does not kill you, I'll do it myself!" Some days afterwards Anthony met the same person in a narrow road, where two persons could hardly pass. "Now I shall be struck by him again," he said to himself. But he was surprised, on approaching, to see this man, once so bitter towards him, reach out his hand and cry to him, in a tremulous voice, "Mr. Blanc, will you forgive me, and let all be over?" Thus this disciple of Christ, by gentle and peaceful words, had made a friend of an enemy.—*Clerical Library.*

3676. MEMORIAL, The true. For the real monument of the heroes and martyrs that founded England's greatness—*circumspice*—if you ask where it is, we answer, Where is it not? . . . No tribute to such men as Watt and Stephenson could equal that which thunders in every factory and steams on every sea. And so prophets and martyrs find their true memorial in generations drinking in their spirit and emulating their deeds.—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

3677. MEMORY, A burdened. A dying man, floating about on the wreck of the *Central American* thought he heard his mother's voice saying, "Johnny, did you take your sister's grapes? *Thirty years before* his sister was dying of consumption and he had secretly eaten some choice grapes sent her by a friend. For twenty years the words had passed from his recollection. *What have we really forgotten?*—*B.*

3678. MEMORY, A sinful. I remember an old castle where they tell us of a foul murder committed in a vaulted chamber, and there, they say, are the streaks and stains of blood on the black oak floor; and they have planed and scrubbed, and planed again, and thought they were gone—but there they always are, and continually up comes the dull reddish black stain, as if oozing itself out through the boards to witness to the bloody crime again! The superstitious fable is a type of the way in which a foul thing, a sinful and bitter memory, gets engrained into a man's heart. He tries to banish it, and gets rid of it for a while. He goes back again, and the spots are there, and will

be there for ever; and the only way to get rid of them is to destroy the soul in which they are.—*Maclaren.*

3679. MEMORY, and the Scriptures. Mr. Newton, telling in company, one day, how much his memory was decayed, "There," said he, "last Wednesday, after dinner, I asked a friend what I had been about that forenoon, for I could not recollect. 'Why,' said she, 'you have been preaching at St. Mary's.' Yet it is wonderful, when I am in the pulpit I can recollect any passage of Scripture I want to introduce into my sermon from Genesis to Revelation."

3680. MEMORY, in another world. Some awakened souls told him (M'Cheyne) that since they were brought under concern very many sermons which they had heard from him before, and completely forgotten, had been brought back to mind. He used to remark that this might show what the *Resurrection Day* would awaken in the souls of gospel-hearers.—*Andrew Bonar.*

3681. MEMORY, in heaven. The late Dr. John Duncan, Hebrew Professor, Edinburgh, never doubted our mutual recognition of each other in the future state; but the only way in which he illustrated it was by an anecdote he was fond of repeating:—"A pious old couple had been talking of the joys of heaven, and Janet said to her husband, 'Do you think, John, we'll know one another in heaven?' John paused, laid down his pipe, and asked in his turn, 'Do you think, Janet, we'll be greater fools there than we are here?' He never cared to say any more on the subject; this reply already appeared to him to settle the whole question.

3682. MEMORY, Local. Some one asked Luther for his psalter, which was old and ragged, promising to give him a new one in exchange; but the Doctor refused, because he was used to his own old copy, adding, "A local memory is very useful, and I have weakened mine in translating the Bible."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

3683. MEMORY, Power of. Whoever paid a visit to the Exhibition of 1862 will remember seeing that beautiful statue of the "Wept of Wish-ton Wish." Wish-ton Wish is the name of a valley in which the old Puritans settled. "The wept one" was stolen by Indians from her parents when scarcely out of her infancy. After living long amongst savages, she shared their enmity against the whites, carrying the bow, using the scalping-knife, until at last, taken captive, she was brought to the home of her parents, but she knew them not. Presently the mother *happened to sing the song she had sung to her children in infancy.* The wistful eye of the maiden filled with wonder; the song fell familiarly on her ears, and awoke the memories of forgotten days.—*Denton.*

3684. MEMORY, Reproductive power of. As the child, flashing about him a bit of burning stick, may seem to make a circle of flame, because the flame-point moves so quickly, so memory, though it does go from point to point, and dwells for some inconceivably minute instant on each part of the remembrance, may yet be gifted with such lightning speed, with such rapidity and awful quickness of glance, as that to the man himself the effect shall

be that his whole life is spread out there before him in one instant, and that he, God-like, sees the end and the beginning side by side.—*Maclaren.*

3685. MEMORY, Sting of. De Quincey, a profound observer upon the subject, says that when under the influence of opium the most trifling incidents of his early life would pass again and again before his distempered vision, varying their form, but the same in substance. These incidents, which were originally somewhat painful, would swell into vast proportions of agony and rise into the most appalling catastrophies.—*T. T. Munger.*

3686. MEMORY, Torment of. It is said that Theodoric, after ordering the decapitation of Lysimachus, was haunted in the middle of his feasts by the spectre of a gory head upon a charger. And how often must a nobler head than that of Lysimachus have haunted a more ignoble prince than Theodoric as he sat at meat and muttered shudderingly aside, "It is John, whom I beheaded!"—*Rev. H. R. Haweis.*

3687. MEN, and money. An Athenian who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money rather than upon money without a man."

3688. MEN, Equality among. When Dr. Johnson was paying court to Mrs. Porter, whom previous experience did not disincite to a second matrimonial experiment, the honest scholar thought it no more than fair to hint at some of his antecedents—a degree of honesty which is not always observable in more modern marriages. He told her plainly that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that one of his uncles had been hanged. The sensible woman responded that she had no more money than he, and that though none of her relatives had been hanged, she had several *who ought to be!*

3689. MEN, Estimate of. Diogenes, thinking he had found in the Spartans the greatest capacity for becoming such men as he wished, is reported to have said, "*Men, I have found nowhere; but children, at least, I have seen at Lacedæmon.*"

3690. MEN, God-appointed. Mr. Moody applied for admission to a New England Church when a young man, but was kept waiting for a year because he did not know enough of the doctrines. In less than a year after his admission he had commenced in his adopted city a work for Christ whose far-reaching influence is not surpassed by any pastor in the place. The God who passed by the seven manly sons of Jesse, and chose for royal honours the ruddy-faced boy brought in haste from the sheep-fold, *puzzles us as much as He did David's father* by His singular method of selection. He sets aside America's trained statesmen, and commissions the rail-splitter to be her emancipator. He leaves Erasmus in his scholarship, and calls the singer-boy of Mansfield to liberate Europe. He selects not from the bishops and deans and canons of England's favoured Church, but from her corps of unhonoured and imperfectly educated school ushers, the Spurgeon whose voice reaches most

effectually the masses. What was once said by a famous divine of a celebrated revival preacher may be said of nearly all the men that God honours: "I do not doubt that God blesses his work, but I cannot see why." And His schooling of His servants is as singular as His selection. The most effectual temperance lecturer of England or America was picked from the gutter. The great reformer of the Church was educated a monk. The emancipator of America was born in a slave state. Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Moses was brought up in Egypt.—*Lyman Abbott.*

3691. MEN, how raised. A stranger passing through one of the mountain towns in New England, U.S., inquired, "What can you raise here?" The answer was, "Our land is rough and poor; we can raise but little produce, and so we build school-houses and churches and *raise men.*"

3692. MEN, influence one upon another. The King (George III.), when in conversation with Dr. Johnson, observed that Pope made Warburton a bishop. "True, sir," said Johnson; "but Warburton did more for Pope—he made him a *Christian!*"—*Percy Anecdotes.*

3693. MEN, Insignificance of. A Sultan, amusing himself with walking, observed a dervish sitting with a human skull in his lap, and appearing to be in a profound reverie. His attitude and manner surprised the Sultan, who demanded the cause of his being so deeply engaged in reflection. "Sire," said the dervish, "this skull was presented to me this morning, and I have from that moment been endeavouring, in vain, to discover whether it is the skull of a powerful monarch like your Majesty, or of a poor dervish like myself."

3694. MEN, may need masters, not slaves. When Diogenes had been captured by pirates, and was about to be sold as a slave, he pointed to a Corinthian, very carefully dressed, saying, "Sell me to that man; he wants a master." His wish was granted, and the Corinthian found ere long that the slave was really his master. He who lived in a tub had more influence than the man from a palace. If your will is weak, then strengthen it by doing God's will.

3695. MEN, reap as they sow. There was once a man who had an only son, to whom he was very kind, and gave everything that he had. When his son grew up and got a house he was very unkind to his poor old father, whom he refused to support, and turned out of the house. The old man said to his grandson, "Go and fetch the covering from my bed, that I may go and sit by the wayside and beg." The child burst into tears, and ran for the covering. He met his father, to whom he said, "I am going to fetch the rug from my grandfather's bed, that he may wrap it round him and go a-begging!" Tommy went for the rug, and brought it to his father, and said to him, "Pray, father, cut it in two; the half of it will be large enough for grandfather, and perhaps you may want the other half when I grow a man and turn you out of doors."

3696. MEN, should be what they seem. "What are you?" roared Baron Platt to a burly witness some six feet high, who spoke with the voice of a maiden. "I am a butcher, my lord," replied the

witness, in a whisper. "Then if you are a butcher, man, speak like a butcher, can't you?"

3697. MEN, Treatment of. Once, when Aristotle was sick, he said to the doctor, "Do not treat me as you would a driver of oxen or a digger, but *tell me the cause, and you will find me obedient.*"

3698. MEN, what they desire. St. Augustine hath the story of a historical mountebank that, to get spectators and money by them, promised to tell them the next day what they most desired. The theatre being full of people, and their minds full of expectation, what was the device? "You would all buy cheap and sell dear." Now if he had told them, "You would all be happy," this had been a full satisfaction. Blessedness is every man's desire; now whosoever hath the sun hath the light of the sun, he cannot want water that hath the fountain, and he that hath God shall be sure of blessedness.—*T. Adams.*

3699. MEN, Worth of. A devotee to Mammon once received a lesson from John Bright, who did not seem to pay to him, the possessor of the purse, sufficient homage. The rich man pompously said, "Do you know, sir, that I am worth a million sterling?" "Yes," said the irritated but calm-spirited respondent, "I do; and I know that it is *all you are worth.*"—*Wit and Wisdom.*

3700. MENTAL occupations, Meanness of some. You will have read, in Todd's "Student's Manual," that Harcatus, King of Persia, was a notable mole-catcher; and Briantes, King of Lydia, was equally *au fait* at filing needles; but these trivialities by no means prove them to have been great kings. It is much the same in the ministry; there is such a thing as meanness of mental occupation unbecoming the rank of an ambassador of heaven.—*Spurgeon.*

3701. MERCHANT, A consecrated. When a certain New England merchant waited on his pastor to tell him of his earnest desire to engage in work more distinctively religious, the pastor heard him kindly. The merchant said, "My heart is so full of love to God and to man that I want to spend all my time in talking with men about these things." "No," said the pastor; "go back to your store, and *be a Christian over your counter.* Sell goods for Christ, and let it be seen that a man can be a Christian in trade." Years afterwards the merchant rejoiced that he had followed the advice, and the pastor rejoiced also in a broad-hearted and open-handed brother in his church, who was awake not only to home interests, but to those great enterprises of philanthropy and learning which are the honour of our age.—*Clerical Library.*

3702. MERCIES denied, a benefit. A few years ago a pious man at Gravesend had retired to rest late on the Saturday night, having first secured the doors and windows of his house and shop. Weary, however, as he was with the labours of the week, he found it impossible to sleep; and having tossed about in his bed for an hour or two without rest, he resolved to rise and spend an hour in the perusal of his Bible, as preparatory to the engagements of the Sabbath. He went downstairs with the Bible under his arm, and advancing towards one of the outer doors, he found several men who had broken into the house, and who, but for this singular interruption, would probably, in a very short period, have

deprived him of the whole of his property. While Jehovah "giveth His beloved sleep," He sometimes withholds it, that His mercy may be conspicuously displayed.

3703. MERCIES, still left. There was a man who came over from New York some years ago, and threw himself down on the lounge in his house, and said, "Well, everything's gone." They said, "What do you mean?" "Oh," he replied, "we have had to suspend payment; our house has gone to pieces—nothing left." His little child bounded from the other side of the room and said, "Papa, you have me left." And the wife, who had been very sympathetic and helpful, came up and said, "Well, my dear, you have me left." And the old grandmother, seated in a corner of the room, put up her spectacles on her wrinkled forehead and said, "My son, you have all the promises of God left." Then the merchant burst into tears and said, "What an ingrate I am! I find I have a great many things left. God, forgive me."—*Talmage*.

3704. MERCY, A ministry of. The great Civil War in America did not lack Florence Nightingales of as strong and tender heart as hers. . . . When the three days' fighting at Gettysburg was over twenty thousand young men—the flower of both North and South—were left on the field. There for days and nights many of them lay before they could all be transported to a distant hospital. But their feeble cries did not waste their wail upon the midnight or mid-day air alone. Through all these burning and chilling hours of pain these angels of human love and Heaven's mercy walked among them in their sweet and gentle ministry. Of the most thoughtful was this—to carry about, with their cordials and restoratives, pencil and paper, to take from the closing lips of the dying his name, town, and state, and his last words of remembrance for loved ones at home; and then, closing his eyes tenderly, to write to the distant mother, wife, or sister the feeble utterances of the departed. —*Elihu Burritt*.

3705. MERCY, and sin. A Welsh minister, speaking of the burial of Moses, said, "In that burial not only was the body buried, but also the grave and graveyard. This is an illustration of the way in which God's mercy buries sins. No one is in the funeral with Mercy, and if any should meet her on returning from the burial and ask her, "Mercy, where didst thou bury our sins?" her answer would be, "I do not remember."—*Clerical Library*.

3706. MERCY, God rich in. I asked, in New Hampshire, how much it took to make a farmer rich there; and I was told that if a man was worth five thousand dollars he was considered rich. If a man had a good farm, and had ten thousand dollars out at interest, oh! he was very rich—*passing* rich. I dropped a little farther down, into Concord, where some magnates of railroads live (they are the aristocrats just now), and I found that the idea of riches was quite different there. A man there was not considered rich unless he had a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in pretty clear stuff. I go to New York, and ask men how much it takes to make one rich, and they say, "There never was a greater mistake made than that of supposing that five or six hundred

thousand dollars make a man rich. What does that sum amount to?" I go into the upper circles of New York, where millionaires, or men worth a million dollars or over, used to be considered rich; and there if a man is worth five or ten millions it is thought that he is *coming on*. It is said, "He will be rich one of these days." When a man's wealth amounts to fifty or a hundred millions he is very rich. Now if such is the idea of riches in material things, what must riches be when you rise above the highest men to angels, and above angels to God! What must be the circuit which makes riches *when it reaches Him*? And when you apply this term, increscent, to the Divine nature, as it respects the qualities of love and mercy, what must riches be in God, the infinite, whose experiences are never less wide than infinity! What must be love and mercy, and their stores, when it is said that *God is rich in them*?—*Beecher*.

3707. MERCY, God's, pursues the sinner. A professional diver said he had in his house what would probably strike a visitor as a very strange chimney ornament—the shells of an oyster holding fast a piece of printed paper. The possessor of this ornament was diving on the coast, when he observed at the bottom of the sea this oyster on a rock, with a piece of paper in its mouth, which he detached, and commenced to read through the goggles of his head-dress. It was a gospel tract, and, coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so impressed his unconverted heart that he said, "I can hold out against God's mercy in Christ no longer, *since it pursues me thus*." He became, whilst in the ocean's depth, a repentant, converted, and (as he was assured) sin-forgiven man. Saved at the bottom of the sea.—*Clerical Library*.

3708. MERCY, Going to receive. When the Rev. T. Hooker, of New England, lay dying a friend standing by his bed said, "You are going to receive the reward of your labours." He replied "Brother, *I am going to receive mercy*."—*Biography of the Rev. T. Hooker*.

3709. MERCY, in judgment. It is observable that the Roman magistrates, when they give sentence upon any one to be scourged, had a bundle of rods, tied hard with many knots, laid before them. The reason was this, that whilst the beadle was untying the knots, which he was to do by order, and not in any other hasty or sudden way, *the magistrate might see the deportment and carriage of the delinquent*—whether he was sorry for his fault and showed any hope of amendment—that then he might recall his sentence or mitigate his punishment; otherwise he was corrected so much the more severely. Thus God in the punishment of sinners,—how patient is He! how loth to strike! how slow to anger!—*Spencer*.

3710. MERCY, Power of. A soldier heard of the severe sickness of his wife. He applied for leave of absence, but was refused. He left; but was retaken, and brought in as a deserter. He was tried, found guilty, and summoned to receive sentence. He stood perfectly unmoved while the officer read his fearful doom—"To be shot to death on the next Friday." Not a muscle twitched, not a limb quivered. "I deserted my colours; I deserve it. Is that all, sir?" "No," replied the officer, "there is something more;" and unfolding

a paper, he read aloud the doomed man's pardon. The undaunted spirit which severity had failed to move *was completely broken down by clemency*. He dropped to the ground, shaking, sobbing, and overcome; and being restored to the ranks, proved himself grateful for the mercy shown him, and was soon afterward promoted.

3711. MERCY, Provision for. Abraham Lincoln's doorkeeper had standing orders from him, that no matter how great might be the throng, if either senators or representatives had to wait, or to be turned away without an audience, *he must see*, before the day closed, *every messenger who came to him with a petition for the saving of life.*—*Little's Historical Lights.*

3712. MERCY, Recalling. One of the most affecting things I ever saw in my life was in the Church of the "Succouring" Virgin—that is, of Mary, the Succourer. It was, I believe, in one of the French cities. The whole church was filled with tablets. Here was one of an officer, for three days' deliverance, on such, and such, and such dates. It was a little marble slab let into the wall, inscribed with letters of gold. On inquiring and comparing dates, I found it was during the battle of Inkerman, at a time when the French army were in great danger. The man had been preserved; and when he came back he put up in this church this tablet, recalling the mercy of God in sparing his life. Another inscription was: "My babe was sick; I called to the Virgin. She heard me; and my child lives." There was the tablet that celebrated that event. And I could not read these inscriptions without having tears fall from my eyes like drops from a spice-bush when shaken in a dewy morning.—*Beecher.*

3713. MESSENGER, Test of. A woman once brought John Wesley a "remonstrance from the Lord, for laying up treasures, taking his ease, and caring little but for eating and drinking." "God knows me better," said Wesley; "and had He sent you, it would have been with a more proper message."

3714. MESSIAH, Christ the. At a solemn disputation which was held at Venice, in the last century, between a Jew and a Christian, the Christian strongly argued from Daniel's prophecy of the seventy weeks, that Jesus was the Messiah whom the Jews had long expected, from the predictions of their prophets. The learned rabbi who presided at this disputation was so forcibly struck by the argument that he put an end to the business by saying, "Let us shut up our Bibles, for if we proceed in the examination of this prophecy it will make us all become Christians."—*Bishop Watson.*

3715. METHODS, The two. A plain, honest Christian, on being called by a profligate worldling "a Methodist," replied, "Sir, whether you are aware of it or not, you are equally a Methodist with myself." "How? how?" rejoined the scoffer, with many oaths. "Pray be calm," said the other; "there are but two methods—the method of salvation and the method of damnation. In one of these you certainly are; in which I leave with you to decide." The scoffer was silenced.—*Whitecross.*

3716. MILITARY, ambition of. None knows how much villainy lodges in this little retired room (the

human heart). How the Devil must chuckle at his success when he gets a fellow to think himself something wonderful because he can dress in scarlet or blue, and have a sword by his side and a feather in his hat; and when he says to him (and the poor fool believes it), "Your hands are far too delicate to be soiled by the counter and the shop;" and then whispers to himself, "Keep them for *blood*—human blood!"—*Binney.*

3717. MIND, and troubles. When I am assailed with heavy tribulations I rush out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour; if you put no wheat, it still grinds on, but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.—*Luther.*

3718. MIND, Change of. Dr. Lawson's call to Selkirk had been singularly cordial. One individual only was opposed to it. During a pastoral visitation at this person's house he entered into conversation with him in an easy and friendly style. His mildness, however, was not reciprocated, the individual seeking every opportunity to find fault with him. He had consented, after some solicitation, to partake of tea with the family. At the conclusion the ungracious host accused his young pastor of uttering a falsehood. "I am not aware of having committed so grave a misdemeanour," said the minister. "Yes, you have; for, when I asked you to stay and take tea with us, you replied that you would not, and yet you have done both; is not this telling a lie?" "You must have read the story," answered Dr. Lawson, "of the angels in Sodom, who, when Lot pressed them to enter his house and lodge with him during the night, refused, and said, '*Nay; but we will abide in the street all night*;' and, instead of doing so, when Lot pressed them much, 'They turned in unto him, and entered into his house; and he made them a feast, and did bake unleavened bread, and they did eat.' Now, do you suppose that these angels told a lie?" "No; *they only changed their minds.*" "And so I, too, have just changed my mind, and have remained to partake of your fare." The upbraider was undone.—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

3719. MIND, Charms of. Miss Reynolds had toasted Goldsmith as the ugliest man of her acquaintance. Shortly after the appearance of "The Traveller" Dr. Johnson read it aloud from beginning to end in her presence. "Well," exclaimed she, when he had finished, "I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly."—*Washington Irving.*

3720. MIND, fully made up. Turning over a volume of valuable autographs, I came across the bold, manly signature of my old friend of many years, Dwight L. Moody. Underneath was his favourite text, which he calls up in an emergency—as Napoleon used to call up Ney at critical times when he wanted some hard fighting done. The text is Isaiah i. 7: "For the Lord God will help me. Therefore shall I not be confounded; therefore have I set my face like a flint; and I know that I shall not be ashamed."—*Cuyler.*

3721. MIND, influence upon the body. "Your pulse," said the doctor, "is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," was Gold-

smith's melancholy answer. They are the last words we hear him utter in this melancholy world.—*Life's Last Hours*.

3722. MIND, keep it well employed. The mind of man is like a mill, which will grind whatever you put into it, whether it be husk or wheat. The Devil is very eager to have his turn at this mill, and to employ it for grinding the husk of vain thoughts. Keep the wheat of the Word in the mind.—*Williams, of Wern*.

3723. MIND, not to be left untiled. Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds." "Oh," I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries.—*Coleridge's Table Talk*.

3724. MIND, should be clear of idle habits. In a certain chamber which I saw at Beaulieu, in the New Forest, a cobweb is never seen. It is a large lumber-room, and is never swept; yet no spider ever defiles it with the emblems of neglect. It is roofed with chestnut, and for some reason—I know not what—spiders will not come near that wood by the year together. The same thing was mentioned to me in the corridors of Winchester School; I was told, "No spiders ever come here." Our minds should be equally clear of idle habits.—*Spurgeon*.

3725. MIND, standard of the man. Dr. Watts was remarkable for the vivacity of his conversational powers, which he nevertheless exercised with great modesty. Being one day in the company of some friends, he overheard a stranger say, "What, is that the great Dr. Watts?" The Doctor, who was of low stature, turning to the gentleman from whom the exclamation of surprise had emanated, good-humouredly repeated the following appropriate verse from one of his lyric poems:—

"Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
Or mete the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man."

3726. MINISTER, A faithful. The inhabitants of the city of Thesus, being besieged by the Athenians, made a law that whosoever would motion a peace to be concluded with the enemy should die the death. Their city began to be distressed and the people to perish with the sword and famine. Hegetorides, a citizen, pitying the estate of his country, took a halter about his neck, came to the judgment-place, and spake—"My masters, deal with me as you will; but in any case make peace with the Athenians, that my country may be saved by my death!" My case is like this man's. I know not my danger in these things. I see you, my dear and native countrymen, perish—it pitieth me. I come with a rope about my neck to save you. Whosoever it goeth with me, I labour that you may have the gospel preached among you. *Though it cost my life, I think it well bestowed!*—*John Penry (Welsh Martyr, 1588)*.

3727. MINISTER, A faithful. An eminent minis-

ter was once driven from a church in this state by the majority of that church, who refused to sustain his bold preaching against balls and wine frolics. After he left them their vine was blighted, and no Divine blessing attended their worship or their work. At length they recalled him to their pulpit; he preached more pungently than before against worldly conformities, and glorious revivals made that church a "fruitful field."—*Cuyler*.

3728. MINISTER, A faithful. Mr. Fletcher was once offered the parish of Durham; but he rejected it, saying, "There is too much money, and too little labour." He was then offered Madeley, with but half the salary, its vicar being glad to vacate it for Durham. Here Mr. Fletcher lived happily and died blessed.

3729. MINISTER, Duties of. Dr. Lindsay Alexander was once conversing with a successful merchant. The merchant said to him, "If it is a fair question, what do you get?" He told him. "Well," he answered, "is that all you get? And what do you do for that?" "In the first place," said Mr. Alexander, "I compose and write what would be fully two pretty thick octavo volumes—about as much as any literary man, bending over his pen, thinks of doing, and more than some do, in a year; in the next place, I have to do as much speaking every week as a lawyer at the bar in good practice; then, in the third place, to do as much visiting as a surgeon in average practice would do; and, in the next place, I think I write as many letters as many of you great merchants do." The merchant replied, "Well, they may say as much as they please about ministers getting too much for their work, but none of us would do half your work for four times your pay."

3730. MINISTER, Going to hear. A lady who was present at the Lord's Supper, where the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine was assisting, was much impressed by his discourse. She went again the next Sabbath to hear him. But she felt none of those strong impressions she experienced on the former occasion. Wondering at this, she called on Mr. Erskine, and stating the case, asked what might be the reason of such a difference in her feelings. He replied, "Madame, the reason is this—*last Sabbath you went to hear Jesus Christ; but to-day you have come to hear Ebenezer Erskine.*"

3731. MINISTER, of death. A story is told of a soldier who was condemned to be shot, but after sentence a pardon was granted, *not to be produced till the last moment*. No one was to know anything about it except the commander. Accordingly the culprit was led to the appointed spot. His coffin was on the grass beside a new-cut grave; the firing party was drawn up, with instructions that when the commander waved his handkerchief they were to despatch their victim. The eyes of the doomed man were bandaged, and he knelt down before the flashing row of muskets pointed at his heart. The eyes of the firing party were fixed on the commander for the signal, and he put his hand into his breast to draw forth the pardon. *In his confusion he drew forth his handkerchief;* on the instant the hoarse rattle of the muskets woke the echoes, the curling smoke filled the air, and the soldier lay a bleeding corpse prone on the ground beside the new-made grave. Think of the remorse of the commander at

his fatal error! Even such must be the result and such the remorse of that minister who forgets his theme in his anxiety about himself. He may be the appointed herald of pardon, but the actual minister of death.

3732. MINISTER, Humility in. The Rev. S. Pearce, being one week-day evening in London, asked a friend where he could hear a good sermon. Two places were mentioned. "Well," said he, "tell me the characters of the preachers, that I may choose." "Mr. D——," said his friend, "exhibits the orator, and is much admired for his pulpit eloquence." "And what is the other?" "Why, I hardly know what to say of Mr. C——; he always throws himself in the background, and you see his Master only." "That's the man for me, then," said the amiable Pearce; "let us go and hear him."

3733. MINISTER, Prayer for unconverted. The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, the predecessor of the famed President Edwards, was engaged by his people on an emergency. They soon found themselves disappointed, for he gave no indications of a renewed and serious mind. In this difficulty their resource was prayer. They agreed to set apart a day for special fasting and prayer, in reference to their pastor. Many of the persons meeting for this purpose had necessarily to pass the door of the minister. Mr. Stoddard hailed a plain man whom he knew, and addressed him, "What is all this? What is doing to-day?" The reply was, "*The people, sir, are all meeting to pray for your conversion.*" It sank into his heart. He exclaimed to himself, "Then it is time I prayed for myself!" He was not seen that day. He was seeking in solitude what they were asking in company; and, "while they were yet speaking," they were heard and answered. The pastor gave unquestionable evidence of the change; he laboured amongst a beloved and devoted people for nearly half a century, and was, for that period, deservedly ranked among the most able and useful of Christian ministers.

3734. MINISTER, Praying for. One of the greenest spots upon earth was the parish of St. Peter's, Dundee, when the lovely McCheyne was its pastor. He thus records in his diary the spirit of prayer which prevailed among his people:—"Many prayer-meetings were formed, some of which were strictly private, and others, conducted by persons of some Christian experience, were open to persons under concern at one another's houses. At the time of my return from the mission to the Jews I found *thirty-nine* such meetings held *weekly* in connection with the congregation.

3735. MINISTER, Unconverted. Dr. Chalmers became a preacher, alas! *before he became a Christian.* It is said that after his first settlement, and when botany had proved to him an all-engrossing pursuit, he was followed one Sunday morning by his beadle, and reminded of the fact he had forgotten, that it was the hour for public worship. Dr. Chalmers hastened into the pulpit, and as he took off his hat the flowers he had been culling fell out upon his face, exhibiting the evident indications of the manner in which he had been just engaged. After his settlement at Kilmany his preaching ran mainly upon moral proprieties, and he was ignorant of the great peculiarities which the gospel enshrines and discovers. Here, however,

it pleased God to meet with him, and for the rest of his ministry few men could have been more faithful to central truth than he.

3736. MINISTERIAL duties, unfulfilled. I heard of a Bishop of England that went on visitation. And as it was the custom when the Bishop should come to be rung into the town, the great bell's clapper was fallen down, the tyall was broken, so that the Bishop could not be rung into the town. There was a great matter made of this, and the chiefs of the parish were much blamed for it in the visitation. The Bishop was somewhat quick with them, and signified that he was much offended. They made their answers, and excused themselves as well as they could. "It was a chance," said they, "that the clapper brake, and we could not get it mended by-and-by; we must tarry till we can have it done; it shall be amended as shortly as may be." Among the others there was one wiser than the rest, and he comes up to the Bishop. "Why, my lord," said he, "doth your lordship make so great a matter of the bell that lacketh his clapper? Here is a bell," said he, and pointed to the pulpit, "that hath lacked a clapper this twenty years. We have a parson that fetcheth out of this benefice fifty pound (equal to £750) every year, but we never see him."—*Latimer.*

3737. MINISTERIAL success, Secret of. An old man who kept a toll-bar, being asked by a traveller how a clergyman who lived in the neighbourhood was getting on, "He must get on," was the reply; "for he lays at sin as if he were knocking down an ox."

3738. MINISTERS, Apparent fervour of some. It is applicable to some ministers what is observed of the carbuncle. By its colour, lustre, and fiery sparklings it seems to be actually on fire, but has *only the name and appearance of it.*—*Dr. William Bates.*

3739. MINISTERS, Dangers of. An old Christian of Elberfeld was in the habit of making various notes in the margin of his Bible. Thus by our Lord's question, "Where are the nine?" he had written the following words:—"I will tell thee, Lord Jesus; they have remained with the priests." Well, ministers cannot always prevent people from stopping with them instead of pushing on towards Christ, but all their endeavour and desire should surely be to lead the souls away from men, even unto Christ Himself.—*Pastor Funcke.*

3740. MINISTERS, how do they live? I wonder whether some of the people who come to hear Christ's servants ever ask themselves the question, "How do these ministers live and pay their way?" "I thought they preached for souls," said one of these spiritual mendicants to Mr. Spurgeon, who required an able and intelligent preacher for the munificent sum of £60 a year. "So they do," replied the famous preacher; "but they would need some thousands of souls of your size to keep them from starving."—*Henry Varley.*

3741. MINISTERS, must put away morose habits. At the Synod of Moscow, held by King Goutran A.D. 585, bishops were forbidden to keep dogs in their houses, or birds of prey, lest the poor should be bit by these animals instead of being fed. Should not all ministers be equally concerned to

chase away all morose habits, angry tempers, and repulsive manners, which might discourage the approach of inquiring souls who desire to know of us the way of salvation?

3742. MINISTERS, must remember the ignorant. When I preach I sink myself deep down. I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom are here in this church above forty; but *I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children, and servants, of whom are more than two thousand.* I preach to those, directing myself to them that have need thereof. Will not the rest hear me? The door stands open unto them; they may begone.—*Luther.*

3743. MINISTERS, must remember the ignorant. The great bell of Moscow is too large to be hung; the question arises, What was the use of making it? Some preachers are so learned that they cannot make themselves understood, or else cannot bring their minds to preach plain gospel sermons; here, too, the same question might be asked.—*Spurgeon.*

3744. MINISTERS, need extra grace. I was in Cologne on a very rainy day, and I was looking out for similes and metaphors, as I generally am; but I had nothing on earth to look at in the square of the city but an old pump, and what kind of a simile I could make out of it I could not tell. All traffic seemed suspended, it rained so hard; but I noticed a woman come to the pump with a bucket. Presently I noticed a man come in with a bucket; nay, he came with a yoke and two buckets. As I kept on writing and looking out every now and then, I saw the same friend with the often-buckets and blue blouse coming to the same pump again. In the course of the morning I think I saw him a dozen times. I thought to myself, "Ah, you do not fetch water for your own house, I am persuaded: you are a water-carrier; you fetch water for lots of people, and that is why you come oftener than anybody else." Now, there was a meaning in that at once to my soul, that, inasmuch that I had not *only to go to Christ for myself*, but had been made a water-carrier to carry the water of everlasting life to others, I must come a great deal oftener than anybody else.—*Spurgeon.*

3745. MINISTERS, Pay of. Ministers are not as well paid as cricket-players, and for a good reason—religion is not the national game. The utmost a minister can say is what the farmer said of his cow when grazing on the bare top of a lofty hill, "If she has a poor pasture, she has a fine prospect."—*Dr. Macfadyen.*

3746. MINISTERS, Payment of. It must be remembered as among the anomalies of Welsh religious life, that it combines an insatiable appetite for sermons with a marvellous disregard for the temporal comfort of the preacher. On one occasion a woman said to Mr. Evans, as he came out of the pulpit, "Well, Christmas Evans, we are back with your stipend; but I hope you will be paid at the Resurrection. You have given us a wonderful sermon." "Yes, yes," was his quick reply; "no doubt of that; but what am I to do till I get there? And there is the old white mare that carries me—what will she do? For her there will be no Resurrection. But what will you do? What reward will you get for your unfaithfulness at the Resurrection? It's hard, but I shall get on at the Resurrection; but you, who got on so well in the

world, may change places with me at the Resurrection."—*Life of Christmas Evans.*

3747. MINISTERS, Petrified. At Antwerp Fair, among many curiosities advertised by huge paintings and big drums, I observed a booth containing "a great wonder," to be seen for a penny a head; it was a *petrified man*. I did not expend the amount required for admission, for I had seen so many petrified men for nothing, both in and out of the pulpit—lifeless, careless, destitute of common sense, and altogether inert, though occupied with the weightiest business which man could undertake.—*Spurgeon.*

3748. MINISTERS, should be picked men. It is said of the Egyptians that they chose their priests from the most learned of their philosophers, and then they esteemed their priests so highly that they chose their kings from them. We require to have for God's ministers the pick of all the Christian host; such men, indeed, that if the nation wanted kings they could not do better than elevate them to the throne.—*Spurgeon.*

3749. MINISTRY, and degrees. A young man who was torn between his friends and his conscience once wrote to Whitefield, his spiritual father, on the subject of taking a degree before he commenced preaching, when that noble man replied, "The highest degree on earth is to be mobbed, stoned, pelted Methodist preacher;—you may die with the blood of souls on you before you get a degree;—go and preach the gospel."—*Denton.*

3750. MINISTRY, and reality. "My lord," said Betterton, the tragedian, to a bishop who was conversing with him on the different effects produced by acting and preaching, "the stage would soon be deserted if the actors spoke like preachers. We players speak of things imaginary as though they were real, and too many of the clergy speak of things real as though they were imaginary."

3751. MINISTRY, Call to. A good Methodist elder was listening to a young mechanic, who thought he had a call to give up his shop and go to preaching. "I feel," said the young ardent, "that I have a call to preach." Hast thou noticed *whether people seem to have a call to hear thee?* said the shrewd old man. "I have always noticed that a true call of the Lord may be known by this, that people have a call to hear thee."—*Denton.*

3752. MINISTRY, Difficulties of. Writing in those early times from the then West, a man said, "Send us a minister who can swim." The question was asked, what was meant by such a request as that. The reply came, "The last man we had, in order to keep an appointment, had to cross a fierce, rushing stream, and he was drowned in the attempt. Send us a man who can swim."—*Tabnagie.*

3753. MINISTRY, Difficulties of. It was by suffering (he was laid aside for two years from active duties) he was being prepared for the work of his life. Long after, in the busy Canonbury days, Dr. Raleigh mentioned to one of his deacons the reluctance he felt when he saw it his duty to *point out to young men* who aspired to the office of the ministry *the difficulties and trials of the vocation*. "They come here," he said, "and they see the place crowded; they hear me preach, and it all seems easy and natural; and straightway they get a desire to do

the same. Ah! they little know what it has cost me to attain to this!"—*Life of Dr. Raleigh.*

3754. MINISTRY, ended. We have heard of a clergyman, now departed, who, during a lengthened ministry, had maintained a most respectable name as a steward of God's mysteries. He was seized with a serious illness. A brother in the ministry, who frequently was at his bedside, found him now, as the realities of eternity began to come very near, in not a little spiritual darkness. Text after text of the Word was quoted; but still no light. At last, one morning early, as the brother, who had left him the night before in this state, returned to the sick-chamber, he was saluted by a voice of gladness. "*Now,*" said the joyful man, "all is well." The window of the room looked out to the street, where there were passing at the time many of the people to their work. The clergyman looked at them—they were part of his own flock; his eyes filled with tears; his bowels were yearning over them, and he exclaimed, "*Now I could preach!*" His former preaching he did not deem preaching at all. But his course was ended. He never rose from that bed.—*How to Preach.*

3755. MINISTRY, Faithfulness in. The old coloured preacher was wise in his generation who absolutely refused to preach on the sin of robbing hen-roosts, because it always produced a coldness in the congregation to preach on such matters. One of the foremost ministers in our Church made himself so obnoxious to the gospel-hungry soul of one of the legal lights of his congregation, by preaching frequently on the duty of Christian giving, that he drove him to complain mournfully, "We want a minister who will preach the gospel!"

3756. MINISTRY, how it should be carried on. Passing through the chambers of the factory at Sèvres, we observed an artist drawing a picture upon a vase. We watched him for several minutes, but he appeared to be quite unconscious of our observation. Parties of visitors passed through the room, glanced at his work more or less hurriedly, and made remarks; but he, as a deaf man, heard not, and as a dead man regarded not. Why should he? Had he not royal work on hand? What mattered to him the approbation or the criticism of passers-by? They did not get between him and the light, and therefore they were no hindrance, though they certainly were no help. "Well," thought we, "after this fashion should we devote our heart and soul to the ministry which we have received. This one thing I do."—*Clerical Library.*

3757. MINISTRY, Love of. I know the solitary vale in my native land which was ransacked and spoiled by a troop of murderous horsemen, which the people bore patiently until their godly minister was driven with the rest of the spoil; and I know well the proud eminence, the northern barrier of the valley, whereon the people, shrouded in the mists of the morning, gathered themselves to the rescue of the beloved man; and when the cloud rolled its skirts from around the ministers of Heaven's vengeance, there they stood, to dispute it with the armed and embattled chivalry of hell, and broke them in their godly wrath as the potsherd is broken in pieces, and in their fury dashed the horse and his rider into the abyss which yawned beneath to receive the sons of Belial. *It was not the man but*

the Word of God which moved the people so. The Word of God was very precious to their souls. For I have seen in the same valley the close amphitheatre of rocks, where they were seen to sit shrouded in twilight, with the stream rushing amongst their feet, to listen to their pastor's voice, their only earthly possession, which truly they would not part with, and see suffocated with a burning brand, but preferred rather to die. And the Lord delivered their enemies into their hands and saved their beloved preacher.—*Edward Irving.*

3758. MINISTRY, may be short yet precious. The less than one year's ministry of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, who was drowned while bathing in the Mersey, is still remembered after the lapse of more than half a century. Its tragic termination made its memory more widely and lastingly known. Immediately before leaving his home for bathing he had repeated the hymn beginning with the words, "God moves in a mysterious way."—*Spencer Pearsall.*

3759. MINISTRY, not to be judged by its popularity. John Foster was wont to say that he was never asked twice to occupy the same pulpit; yet who will deny that John Foster was an able minister of the New Testament?—*Dr. Parker.*

3760. MINISTRY, of love. For the purpose of writing out his sermons, Brousson (a proscribed Huguenot preacher) carried about with him a small board which he called his "Wilderness Table." With this placed upon his knees, he wrote the sermons, for the most part in woods and caves. He copied out seventeen of these sermons, which he sent to Louis XIV., to show him that what he preached in the deserts contained nothing but the pure Word of God, and that he only exhorted the people to obey God and to give glory to Him. . . . One would have expected that, under the bitter persecutions which Brousson had suffered during so many years, they would have been full of denunciation; on the contrary, *they were only full of love.* His words were only burning when he censured his hearers for not remaining faithful to their Church and to their God.—*Smiles.*

3761. MINISTRY, Preparation for. Among the early Waldenses a requisite for ordination, we are told, was, that the candidate be able to repeat from memory the four Gospels, together with all the Epistles and the Book of Psalms. Would that the same rule were enforced elsewhere to-day! There might be fewer ordinations, but there would be better preachers of the Word of God.—*H. L. Hastings.*

3762. MINISTRY, Requirements of. We are about to lose our minister here, in —. We have a large congregation and a beautiful church. From what I hear, the people will be very reasonable if the right candidate appears. We would like a man as eloquent as Rev. Dr. Taylor, as spiritual as Dr. John Hall, a little like Moody and Beecher, and somewhat like Jonathan Edwards. One side aisle of the church believes in the Catechism, and the other aisle does not. Down the middle aisle they believe in a minister who can fill up the gallery. If you know of any man like this, who has married an unscriptural angel (because *feminine*), won't you tell the man about our church—particularly if his father-in-law is wealthy?—*American.*

3763. MINISTRY, Respect for. A military friend of Mrs. Barrington, wife of the Bishop of Durham, applied to his lordship with a view to becoming a clergyman, thinking that the Bishop might be enabled to provide for him. The worthy prelate asked him how much income he required; to which the gentleman replied that five hundred a year would make him a happy man! "You shall have it," said the Bishop; "but not out of the patrimony of the Church. *I will not deprive a worthy and regular divine to provide for a necessitous relation.* You shall have the sum you mention yearly out of my own pocket."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

3764. MIRACLE, Pretended. In the monastery at Isenach stands an image which I have seen. When a wealthy person came hither to pray to it (it was Mary with her child), the child turned away his face from the sinner to the mother; but if the sinner gave liberally to that monastery, then the child turned to him again; and if he promised to give more, then the child showed itself very friendly and loving, and stretched out its arms over him in the form of a cross. But this picture and image was made hollow within, and prepared with locks, lines, and screws, and behind it stood a knave to move them—and so were the people mocked and deceived, who took it to be a miracle!—*Luther.*

3765. MIRACLES, Necessity of a belief in. In conversation with a Fellow of Oxford University, who had attended the lectures of a celebrated professor there on miracles, I was told that at the end of the series this teacher of the young men had said, "Well, gentlemen, if you believe in miracles, you will be nothing better; and if you do not, you will be nothing worse." Why, our religion rests on supernatural facts—the incarnation and the resurrection of our Lord. What could be the influence on the minds of young men who listened to this teaching, and what would be the character of their preaching when they occupied the pulpits of the Church?—*Binney.*

3766. MIRTH, and prayer. There is a story told of William Guthrie, author of the "Christian's Saving Interest," that on one occasion he had been entertaining a company with mirth-provoking anecdotes, and being called on afterwards to pray, he poured out his heart with such deep-felt fervour to God that all were melted. When they rose from their knees, Durham of Glasgow, a "grave, solid man," as he is described, took him by the hand and said, "Willie, you are a happy man; *if I had laughed as much as you did* a while ago, I could not have prayed for four-and-twenty hours."—*Dr. Ker.*

3767. MIRTH, Superficial. A French physician was once consulted by a person who was subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy. He advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety, and particularly to frequent the Italian theatre; and added, "If Carlini does not dispel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate indeed." The reply of the patient is worthy attention. "Alas! sir, I am Carlini; and while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I myself am dying with melancholy and chagrin." A similar anecdote is related of a well-known English buffoon, who consulted an English physician celebrated for eccentric advice.

3768. MISCONCEPTIONS, Danger of. As I was going to the hills early one misty morning I saw something moving on a mountain-side, so strange-looking that I took it for a monster. When I came nearer to it I found it was a man. When I came up to him I found he was my brother.—*A Welsh Preacher.*

3769. MISER, End of a. Of a miserly man who died of softening of the brain a local American paper said, "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't."—*Dr. Antliff.*

3770. MISFORTUNE, Blessings of. The steel that has suffered most is the best steel. It has been in the furnace again and again; it has been on the anvil; it has been tight in the jaws of the vice; it has felt the teeth of the rasp; it has been ground by emery; it has been heated and hammered and filed until it does not know itself, and it comes out a splendid knife. And if men only knew it, what are called their "misfortunes" are God's best blessings, for they are the moulding influences which give them shapeliness and edge, and durability, and power.—*Beecher.*

3771. MISFORTUNE, Interest in. There is something amazing in the alacrity with which we most of us find an element of interest in the worst calamities of others. The daily newspaper sells a double edition when there is a Tay Bridge disaster, when a "Princess Alice" comes into a collision in the Thames, when a "Eurydice," with several hundred souls on board, disappears in a snow squall.—*M. Linskill.*

3772. MISFORTUNE, Kindness in. The survivors of the wreck of the "Medusa," on the African coast, after passing thirteen days on a raft, subject to every privation and exposed to a parching heat, at length were relieved from their situation, having lost one hundred and thirty-five out of one hundred and fifty. On shore they were crowded into a hospital where medicaments, and even the common necessities of life, were wanting. An English merchant, who did good by stealth, and perhaps blushed to find it fame, went to see them. One of the poor unhappy wretches made the signal of a Freemason in distress; it was understood, and the Englishman instantly said, "My brother, you must come to my house and make it your home." The Frenchman nobly replied, "My brother, I thank you; but *I cannot leave my companions in misfortune.*" "Bring them with you," was the answer; and the hospitable Englishman maintained them all until he could place them beyond the reach of misfortune.

3773. MISFORTUNE, Making the best of. Handel's ready reply to some friends who were condoling him upon the sight of rows of empty benches during the performance of one of his oratorios, was, "Never mind; *de moosic vil soundt de petter!*"—*Musical Anecdotes.*

3774. MISFORTUNE, Making the best of. "The Lord hath visited me!" (Feneberg) was his simple exclamation when his leg was broken. When they told him of the surgical decision (to take it off) his prayer was as simple: "Lord! Thou givest faith; but mine is very weak, even as this foot. *Nature would willingly keep the limb; but not my will, Thine be done.*" . . . There was a deep

humour in the man, that came out in his misfortune. "Dear heart," he would exclaim, "I used to be melancholy when I had two feet. I can say now a broken leg is good medicine." . . . Weber, in Dillengen, used to say that, having been nearly drowned, he had got a new idea; and Feneberg chuckled over that meditative professor, that the wooden leg gave him new ideas every day. "There is the *economical*, for I only need one stocking and one shoe; there is the *social*, for I need go no more to court, for which nature never meant me; there is the religious," and so on, counting them up with his fingers as he lay wearily upon the sofa. . . . "Perhaps," he addressed the soldiers as they were marching to the wars, "you may have a leg shot off in battle. What matter? Don't you see by me that you can get on in the world with a wooden one." But the lesson he was learning most was this: "Oh that I could draw nearer to Thee, Lord, and I would cheerfully give Thee *not one foot, but two*; yea, my hands and my head.—*Dr. Stephenson's Praying and Working.*

3775. MISFORTUNE, Ready for. When Basil the Great was threatened with exile by the Emperor Valens because he had resisted his tyranny, he made the memorable reply, that he had nothing to fear. Possessions he had none, except a few books and his cloak; an exile was no exile for him, *since the whole earth was the Lord's*; and if tortured, his feeble body would yield to the first blows, and death would bring him nearer to his God, for whom he longed. When condemned to banishment for the truth, he merely bade one of his attendants take up his writing-tablets and follow him.—*Dr. Fish.*

3776. MISFORTUNE, Respect for. Napoleon, on overhearing an insulting expression applied by his troops to the Austrian captives who defiled before him after Mack's surrender, addressed this rebuke to them in a tone and with an air of marked displeasure—"You can have little self-respect, you who insult men bowed down by a misfortune such as this."—*Francis Jacox.*

3777. MISSIONARIES, and the drink traffic. Only a short time ago a vessel was cleared from an American port to the coast of Africa which carried seven missionaries in her cabin and several hundred barrels of New England rum in her cargo! I very much fear that the contents of her cargo will prove an overmatch for the contents of her cabin.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

3778. MISSIONARIES, Secular use of. Karl Ritter, an eminent German geographer, and others admit that more information has come from heathen lands, through the missionaries, than through all the other sources combined.—*Christian Age.*

3779. MISSIONARY, A successful. The best missionary I ever knew was a farmer from New Haven, who went to Jerusalem a missionary on his own hook, supporting himself sometimes by serving as a waiter in a hotel, and who was known as the "Book-man Roberts." He could not speak a word of any language but English. Day after day he might be seen in old grey clothes, that looked as if they came down from the pilgrims, and with his long, lean, dangling limbs, so that everybody would know him for a Yankee as far as they could see him, and always with a bundle of books under each arm—books in Turkish, Armenian, Syriac, and other

languages, of which he could not understand a word. *He would ask a Turk to read*, and get him seated in some of the gardens, with an audience of ten or twenty about him, finding for him the latter part of St. John's Gospel or the Sermon on the Mount. It was the Bible, and the Word of God, although read by a Mohammedan. And he would leave that Bible with them, as good a preacher as himself or anybody else. In Roberts' first year he met with no small persecution, and at one time was without food for five days together. But everybody knows him now, and he is unmolested in his work. There is not a more efficient labourer anywhere.—*Dr. Tying.*

3780. MISSIONARY, An unlikely. New Bedford has a clever young lady worth a million dollars, and of a "rather pious turn of mind," who made up her mind that she would be a missionary. Could anything be more beautiful? The Church accepted her services, and when asked what field of labour she had in view, she pensively looked down at her lavender gloves and replied, "I think I will go to Paris!"

3781. MISSIONARY Dignity of. The Rev. Felix Carey, a nephew of the great Dr. Carey, the Indian missionary, was, like his uncle, devoted to missionary life. He abandoned his sacred calling, however, to become an ambassador to the court of Burmah. Speaking of the change Dr. Carey said, "Felix was a missionary, but he is now shrivelled up to an ambassador."—*Rev. W. Walters.*

3782. MISSIONARY work, and the Churches. The other evening I was spending a few hours with a friend, and a lady who happened to be present when we were talking about this missionary work said, "But, Mr. John, do not you know that we have a great deal of our own work to do?" "Why, Madame," said I, "*is not the missionary work your work?* Is it not the work of the Churches?" That seemed to be a new light to her altogether; and there are a great many people in these days who seem to think that this work is the work of the missionaries, and not their own. I go to China to do your work. If I go into the deep well, it is for you to hold the rope; you must not leave me there.—*Griffith John.*

3783. MISSIONS, and faith. In the Life of Robert and Mary Moffat, edited by their son, we are reminded that for ten years the early mission in Bechuanaland was carried on without one ray of encouragement for the faithful workers. No convert was made. The directors at home, to the great grief of the devoted missionaries, began to question the wisdom of continuing the mission. A year or two longer the darkness reigned. A friend from England sent word to Mrs. Moffat asking what gift she should send out to her. And the brave woman wrote back, "*Send a communion service; it will be sure to be needed.*" At last the breath of the Lord moved on the hearts of the Bechuanas. A little group of six were united into the first Christian church, and that communion service from England, singularly delayed, reached Kuruman just one day before the appointed time for the first administration of the Lord's Supper.—*Chronicle of L. M. Society.*

3784. MISSIONS, and the gospel. Well do I remember, when in South Africa, in a remote part of Kaffraria, once preaching, and at the close of the

sermon one of the principal men stepped forward and said, "Teacher, these are good things you have been telling us; they make my heart warm and glad; but *why did you not come sooner and tell us?* Why did not the good people send some one to us long ago? Where are our fathers? Where are our grandfathers and great-grandfathers gone, if these things you tell us are all true?" It was a difficult thing to answer that question, and a difficult thing to excuse their neglect. The Kafir closed by a figurative remark. "When you had the honey," said he, "why did you sit down and say, 'Oh, how good this honey! how sweet!' and keep it all to yourselves, when God showed that there was plenty for us all?"—*Rev. John Shaw.*

3785. MISSIONS, Changes wrought by. One of the first converts to the faith of the gospel in Great Namaqualand, after the Rev. R. Moffat had laboured for nearly nine years with very little visible fruit, was Africaner, the notorious Hottentot chief and freebooter. At one place the missionary ventured to mention the fact of Africaner's conversion, when a Dutch farmer answered, "I can believe almost anything you say, but that I cannot credit. There are seven wonders in the world; that would be the eighth." Mr. Moffat assured the farmer that the desperado had become a changed man. "Well," said he, "if what you say is true, I have only one wish, and that is, to see Africaner before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle." At this announcement the missionary was somewhat embarrassed; but at length he resolved to reveal the secret, and conducting the farmer to the waggon, pointed to the chief, and said, "This is Africaner." The farmer was astounded. Starting back, he said, "Are you Africaner?" The chief doffed his old hat, made a respectful bow, and said, "I am;" at the same time testifying to the truth of the missionary's statement respecting his conversion. Then exclaimed the farmer, "O God, what a miracle of Thy power! *What cannot Thy grace accomplish?*" and he invited the whole party to partake of his hospitality.—*Missionary Anecdotes.*

3786. MISSIONS, Cost of. When Soyer, the famous *chef-de-cuisine*, returned from the Crimea, he was congratulated upon the laurels he had won there, and was asked, "How in the world did you manage to make such good dinners for our poor soldiers when they had such short rations, and sometimes no rations at all?" "Ah," said the Frenchman, "there is my merit; I did make good dishes out of nothing." We have done something like that in our great missionary work. What has the missionary income been? Professor Gillespie once ordered a village carpenter to build a fence round a sun-dial in a field to protect it from the cows. When the bill came in it ran thus:—"For railing in the De'il, 5s." "Wonderfully cheap," said the humorous professor; "I have been paying a deal more than that for railing in the Devil, and I have not succeeded in doing it yet." "Wonderfully cheap" is the expression we use with regard to the great work of Protestant Christian missions.—*Rev. A. Jones.*

3787. MISSIONS, Civilising influence of. The testimony of a Scotch sailor is striking in respect to the change wrought by the labours of missionaries.

When asked if he thought the missionaries had done any good in the South Sea Islands, he replied, "I will tell you a fact which speaks for itself. Last year I was wrecked on one of those islands, where I knew that eight years before a ship was wrecked and the crew murdered; and you may judge how I felt at the prospect before me—if not dashed to pieces on the rocks, to survive only for a more cruel death. When day broke we saw a number of canoes pulling for our ship, and we prepared for the worst. Think of our joy and wonder when we saw the natives in English dress and heard some of them speak in the English language. On that very island the next Sunday we heard the gospel preached. I do not know what you think of missions; but I know what I think."—*Christian Age.*

3788. MISSIONS, Difficulties of. Of all the countries I have visited, Mongolia is the most sparsely peopled, and yet it is, of all the places I have seen, the most difficult to get private conversation with any one. Everybody, even half-grown children, seems to think he has a perfect right to intrude on any and all conversation. Bar the door and deny admittance, and you would be suspected of hatching a plot. Take a man away for a stroll that you may talk to him in quiet, and you would be suspected of some dangerous enchantment. Remembering that one must always have some definite message or business to perform when he travels, and hoping to be able to do something with this same black man, I had purposely left, in the Chinese inn, some presents which I could not well carry with me, and after a day's rest the black man and I started to bring them. That gave us twenty-three miles' private conversation, and a good answer to give to all who demanded, "Where are you going?" "What to do?" He gave me the history of the origin and growth of his belief in Christ. I taught him much he did not know, and at a lonely place we sat down and lifted our voices to Heaven in prayer. It was the pleasantest walk I ever had in Mongolia.—*J. Gilmour, M.A.*

3789. MISSIONS, Encouragement in. The question is sometimes put to us, "Are you encouraged in your work?" I do not much like the form of the question; it but very faintly expresses what we feel in regard to our work. Our feeling is, "*Woe will be to us if we do not preach the gospel to the heathen.*" It is the fact of preaching and winning their hearts that makes us so confident that by-and-by they will come to Christ, and will be His. Encouragement! In the last great Indian famine, when we were surrounded by multitudes of poor starving people, many of them too weak to come forward and stretch out a hand to ask for relief, we did not say, "Have we encouragement to feed these people with bread?" We were too enthusiastic for that; we said, "*We must have bread for these people; they are perishing, and we must give them to eat.*" And we must say the very same thing with regard to preaching the gospel.—*Rev. Edwin Lewis, South India.*

3790. MISSIONS, Enthusiasm for. A short time before the late Mr. Cox, an American missionary, sailed for Africa he visited the university at Middletown. In conversation with one of the students he said, "If I die in Africa, you must come after me and write my epitaph." To which the other replied,

'I will. But what shall I write?' "Let a thousand missionaries die before Africa be given up," was the reply. In this spirit he died.

3791. MISSIONS, Enthusiasm for. The night before Moffat left England for his distant sphere of labour a few of his friends had a social gathering. During the evening a pious young lady, wishing to have his autograph, presented him with her album. Taking his pencil, he wrote the following lines:—

"My album is the savage breast,
Where darkness reigns and tempests wrest,
Without one ray of light.
To write the name of Jesus there,
And point to worlds both bright and fair,
And see the savage bow in prayer,
Is my supreme delight."

3792. MISSIONS, First conception of. "I do not know," said Wilberforce in Parliament, "a finer instance of the moral sublime than that a poor cobbler, working at his stall, *should have conceived the idea of converting the heathen to Christianity.* Yet such was Dr. Carey. Milton planning 'Paradise Lost,' in his old age and blindness, was nothing to that poor cobbler at his stall."

3793. MISSIONS, Fruit of. That little leaven cast in upon the island of Madagascar the missionaries banished; the little flock in the wilderness persecuted to the death for twenty-five years by a pagan queen; hiding in caves, hunted through jungles; burnt at the stake, cast from precipices—and yet spreading through the valleys, till a new queen arose and came under its power. A rare day for this till then heathen kingdom, when 200,000 of its subjects poured out upon the plain to witness the coronation at once of a queen and of Christianity. Ranavalona passed through the vast crowd with her retinue to a platform elevated in the midst. Over the canopy where of old on such days were wont to flaunt the scarlet banners of the gods was inscribed the song of the jubilant angels: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men." Upon a table to the right the royal diadem waited for the queenly head. To the left, upon another, lay the open Bible. And in the inauguration speech were these memorable words—a declaration of liberty of conscience worthy to be written in gold—'*As for the praying, it is not forbidden; it is not commanded, for God made us.*'"—*Christian Age.*

3794. MISSIONS, for Christ. It is related that when Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect for the cause of missions, one of his old acquaintances said, "Well, Andrew, I'll give five pounds, seeing it's *you*." "No," said Mr. Fuller; "I can take nothing for this cause, seeing it's *me*"—and handed the money back. The man felt reprieved, but in a moment he said, "Andrew, you are right. Here are ten pounds, seeing it is for the *Lord Jesus Christ.*"

3795. MISSIONS, Good results of. We were very well received here (an out-station in New Guinea) by the natives, who made a large present of provisions to Mr. Macfarlane, who again asked them, as at Killutun, why they brought the presents; and the answer of the old chief I thought very striking and conclusive of the good done already by the mission folk. He said, turning to his own men, "Look here! *see what good these missionaries have done; see how we have been changed since we have been shown by these men how to live.* Why,

formerly, and not very long ago either, white men coming here would land armed to the teeth, and rob us and assault our women; now all can land safely, and without fear to themselves or hurt to us, and besides the benefit to ourselves. But see these (pointing to some natives from other islands that had swum ashore, having escaped from a labour-vessel a short time before); why, a few years ago those people, if they had been landed here, would have been killed and eaten; now they can land in safety, and we will take care of them and send them on their way to their homes."—*Mr. Hugh Milman.*

3796. MISSIONS, Home and foreign. A gentleman once said to Dr. Skinner, who was asking aid for foreign missions, "I don't believe in foreign missions. I won't give anything except to home missions. I want what I give to benefit my neighbours." "Well," the Doctor made reply, "whom do you regard as your neighbours?" "Why, those around me." "Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" "Yes." "Well," said Dr. Skinner, "how much land do you own?" "About five hundred acres," was the reply. "How far down do you own it?" inquired Dr. Skinner. "Why, I never thought of it before, but I suppose I am half-way through." "Exactly," said the Doctor; "I suppose you do, and I want this money for the Chinese—the men whose land joins yours at the bottom."

3797. MISSIONS, Influence of. Before missionaries came to Greenland it was unsafe for vessels to touch upon the coast; but now it is safer for the wrecked mariner than many parts of our own coast.—*Dr. Kane.*

3798. MISSIONS, Influence of. One of the Moravian Brethren, going very early one morning to let out sheep, heard uncommonly sweet singing in a tent, and, drawing near, found it was the head of the family performing his morning devotions with his people. Beckoning to the others to come, "We stood still," say the brethren in their diary, "and listened to this sweet melody with hearts exceedingly moved and with eyes filled with tears, and thought, these people were, no longer than two years ago, savage heathens, and now they sing to the Lamb that was slain so charmingly that it strikes the inmost soul."

3799. MISSIONS, Love of. A poor shepherd lad wished to give something to the missions. Night and day he thought of it, but he was so poor that it seemed as if he had nothing to give but a heart full of love to Christ and His cause. One day, however, he came to his mistress and asked her to give him his cap full of potatoes. "Willingly," said she. He took his prize with him, and that day drove the cows to a distant part of the common. There he found a piece of ground, and he began to dig and take the stones out of it. He worked at odd times; then he planted his potatoes and waited, asking God to bless his little patch of ground. When autumn came and he dug his potatoes up he found he had a peck, which he sold, and gave the money to the missions.

3800. MISSIONS, Love of. Coke crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, preached, wrote, travelled, established missions, begged from door to door for them, and laboured in all respects as if, like the

apostles, he would "turn the world upside down." At nearly seventy years of age he started to Christianise India. "*I am now dead to Europe and alive for India*," was his motto. God Himself has said to me, "Go to Ceylon!" I would rather be set naked on its coast and without a friend than not to go.—*Stevens (condensed)*.

3801. MISSIONS, Love of. Patrick had not been dead half a century when Irish Christianity flung itself with a fiery zeal into battle with the mass of heathenism rolling in upon the Christian world. Irish missionaries laboured among the Picts of the Highlands and among the Frisians of the Northern Sea. Columba founded monasteries in Burgundy and the Apennines. The Canton of St. Gall still commemorates in its name another Irish missionary.—*History of the English People (condensed)*.

3802. MISSIONS, Love of. Venn Elliot on one occasion stepped in between two brawny men fighting in the street, and went home with blood upon his shirt. "*You call yourselves Christians*," he said, "and stand by and see your fellow-creatures fighting like beasts." And in a similar spirit, enthusiasts for missions may appeal to their fellow-men. "You call yourselves lovers of humanity, and yet let the nations around perish for lack of knowledge."—*B.*

3803. MISSIONS, Love of, illustrated. Wilberforce called upon Clarkson on Sunday morning, and found his table strewn with the everlasting correspondence concerning the emancipation, and Clarkson labouring at it. Wilberforce said to him, "My dear Clarkson, do you ever remember that you have a soul to be saved?" And Clarkson said, "My dear friend, *I can remember nothing now but those poor negroes*."—*Paxton Hood (condensed)*.

3804. MISSIONS, Necessity for. One evening I shall never forget. The place (Tientsin, China) was already full when I arrived. It occurred to me to catechise the people. I told them that it was unfair that I and the preachers should do all the talking, and that I wanted to discover how much they had already learned. To my surprise and delight the bait took. After a few minutes I got my answers from what seemed to be the united voice of the congregation. The questions were mainly upon the life of Christ; gradually we worked up to His death and resurrection. Then came the personal application to themselves. If all these things were true, did they believe them? "Yes." *Were they conscious of sin?* "Yes." *Were they conscious of the folly of idolatry?* "Yes." *Of their need of a Saviour?* "Yes." *Was heaven worth the seeking?* "Yes." *Were they prepared to accept Christ?* "Yes." Imagine if you can the rush of feeling with which I heard that loud "Yes" coming from every side. It was a moment to repay one for a lifetime. I rose and spoke as one could only speak under such circumstances. As under the very shadow of Calvary and in sight of the great white throne, I wept and pleaded with them to make good their decision. And then we parted.—*Rev. Jonathan Lees*.

3805. MISSIONS, Need of. It was near the close of a winter afternoon, when, on passing through a village (in China), my eye was suddenly caught by what was evidently an extemporised temple mat-shed. Though pressed for time, curiosity led

me to enter. There was the idol—a large picture hanging at the end opposite to the door, and there was the familiar altar-table, with its incense-pot, candlesticks, and various offerings, while the sides of the enclosure were made gay with pictures. A few old men were the only visitors. As I stood there a man came to burn incense and to perform his prostrations. Then we talked. They told me that their worship was to secure good crops. I spoke of the great loving Father in heaven who supplies all our wants, and then I spoke of Jesus. Rising to go, they begged me to retell the story; and when at length I must leave, sad at heart that we might almost certainly never meet again on earth, one old white-haired patriarch cried out, "Oh, do stay and teach us! We did not know this was wrong. Our fathers worshipped thus; *we cannot find the door*." Those words haunted me for many a day; they haunt me still. There are myriads who, consciously or unconsciously, are feeling for some one or something, they know not what. *They cannot find the door*.—*Rev. J. Lees*.

3806. MISSIONS, Our interest in. A minister once informed a missionary at the close of a large and enthusiastic annual meeting that the people would forget all about him and his work till the following year, when they would again experience a passing interest in some one else. It was a despairing, depressing sentence to utter. Is there any truth in it?—*Rev. Samuel Pearson, M.A.*

3807. MISSIONS, Perseverance amid difficulties and dangers in. I told the teacher he must keep his ears open and hear what was said. He said, "They say we must not get to the point, and the difficulty is who is to have the honour of killing you; the people ahead say it is their place to do it, and the people behind say it is their place, because we are in their part of the district" (New Guinea). I said, "Keep steadily on as far as we can." At last the teacher said, "Tamate, I think it better we sit down and pray, and let them kill us then." "No, no," I said; "let us *walk and pray*." (Eventually they reached the boat.)—*Rev. James Chalmers*.

3808. MISSIONS, Perseverance in connection with. Sixteen years ago a godly man and his wife were sent out to evangelise these then heathen people (Sambaina, a remote place in Madagascar); and the people hated them, and for long they would not listen. They broke into their house at night again and again, and threatened to burn them out; but they would not go away, but quietly and lovingly waited and prayed and worked. By-and-by the contributions from Ambôhipôtsy, from the Society on which these good people depended, were completely dried up. And when the heathen people heard that they rejoiced, for "now at last they will go," they said. But they did not go, but held on to their work; and they are there yet, working "*all for love and nothing for reward*." And God has blessed their work and raised many helpers and spiritual children for them there. "The wilderness and solitary places are glad because of them;" and some of those who persecuted them at the first told me the story with tears standing on their faces. . . . On the Sunday a large congregation filled their new chapel.—*Rev. W. Montgomery*.

3809. MISSIONS, Pioneers of. Golaz, of the French Mission to the Senegal, as well as his young

wife, died within the year after their arrival. His farewell words were, "Do not be discouraged if the first labourers fall in the field. *Their graves will mark the way for their successors*, who will march past them with great strides."

3810. MISSIONS, pioneers of commerce. A shrewd man of business told me, a little before I left the Pacific, he had been advised to send a vessel and open a trading-station in New Guinea. "But," said he, "your mission has not been long enough established there to make it worth while for us to go at present."—*Rev. S. J. Whitmee, F.G.S.*

3811. MISSIONS, Prejudice against. It is said that when an attempt was first made to introduce the gospel into India, one of the directors of the East India Company was heard to declare that he would rather see a band of devils in India than a band of missionaries.—*Dr. Bennett.*

3812. MISSIONS, Prejudice conquered by. A few weeks ago a poor diseased and crippled slave-woman died, who had been a member of Ambôhîpôtsy Church (Madagascar). She had no friends or children, and when it was found by the church that she had none to bury her—and burial is a very sacred thing in the eyes of the Malagasy—the pastor and the deacons dug the grave, the church funds supplied the expenses of wrapping her up, and the wives of the highest members of the church, whose husbands were of thirteen honours and upwards, claimed the privilege of carrying themselves the stones that had to be laid over the grave. This is a remarkable incident in this land, and quite unprecedented hitherto (1886).—*London Missionary Society Notes.*

3813. MISSIONS, Progress of. Pinkerton, of the American Mission in Zululand, was ordered to lead the new mission into Umzila's kingdom. He conveyed his wife and children to North America, and returned joyfully to his task. He met with many obstacles and rebuffs, but at length found himself well on the road. His last written lines were to his wife:—"The future will bring its needed light and work and solace. My thoughts turn sadly to you and our children. *All well. We go right on.*" It was to him all well, for in a few days he breathed his last alone in the African jungle: he had gone right on into glory.

3814. MISSIONS, Protected from. Upon a certain occasion a young and newly inducted preacher gave an earnest and powerful sermon on foreign missions. At the close of the service one of the elders approached him, and in freezing tones remarked, "Our former pastor used to protect us from such calls." That elder represents a type of Christians (?) who have no business in a Christian church.—*Congregational Magazine.*

3815. MISSIONS, Ready for. At Marienborn, Zinzendorf sent one day for a Moravian brother, and said to him, "Will you go to Greenland to-morrow as a missionary?" The man has had no previous intimation of the matter; for just a moment he hesitates, and then answers, "If the shoemaker can finish the boots that I have ordered of him by to-morrow I will go."—*Dr. A. C. Thompson.*

3816. MISSIONS, Reflex influence of. A German had a store at Port Moresby (New Guinea),

and a Scotchman was associated with him in the business. One Sunday the Scotchman was hammering away and working while the native teacher was conducting service close by. The teacher got his Bible, and opened it at the twenty-first chapter of Exodus, and going to the Sabbath-breaker, he put the Bible before him, and pointed to the fourth commandment, and said, "See that." The white face from the land of Bibles looked up at the face of his dark visitor, and saw he was not to be trifled with; for this native teacher was not only a Christian, but a very muscular Christian. Then the white man looked, and saw the long-forgotten words, "*Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy.*" And the native said, "What for you make me liar? You send me the Bible, and the Bible tells me not to work on Sunday. But you come here and work all day. What for you make me liar?" So the white man has learned to fear, respect, and honour the native teacher as much as the natives of the place do.—*Rev. W. G. Lawes.*

3817. MISSIONS, Results of. Dr. Judson's first Karen convert became a preacher. Under his first sermon the heathen Quala saw a new light, and cast away his idols. He began to preach, and in less than three years thirty churches grew under his hand, and more than 2000 converts were baptized. If the results from this one convert's labours were all, did Judson pour out his precious life at the Saviour's feet in vain?—*Christian Age.*

3818. MISSIONS, Success of. A short time before returning home the Rev. Maurice Phillips, of Salem, South India, was asked by two head-men of a village to go and preach in their temple, and when the priest objected they simply said to him, "You go away; we are going to hear the missionary preach. If you don't want to hear him you can go away. *The time has gone past* when men of your sort shall tell us what we shall do." And the man had to go.

3819. MISSIONS, Triumph of. At a quarterly meeting at Weston, in 1815, there was a coach-load of coloured people, among them a large woman named Cook. She praised the Lord for His religion in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. "Where did all these come from?" cries young Taylor, afterwards the great sailor preacher, all enthusiasm. "They seem the flower of the Devil's family!"

3820. MISSIONS, Trophies of. Many of them (students in the Mission College at Samoa) have had godly parents, and have walked from childhood in the ways of holiness. Many have felt a Divine call later in life, not from any special parental counsel, but rather by the blessing of God on the earnest preaching of a faithful pastor. In some cases men who were most demonstrative for evil have been converted, and have thrown all their force of character on the side of Christ. I remember one who was such a leader in evil as to be called "the very devil of the settlement." He began to listen to the remonstrances of his wife, a change came over him, he sought help from God, took the advice of the native pastor, joined the candidate-class to know more of his Saviour; and it was talked of as the wonder of the day that "the devil had become a Christian!" It was a yet greater wonder, after ten years, that he had finished his course at the institution and become a native pastor. A more remarkable case still, perhaps, of the power of the Divine Spirit to change the heart

was that of a young man on the battlefield, and in the midst of its horrid excitement. He had struck down one of the enemy, and had just chopped off his head, when the thought struck him, "What if that had been *me*?" From that moment he repented of his sins, sought pardon, left the war-camp, and became an earnest minister for some years before he died.—*Rev. George Turner, LL.D.*

3821. MISSIONS, Work of. I remember, when in Wales, seeing the men working in the quarries there. A man is suspended by a rope half-way down the stone quarry, and I have seen him there for a length of time boring a hole in the rock; and after spending much care and toil and time in boring the hole to a sufficient depth, I have seen him fill it with some black dust, and if I did not know what power lodged in that black dust I should say, "What a fool that man was to spend so much time in boring a hole in the rock, and then fill it up again!" But I know that that black dust is powder. There is a wonderful explosive power in it. And then when he has filled the hole with powder he has applied his fuse and lighted his match, and while the fuse was burning in the direction of the powder he has taken the opportunity of fleeing to a distance by climbing up the rope to the mountain-top. Well, that is just what many of our missionaries are doing abroad. At present they are preparing the way. They are *cutting a hole into the very rock of heathendom*, and they are filling it up with the powder of Divine truth. What we want is fire from heaven to touch it. And God is doing it. He is preparing the people. By-and-by we shall have a mighty upheaving in this rock of heathenism and ignorance and superstition, and from it polished stones to adorn the temple of our Lord.—*Rev. Richard Roberts.*

3822. MISTAKE, A father's. One of the greatest of English divines, Isaac Barrow, received in his boyhood only blame from his father, who thought him stupid. He used to express his contempt for him by saying that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac. Yet when the University of Cambridge sought for a successor to the great Newton, stupid Isaac Barrow was the man they selected.

3823. MISTAKE, a life-long one. Mr. H. L. Hastings tells an affecting story in "The Family Circle" of the wasted life of a friend of his who in earlier years had been strongly influenced by the Holy Spirit to give himself to the ministry, but who did not or would not see his way to leave a lucrative profession for that purpose. Before we parted I said to him, "You ought to have been a preacher." Seriously and sadly he replied, "I do not deny it." "Well, you refused to obey, and have suffered, I suppose, a good deal." "Yes, I have." He stood silent a few moments, and then, with a look I shall long remember, said, "It is a great thing to make a mistake in life."

3824. MISTAKE, A solemn. Sir Robert Graham, being apprised that he had, by mistake, pronounced sentence of transportation on a criminal who had been found guilty of a capital offence, desired the man to be again placed in the dock, and hastily putting on the black cap, he said, "Prisoner at the bar, *I beg your pardon*," and then passed on him the awful sentence of death.—*Paxton Hood.*

3825. MISTAKES, Acknowledging. Lord Mansfield was never ashamed of publicly retracting any wrong opinion he had entertained, when once convinced of his mistake. He used frequently to say, probably after Dean Swift, who has a similar passage in his writings, "that to acknowledge you were wrong yesterday was but to let the world know that you are wiser to-day than you were then."

3826. MISTAKES, and our aim in life. Columbus believed the world to be no more than ten or twelve thousand miles in circumference. He therefore confidently expected that after sailing about three thousand miles to the westward he should arrive at the East Indies. His calculations were wrong, though the *main underlying purpose of his life* was right and true, and finally successful. So with many men and the kingdom of heaven. All their fine-spun theories come to confusion, so far as details are concerned; but the end, the aim, the purpose is true, and it is this that is most valuable in the sight of God after all.—*B.*

3827. MOB, Love of cruelty in. A Jew was about to be burned in Madrid by the officers of the Inquisition because he would not forsake his religion, the Hebrew being offered his life if he would recant. The mob in the streets, longing to see the Jew burned, and afraid of losing the spectacle, kept calling out, "Keep firm, Moses." The brave Jew, however, did not falter—he would not abandon the faith of his fathers, and perished.

3828. MODESTY, and assurance. "Do you know that you are in a state of grace?" she (Joan of Arc on her trial) was asked. "If I am not," she replied, "*God guide me there.*" At this rejoinder one of her assessors could not but exclaim, "Jeanne, you have answered well!"—*L. Watson.*

3829. MODESTY, Christian. It is said that General Gordon used to sit in the gallery of the church among the poor, until, his fame becoming known, he was asked to sit in the luxurious seats appointed for the grandees, but that he preferred to keep the seat in which he had so long sat unnoticed and unknown.—*Congregationalist.*

3830. MODESTY, True. Monsieur Claude had not a fine voice, but his auditors were always charmed with his sermons; and it was a smart saying of a gentleman who was asked after sermon how he liked the preacher—"Every voice will be for him," said he, "*but his own.*"

3831. MOMENT, Improving the. Goethe has changed the postulate of Archimedes, "Give me a standing-place, and I will move the world," into the precept, "*Make good thy standing-place, and move the world.*" This is what he did throughout his life. So, too, was it that Luther moved the world. Not by waiting for a favourable opportunity, but by *doing his daily work*, by doing God's will day by day, without thinking of looking beyond. We ought not to linger in inaction until Blucher comes up, but, the moment we catch sight of him in the distance, to rise and charge.—*Julius C. Hare.*

3832. MOMENT, Value of. A small vessel was nearing the Steep Holmes, in the Bristol Channel. The captain stood on the deck, his watch in his hand, his eye fixed on it. A terrible tempest had driven them onward. No one dared to ask, "Is there hope?" Every moment they were hurried

nearer to the sullen rock which knew no mercy, and on which many ill-fated vessels had foundered. Still the captain stood motionless, speechless, his watch in his hand. "We are lost!" was the conviction of many around him. Suddenly his eye glanced across the sea; he stood erect; another moment and he cried, "Thank God! we are saved—the tide has turned; *in one minute more we should have been on the rocks!*"

3833. MONEY, Accumulating. In his strong view of the error of accumulating money, he would say, "I have read a melancholy thing in the paper to-day; a man died possessed of £100,000."—*Life of Rev. W. Marsh, D.D.*

3834. MONEY, an evangelistic agency. William Guthrie (author of "The Christian's Saving Interest"), like some other Guthries, when minister of Fenwick was fond of fishing. One day, in a lone and remote part of his parish, he found a man plying the craft by some upland stream. He proved to be one of Guthrie's parishioners, but one whom the minister had never seen at church. He frankly avowed him self to be one who was not, as they say, "kirk greedy." To induce him to come, Guthrie promised him half-a-crown—a big sum in those days—every time he came to the house of God, and afterwards to the Manse to ask for it. Next Sabbath he was there, and came duly for his half-crown; the following two Sabbaths the same, but he never came to the Manse afterwards. God blessed the Word to him, and he became an eminent Christian—taken as it were, to use Paul's words, "by guile."—*Dr Guthrie.*

3835. MONEY, does not bring happiness. A few years ago there died in London a rich merchant, who, having started as a poor boy, was worth three millions of money. He might as well have been worth only a few hundreds, for he got it into his head that he was a very poor man, who had to work for his living, and the only way to pacify him was to dole him out weekly wages as a gardener. No doubt he started in life with a great desire for money, and he got his desire; but *what satisfaction did it give him?*—*Rev. G. Litting, LL.B.*

3836. MONEY, Effects of. I remember drinking tea with him (Garrick) long ago, when Peg Woffington made it, and he grumbled at her for making it too strong. He had then begun to feel money in his purse, and did not know when he should have enough of it.—*Johnson.*

3837. MONEY, enslaves men. Mr. Jay Gould, the American millionaire, says he is kept on the drive from morning till night, the money he has made *having enslaved him.*—*Christian World.*

3838. MONEY, Love of. A tenant one day, after he had settled his rent, thus addressed his laird—"Now, I would give you a shilling, Laird Braco, to have a sight of all the gold and silver which you possess." "Well, man," his lordship replied, "it shall cost you no more." The shilling was paid down in hand, and his lordship fulfilled his part of the bargain, exhibiting to his tenant a considerable number of iron boxes filled with gold and silver money. "Now, my laird," said the tenant, "I am as rich as you, after all." "How, my man?" said his lordship. "Because I see the money, my laird, and you have not the heart to do any more with it."

3839. MONEY-MAKING, a play, not work. Whatever we do to please ourselves, and only for the sake of the pleasure, not for an ultimate object, is "play," the "pleasing thing," not the useful thing. . . . The first of all English games is *making money*. That is an all-absorbing game; and we knock each other down oftener in playing at that than at football, or any other rougher sport; and it is absolutely without purpose; no one who engages heartily in that game ever knows why. Ask a great money-maker what he wants to do with his money—he never knows. He doesn't make it to do anything with it. He gets it only that he may get it. "What will you make of what you have got?" you ask. "Well, I'll get more," he says. Just as at cricket you get more runs. There's no use in the runs, but to get more of them than other people is the game. And there's no use in the money, but to have more of it than other people is the game. So all that great foul city of London there—ratling, growling, smoking, stinking—a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore—you fancy it is a city of work? Not a street of it! It is a great city of play; very nasty play, and very hard play, but still play. It is only Lord's Cricket-Ground without the turf—a huge billiard-table without the cloth, and with pockets as deep as the bottomless pit, but mainly a billiard-table after all."—*Ruskin.*

3840. MONEY-MAKING, No time for. A gentleman friend of Professor Agassiz, an eminent practical man, once expressed his wonder that a man of such abilities should remain contented with such a moderate income. "I have enough," was Agassiz's reply. "*I have no time to waste in making money.* Life is not sufficiently long to enable a man to get rich, and do his duty to his fellow-men at the same time."—*President White.*

3841. MONEY, No regard for. The enemies of Luther were no strangers to his contempt for gold. When one of the Popes asked a certain cardinal why they did not stop that man's mouth with silver and gold, his eminence replied, "That German beast regards not money!"

3842. MONEY, Power of. A young Indian chief, who was baptized by the name of John Sunday, paid a visit to England, and the friends of missions were delighted with his simple statements in the numerous meetings which he addressed. Concluding his address on one occasion by an appeal to the benevolence of the people, previous to the collection, he said, "There is a gentleman, I suppose, now in this house; he is a very fine gentleman, but he is very *modest*. He does not like to show himself. I do not know how long it is since I saw him, he comes out so little; I am very much afraid he sleeps a great deal of his time, when he ought to be going about doing good. His name is *Mr. Gold*. Mr. Gold, are you here to-night? or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold; come out, and help us to do this great work, to send the gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to sleep so much in your iron chest! Look at your white brother, *Mr. Silver*; he does a great deal of good in the world while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold! Look, too, at your brown brother, *Mr. Copper*; he is *everywhere*! See him running about doing all the good he can. Why don't you come out, Mr. Gold? Well, if you *won't* come out

and give us yourself, send us your shirt, that is, a BANK-NOTE, and we will excuse you this time."—*Missionary Anecdotes.*

3843. MONEY, Use of. A New England man, dying, left a fund the income of which every year was to be devoted to paying for a course of lectures which were to vindicate the authenticity of the Scriptures and the divinity of our Lord and the evangelical religion. From that fund there has sprung a line of lectures that constitutes *one of the noblest monuments of learning and piety* that has been known in any language on the globe. Could money be made to work such important results in any other way?—*Beecher.*

3844. MONEY, what it cannot do. "Wherefore should I die, being so rich?" said Cardinal Beaufort, Chancellor of England, in the reign of Henry VI.; "if the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it or by riches to buy it. Fie!" quoth he, "*will not death be hired?*" Will money do nothing?—*Trapp.*

3845. MONUMENT, An honourable. Sir Anthony Ashley, who first planted them in this country, has a cabbage sculptured at his feet upon his monument—a much more honourable trophy than all the herald's mummery or the emblems of military prowess. A potato-plant would have afforded the noblest crest for Sir Walter Raleigh.—*Horace Smith.*

3846. MOODS, Different. As I spent a Sabbath in the house where Shakespeare was born I saw visions that I think he would have been glad to see, and that he would have had power to give form and dramatic representation—which I have not; and yet when, afterward, the eye was over-spent with excess of sensibility, the whole was disillusioned, and there was nothing there but an old timbered house and a low-browed ceiling. "Shakespeare was born there; but what of that? Everybody has to be born somewhere." That was all I got out of it. When I was in the *higher realm of intellectual and artistic consciousness* spirits walked on every side, the air itself was an inspiration, the scene was a history, and no drama could be compared to it; the day, the church, and the house awakened memories as nothing else could; but afterwards they were turned bottom side up and emptied into the dirt.—*Beecher.*

3847. MORAL qualities, Men's admiration of. While I was yet a young man, living in Cincinnati, there came a wandering circus there, in which one of the principal athletes was a man built like a second Apollo. He was magnificent in every physical excellence and as handsome as a god. A young lady of one of the very first families there, attracted by his beauty and grace, became enamoured of him. He, of course, complimented, reciprocated this wild attachment. And in the enthusiasm and ardour of her unregulated and foolish affection, she proposed an elopement to him. Ordinarily a man would have been more than proud—because she was heir to countless wealth, apparently, and certainly stood second to none there; but with an unexpected manliness, that surprised every one, he said to her, "No; *I cannot afford to have you despise me.*" I am older than you are, and although I am highly complimented and pleased, by-and-by you would reproach me, and say that I ought to have done otherwise.

I will carry you back to your friends. I will not permit you to sacrifice yourself on me." And he refused to take advantage of the opportunity which she offered him. Ten thousand men admired this man's athletic skill in the circus; but when that story was known every one of them thought infinitely more of him than they did before. Here were two traits. First, there was the physical trait of grace and power as an athlete. Everybody admired that. But when there rose out of that this nobler trait, this disinterestedness, this magnanimity, this great and unexpected sense of justice and rectitude, and men saw it, they thought as much more of him as it was possible for them to think.—*Beecher.*

3848. MORALIST, contrasted with the Christian. The Christian and the moralist are alike in many things, but by-and-by the Christian will be admitted to a sphere which the moralist cannot enter. A barren and a fruitful vine are growing side by side in the garden, and the barren vine says to the fruitful one, "Is not my root as good as yours?" "Yes," replies the vine, "as good as mine." "And are not my bower-leaves as broad and spreading, and is not my stem as large, and my bark as shaggy?" "Yes," says the vine. "And are not my leaves as green, and am I not taller than you?" "Yes," meekly replies the vine; "but I have blossoms." "Oh! blossoms are of no use," "But I bear fruit." "What! those clusters? Those are only a trouble to a vine." But what thinks the vintner? He passes by the barren vine; but the other, filling the air with its odour in spring, and drooping with purple clusters in autumn, is his pride and joy; and he lingers near it, and prunes it, that it may become yet more luxuriant and fruitful. So the moralist and the Christian may grow together for a while; but by-and-by, when the moralist's life is barren, the Christian's will come to flower and fruitage in the Garden of the Lord. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."—*Beecher.*

3849. MORALIST, Danger of. George Whitefield stopped for several days at the house of a general, at Providence, R. I. The general, his wife, his son, and three daughters were serious, but not decidedly religious. Whitefield departed from his usual custom, which was to address the residents in the house where he stayed individually concerning the welfare of their souls. The last evening came, and the last night he was to spend there. He retired to rest, but the Spirit of God came to him in the night, saying, "O man of God, if these people perish, their blood be on thy head." He listened, but the flesh said, "Do not speak to these people. They are so good and so kind that you could not say a harsh thing to them." He rose and prayed. The sweat ran down his brow. He was in fear and anxiety. At last a happy thought struck him. He took his diamond ring from his finger, went up to the window, and wrote these words upon the glass, "One thing thou lackest." He could not summon courage to say a word to the inmates, but went his way. No sooner was he gone than the general, who had a great veneration for him, went into the room he had occupied, and the first thing that struck his attention was the sentence upon the window, "*One thing thou lackest.*" That was exactly his case. The Spirit of God blessed it to his heart.

3850. MORALIST, End of. There was an old man who came every day to the reading-room of a city in the South of France, where I was spending the winter. His form was bent, his manner was timid, and he never entered into conversation with the gentlemen around him. On Christmas Eve I received a note asking me to call upon a countryman of mine who was dangerously ill in the hotel where I was living. I found the strange, silent man. We had lived under the same roof, and had only met in the distant library. He recognised me at once. I told him that he probably had but few days to live. Then came the great question, "Do you believe the immortality of the soul?" He answered without a moment's hesitation, "I do, most firmly." "And what is your own hope for the future?" "I hope to be happy for ever in heaven." "Will you tell me the ground of your hope?" "Yes, willingly. I have never done anything very bad in this world. My little faults, such as are common to all men, I am sure God will overlook. But in all serious matters my account is clear. I depend upon the exact awards of justice, and I expect to receive for the deeds done in the body a welcome to everlasting life beyond the grave." I was speechless. Then, with an earnest appeal to that explicit promise which I believe was intended for just such emergencies, "It shall be given you in that same hour, what ye shall speak," I began to preach to him of Jesus. It was all in vain. At last I rose to go. "But are you not going to pray with me?" he asked, with surprise. "Why should I pray with you? I cannot offer your prayer: 'God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men.' You cannot offer my prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" This seemed to startle him. But he evidently thought it a puzzle he was too weak to guess, and so he begged me to pray just as my own feelings prompted. So I did commit him to the Saviour of sinners, and entreated the Holy Spirit to reveal to him his own heart and his need of forgiveness. He died without a word of repentance, and our only consolation was that he loved to hear one talk and pray who knew nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. On my return to America I was commissioned by his wife to find his friends. They were very courteous to me, but they did not care to talk about him. At last I appealed to one of them to tell me what it all meant. "You are entitled to know," he replied. "I cannot understand how the man could have died without telling you. He was a forger. He lived and died in France to escape arrest for his crime. His family are suffering yet for the disgrace of forgery and embezzlement in a public office!"—*Wolcott Calkins, D.D.*

3851. MORALITIES, not sufficient of themselves. Moralities and the externals of religion will wash away the foulness which lies on the surface, but stains that have sunk deep into the very substance of the soul, and have dyed every thread in warp and woof to its centre, are not to be got rid of so. The awful words which our great dramatist puts into the mouth of the queenly murderess are heavy with the weight of most solemn truth. After all vain attempts to cleanse away the stains we, like her, have to say, "There's the smell of the blood still—will these hands ne'er be clean?" No, never! unless there be something mightier, more inward in its power, than the water with which we

can wash them, some better gospel than "Repent and reform."—*Maclaren.*

3852. MORALITY, Insufficiency of. Father Taylor, on one occasion, speaking of the insufficiency of the moral principles without religious feeling, exclaimed, "Go, heat your oven with snowballs."—*Mrs. Jameson.*

3853. MORALITY, Mere, not enough. On one occasion His Majesty George III. was engaged in conversation with a pious man on the subject of religion, which, after some persuasion from the King, he defined in a very clear and evangelical manner. A bishop happened to be present whose preaching was entirely of a moral cast, but never pointed to a Saviour, to whom His Majesty gave this reproof: "There, my lord, you never tell us these things."

3854. MORALITY, Worth of. Morality is good, and is acceptable of God *as far as it goes*; but the difficulty is, it does not go far enough. "Is not my fifty fathom cable as good as your hundred fathom one?" says the sailor. Yes, as far as it goes; but in water a hundred fathoms deep, if it does not go within fifty fathoms of anchorage, *of what use will it be in a storm?*—*Beecher.*

3855. MORALISING, A fool's. I have just been listening to some sage reflections and wise remarks from a gentleman in a public place of assembly, but as I more than suspected the man to be "in his cups" it was difficult to keep them from losing whatever merit they otherwise might have had. To use a metaphor of Solomon's, they seemed very much like "jewels of gold in a swine's snout."—*B.*

3856. MORTALITY, to be remembered. It is related that Prester John, the celebrated Tartar prince, amidst all his magnificence, kept a human skull on his table, that in his feasting he might be reminded of his mortality.

3857. MOTHER, A careless. Dr. Prime, of the *New York Observer*, mentions a little lad, a few years old, who was so noisy at a watering-place, one day last summer, that the Doctor sought to check him. The child turned promptly and cursed him, while his elegantly dressed mother remarked, with a smile, "How funny!"

3858. MOTHER, A diligent. One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play and sit down at the table at noon, I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of grey hair, and how sometimes she would sit down at the table, and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say, "Well, the fact is, I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them.—*Talmage.*

3859. MOTHER, A praying. A party of English tourists, desirous of obtaining a certain flower growing in a somewhat dangerous part of the Alps, offered a sum of money to any one who should procure it for them. They were astonished one morning by the entrance of a little Swiss boy, holding in his hand a bunch of the coveted flowers. Having

earnt from his artless answers to their questions that he was fatherless, and that he worked hard to aid in the support of his ailing mother and two little brothers, one of the party said to him, "Were you not afraid to clamber up among these rocks?" "No, sir." "Why not?" asked the gentleman. "Because," simply spoke the child, "*I knew my mother was praying for me all the time.*"

3860. MOTHER, A praying. I have a vivid recollection of the effects of maternal influence. My honoured mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forgot her admonitions, but in my most thoughtless days I never lost the impressions which her holy example had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before, but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught sight of the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand and said, "Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer." This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother.—*Rev. R. Knill.*

3861. MOTHER, An infidel. Hume, the historian, received a religious education from his mother, but as he approached manhood confirmed infidelity succeeded. Maternal partiality, however, alarmed at first, came at length to look with less and less pain upon his declension, and filial love and reverence seemed to have been absorbed in the pride of philosophical scepticism; for Hume applied himself with unwearied, and unhappily, with successful, efforts to sap the foundation of his mother's faith. Having succeeded, he went abroad, and as he was returning an express met him in London, with a letter from his mother informing him that she was in a deep decline. She said she found herself without any support in her distress; that *he had taken away that only source of comfort* upon which, in all cases of affliction, she used to rely; and that she now found her mind sinking into despair. She conjured him to hasten to her, or at least to send her a letter containing such consolations as philosophy could afford to a dying mortal. Hume was overwhelmed with anguish on receiving this letter, and hastened to Scotland, travelling day and night; but before he arrived his mother expired.

3862. MOTHER, Admiration for. During a court ceremony the King (the late unfortunate Louis II. of Bavaria) said to his Master of Ceremonies, Baron P——, "Is it not that there are many beautiful women at my court?" On the Baron answering in the affirmative, the King said, fixing his thoughtful eyes on his mother, "And yet *my mother pleases me more than all the rest.*"—*Pester Lloyd.*

3863. MOTHER, and her prayers. If he (Gari-

baldi) saw any one looking at her picture the tears started into his eyes. He felt remorse at having, by his adventurous life, been a source to her of cruel anxiety. *He believed in the power of her prayers* to preserve him from the effects of his own temerity, and on the field of battle or in the storm at sea he never lost courage, because he thought he saw her kneeling before God and imploring for him the Divine protection.—*Daily Paper.*

3864. MOTHER, Esteem for. In the days of Rome's greatest splendour there stood on one of her seven hills a temple dedicated to "Female Fortune;" and over its magnificent portal was written the name of Volumnia, for whose honour the temple had been built, to perpetuate her memory as a matron who had saved Rome by her influence over her son. Not far distant from it arose a column on which was inscribed, "Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi," in acknowledgment of her worth as the mother of two sons whom she had trained up to be ornaments and defenders of her nation. Such was the respect paid to mothers who "acted well their part" in pagan Rome.—*Rev. J. M. Mathews.*

3865. MOTHER, her true power. "I am acquainted," says an American writer, "with a young man whose father died when he was an infant, but whose mother always controlled him. One day he remarked to me, 'Whenever I was guilty of disobeying my mother, and she called me to account, she would talk to me seriously and then kneel down in prayer and tell God all about my conduct and the consequences of my course. I used to feel at such times as if my heart would burst, and I have often said, 'Ma, whip me, but don't talk to me and pray for me.' Ah," said he, 'it was the talking and praying that affected me more than the whipping, though all were necessary.'"*—Arvine.*

3866. MOTHER, Influence of. The parents of Robert Moffat were both pious, and his mother's heart was set upon his "knowing from a child the Holy Scriptures." When about to leave Inverkeithing, in Fifeshire, where he was in service in the Earl of Moray's gardens, for a situation in Cheshire, she earnestly besought him to promise, before going, that he would read the Bible every day, morning and evening. Sensible of his own weakness, and of, perhaps, his boyish disinclination, he parried the question. But at the last moment she pressed his hand. "Robert," she said, imploringly, "you will promise me to read the Bible, more particularly the New Testament, and most especially the gospels—those are the words of Christ Himself; and then you cannot possibly go astray." *There was no refusing then;* it was the melting hour. "Yes, mother," he answered, "I make you the promise." He knew, as he remarked in relating the circumstances, "that the promise, once made, must be kept. And oh," he added, "I am happy that I did make it!"—*Hand and Heart.*

3867. MOTHER, Influence of. I tried when I was a boy to be an infidel, but there was one thing I could never get over. I never could answer my mother's love and character. My father was an intemperate man, and my mother, when made miserable by his brutal treatment, would lead my little brother and myself to a spot under a hillside, and kneeling there, would commend us to God. Hardship and her husband's harshness brought her to her grave. At the age of twenty-one I was vicious,

hardened, utterly impenitent. Once I found myself, near the home of my boyhood, and felt irresistibly moved to take another look at the little hollow under the hill. There it was as I left it; the very grass looked as if no foot had ever trod it since the guide of my infant years was laid in her early grave. I sat down. I heard again the voice pleading for me. All my bad habits and my refusals of Christ came over me and crushed me down. I did not leave the spot till I had confidence in my Saviour. My mother's prayers came back in answers of converting grace, and I stand to-day the living witness of a mother's faithfulness, of a prayer-hearing God. —*Richard Cecil.*

3868. MOTHER, Influence of. The Hon. Thomas H. Benton was for many years a United States senator. When making a speech in New York once he turned to the ladies present and spoke about his mother in this way :—"My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it from that day to this. She asked me never to gamble, and I never learned to gamble. When I was seven years old she asked me not to drink. I made a resolution of total abstinence. That resolution I have never broken. And now, whatever honour I may have gained, I owe it to my mother." —*King's Highway.*

3869. MOTHER, Influence of. Some one asked a man of wisdom when the education of a child should be commenced? "Twenty years before his birth, by educating his mother," was the reply.—*Christian Advocate.*

3870. MOTHER, Influence of. Olympia, the mother of Alexander the Great, was very severe and morose in her treatment to him, so that his deputy, Antipater, wrote him long letters of complaint against her; to which Alexander returned this answer—"Knowest thou not that *one tear of my mother's* would blot out a thousand of thy letters of complaint?"

3871. MOTHER, Influence of. Upon a tomb-stone erected by a family of children was the inscription, "Our mother, *she always made home happy.*" When Madame Campan asked Napoleon what was the great want of the French nation his reply was, "Mothers."

3872. MOTHER, Love for. Cowper, the pious poet, expressed in the most impressive language the warmth of his affection for the memory of his mother, when, long after her death, his cousin presented him with her picture. "I had rather," said he, "possess that picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I love her with an affection that her death fifty-two years since has not the least abated."

3873. MOTHER, Love for. The concern manifested by native converts for the salvation of their heathen relatives and friends is often very striking. A remarkable instance of this appears in the case of a Matabele who, becoming a servant in the mission family at Kuruman, was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. "Once," says the missionary, "when visiting the sick, I found her sitting with a part of the Word of God in her hand, bathed in tears. Addressing her, I said, 'My child, what is the cause of your sorrow? Is the baby still unwell?' 'No,' she replied; 'my baby is well.'

'Your mother-in-law?' I inquired. 'No, no,' she replied; 'it is my own dear mother.' Here she again gave vent to her grief; and, holding out the gospel of Luke in a hand wet with tears, she exclaimed, '*My mother will never see this Word*, she will never hear this good news.' She wept again and again, and said, 'Oh, my mother and my friends, they live in heathen darkness; and shall they die without seeing the light which has shone on me, and without tasting that love which I have tasted?' Raising her eyes to heaven, she sighed a prayer, and I heard the words again, 'My mother, my mother!' Shortly after this I was called upon to watch over her dying pillow, and descended with her to Jordan's bank. She feared no rolling billow. She looked on the babe to which she had lately given birth, and commended it to the care of her God and Saviour. The last words I heard from her faltering lips were, '*My mother!*'"

3874. MOTHER, Love of. Washington, when quite young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman. The vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. He went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her, but turning round to the servant, bade him "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away, to break my mother's heart."

3875. MOTHER, Love of a. Eighteen hundred years ago, when night closed over the city of Pompeii, a lady sat in her house nursing her son of ten years of age. The child had been ill for some days; his form was wasted, his little limbs were shrunk; and we may imagine with what infinite anxiety she watched every motion of the helpless one, whose existence was so dear. What did take place we know with an exactness very remarkable. That distant mountain which reared its awful head on the shore of the bay, Vesuvius, was troubled the same night with an eruption, and threw into the air such clouds of pumice-stones that the streets and squares of Pompeii became filled, and gradually the stones grew higher and higher, until they reached the level of the windows. There was no chance of escape then by the doors; and those who attempted to get away stepped out of their first floor windows and rushed over the sulphurous stones—a short distance only, for they were quickly overpowered by the poisonous vapours and fell dead. After the stones there fell ashes, and after ashes hot water fell in showers, which changed the ashes into clay. Those who ran out of their houses during the fall of stones were utterly consumed, while those who waited until the ashes began to fall perished likewise, but their bodies were preserved by the ashes and water which fell upon them. The Pompeian mother we have mentioned opened the window of her house when she thought the fall of stones was over, and with the child in her arms took a few hurried steps forward, when, overpowered by the sulphur, she fell forward, at which moment the shower of ashes began to fall, and quickly buried mother and child. The hot water afterwards changed into a mould; the ashes and the sun baked the fatal clay to such a degree of hardness that it has endured to the present day. A short time ago the spot where mother and child lay was found, liquid plaster-of-Paris was poured into the mould formed by the bodies, and then the mould was

broken up, leaving the plaster-cast whole. Thus one touching incident in the terrible tragedy of eighteen centuries ago has been preserved for the admiration and respect of posterity. The arms and legs of the child showed a contraction and emaciation which could only result from illness. Of the mother only the right arm is preserved; she fell upon the ashes, and the remaining portion of her body was consumed. But the right hand still clasped the legs of the child; on her arm were two gold bracelets, and on her fingers two gold rings—one set with an emerald, the other with a cut amethyst. This touching illustration of a mother's love now rests in the museum of the celebrated city.—*Christian Chronicle*.

3876. MOTHER, makes the man. Not long before the death of Mr. Adams a gentleman said to him, "I have found out who made you." "What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams. The gentleman replied, "I have been reading the published letters of your mother." "If," this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly nor his face glowed more quickly than did the eyes and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner, and said, 'Yes, sir; all that is good in me I owe to my mother.'"

3877. MOTHER, Memory of. A gentleman was going to attend a seamen's meeting in the Mariners' Chapel. Directly opposite that place there was a sailors' boarding-house. In the doorway sat a hardy, weather-beaten sailor, watching the people as they assembled for worship. The gentleman walked up to him and said, "Well, my friend, won't you go with us to meeting?" "No," said the sailor bluntly. The gentleman mildly replied, "You look, my friend, as though you had seen hard days; have you a mother?" The sailor looked earnestly in the gentleman's face, and made no reply. "Suppose your mother were here now, what advice would she give you?" The tears rushed into the eyes of the poor sailor, and hastily brushing them away with the back of his rough hand, he rose and said, with a voice almost inarticulate through emotion, "I'll go to the meeting." He crossed the street, entered the chapel, and took his seat with the assembled congregation.

3878. MOTHER, Memory of. Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, mentions, in his account of his interviews with Bellingham, the famous assassin, that nothing he could say appeared to make any impression until he spoke of his mother, and then the prisoner burst into a flood of tears.

3879. MOTHER, Power of. The other night I was talking in the inquiry-room to a noble-looking young man, who was in great agony of soul. I asked him what had made him anxious. Was it the address, or any of the hymns? He looked up in my face, and said, "*It was my mother's letter.*" She had written him, asking him to attend that meeting, and had said she would be praying for him when he was at the meeting. The thought of his mother's prayers and agony had gone home to his heart; and that night he found the Saviour.—*Moody*.

3880. MOTHER, Prayer of. Thomas M'Crie, the biographer of John Knox, used to tell with strong feeling an anecdote of his mother. He was

not a Christian when he left home for a university education in Edinburgh. The mother's heart was troubled at parting with her boy, and full of anxiety at the thought of temptations to be met in city and college life, she walked with him some distance on the road to give a few parting counsels. Then, climbing over a fence into a field, she led him behind a rock, where, shielded from the view of passers-by, she put her hands on his head and prayed earnestly for God's blessing on her boy, to keep him from evil and make him a noble and useful Christian man. To that prayer he always referred as changing his whole life.

3881. MOTHER, Remembrance of, in guilt. The other day I stepped into a justice's court just as a young man, who had been arrested for theft, was being examined. Not more than eighteen years of age, he looked incapable of such a crime. Yet the evidence fixed the guilt unquestionably upon him. When questioned as to his age and residence, he answered indifferently; but when asked his name he hesitated, then, turning to the justice, said, "Must I answer that question?" "Yes," was the answer. With a look of keenest anguish in his face he asked again, "If I give my name, can it be kept from my mother?" Oh! there was the thought that troubled him most. Here was the one to whom his thoughts turned in his hour of trouble, and for whose feelings he was solicitous, even when he was the one to be wept over; one thought awoke in him a desire to avoid publicity—"What will mother think?"—*Anon*.

3882. MOTHER, Resignation of. "My mother had six children, three of whom died in infancy. A very affecting circumstance accompanied the death of one of them, and was a severe trial to her maternal feelings. Her then youngest child, a sweet little boy, only just two years old, through the carelessness of his nurse, fell from a bedroom window upon the pavement beneath. I was at that time six years of age, and happened to be walking upon the very spot when the distressing event occurred. I was, therefore, the first to take him up. I delivered into our agonised mother's arms the poor little sufferer. The head was fractured, and he survived the fall only about thirty hours. She passed the sad interval of suspense in almost continual prayer, and found God a present help in time of trouble. Frequently during that day did she retire with me, and as I knelt beside her she uttered the feelings and desires of her heart to God. I remember her saying, "*If I cease praying for five minutes I am ready to sink under this unlooked-for distress; but when I pray God comforts and upholds me: His will, not mine, be done.*"—*Leigh Richmond*.

3883. MOTHER, Saving memory of. John Randolph, the eccentric but influential statesman, once addressed himself to an intimate friend in terms something like the following:—"I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French Atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was, the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

3884. MOTHER, Secret of influence of. Some one asked a mother whose children had turned out very well what was the secret by which she pre-

pared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said, "This was the secret. When, in the morning, I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school, I prayed that their faith might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be enfolded in the Saviour's arms."—*Talmage*.

3885. MOTHER, Self-sacrifice of. The wife of a gateman on the line between Sottegem and Alost, in Belgium, was attending to her husband's duty, when her little boy strayed in front of a fast train. Without a moment's hesitation the mother sprang across the rails, and, seizing her child, tossed it upon the bank the very second before she was caught by the locomotive and killed. The child escaped with a few bruises.

3886. MOTHER, Teaching of. Bishop Hall's religious and moral worth was the fruit, under God, of maternal piety and care. In allusion to his mother he says, "How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages of experimental divinity which I have heard from her mouth!"—*Dr. Fish*.

3887. MOTHER, Touch of. A young man who had been badly wounded in the American War was in the hospital. His mother came from a great distance to see him. Upon her arrival she was told that her son was sleeping, and that his state was critical; that if the news of her coming was not gently broken to him the consequences might be instantly fatal. "Let me at least go and look at him while he sleeps," she pleaded. The doctor hesitated, but at length yielded to her urgency, and permitted her to stand by the bedside. When she saw her son's pallid face her motherly instincts were too strong for her, and in spite of the doctor's warning she placed her hand gently on the invalid's brow to wipe the death-sweat away. The sufferer recognised the touch in a moment, but instead of being fatally agitated by his mother's unexpected presence, he simply murmured, in a tone of deep and placid satisfaction, "*That's mother's hand.*"—*Moody*.

3888. MOTHER, Truthfulness of. A child about five years old was rude and noisy. The mother kindly reproved her, saying, "Sarah, you must not do so." The child soon forgot the reproof, and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said, "Sarah, if you do so again I will punish you;" but not long afterwards Sarah "did so again." A young lady present said, "Never mind, I will ask your mother not to whip you." "Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good. *My mother never tells lies.*"

3889. MOTHERS, Influence of. "Of sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the French crown," a French writer says, "only three have loved the people, and all those three were reared by their mothers without the intervention of pedagogues. A Bossuet educated the tyrant Louis XIV.; his mother did not train him. St. Louis was trained by Blanche, Louis XII. was trained by Maria of Cleves, and Henry IV. was trained by Jane of

Albret; and these were really the fathers of their people."

3890. MUSIC, and death. Jerome, of Prague, bound naked to the stake, continued to sing hymns with a deep untrembling voice.—*A. W. Atwood*.

3891. MUSIC and heaven, Popular ideas of. At Christmas-time the waits mustered pretty strongly at my door. I knew this custom of old, and remembering my former tortures from their falsely harmonised chorales, I told my servant to inform them that I would give them nothing unless they promised never to return. Trombone, sorely wounded, said to the servant, "Tell your master he will not go to heaven if he dislikes music."—*Moscheles*.

3892. MUSIC, Influence of. In the days of early Methodism one of the converts persuaded an ungodly acquaintance to go with him to hear John Wesley preach. It was a crowded congregation, and after the service was over the convert naturally inquired of his companion what he had thought of the service, and he said he had liked the sermon well, "but eh, man," he said, "I did like they ballads they sang."

3893. MUSIC, Power of. Mahomet tells Ayesha, his wife, to instruct his warriors in a native air of wild melody, and in its captive beauty they overwhelm the enemies of the Moslem; there is no arm to stay their fury when its spirit buoys them above danger. The legions of Napoleon are imbedded in the snowy Alps, the atmosphere is cold and crisp, the wind howls; far beyond, and over still greater obstacles, lies their Italy. Discouraged and exhausted, they sink, unequal for the task. "Play the French *Gloria*," shouted the indomitable leader, and down the lines of that frozen cohort rushed warm liquid melody; the disheartened men were born anew, and the Alps were hills of moles.—*A. W. Atwood*.

3894. MUSIC, Power of. The Sultan of Turkey took thirty thousand Persian prisoners in battle; and the Sultan decreed that those thirty thousand prisoners must die, for they had fought against him. Before the day of execution came, one of those Persians, who was a musician, came out and played sweetly upon the flute; and the Sultan heard him, and said, "Play that again;" and he played it again. And after a while the Sultan's heart was melted, and he said, "Let that man go free! Let them *all* go free—the thirty thousand! Put not one of them to death." I was told by an Englishman that when the English army lay around Sebastopol, one evening, the bands of music, seated on the battlements, played "*Home, sweet home*;" and he said that there was a great sob went all through the army.—*Talmage*.

3895. NAME, Answering to. In the days of Queen Elizabeth there was a royal ship called "The Revenge," which, having maintained a long fight against a fleet of Spaniards (wherein eight hundred great shot were discharged against her), was at last fain to yield; but no sooner were her men gone out of her, and two hundred fresh Spaniards come into her, than she suddenly sank them and herself; and so "The Revenge" was revenged. Shall lifeless pieces of wood answer the names which men impose upon them, and shall not reasonable souls do the same?—*Thomas Fuller*.

3896. NAME of Jesus, Power of. A brave cavalry officer was dying of his wounds. He thought himself on the field at the head of his gallant men, and fancied that a heavy gun was just in front of them ready to be fired. His distress was great. At length he thought the gun had been fired, and his men, badly cut up, were retreating. Here I interposed, saying, "There is no gun there; you are safe among friends." "Let me alone," he sternly replied; "I must recover my command and renew the attack." "No," said I; "let us not talk of battle scenes. You are soon to die. Let us talk of Jesus." The mention of that name seemed to exert the powerful influence I had often heard ascribed to it. His agitation ceased at once; his delirium passed away; a smile lit up his pallid features. After a moment's silence he said, in a low tone, "Jesus, Jesus! It is He who said, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I want rest, I am weary." Soon after he entered the glorious rest of heaven.

3897. NAME, Power of. Some years after the Sultan's death an oppressed subject called aloud in the streets of Damascus, "O Nouredin! Nouredin! where art thou now? Arise, arise, to pity and protect us!" A tumult was apprehended, and a living tyrant blushed or trembled at the name of a departed monarch.—*Gibbon*.

3898. NAME, Power of. On a May morning in the year 1772 Mr. Granville Sharp met in the suburbs of London a negro boy with his head bound with a bloody handkerchief. In answer to his questions the boy told him "It was massa did it," and that he had been begging in the streets since he ran away. After his wounds were cured Mr. Sharp took him to his own house, and wrote to tell his "massa" where he was. The merchant, to whom he had been sent "as a present" from Jamaica, claimed the boy as his property; but on the case going to trial the glorious verdict was given that *he was free as soon as he had set foot in England*. Not many days after, while all London was ringing with this glad news for the slaves, a lady was sitting at her window overlooking the Thames, when she saw a boat hurrying toward the West India Docks, and heard a piercing cry, and the name of "Granville Sharp! Granville Sharp!" loudly shrieked as the boat swept past her window. She said at once to herself, "This must be a negro they are taking back to the West Indies, since they cannot now keep him as a slave here." So she went off and got authority to search every vessel in those docks. After searching for some hours a young negro was found hid under an empty barrel, his hands and feet tied together, and his mouth bandaged that he might not cry Granville Sharp's name any more. He was instantly unbound, and went free!

3899. NAME, Saved by a. Croesus, being a prisoner, was condemned by Cyrus to be burnt alive. As the unhappy prince was laid upon the funeral pile, recollecting a conversation he had previously had with Solon, and remembering that philosopher's admonitions, he cried aloud, "Solon! Solon! Solon!" three times. Cyrus, who was present, was curious to know the meaning of this, and on its being explained, he was so touched with commiseration at the prince's misfortune that he caused him to be taken from the pile, and ever afterwards treated him with honour and respect.—*Rollin (condensed)*.

3900. NAME, to live, but dead. I have seen a graft bound to the bleeding tree. It was inserted into its wounded side, that both might become one. Yet no incorporation followed. There was no living union. Spring came singing, and with her fingers opened all the buds; summer came, with her dewy nights and sunny days, and brought out all the flowers; brown autumn came to shake the trees and reap the fields, and with music and dances and mirth to hold harvest-home; but that unhappy branch bore no fruit, nor flower, nor even leaf. Held on by dead clay and rotting cords, it merely stuck to the living tree, a withered and unsightly thing. And so, alas! it is with many; having a name to live, they are dead.—*Guthrie*.

3901. NARROWNESS, Ancient. An eminent preacher and traveller tells us that the oldest and most venerable of all ecclesiastical divisions is the Samaritan community, who have for centuries, without increase or diminution, gathered round Mount Gerizim as the only place where men ought to worship. Upon the aged parchment-scroll of the Pentateuch this commandment is added to the other ten: "Thou shalt build an altar on Mount Gerizim, and there only shalt thou worship." Faithfully have they followed that commandment; excommunicating and excommunicated by all other religious societies, *they cling to that eleventh commandment as equal, if not superior, to all the rest.*—*The Christian*.

3902. NARROWNESS, and selfishness illustrated. I recollect once to have driven upon an Irish jaunting car with a little child about four years of age. It began to rain, and a hood was placed over the child's head. I heard her mutter, "There is such a pretty view!" I said, "How can that be when your head is covered?" "Oh!" she replied, "I see my knees, my shawl, and my pretty pretty little feet." Now, I think that a good illustration of the way in which some people praise and admire their own views; but, after all, their admiration arises from the fact that their heads are muffled, and that they cannot look farther than the extremities of their own beautiful selves.—*W. Alexander, A.M.*

3903. NARROWNESS, Christian. Whitefield, on arriving at Edinburgh, found great commotion among the Presbyters, who would not hear him preach unless he declared himself on their side. "I was asked," he says, "to preach only for them until I had further light. I inquired why only for them. 'Because,' said Ralph Erskine, 'they were the Lord's people.' I then asked *were there no other Lord's people but themselves*; and supposing all others were the Devil's people, they certainly had more need to be preached to; and therefore I was more determined to go into the highways and hedges, and that if the Pope himself would lend me his pulpit, I would gladly proclaim the righteousness of Christ therein."—*J. R. Andrews*.

3904. NATION, God's dealings with a. In the very year (1807) in which this hateful commerce (the slave-trade) was abolished victory, which had long been doubtful, began to wait upon our arms, and there started that series of successes which gave peace to Europe, and which sent her oppressor to fret in exile through the remorseful years, and in St. Helena's loneliness to slumber in a nameless grave.—*Punshon*.

3905. NATIONAL life, what it depends on.

The real fact is, that nations, and the families of which nations are composed, make no parade or fuss over that part of their affairs which is going right. National life depends on home life, and foreign critics are inclined to take the chronicles of our Divorce Court as a test by which to judge the standard of our home life, like the old gentleman who always spelt through the police reports to see "what the people were about." An acquaintance, however, with any average English neighbourhood, or any dozen English families taken at random, ought to be sufficient to reassure the faint-hearted, and to satisfy them that (to use the good old formula) the Lord has much work yet for this nation to do, and the nation manliness and godliness enough left to do it all, notwithstanding superficial appearances.—*Thomas Hughes.*

3906. NATIONAL security, Source of. I will undertake to say that one-half of the good order in Her Majesty's dominions, in all her great towns, and principally in the great metropolis of London, is preserved not by troops and by police, but by the secret, *the silent, services of individuals unknown to fame*; small, unimportant people of whom the world knows nothing, who never get on platforms to make addresses, who have no reputation, and who seek only for the welfare of others. They will be found after their work is done carrying into the very recesses of human degradation the light and life of the gospel of Christ. People who come to London and hear that it has 4,000,000 of inhabitants, and hear also that London in its proportion of troops has barely enough for the Queen's Body-Guard, and in police about one to look after every 5000, are surprised at the fact. I daresay the proportion is the same in other large towns. And what is the reason? Is it not owing to all these good agencies to which I allude to?—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*

3907. NATIONS, Providential dealings with. I remember well that soon after the triumph of a liberal policy in Italy, and the promulgation of laws depriving the clergy of the monopoly of education in Piedmont, M. Louis Veuillot, the champion of Ultramontanism, declared that the personal calamities which just at that time befell Victor Emmanuel in rapid succession were a visitation of God for his sin in alienating the privileges of the Catholic clergy. But a few weeks after M. Veuillot himself lost his wife and two children, so that his interpretation of the decrees of Providence was confounded. Epidemics, wars, famines, are chastisements inflicted on nations by the great Master of all for purposes of moral education and discipline, just as are the personal trials that befall individuals. But we deny the right of any to establish a direct relation, a relation that is of cause and effect, between the guilt of a nation and the calamities through which it is called to pass. The friends of Job made this mistake. They saw him there on his dunghill, a desolate and ruined man, and hence they argued that he was a great criminal. It is only looking down the vista of history from a distance, sometimes a great distance, that we can form some humble judgment whether the things that have befallen a nation have been really a boon or a bane to it, a rebuke from God, or a token of His faithful love.—*Dr. Pressensé.*

3908. NATURAL selection, Limits of. The belief that an organ so perfect as the eye could

have been formed by natural selection is more than enough to stagger any one; but what can he (Mr. Darwin) say when he learns that the lens of the cuttlefish, one of the earliest of animals, is *as perfect and more complex* even than that of man?—*Sir David Brewster, Good Words, 1862.*

3909. NATURALNESS, in the pulpit. Some time ago there was a warden at the Pantheon—a good sort of fellow in his way—who, in enumerating the beauties of the monument, adopted precisely the tone of many of our preachers, and never failed thereby to excite the hilarity of the visitors, who were as much amused with his style of address as with the objects of interest which he pointed out to them. A man who has not a natural and true delivery should not be allowed to occupy the pulpit; from thence, at least, everything that is false should be summarily banished.—*Abbé Mulois.*

3910. NATURE, an emanation from God. We are told of whole forests springing from a single root. The universe itself is such a manifold growth, in affiliated parts. Every form in nature is a branch. The Northman's fable of the universal tree, whose divine sap is the energy by which all things are and consist, was not so far from the true cosmogony, or doctrine of creation, as many a baptized creed which locates its diety at a distance from his creatures in space, and far back before the Flood in time. These throbbing hearts that warm the world are only pulses from one central and everlasting heart of love. Those unfading stars that light the sky and shine serenely on one another are only so many tongues of a kindred flame, burning up from one conscious and eternal fire. Our breath, which the ancients called *spiritus*, is the breathing spirit of the Infinite One.—*Huntington.*

3911. NATURE, and art. A very striking application of a lesson from nature, bearing direct testimony to the supreme wisdom of the Creator, was made by Smeaton in the erection of his lighthouse on the Eddystone. Observing the natural figure of a large spreading oak, he saw it rise from the ground with a large swelling base, which, at the height of one diameter, is generally reduced by an elegant curve, concave to the eye, to a diameter less by at least one-third, and sometimes by one-half, of its original base. From thence, its taper diminishing more slowly, its sides by degrees come into a perpendicular, and for some length form a cylinder. After that, a preparation of more circumference becomes necessary for the strong insertion and establishment of the principal boughs, which produces, a swelling of its diameter. Now, we can hardly doubt but that every section of the tree is nearly of an equal strength, in proportion to what it has to resist; and were we to lop off its principal boughs, and expose it in that state to a rapid current of water, we should find it as much capable of resisting the action of the heavier fluid when divested of the greater part of its clothing as it was that of the lighter when all its spreading ornaments were exposed to the fury of the wind; and hence we may derive an idea of what the proper shape of a column of the *greatest stability* ought to be to resist the action of external violence, where the quantity of matter is given whereof it is to be composed. This principle was successfully applied by Smeaton, and has been followed in many lighthouses erected since his time. In the new Eddystone, recently com-

pleted, Smeaton's one mistake has been rectified. His tower was carried up straight when the curve had reached its smallest diameter; in the new structure the figure of the oak has been more closely imitated, and the curve of the tower again carried outwards towards the top. Thus the waves are gradually thrust out by the swelling curve, and the force of their impact on the upper part of the tower is dissipated.—*M.F.*

3912. NATURE, and art. T. D. Harding, the artist, famous for his farm scenes, met one of the class who, having eyes, see not. The artist, in a sketching ramble, saw a cottage made picturesque by leaving nature to work her own sweet will. Brambles, wild roses, honeysuckle, lichens, and mosses covered it. The artist asked permission of the owner, who was lounging at the door, to paint. Receiving his consent, he said he would return early next morning and begin his task. He was there a little after sunrise, to be met by the owner with a smirking smile of self-congratulation. "I've been up since daybreak getting the cottage ready for you," he said. The painter was disgusted, as he looked upon the cottage, transformed from its picturesqueness into a neat and carefully trimmed house. Every loose branch had been cut away, and the wild roses and honeysuckles all ruthlessly lopped. He did not paint that.

3913. NATURE, and art. When I have been travelling in Italy how often have I exclaimed, "How like a picture!" I remember once, while watching a glorious sunset from the banks of the Arno, I caught myself saying, "Truly this is one of Claude's sunsets." Now when I again see one of my favourite Grosvenor Claudes I shall probably exclaim, "How natural! How like what I have seen so often on the Arno or from the Monte Pincio!"—*Journal of an Emvyeé.*

3914. NATURE, and God. The Ishmaelite Arabs have a tradition which says Abraham was concealed in a cave when an infant, out of the way of the persecutions of Nimrod. Nursed by the angels, he grew in strength and intellect in his cavern. His first eggression from it was by night. The firmament of Chaldea, filled with luminous creatures that floated in space, revealed to him God. Only he was not able to distinguish Him from His works. A star resplendent beyond others first arrested his dazzled eyes. "That is my God!" exclaimed he to himself. Presently the star descended and disappeared in the horizon. "No," said he, "that cannot be the God I adored. So with several other constellations. Afterwards the moon arose, "There is my God," cried he. And it set. "No, it is not my God." At last the sun arose. "Here truly is my God," said he; "it is large and dazzling beyond all others." The sun went down in the horizon, leaving the mantle of night upon the earth. "That is not still the God I look for to adore," muttered pensively the infant 'destined for the adoration of the divinity, invisible, immovable, and eternal.' He returned to his cavern to seek his God in his own soul.—*Lamar-tine (condensed).*

3915. NATURE, and God. Pushing my way through a very dense and tangled thicket in a lone and lofty mountain region of Jamaica, I suddenly came upon a most magnificent terrestrial orchid in full blossom. It was the *Phajus Tankervilleæ*—a

noble plant crowned with the pyramidal spike of lily-like flowers whose expanding petals seemed to my ravished gaze the very perfection of beauty. For ages, I thought, that beauteous flower had been growing in that wild and unvisited spot, every season "filling the air around with beauty," and had in all probability never met a single human gaze before. "Had, then, all that divinely formed loveliness been mere waste for those generations?" I asked myself; and I immediately replied, "No; the eye of God Himself hath rested on it with satisfaction, and the Lord hath taken pleasure in this work of His hands."—*Philip H. Gosse, F.R.S. (condensed).*

3916. NATURE, and man's limited knowledge. Systems of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all Experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and square miles. The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us, but who knows what deeper courses these depend on! what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar; but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and Moon's Eclipses; by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (unmiraculously enough), be quite overset and reversed? Such a Minnow is man; his Creek this Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Providence through *Æons of Æons*.—*Carlyle.*

3917. NATURE, and miracles. The Rabbins said that when God made the Red Sea He so formed it that its waters should open whenever the rod of Moses was stretched over it. In other words, it was God's law in nature that that exception to common custom with those waters should take place.

3918. NATURE, and science. I once ventured to ask him whether his scientific knowledge had not dulled the splendour and dissipated much of the mystery that filled the world for the poet's heart. A very sad and tender look came over his face, and for a little while he was silent. Then he said, speaking slowly, "Yes, yes; I know what you mean; it is so. But there are times—rare moments—when nature looks out at me again with the old bride-look of earlier days."—*Life of Kingsley.*

3919. NATURE, Admiration of. I have gazed on some very lovely prospects, bathed perhaps in the last rays of the evening sun, till my soul seemed to struggle with a very peculiar undefinable sensation, as if longing for a power to enjoy, *which I was conscious I did not possess*, and which found relief only in tears. I have felt conscious that there were elements of enjoyment and admiration there which went far beyond my capacity of enjoying and admiring; and I have delighted to believe that, by-and-by, when in the millennial kingdom of Jesus, and still more, in the remoter future, in the dispensation of the fulness of times, the earth—"the new earth"—shall be endowed with a more than paradisaical glory, there shall be given to the redeemed man *a greatly increased power and capacity for drinking in*

and enjoying the augmented loveliness.—*Philip H. Gosse, F.R.S.*

3920. NATURE, Argument from. A declamatory lawyer who despised all technicalities was stopped on one occasion when uttering the words, "In the book of nature, my lords, it is written"—by Lord Ellenborough, then Chief-Justice, saying, "Will you have the goodness to mention the page, sir, if you please?"—*Curiosities of Law and Lawyers.*

3921. NATURE, Beauty of. Dr. Abbott tells of a young woman who, as the result of a surgical operation, was enabled to use her sight for the first time at the age of twenty-three. Looking out upon a sunlit landscape, she exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful! I never dreamt of anything so beautiful as this."—*Rev. J. Lawson Forster.*

3922. NATURE, Beauty of. Go and pluck a flower of the London-pride, and you will have before your eyes (under the microscope) such a production of Divine handiwork as may well excite the admiration and adoration of an angel.—*Philip H. Gosse, F.R.S.*

3923. NATURE, Changes in. It is always a sad day in autumn to me when I see the change that comes over nature. Along in August the birds are all still, and you would think that there were not any left; but if you go out into the fields you find them feeding in the trees, the hedges, and everywhere. By-and-by September comes, and they begin to gather together in groups, and anybody that knows what it means knows that they are getting ready to go. And then comes the later days of October—the sad, the sweet, the melancholy, the deep days of October. And the birds are less and less. And in November, high up, you see the sky streaked with waterfowl going southward; and strange noises in the night, of these pilgrims in the sky, they shall hear whose ears are attuned to natural history. Birds in flocks, one after another, wing their way to the south. Summer is gone, and I am left behind; but they are happy. And I think I can hear them singing in all these states, clear down to the Gulf. They have found where the sun is never cold. With us are frosts, but not with the bird that has migrated.—*Beecher.*

3924. NATURE, Comfort from. One day, late in autumn, walking in a wild wood, I suddenly stood still. Around me was a vast forest, with its mighty and stupendous trees, covered with their varied and decaying foliage, ready to fall by the first breath of the tempest, and mingle with the dead leaves already on the ground. And it seemed to be the ruin of the world, as if nature, in her most beautiful forms, were coming to a close. But I stopped in the silence, and found there were living beings amid the solitude and deariness. At intervals, in the distance, a cock crew, a sparrow chirped; there was the hoarse voice of distant rooks, a horse neighed; presently there was the lowing of an ox, the barking of a dog, the bleating of a sheep, and the small bird rustled amid the brushwood and the leaves, while the cooing of a pigeon was heard from afar. And I was alone, as amid the falling columns and prostrate architecture of some ancient and perished city. So I thought, if life decays and is extinct in some forms, *it shall survive in others*, and those the more precious and the more important; there may be life in the

midst of death, if we had but the eye to see it and the ear to hear the melody; and if the world perishes like the seared leaves of the forest, *there will be another to rise from its ruins* in imperishable beauty and with incorruptible adornments; a righteous population shall inhabit the world. And as the shades of evening descended and darkness spread itself over the scene my spirit was comforted.—*James Stratten.*

3925. NATURE, God in. The celebrated St. Chad peculiarly recognised the finger of God in the "stormy wind" and tempest. It is recorded of him that if, whilst reading, he heard the sound of the wind, he would stop and utter a short prayer that God would be merciful to His people. If it increased he would close the book, and falling on his knees, remain fixed in prayer. But if it grew into a violent storm, then he would go to his church, and pass hours in earnest supplications and psalms. "Have you not read," he would say, "'The Lord thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave forth His voice!'"—*J. Comper Grey.*

3926. NATURE, how to read. It is said of Archbishop Usher, when he grew old, and spectacles could not help his failing sight, that a book was dark except beneath the strongest light of the windows. And the aged man would sit against the casement, with his outspread volume before him, till the sunshine flitted to another opening, when he would change his place, and put himself again under the brilliant rays; and so he would move about with the light till the day was done and his studies ended. And truly we may say that *our weak eyes will not suffice to make out the inscription on the page of nature* unless we get near the window of Scripture, where God pours in the radiance of His Spirit. And wherever it shines, let us follow it, knowing that nowhere but in its illumination can we study the spiritual meanings of nature so well.—*The Hive.*

3927. NATURE, Influence of. He (Dr. Raleigh) used to say that he could not preach without communion with nature, and this meant for him communion with God. Those who knew him best knew that he lived in an inner world of prayer. He seldom spoke of such experiences, but he has said, "I cannot always pray when I would, but some days I seem to pray all day long." He used to think out his sermons during his solitary walks, and his freshest thoughts came to him under the open sky.—*Life of Dr. Raleigh.*

3928. NATURE, Law of. There are in nature many societies. The rooks dwell together, with a life that is not always quarrelsome because it is so noisy. Ants and bees live in societies, though the ant works in one and the bee in another, and they understand not each other's doings. But ask the sparrow-hawk to spare the sparrow, the owl to spare the mouse, the blackbird to spare the worm—will they understand you? Ask the fox to pity the farmer's wife, and not steal her hens; will you persuade the cunning thief that it is right and good to leave off thieving? He may perhaps tell you that they who hunt the fox should let the fox hunt the poultry. But even if we spared him, he would not spare them.—*Thos. T. Lynch.*

3929. NATURE, Lesson from. The late Dr. Livingston, of America, and Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland, happened once to be fellow-

passengers, with many others, on board of one of the North River steamboats. As the Doctor was walking the deck in the morning, and gazing at the refulgence of the rising sun, which appeared to him unusually attractive, he passed near the distinguished stranger, and stopping for a moment, accosted him thus—"How glorious, sir, is that object!" pointing gracefully with his hand to the sun. The ex-King assenting, he immediately added, "And how much more glorious, sir, must be its Maker, the Sun of Righteousness!"

3930. NATURE, Lessons from. Luther had a quick eye to detect and read the lessons of nature. Thus, on a certain calm summer evening he happened to be standing at a window, when he observed a small bird quietly settle down for the night. "Look how that little fellow preaches faith to us all!" remarked he. "He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."

3931. NATURE, Light of, not sufficient. Hume once wrote an essay on the sufficiency of the light of nature, and the no less celebrated Robertson wrote on the necessity of Revelation and the insufficiency of the light of nature. The historian coming one evening to visit Robertson, the evening was spent on this subject. Friends of both were present, and it is said that Robertson reasoned with unaccustomed clearness and power. Hume was very much of a gentleman, and as he rose to depart bowed politely, while as he retired through the door Robertson took the light to show him the way. Hume was still facing the door. "O sir," said he to Robertson, "I find the light of nature always sufficient;" and continued, "pray don't trouble yourself, sir," and so he bowed on. The street door was opened, and presently, as he bowed along in the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched down the stairs into the street. Robertson ran after him with a light, and as he held it over him, whispered softly, "*You had better have a little light from above, friend Hume.*" And raising him up, he bade him good-night, and returned to his friends.

3932. NATURE, Love of. Hoffmann, in his last hours, expressed a longing to behold the green fields once more, and exclaimed, "Heaven! it is already summer, and I have not yet seen a single green tree!"—*Longfellow (abridged).*

3933. NATURE, Love of. The late James T. Fields used to relate the following incident which happened in one of his visits at the home of the poet Tennyson. They were wandering on the moors about midnight, with no moon to light them, when suddenly the poet dropped on his knees, with his face to the ground. "What is it?" said Mr. Fields, alarmed lest a sudden faintness or sickness had come on. "Violets!" growled Tennyson. "Violets, man. Down on your knees and take a good snuff; you'll sleep all the better for it." Mr. Fields dropped on his knees, not to snuff the violets, but to have a good laugh at the oddity of the poet's action and words.

3934. NATURE, Love of. When Niebuhr, many years after his return from the East, lay in bed under the blindness and exhaustion of old age, the glittering splendour of the nocturnal Asiatic sky, on which he had so often gazed, imaged itself to his mind in

the hours of stillness, or its lofty vault and azure by day; and in this he found his sweetest enjoyment.

3935. NATURE, Perfection of. I have seen the back of a splendid painting, and there, on the dusty canvas, were blotches and daubs of colour—the experiments of the painter's brush. There is nothing answering to that in the works of God! I have seen the end of a piece of costly velvet; and though man had in it fairly imitated the bloom of the fruit and the velvet of the flowers, there was a common, unwrought, worthless selvage—a coarse, unsightly selvage. *There is no selvage in the works of God!*—*Rev. H. Wonnacott.*

3936. NATURE, Preserving power of. Midden-dorf, in 1843, after digging through some thickness of frozen soil in Siberia, came down upon an icy mass, in which the carcass of a mammoth was imbedded, so perfect that, among other parts, the pupil of its eye was taken out, and is now preserved in the Museum of Moscow.—*Sir Charles Lyell.*

3937. NATURE, Signs of Intelligence in. Tyndall, speaking of the frozen crystals in snowflakes, says—"Surely such an exhibition of power, such an apparent demonstration of a resident intelligence in what we are accustomed to call 'brute matter,' would appear perfectly miraculous. If the Houses of Parliament were built up of forces resident in their own bricks, it would be nothing intrinsically more wonderful."—*Hours of Exercise on the Alps.*

3938. NATURE, Teaching of. When a visitor at Rydal Mount asked to see Wordsworth's study, the maid is reported to have shown him a little room containing a handful of books lying about on the table, sofa, and shelves, and to have remarked, "This is the master's library, where he keeps his books; but," returning to the door, "his study is out of doors," whereupon she curtsied the visitor into the garden again.

3939. NATURE, The sinful cannot enjoy. Father Taylor on one occasion, when he had been speaking of the wicked and sinful man and his condition, suddenly broke off, and began to describe a spring morning in the country; the beauty of the surrounding scene, the calmness, the odour, the dew upon grass and leaf, the uprising of the sun; then again he broke off, and returning to the wicked man, placed him amid this glorious scene of nature—but, "the unfortunate one, he cannot enjoy it!"—*Miss Bremer.*

3940. NATURE, Want of appreciation of. A very fashionable baronet (Sir Michael Le Fleming) in the brilliant world, who, on his attention being called to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, observed, "This may be very well; but for my part I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the playhouse."—*Boswell's Johnson.*

3941. NATURE, what is it? I remember an infidel on Kennington Common being most effectually stopped. He continued to cry up the beauties of nature and the works of nature until the preacher asked him if he would kindly tell them what nature was. He replied that everybody knew what nature was. The preacher retorted, "Well, then, it will be all the easier for you to tell us." "Why, nature—nature," he said, "nature,—nature is nature." Of course the crowd laughed, and the wise man subsided.—*Spurgeon.*

3942. NATURALNESS, Charm of. To know him (Rev. Francis Morse) was an inspiration. Everywhere, and in all places, he was himself—and what a self it was! "He is the same in the pulpit as he is out of it," said a Birmingham manufacturer bluntly to me many years ago; "that's why I like him." I once asked him what he thought of a passage in one of St. Paul's epistles. "I don't know what it means," he said at once. "I have seen many explanations; none of them satisfy me."—*J. Henry Shorthouse.*

3943. NECESSITY, makes the man. Napoleon said of Massena, that he was not himself until the battle began to go against him; then, when the dead began to fall in ranks around him, awoke his power of combination, and he put on terror and victory as a robe.—*Emerson.*

3944. NECESSITY, Plea of. After Sir Philip Sidney had received his death-wound, at the battle of Zutphen, and was overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding, he called for drink, which was soon brought him. At the same time a poor soldier, dangerously wounded, was carried along, who fixed his eager eyes upon the bottle just as Sir Philip was lifting it to his mouth. Sir Philip immediately presented it to him, with the remark, "*Thy necessity is greater than mine.*"

3945. NEED, Man's, supplied of God. It is the custom for travellers abroad to take with them letters of credit, good in any large city in the world. Such letters are customarily drawn for a specific amount, and the banker who issues them is secured by the prepayment of the money or the deposit of ample securities. Sometimes, however, *an unlimited letter of credit is issued*, and is made good simply by the name of a responsible endorser. Such an unlimited letter of credit is freely offered to every needy pilgrim on earth on his journey heavenward. Here it is. "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—*Cyrus D. Foss, D.D. (condensed).*

3946. NEEDFUL, The one thing. An Asiatic traveller tells us that one day, as he was crossing a desert, he and his party found the bodies of two men laid upon the sand besides the carcass of a camel. By their side lay a small bag of dried dates, two leathern bottles, quite empty, and on further examination he noticed that the stomach of the dead camel had been cut open, as if to get at the water, which, as is well known, that animal can carry on its desert journeys for a considerable time. A further glance at the swollen lips and blackened tongues of the two men made it evident that they had died enduring the most agonising pains of thirst. "I was much stirred," says the traveller, "when I found that both men had in the belt around their waist a large store of jewels of different kinds, which they had doubtless been crossing the desert to sell in the markets of Persia. I warrant the poor wretches would have bartered many a jewel for a few delicious draughts of water."—*J. Jackson Wray.*

3947. NEGLECT, Fatal effects of. The keeper of the lighthouse at Calais was boasting of the brightness of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea. A visitor said to him, "What if one of the lights should chance to go out?" "Never! Impossible!" he cried, horrified at the thought.

"Sir," said he, pointing to the ocean, "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to all parts of the world. If to-night one of my burners went out, within six months would come a letter, perhaps from India, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of, saying, 'Such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim, the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger!' Ah, sir, sometimes in the dark nights, in stormy weather, I look out to sea, and feel as if the eyes of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out? burn dim? Never!"

3948. NEGLECT, Law of. Mr. Drummond, in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," has a chapter on Degeneration, which to me is far more awful than Dante's vision of hell. He takes the little crustacea in the mammoth caves of Kentucky, and he finds that these animals are apparently endowed with perfect eyes. He asks, "What do they with eyes in these Stygian waters where reigns an everlasting night? A swift incision with the scalpel, a glance with a lens, reveals the fact that, while the front of the eye is perfect, the optic nerve is a shrunken, insensate thread. They have eyes, but they see not. They have chosen to abide in darkness, and have become fitted for it. By refusing to see they have waived the right to see, and nature has grimly humoured them. And he goes on to add these terrible words—"There are some men to whom it is true that there is no God. They cannot see God because they have no eye. They have only an abortive organ atrophied by neglect."—*Howard Evans.*

3949. NEIGHBOUR, Duty of. Lâo-tsze, the reputed founder of Tâoism, had been led, by the peculiar nature of his philosophical system, to teach "the returning of good for evil." This seemed "strange doctrine" to some of the disciples of Confucius, and they consulted him about it. His reply was, "*What, then, will you return for good? Recompense injury with justice and return good for good.*" Higher than this he could not rise.—*Dr. Legge.*

3950. NEIGHBOUR, Duty to. In a walk to Salisbury he (George Herbert) saw a poor man with a poorer horse that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the Good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him that if he loved himself he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, his answer was, that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided him and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place; "for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do

not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you *I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul or showing mercy, and I praise God for this occasion.*—*Izaak Walton.*

3951. NEIGHBOUR, Duty towards. I was once walking with a farmer through a beautiful field, when he chanced to see a tall thistle growing on the other side of the fence. In an instant he sprang over the fence, and cut it off close to the ground. "Is that your field?" I asked. "Oh no," said the farmer; "but bad weeds don't care much for fences, and if I should leave that thistle to blossom in my neighbour's field, I should soon have plenty in my own."

3952. NEIGHBOUR, Limitation of the law towards. On one occasion Johnson observed William Scott—afterwards Lord Stowell—pitching snails, which had come out after the rain on the walks, into his neighbour's garden. "Hallo, Scott!" exclaimed Johnson. "Do unto thy neighbour as you would be done by." "But, my dear Doctor," said Scott, "he is a Dissenter." "A Dissenter!" ejaculated Johnson; "then pitch away."—*W. Davenport Adams.*

3953. NEIGHBOUR, Respect for claims of. Dr. Fothergill the botanist remarked, when about purchasing a property which would leave a poor family destitute, that nothing could afford gratification to him *which entailed misery upon another*, and then gave the property to them. The Roman Emperor Theophilus was so angry with his wife's brother for raising his palace wall to such a height as to exclude the light and air from the dwelling of a poor woman, that he adjudged to her both the palace and grounds.

3954. NEUTRALITY, impossible on earth. Pythagoras, being asked what he was, answered that if Hiero were ever at the Olympian games, he knew the manner—that some came to try their fortune for the prizes, and some came as merchants to utter their commodities, and some came to make good cheer and meet their friends, and some came to look on; and that he was one of them that came to look on. But men must know that, in this theatre of man's life, *it is reserved only for God and the angels to be lookers-on.*—*Lord Bacon.*

3955. NEW birth, begins our true life. A stranger passing through a churchyard saw these words written on a tombstone—"Here lies an old man seven years old." He had been a true Christian only for that length of time.

3956. NEW birth, Inadequate reason for. "I know my soul am clean as new cotton," said an old Baptist negro, "cause I was immersed when de tide was running out." (A negro superstition.)

3957. NEW birth, Joy over. I waited with many more at the door of the building to ascertain whether he (a youth who in bathing in the sea had got out of his depth and sunk) was likely to recover. Several came out, but to tell of no hope. At last a person darted out of the house, the bearer of better tidings. "He has drawn a breath! *He has drawn a breath!*" The crowd caught and quickly echoed the cry. I thought of the joy that is felt in heaven when a penitent sinner is seen crying for mercy; for just as an infant begins to breathe when it enters the world, so does the sinner begin to pray

when he is newly born of God. It is at that very moment that *he draws his first spiritual breath.*—*Rev. E. Cornwall.*

3958. NEW birth, only the beginning of Christian life. If you wind up the weights of a clock, and point the hands to the proper figures, and go away, you will find them in the same place when you return an hour after. Set it again, and an hour later it will be as you left it. What does it need? It needs to have the pendulum swing, and then it will keep time. Now I am continually setting Christians; and when I look again, I find them just where I left them. What all such need is *to swing the pendulum of active duties and life expression of thoughts and feelings.*—*Beecher.*

3959. NEW birth, Signs of, in childhood. Matthew Henry dated his conviction of sin from the tenth year of his age, and his biographer says that he was but eleven years old when he was led "to draw the comfortable conclusion that he was converted and pardoned." Mrs. Susan Huntingdon was only five when, in the *opinion of her parents and acquaintances*, she was led to choose God for her portion. Why should we limit the Holy Spirit in this more than in any other direction?

3960. NEW birth, The necessity of. A man has bought a farm, and he finds on that farm an old pump. He goes to the pump and begins to pump. And a person comes to him and says, "Look here, my friend, you do not want to use that water. The man that lived here before, he used that water, and it poisoned him and his wife and his children—the water did." "Is that so?" says the man. "Well, I will soon make that right. I will find a remedy." And he goes and gets some paint, and he paints up the pump, putties up all the holes, and fills up the cracks in it, and has got a fine-looking pump. And he says, "Now I am sure it is all right." You would say, "What a fool, to go and paint the pump when the water is bad!" But that is what sinners are up to. They are trying to paint up the old pump when the water is bad. It was a new well he wanted. When he dug a new well it was all right. *Make the fountain good, and the stream will be good.* Instead of painting the pump and making new resolutions, my friend, stop it, and ask God to give you a new heart.—*Moody.*

3961. NEW birth, The sign of. Meeting the minister of the kirk she had long attended, she was thus accosted, "O Janet, where have ye been, woman? I have no seen ye at the kirk for long." She replied, "I go among the Methodists." "Why, what gude get ye there, woman?" "Glory to God!" said Janet, "I do get gude; for God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven a' my sins." "Ah, Janet, be not high-minded, but fear; the De'il is a cunning adversary." "I dinna care a button for the De'il," said Janet. "I've gotten him under my feet. I ken the De'il can do muckle deal; but there is aye thing he canna do." "What is that, Janet?" "He *canna shed abroad the love of God in my heart*; an' I am sure I've got it there!" "Weel, weel," said the minister, "if ye have got that there, hold it fast, Janet, and never let it go."—*J. C. Antliff, B.D.*

3962. NEW nature, Necessity of. The raven, perched on the rock, where she whets her bloody beak, and with greedy eye watches the death-struggles of an unhappy lamb, cannot tune her

croaking voice to the mellow music of a thrush ; and since it is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh, how could a sinner take up the strain and sing the song of saints ?—*Guthrie*.

3963. NEW, Nothing, under the sun. The Duchess of Burgundy took a necklace from a mummy, wore it at a ball given in the Tuileries, and everybody said it was the newest thing there ! You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and when you have fixed the shapes and forms in your mind, I will take you into the Museum of Naples, which gathers all remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art and beauty and use that was not anticipated. We have added hardly one single line or scrap of beauty to the antique. . . . Cinderella and her slipper is older than all history, like half a dozen other baby legends. The annals of the world do not go back far enough to tell us whence they first came. Everything that amuses the child in the open air is Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that it came from the banks of the Ganges or the suburbs of Damascus.—*Wendell Phillips*.

3964. NEW TESTAMENT, a guide and a protector. Some time ago three children—ten, seven, and four years old—arrived in St. Louis, having travelled all the way from Germany, without any escort or protection beyond a New Testament and their own innocence and helplessness. Their parents, who had emigrated from the Fatherland and settled in Missouri, left them in charge of an aunt, to whom they forwarded money sufficient to pay the expenses of the little ones to their new home across the Atlantic. As the children could not speak any other language than German, it is doubtful whether they would ever have reached their destination had not their aunt provided them with a passport, addressed not so much to an earthly authority as to Christian mankind generally. She gave the elder girl a New Testament, instructing her to show it to every person who might accost her, and especially to call their attention to the first leaf of the book. Upon that leaf were written the names of the three children, their birth-place and several ages, and this simple statement :—“Their father and mother in America are anxiously awaiting their arrival at Sedalia, Missouri.” This was followed by the irresistible appeal—their guide, safeguard, and interpreter throughout a journey of more than four thousand miles—“Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” Many were the acts of kindness shown to the little travellers, many the hands held out to smooth their journey, until they reached their parents in perfect safety.

3965. NEW TESTAMENT, and the Old, Walking by. The *Burman Missionary* tells the story of an old man who, thirty or forty years ago, when a heathen, came into possession of a copy of the Psalms in Burmese, which had been left behind by a traveller stopping at his home. He began to read, and before he had finished the book he had resolved to cast his idols away. For twenty years he worshipped the Eternal God revealed to him in the Psalms, using the Fifty-first, which he had committed to memory, as a daily prayer. Then he fell in with a white missionary, who gave him a New

Testament. With great joy he read, for the first time, the story of salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ. “Twenty years I have walked by starlight,” he said ; “now I see the sun.”

3966. NEW TESTAMENT, Desire for. A young man bred a Catholic, having learned to read, and a New Testament happening to lie neglected in his master's house, it became the constant companion of his leisure hours. His apprenticeship to his master, a linen-weaver, being finished, he begged the New Testament as a reward for his faithful services. The master refused to give it to him unless he served six months longer. The young man, thinking that a New Testament might be obtained on easier terms at Castlebar, declined this, and made diligent inquiry at all the shops to find one. Alas ! not a Testament was for sale at that time (1811) in the principal town of a populous county in Ireland ! He could not live without it ; it was never absent from his thoughts ; he dreamed of nothing else ; and finding no rest, he returned to his master, and agreed to serve him for the Testament six months more.—*The Book and its Story*.

3967. NEW TESTAMENT, Influence of. I offered a Bible to a Jew whom I met ; he accepted it, and turned over the leaves. Finding the New Testament, he frowned with anger, tore it violently, and threw it under his feet. “I don't wish for that,” he cried. All that I could say to bring him to his senses was useless. Eleven days after he came to ask for something similar to that which he had torn. What he had read had revealed to him his sin and the promise of a Redeemer. It is the life and work of this Redeemer he wished to know. Now he knows Him, and he knows also that he is going to suffer much for Him from his coreligionists. “But what is that ?” said he to me. “*Has not Jesus suffered more for me ?* Besides, will He not be with me in the furnace ?—the flames of which will not extinguish but purify me.”—*Pasteur Hirsch*.

3968. NEW TESTAMENT, its own defence. When the Rev. Claudius Buchanan was travelling in India he obtained from the Jews in that country a very singular copy of the translation of the New Testament into Hebrew, made in the sixteenth century. The design of the translator was to make an accurate version of the New Testament, for the express purpose of confuting it, and of repelling the arguments of his neighbours, the Syrian or St. Thomé Christians. But behold the providence of God ! The translator (a learned rabbi) became a convert to Christianity ; his own work subdued his unbelief, and he lived and died in the faith of Christ.

3969. NEW TESTAMENT, Love of. Chrysostom tells us that in the primitive Church women and children had frequently the gospels, or parts of the New Testament, hung round their neck, and carried them constantly about with them.

3970. NEWS, may be fatal. Dr. Mott's barber began to tell him the awful news of that morning. Overwhelmed with the intelligence he turned as pale as death. He staggered to an adjoining room to his wife. “My dear,” he said, “I have received such a shock ; President Lincoln has been murdered.” Within ten days he died from the effects.—*Little's Historical Lights (condensed)*.

3971. NEWS, No, good news. Bishop Bloomfield, on a curate bidding him farewell, and express-

ing the hope that his two years in London had given satisfaction, said, good-temperedly, "When I hear nothing at all about a curate in the diocese, I take it for granted that all has been going on well."

3972. NEWSPAPER, a serious study. I have been just looking over a newspaper, *one of the most painful and solemn studies in the world* if it be read thoughtfully. So much of sin and so much of suffering in the world as are there displayed, and no one seems able to remedy either. And then the thought of my own private life, so full of comforts, is very startling when I contrast it with the lot of millions whose portion is so full of distress or trouble. May I be kept humble and jealous, and may God give me grace to labour in my generation for the good of my brethren and for His glory!—*Dr. Arnold (Journal).*

3973. NIGHT, A call in. Some years ago I was awakened about three o'clock in the morning by a sharp ring of the door-bell. I was urged without delay to visit a house not very far from London Bridge. I went; and up two pair of stairs I was shown into a room, the occupants of which were a nurse and a dying man. There was nobody else. "O sir," said she, "Mr. So-and-so, about half an hour ago, begged me to send for you." "What does he want?" I asked. "He is dying, sir," she replied. I said, "I see that. What sort of a man was he?" "He came home last night, sir, from Brighton. He had been out all day. I looked for a Bible, sir, but there is not one in the house; I hope you have got one with you." "Oh," I said, "a Bible would be of no use to him now. If he could understand me I could tell him the way of salvation in the very words of Holy Scripture." I spoke to him, but he gave no answer. I spoke again; still there was no reply. All sense had fled. I stood a few minutes gazing at his face, till I perceived he was dead. His soul had departed. That man in his lifetime had been wont to make a jeer at me. In strong language he had often denounced me as a hypocrite. Yet he was no sooner smitten with the darts of death than he sought my presence and my counsel, feeling no doubt in his heart that I was a servant of God, though he did not care to own it with his lips.—*Spurgeon.*

3974. NIGHT, Thoughts in the. Sir Walter Scott, journalising day by day, when days were at the darkest with him, not only his daily cares and crosses, but his night thoughts, refers on one occasion to Susannah in "Tristram Shandy," thinking death is best met in bed; and he adds, "I am sure trouble and vexation are not. The watches of the night press wearily when disturbed by fruitless regrets and disagreeable anticipations."—*Preacher's Lantern.*

3975. NOISE, not life. It is a common error to suppose that a church is dead because it is not making a noise. Some people would keep up a continued round of tea-meetings, bazaars, Dorcases, holiday-makings, and trumpet-blowings, and advertise the same as signs of spiritual life. Some injudicious man once drew a distinction between perspiration and inspiration. He must have had his eye upon the people in question. *Spiritual life is generally quiet.* There may be periods of intense excitement, but they cannot last. We should remember that the river is not deepest where it is noisiest.—*Dr. Parker.*

3976. NOVELTY, Influence of. Yes, the people gathered in crowds around the statue, and looked at it again and again. It was not the finest work of art in the city, nor the most intrinsically attractive. Why, then, did the citizens of Verona stand in such clusters around the effigy of Dante on that summer's evening? Do you guess the reason? It was a fête in honour of the poet? No, you are mistaken; it was but an ordinary evening, and there was nothing peculiar in the date or the events of the day. You shall not be kept in suspense; the reason was very simple; *the statue was new*; it had, in fact, only been unveiled the day before. Every one passes Dante now, having other things to think of; the citizens are well used to his solemn visage, and scarcely care that he stands among them. Is not this the way of men? I am sure it is their way with us ministers. New brooms sweep clean. What crowds follow a new man!—*Spurgeon.*

3977. NOW, the accepted time. Dr. Nettleton had come home for the night. The good lady of the house, after bustling about to provide refreshment, said, directly before her daughter, who was in the room, "Dr. Nettleton, I do wish you would talk to Caroline; she don't care a thing about going to meeting, nor about the salvation of her soul. I've talked and talked, but it don't seem to do good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton," saying which, she soon went out of the room. Doctor Nettleton continued quietly taking his repast, when he turned round to the young girl and said, "Now, just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?" She, taken by surprise at an address so unexpected, answered at once, "Yes, sir, they do; they keep talking to me all the time, till I'm sick of it." "So I thought," said Dr. N. "Let's see; how old are you?" "Eighteen, sir." "Good health?" "Yes, sir." "The fact is," said Dr. N., "religion is a good thing in itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it! And you're in good health, you say? Religion is a good thing. It will hardly do to die without it. *I wonder how long it would do for you to wait?*" "That's just what I have been thinking myself," said Caroline. "Well," said Dr. N., "suppose you say till you are fifty? No, that won't do; I attended the funeral of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty? How will that do?" "I'm not sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline. "No, I don't think so either; something might happen. Say, now, twenty-five? or even twenty, if we could be sure that you would live so long? A year from now; how would that do?" "I don't know, sir." "Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and of how many young people as well, apparently, as you are do die suddenly, I am afraid to have you put it off a moment longer. Besides, the Bible says, *now* is the accepted time. We must take the time. What shall we do? Had we not better kneel down here and ask God for mercy, through His Son Jesus Christ?" The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, kneeled on the spot. In a day or two she, by grace, came out rejoicing in hope, finding she had far from lost all enjoyment in this life.

3978. NUMBERS, not everything. Voltaire tells us, in his "History of Charles XII.," that whenever the Swedes, under the leadership of their king, could marshal a force bearing a proportion to their foes

of only twenty to a hundred, they never despaired of victory. Moses went further than this, and pre-empted for the chosen race that one should chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.—*J. Weylen.*

3979. OATH, Objection to. Mr. John Kerr, from Scotland, had been summoned as a witness at the Old Bailey, and being called to take the oath upon the New Testament, he declined it, and craved the indulgence of the Court, saying that he was a Presbyterian, that he had conscientious scruples against taking the oath in that form, and that he wished to swear according to the mode used in his own country. Lord Chief-Justice Eyre gave him permission; and, holding up his right hand, he repeated, with great solemnity, the oath taken in Scottish courts of justice. His venerable appearance, his gravity of manner, and his slow and solemn utterance struck the whole Court with awe; and the remark was made by many, that they never heard an oath taken in a manner so affecting.

3980. OATHS, Danger of. An elector of Cologne, who is likewise an archbishop, one day swearing profanely, asked a peasant, who seemed to wonder, what he was so surprised at. "To hear an archbishop swear," replied the peasant. "I swear," replied the elector, "not as an archbishop, but as a prince." "But, my lord," said the peasant, "when the prince goes to the Devil, what will become of the archbishop?"

3981. OATHS, unnecessary. It was a common practice among the Swedish nobles and others to invoke the name of the Supreme Being on almost every occasion; they were ever ready to make and seal vows only to break them. But "Sir Sten" (the Swedish patriot) never swore; he only said on such occasions, "As true as my name is Sir Sten, and that I carry three water-lily leaves on my escutcheon; and Sir Sten was never known to break his word.—*Albert Alberg.*

3982. OATHS, unnecessary. "My lads," said a naval captain when reading his orders to the crew on the quarter-deck to take the command of the ship, "there is a favour which I ask of you, and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen. What say you, my lads? Are you willing to grant your new captain, who promises to treat you well, one favour?" "Hi, hi, sir," cried all hands; "please to let's know what it is, sir." "Why, my lads," said the captain, "it is this; that you must allow me to swear the first oath in this ship."

3983. OBEDIENCE, a test of character. Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best-tempered men in Europe. "I shall soon put him to the test," said the King; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened he bade him pass and go in. The other bowed and obeyed. The King said, "The world is in the right in the character it gives; another person would have troubled me with ceremony."—*Paxton Hood.*

3984. OBEDIENCE, and duty. Soon after the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia was assigned to duty as midshipman his vessel was wrecked off the coast of Denmark. The Admiral commanding resolved to save the young man, and ordered him to take

charge of the first boat which put off from the doomed ship. The Grand Duke disdained safety thus bought, and declined. "*My duty is here,*" he said to the Admiral, "and I must be the last to leave the ship." "Do you not understand, sir," exclaimed the Admiral, "that you are under my command? And do you dare refuse obedience to my orders?" "I know my duty," answered the midshipman, "and I will obey any orders you may see fit to give me, except an order to leave the ship, where my duty now commands me to remain." The Admiral gave up his point, and Alexis was the last man to leave the ship, and, after landing, was promptly ordered under arrest for disobedience of orders. He submitted without murmur. The Admiral sent dispatches to the Emperor detailing the affair, and the Emperor wrote:—"I approve your having placed the midshipman Alexis under arrest for disobedience, and I bless my boy for having disobeyed."—*Christian Age.*

3985. OBEDIENCE, and faith. A captain is bringing his vessel from the Mediterranean, a comparatively tideless sea, to one of our inland ports. When he gets to the mouth of the river the telegraphic message is flashed to him, "Lighten your ship; be ready at a certain hour, and the tide will bring you in." He does not see the reason of it; he does not understand it; it is against all his previous experiences,—*But he obeys.* When the hour comes the sails are ready, the anchor weighed, the cargo lightened, and as the result he sees the wide wastes before him, filled with water, his ship lifted by mysterious influences, floated over the harbour-bar, and carried safely into port. So in matters of salvation and eternal life. If ever we are to be saved we must be willing and ready in the day of God's power. That carries us into port, with no efforts of our own, and leaves us safely harboured there throughout eternity.—*B.*

3986. OBEDIENCE, and trials. There is a legend that Nimrod took Abraham and cast him into a furnace of fire because he would not worship idols; but God changed the coals into a bed of roses. So it will ever be. The obedience that leads to the furnace of fire will find in the end that it is a bed of roses.

3987. OBEDIENCE, better than sacrifice. A young brother complained to the abbot that only bread and salt had been served on table for a long time. The abbot went into the kitchen, where he found the cook plaiting mats. "How is this?" exclaimed he. "What is there for dinner to-day?" "Bread and salt," replied the cook. "But the rule commands vegetables and soup." "My father, many of the monks deny themselves everything except bread; and it is such a trouble preparing the vegetables and salads; and so disappointing to see them come away from table almost untouched, when I have spent so much time in getting them ready, that I thought I could employ my time more profitably in making mats." "And prithee, how long has the table been without vegetables?" "Some two or three months." "Bring all the mats thou hast made, and show me them." So the cook, with no small pride, produced them, and piled them up before the abbot, who plucked a brand from the fire and set them all in a blaze. "What!" said he, "withdraw from some of the monks the opportunity of denying themselves, and from those who are

sickly the necessary delicacies, and from the young their needful support, because it gives thee a little trouble, and because thou thoughtest thou couldst do better plaiting ! To obey is better than sacrifice."

3988. OBEDIENCE, Blind. The partial prevention of the customary widow-strangling in Fiji was the result of missionary Moore's presence on the spot. To ensure success, he first sought the co-operation of the Roman Catholic missionary, the Rev. Mr. Matthew, but Mr. Matthew politely declined to make united effort against the strangling, stating it was contrary to his instructions to interfere with the customs of the country.—*King and People of Fiji*.

3989. OBEDIENCE, Implicit. A negro preacher once said, "Brethren, whatever de good God tell me to do in dis blessed Book, dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it that I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going troo it belongs to God ; jumpin' at it 'longs to me."

3990. OBEDIENCE, is life. Listen to a thing which happened in Prussia. The pointsman is at his post ; the train is coming ; he sees it, he has lifted the lever, he has pulled it over, the points have shifted, and the train will run on all right. But as he pulls the lever tight and holds it firm he turns his head. Oh, horror ! his own dear little prattling boy is running up the very line towards the coming train ! What shall he do ? "Lie down !" he wildly shouts, and the child obeys. The train dashes on, and is rushing away in the distance. The excited father bounds, expecting to see his darling child a mangled corpse, and finds him breathing, living, unharmed. The train has passed over him. Do you not see that *disobedience would have been death* ? OBEDIENCE WAS LIFE.—*Rev. G. Litting, M.A., LL.B.*

3991. OBEDIENCE, ought to be implicit. "Sir," said the Duke of Wellington to an officer of Engineers who urged the impossibility of executing the direction he had received, "I did not ask your opinion ; I gave you my orders, and I expect them to be obeyed."—*Horace Smith*.

3992. OBEDIENCE, Prompt and unhesitating. When a Scottish chieftain desired to summon his clan, upon any emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal despatch, to the next village ; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief. At sight of the Fiery Cross every man capable of bearing arms was obliged instantly to repair to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, as indicated by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

3993. OBEDIENCE, should be prompt. When the "Ville du Havre" was sinking, the question whether

scores of her passengers and crew would be saved or drowned was settled within fifteen minutes. And millions have decided the momentous question of their eternal salvation or perdition in even less time than that. It seems to have been short work with Simon Peter when Jesus bade him quit the nets and "follow me." Peter obeyed at once. Prompt obedience honours God. Prompt obedience puts the soul immediately within the Almighty hold ; and when Jesus has His omnipotent grasp of love upon me, none shall be able to pluck me out of His hands. Prompt obedience *saves*.—*Cuyler*.

3994. OBEDIENCE, The power of. The story is told of a young general in the ninth century who, with five hundred men, came against a king with twenty thousand. The king sent word that it was the height of folly in so small an army to resist his legions. In reply the general called one of his men and said, "Take that sword and drive it to your heart." The man did so, and fell dead. To another he said, "Leap into yon chasm," and the man instantly obeyed. "Go," he said to the messenger, "and tell your king we have *five hundred such men*. We will die, but never surrender." The messenger returned with his message—a message that struck terror into the heart of the whole army of the king.

3995. OBEDIENCE, the test of love. Nothing can be love to God which does not shape itself into obedience. We remember the anecdote of the Roman commander who forbade an engagement with the enemy, and the first transgressor against whose prohibition was his own son. He accepted the challenge of the leader of the other host, met, slew, spoiled him, and then, in triumphant feeling, carried the spoils to his father's tent. But the Roman father refused to recognise the instinct which prompted this as deserving of the name of love. Disobedience contradicted it, and deserved death. Weak sentiment ; what was it worth ?—*Robertson*.

3996. OBJECT, in life, A frivolous. Frausham, who is sometimes described as the Norwich Pagan, died in 1811. He one day made this remark—"Every man has some chief object which he wishes to accomplish ;" and added, "why should I not have mine ? I will choose such an one as no mortal ever chose before. I will get a cup and ball, and I will catch the ball 666,666 times." And he actually carried his intention into effect, and accomplished the silly feat before he died.

3997. OBJECTIONS, easily raised. We recently heard of a man who wanted to be made a ruling elder in a church. His pastor began to question him about his qualifications for the office. "Can you teach ?" "No ; I am not educated." "Well, what can you do ?" "If anything is brought up in the session that I do not like, I think I can manage to raise an objection." Very able men in the objecting line are not rare.

3998. OBJECTIONS to religion, easily made Talking of those who denied the truth of Christianity, he (Johnson) said, "*It is always easy to be on the negative side*. If a man were now to deny that there is salt upon the table, you could not reduce him to an absurdity. Come, let us try this a little further. I deny that Canada is taken, and I

can support my denial by pretty good arguments. The French are a much more numerous people than we are; and it is not likely that they would allow us to take it. 'But the Ministry have assured us, in all the formality of the *Gazette*, that it is taken.'—Very true. But the Ministry have put us to an enormous expense by the war in America, and it is their interest to persuade us that we have got something for our money.—'But the fact is confirmed by thousands of men who were at the taking of it.'—Ay; but these men have still more interest in deceiving us. They don't want that you should think the French have beat them, but that they have beat the French. Now suppose you should go over and find that it really is taken, that would only satisfy yourself; for when you come home we will not believe you. We will say you have been bribed. Yet, sir, notwithstanding all these plausible objections, we have no doubt that Canada is really ours. Such is the weight of common testimony. How much stronger are the evidences of the Christian religion!—*Boswell's Johnson*.

3999. OBLIGATIONS, Mutual. How well I remember a conversation with a "self-made man!" He was exceedingly angry because I affirmed the mutual obligation of lawyer and client, tradesman and customer, master and servant. In the warmth of debate he broke out, "You will say that I'm under an obligation to my chimney-sweeper next." I hardly expected so suitable an illustration, nor am I likely to forget the expression of my friend's countenance as I replied, "Well, yes, indeed you are; and certainly if you were to attempt to sweep your own chimney you would find out unmistakably the colour of your obligation."—*Henry Varley*.

4000. OBLIGATIONS, to God. The Emperor Augustus, hearing that a gentleman of Rome, notwithstanding a great burden of debt wherewith he was oppressed, slept quietly and took his ease, desired to buy the bed that he lodged on, remarking that it seemed to him a wonderful bed whereon a man could sleep that was so deeply involved. If we thought of our daily obligations to our God, could we lie down to sleep or rest in peace without having rendered to Him the tribute of our praise?—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdotes*.

4001. OBSTACLES, Overcoming. Few men, possessed of the most perfect sight can describe visual objects with more spirit and justness than Mr. Blacklock, the poet, *born blind*.—*Burke*.

4002. OBSTACLES, Overcoming. When his (Lord Beaconsfield's) first speech in the House of Commons was met by every possible manifestation of opposition and ridicule, and at last drowned in uproar, every one knows how, stopping in the middle of a sentence, he lifted his hand and cried, in the full tones of a voice which rose above the tumult, "I have begun several times many things, and yet have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you SHALL hear me!" "Was I," he said, in recounting the incident to his constituents at Maidstone, "to yield to this insulting derision like a child or a poltroon? No; when I sat down I sent them my defiance. There are emergencies in which it becomes necessary to show that a man will not be crushed. I trust I showed, under unparalleled interruption, the spirit of a man, and the generosity of a combatant who does not soon lose his temper."—*Canon Farrar*.

4003. OBSTINACY, conquered. It is said that Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools, one day visited a family in which was a bad-tempered child, who made her mother very unhappy by her obstinacy and sulkiness. Every effort for her improvement was fruitless. Mr. Raikes talked seriously with her, and told her that her first step must be to kneel down and ask her mother's pardon. She resisted all entreaty, and he proposed to humble himself for her. Kneeling before the mother, he asked her forgiveness. The stubborn girl, seeing Mr. Raikes on his knees on her account, burst into tears, fell upon her knees, and asked her mother's forgiveness for herself. From that hour she became an obedient and gentle child.

4004. OBSTINACY, Extreme. "I have come," said a Scotch farmer to a neighbour laird who was just dying—"I have come to settle about that piece of land." "Settle't!" cried the old wrangler; "how will you settle't! Your father couldna settle't, and your grandfather couldna settle't, and how will you settle't?" "Oh," said the rival claimant, "I'll let you have it altogether." "But I'll no take it," cried the stout old litigant, and turned his face resolutely to the wall.

4005. OCCASION, to be seized. It is said occasion has a forelock, but is bald behind. Our Lord has taught this by the course of nature. A farmer must sow his barley and oats about Easter; if he defer it to Michaelmas it were too late. When apples are ripe they must be plucked from the tree, or they are spoiled. Procrastination is as bad as over-hastiness. There is my servant Wolf; when four or five birds fall upon the bird-net, he will not draw it, but says, "Oh, I will stay until more come;" then they all fly away, and he gets none. Occasion is a great matter. Terence says well, "I came in time," which is the chief thing of all. Julius Cæsar understood occasion; Pompey and Hannibal did not. Boys at school understand it not; therefore they must have fathers and masters, with the rod to hold them thereto, that they neglect not time, and lose it. . . . Occasion salutes thee, and reaches out her forelock to thee, saying, "Here I am, take hold of me." Thou thinkest she will come again. Then says she, "Well, seeing thou wilt not take hold of my top, take hold of my tail;" and therewith flings away.—*Luther*.

4006. OFFERING, A child's. A little girl seven years old died in Philadelphia. When the doctor told her she could not live, she bade her mother send for the pastor of the church, and when he came she gave him her little savings-bank. "Open it," she said. There were four dollars and a few cents. "Take them," said the child, "and build a church for poor people—poor people, mind, who sit in the back-seats of our church. They must not pay anything. I want all the seats to be free." The clergyman took the money. "My child," he said, solemnly, "it shall be done, with God's help." When the child was dead he placed her little bank and the pittance it contained on the pulpit, and told her story. Tears were in every eye. One wealthy man after another came forward with his offering. Children came, women also, and the poor with their mites. A short time ago the completed church, ready for its poor occupants, was dedicated to the service of that God who willed that the

widow's mite and the poor little child's offering should not fail of their errand.

4007. OFFERING, Meanness in. It is storied of a rich merchant, that in a great storm at sea he vowed to Jupiter, if he would save him and his vessel, that he would give him a hecatomb—a sacrifice of a hundred oxen. The storm ceaseth, and he bethinks himself that a hecatomb was unreasonable; he resolves on seven oxen. Another tempest comes, and now he vows again the seven at least. Delivered then also, he thought that seven were too many, and one would serve the turn. Yet another peril comes, and now he vows solemnly to fall no lower; if he may be rescued, an ox Jupiter shall have. Again freed, the ox sticks in his stomach, and he would fain draw his devotion at a lower rate—a sheep was sufficient. But at last, being set ashore, he thought a sheep was too much, and purposed to carry to the altar only a few dates. On the way he eats up the dates, and lays on the altar *only the shells.*—*Christian Family.*

4008. OFFERINGS, Acceptability of. Xenophon tells us of Socrates, that when he sacrificed he feared not his offering would fail of acceptance in that he was poor; but, giving according to his ability, he doubted not but, in the sight of the gods, he equalled those men whose gifts and sacrifices overspread the whole altar; for Socrates ever deemed it a most indubitable truth, that the service paid to the Deity by the pure and pious soul was the most grateful service. As with what Plutarch relates of Artaxerxes, out on a royal progress, during which people presented him with a variety of gifts; but "a labouring man, having nothing else to give him, ran to the river, and brought him some water in his hands. Artaxerxes was so much pleased that he sent the man a gold cup and a thousand *darios.*"—*Francis Jacox.*

4009. OFFERINGS, Polluted. Once, while the "Redemptionist Fathers" were holding a service season in Waterford, Pennsylvania, and receiving moneys for the erection of a church, a young man in a drinking saloon remarked, "Father D—— will not take contributions from a liquor seller, if he knows it." "I should hate to try him if I didn't want to spare the money," sneered the saloon-keeper. "I'll bet on it," said the young man. Finally it was determined that the saloon-keeper should "try him." He waited on the priest, and, announcing his errand, laid down fifty dollars as his contribution to the church. Father D—— noticed the man's somewhat rough appearance and dress, and asked him if he was not offering more than he could afford. "No, sir; I can easily afford it. I'm doing a profitable business." "What is your business?" "I am a liquor seller." Father D—— rose to his feet with flashing eyes. "Take your money away," he said. "How dare you offer to God *what you have made by the ruin of men?*"

4010. OFFERINGS, Tainted. Dickens tells us of a certain German Baron who, being visited with conscientious qualms of a murder, seized upon certain wood and stone belonging to a weaker Baron, and built a chapel with them, thereby hoping to propitiate Heaven.—*J. Hain Friswell.*

4011. OFFICE, Magnifying. A beadle of one of the city churches of Glasgow, being asked by an elder from the country whether he could recommend

a person to act as a church-officer, replied he could not. "Had you wanted a minister," he added, "I could direct you at once; but where to get one qualified to undertake a beadship is mair than I ken."—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

4012. OLD age, consecrated. So excellent was Wesley's constitution, and so favourable were his habits to health, that he had reached his sixty-ninth year before he could be prevailed on to ride in a carriage. He had travelled on horseback upwards of a hundred thousand miles. At Kingswood he preached under the shade of trees which he himself had planted; and in his seventieth year he addressed more than thirty thousand persons, by all of whom he was distinctly heard. When seventy-two his eyes were more powerful and his nerves firmer than they had been thirty years before. "The cause," he says in his journal, "is God's pleasure. The chief means, my generally preaching at five in the morning—one of the healthiest exercises in the world; my never travelling less than 4500 miles in a year; the ability to sleep immediately; my never losing a night's sleep in my life."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

4013. OMISSION, Sins of. Dr. Samuel Johnson, in writing to his mother, says:—"You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and I beg forgiveness for all I have done ill, and all that I have *omitted to do well.*" So in the prayer he composed at the same time:—"Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my mother, and *whatever I have omitted to do kindly.*"

4014. OMISSION, Sins of. The last words that Archbishop Usher was heard to express were—"Lord, forgive my sins, especially my sins of *omission.*"

4015. OMNISCIENCE, illustrated. A few years ago a gentleman in Ireland had a farm there, about a mile and a half from his house. It was situated on the side of a hill, and from his attic window he could get a view of every portion of the land. He would often go to this window with a powerful telescope, and about five minutes every day he would spend in this way, examining what his work-people were doing, and whether the work of the farm was being carried on properly or not. The men happened to know this, and it often quickened them in their various duties to know that the master's eye from the little attic window might possibly at that very moment be resting upon them. Our Master's eye is *always* resting upon us. He sees and knows all we think or do or say, and yet how many people act as though God were both blind and deaf!—*Preacher's Promptuary of Anecdote.*

4016. OMNISCIENCE, illustrated. One day the astronomer Mitchell was engaged in making some observations on the sun, and as it descended towards the horizon, just as it was setting, there came into the rays of the great telescope the top of a hill seven miles away. On the top of that hill was a large number of apple-trees, and in one of them were two boys stealing apples. One was getting the apples, and the other was watching to make certain that nobody saw them, feeling certain that they were undiscovered. But there sat Professor Mitchell, seven miles away, with the great eye of his telescope directed fully upon them, seeing

every movement they made as plainly as if he had been under the tree with them.

4017. OPIATES, Argument against use of. Do you know what keeps the gin-palaces open? Misery. The miserable go there to forget. You must not and shall not do it, for it is degradation. I would have you condescend to no miserable materialism to escape your sorrow. Remember what Maria Theresa said when she began to dose in dying—"I want to meet my God awake." Remember that He refused the medicated opiate on the Cross. Meet misery awake. May I borrow sacred words? "Having begun in the spirit, do not be made perfect through the flesh."—*Robertson*.

4018. OPINION, may be prejudiced. Brindley, the civil engineer, considered a straight canal a much more picturesque and pleasing object than a meandering river. "For what purpose," he was asked, "do you apprehend rivers to have been intended?" "To feed navigable canals," was the reply.—*Horace Smith*.

4019. OPPORTUNITIES, Christians are to seek, for doing good. Cotton Mather used to say, "Stay not till you are told of opportunities for doing good. Inquire after them."

4020. OPPORTUNITIES, how dealt with. The Russians have a fable about a miller who was too lazy to repair the leak in his dyke, through which the water escaped which should have turned his mill, but who flies into a passion with his fowls and kills them because he catches them drinking the water. So men lose the opportunities of life and salvation, let them all slip by one by one, and then lay the blame upon some insignificant thing, and quarrel with themselves and the world about that, as if it were a matter of vital importance.—*B*.

4021. OPPORTUNITY, Danger of neglecting, illustrated. Travellers sometimes find in lonely quarries, long abandoned or once worked by a vanished race, great blocks squared and dressed, that seem to have been meant for palace or shrine. But there they lie neglected and forgotten, and the building for which they were hewn has been reared without them. Beware lest God's grand temple should be built up without you, and you be left to desolation and decay.—*Maclaren*.

4022. OPPORTUNITY, embraced. Henry Townley and his brother are said to have been on one occasion assisting the Rev. Charles Maston, of Hertford, to preach in the open air at Manston. One of the magistrates of Ramsgate came to the spot, and in an angry tone said to the Rev. George Townsend, who was assisting in the service, "You have no business to act in this turbulent way; you are creating a riot. I shall read the Riot Act, and then proceed at your peril." "Sir," said the aged and venerable pastor, "there was no riot till you came." The Act was read, and Mr. Maston ascended the box of Mr. Townley's carriage—which served as a pulpit—and told the people that the Riot Act allowed an hour for dispersion. A sermon was preached and prayer offered, and the whole service was concluded within the hour.

4023. OPPORTUNITY, Improvement of. She was a fair enough professor, yet had been living a careless, godless, Christless life. She awoke

one morning, and, most strange and unaccountable! her first feeling was a strong desire to pray. She wondered. She hesitated. . . . She was drowsily sinking back again into unconsciousness, when suddenly, with the brightness and power of lightning, the thought flashed into her mind, "This desire may come from God; this may be the hour of my destiny, the tide of salvation, which, if neglected, may never return." Alarm seized her soul. As if she felt the bed beneath her sinking down into hell, she sprang up and flung herself on her knees. The chamber was then changed into a Peniel; and when the morning sun looked in at her window he found her wrestling with God in prayer. And, like one rising from a sepulchre, she came forth at the call of Jesus, to follow Him faithfully from that day forward, and in her future life to walk this world with God.—*Guthrie*.

4024. OPPORTUNITY, Life is our. The last words of Dudley Tyng were, "Father, stand up for Jesus; Father, stand up in Jesus."—*B*.

4025. OPPORTUNITY, missed. It is said that an artist once solicited permission to paint a portrait of the Queen. The favour was granted, and the favour was great, for probably it would make the fortune of the man. A place was fixed and a time. At the fixed place and time the Queen appeared, but the artist was not there—he was not ready yet. When he did arrive a message was communicated to him that Her Majesty had departed, and would not return.

4026. OPPORTUNITY, Seizing. A legend on one of the walls of the temple at Delphos ran—"Know thy opportunity."

4027. OPPORTUNITY, to be seized. Opportunity is the flower of time, and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone.—*Bond*.

4028. OPPORTUNITY, to be seized. Men in their dealings with divine things often do what Goldsmith did when he was asked to call on the Earl of Northumberland. His lordship had heard that the poet was a native of Ireland, and as he was Lord Lieutenant of that country, he had a desire to serve him. What with the grandeur of the scene, however, and the poet's confusion, Goldsmith first of all mistook a servant for the master, and poured out all his fine speeches in a direction in which they were of no avail; then when the Earl came in he could only stammer out a request for his brother, and, whether out of pride or forgetfulness, ignore his own need, sore enough at that time. The opportunity was over, and no second ever came.—*B*.

4029. OPPORTUNITY, Waiting for. The beautiful *Drosera*, or sun-dew, lifts its tiny crimson head. The delicate buds are clustered in a raceme, to the summit of which they climb one by one. The topmost bud waits only through twelve hours of a single day to open. If the sun do not shine it withers and droops, and gives way to the next aspirant. So it is with the human heart and its purposes. One by one they come to the point of blossoming. If the warmth of confidence and hope glow in the heart at the right moment, all is well; but the *chill of hesitation or delay* will wither them at the core.—*Denton*.

4030. OPPOSITION, conquered. Hiacoomes, an early Indian convert, was a remarkable man. Two years after his conversion (1743), having in the meantime been prepared by Mr. Mayhew, he commenced teaching to the Indians the things of Christianity. He was not suffered to proceed without opposition from the Paw-Waws, Sachems, and other Indians; but he made this improvement of the injustice done him. "I had," he remarked, "one hand for injuries and another hand for God; while I received wrong with the one, I laid the faster hold on God with the other." These words should be written in gold.—*New York Independent*.

4031. OPPOSITION, Ignorant. A copy of Moody and Sankey's hymns lately reached one of the Turkish post-offices in Armenia, to the address of an American missionary. As a matter of course, it must pass under the eagle eye of Bukhsheesh Effendi, the Governor-General's factotum, who knows a few words of English. He had very recently passed, by inadvertence, a book consisting of letters from one of the New York papers, the author of which roundly denounced the misgovernment he had witnessed in Armenia during the campaign of 1877. And this volume was addressed to the same quarter as the present hymn-book. "Dogs!" exclaimed Bukhsheesh Effendi, as he turned over the leaves. "Hold the fort! What fort? Treachery, as I live! May Satan seize them!" They were patriotic songs for the use of the Armenians, those hymns, and the musical notation proved it; and that particular song, "Hold the Fort," must have reference to an intended insurrection. So "Hold the Fort" was cut out by order of Bukhsheesh, and the expurgated volume sent to its destination.

4032. OPPOSITION, Satan's. On one occasion a boy, weak in mind, was asked, while rubbing a brass plate on a door, what he was doing, when he replied, "I am rubbing out the name." Little was the boy aware that the more he rubbed the brighter it shone. So it is with Satan, who wishes to obliterate the Word of God from the memory, as well as every impression of its internal evidence from the understanding and from the heart.—*Rev. W. Dawson*.

4033. OPPOSITION to Christ, Folly of. You have heard of the swordfish. It is a very curious creature, with a long and bony beak or sword projecting in front of its head. It is also very fierce, attacking other fishes that come in its way, and trying to pierce them with its sword. The fish has sometimes been known to dart at a ship in full sail with such violence as to pierce the solid timbers. But what has happened? The silly fish has been killed outright by the force of its own blow. The ship sails on just as before, and the angry swordfish falls a victim to its own rage. But how shall we describe the folly of those who, like Saul of Tarsus, oppose the cause of Christ? They cannot succeed; like the sword-fish, they only work their own destruction.—*Bowes*.

4034. ORATOR, A true. When Baron, the great actor, heard Massillon he said to a companion, "My friend, here is an orator; as for us, we are but actors."—*Dr. Fish*.

4035. ORDINANCE, A divine. I believe an ox-yoke is a divine ordinance. When men found out that shaping a piece of wood across the neck of the

ox was the way to get the use of his strength, that piece of wood became a divine ordinance. God made the nature of things, and human skill only finds it out.—*Beecher*.

4036. ORDINANCES, Self-administered. It was not till the age of sixty-five that Rabbi Abraham first fell in with a Hebrew Testament (as it were by accident). His attention was arrested by the book; he pored over its pages, and found in them a fascination which no other reading had ever possessed for him. He read of the life, the work, the sufferings, and the death of the Lord Jesus. He compared these good tidings, so new to him, with the darker prophecies of the Old Testament—words so long familiar to him. As Rabbi Abraham read he wondered, and as he wondered he read more. "If these things be true," he exclaimed, "then this same Jesus of Nazareth is none other than the Messiah." He saw and believed. "The Word of salvation," he said, "is sent to sinners, and if to sinners, to such as I am. Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!" *He had no human teacher, no other instructor than the Living Word*, but that was all-sufficient. In this happy state of progress he asked himself, "Can any man forbid water that I should be baptized?" There was none near to baptize him—none even to encourage him in the way wherein he walked; but Rabbi Abraham, not ashamed of his faith, solemnly baptized himself, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Meeting subsequently with some who spake to him after the manner of this book, he showed them the Hebrew Testament, and asked them, "Do you believe this?" On their assenting he heartily greeted them, exclaiming, "Then we are brethren!" "Who baptized you?" asked one of the missionaries. "*I baptized myself*," was the somewhat unusual reply of this sincere follower of Jesus.—*Miss H. M. Wright (condensed from Jewish Herald)*.

4037. ORDINATION, Use of. The poet Keble said on one occasion that he wished he could attend an ordination service every year of his life, that he might be reminded of first principles.—*Rev. B. Gregory*.

4038. ORPHANS, Work for. Dr. Guthrie whispered to me, as the children left the class, "Do you see that golden-haired boy with full face and laughing eyes? Let me tell you his story;" and as we descended he continued, "You see," he said, "that splendid boy had followed his mother to the grave; and being friendless and shelterless, he returned when night fell and stretched himself on the grave, contented if he might but die. Next morning he was found half frozen to death. His little hands were frozen as cold as those of his dead mother or the earth on which he lay. If you had only seen him! Yes, it is a noble work which God has given us to do."—*Robert Kenig*.

4039. ORTHODOXY, A barren. Dr. Chalmers on one occasion thus addressed his theological class:—"Young gentlemen," he exclaimed, with the deepest emotion, "were the inhabitants of one of our villages inquiring what they must do to be saved, I would much prefer sending to them two of your ignorant Methodist preachers, who would tell them the way of life and salvation through faith in Christ, than to send one of these learned divines who is so deeply steeped in orthodoxy that he

cannot preach to them a full and free salvation."—*Asa Mahan, D.D.*

4040. ORTHODOXY, and earnestness. I remember hearing, many years ago, a story that was very useful to me—the account that a deacon gave of his minister. "The trouble," he said, "with our minister is not that he is not earnest, not that he is not orthodox; but *when he is orthodox he is not earnest*, and when he is earnest he is not orthodox." It is a story that I laid to heart when I heard it, and which I have tried to remember ever since. Be sure of it, the life of the Church is to be derived from those great discoveries which the Church has always possessed. We live to-day on the wheat which sustained the life of the fathers of mankind, and the main source of our power must be found in those truths which are the common possession of the gentle and the simple, the learned and the untaught, and of every age of the Christian Church.—*Dr. Dale.*

4041. ORTHODOXY, Unreality of some men's. My attention was arrested the other day by what I saw in the window of a little shop. Cages hung from wires and hooks, while their occupants seemed intent upon making the most of their limited space by leaping from side to side and from top to bottom. Attracted by an idle curiosity, I entered and accosted the proprietor. "Well, my friend, you have quite a show of animals. This is a small menagerie in its way, is it not?" "Rather, sir. I call it my theological shop," said he. "Possibly you may not think it, sir, but these birds and squirrels have a deal of human nature in 'em. Here, now, is a cage with only one squirrel in it. He represents a large and respectable class of religionists. See how sleek and quiet he is." "May I touch him? Will he not bite?" "Bless you," said the man, laughing, "he can't bite anything. He's what I call a thoroughly orthodox squirrel." "How, then, does he get his living? How does he crack those nuts in his cage?" "He doesn't crack anything," replied the man. "He fumbles over the nuts, and waits until I get time to crack them for him. I'll tell you how this came about. He has long been the pet of a party who took especial pleasure in preparing his food for him. In order to save the little fellow time and trouble, his master cracked all his nuts, and now the poor squirrel's teeth have grown out of shape, and can't possibly gnaw anything that is hard." "Well, what has this to do with theology?" "Oh, a great deal, as I shall now show you. He is just like a great many good people that belong to the Church. *They depend upon somebody's feeding them with carefully prepared food.* They live spiritually on the Bible and the terms of their creed, but these things have to be cooked before they are eaten. The clergymen and the commentators crack all hard questions, and make them so palatable the believers have only to believe; they never think of thinking for themselves on any doubtful or knotty point. After a while *they lose the power of doing otherwise*, and so live on what others are pleased to feed them with."—*T. P. Wilson, M.D.*

4042. OSTENTATION, to be avoided. I observed upon the dial-plate of his (Johnson's) watch a short Greek inscription, Νῦν γὰρ ἐπεχραται, being the first words of our Saviour's solemn admonition to the improvement of that time which is allowed us to prepare for eternity—"The night cometh when no man

can work." He some time afterwards laid aside this dial-plate; and when I asked the reason he said, "It might do very well upon a clock which a man keeps in his closet; but to have it upon his watch which he carries about with him, and which is often looked at by others, might be censured as ostentatious."—*Boswell.*

4043. OTHERS, consideration for their opinions. Edward Irving, fresh from a tour in Ireland, related, at a party at which Dr. Chalmers was present, his going to a Roman Catholic chapel in Dublin to see High Mass performed—a ceremony which he had never witnessed, and how, to escape observation, he ensconced himself behind a pillar, where he stood. Every now and then, however, an old woman behind him pulled him by the skirts, saying, "Sure, you'll go down on your knees." "And did you go down?" asked one of the elders of St. John's—the church which then counted Chalmers and Irving its ministers. "I went down at last, both to please the old woman and to prevent the tails of my coat being torn off by the tugs she was constantly giving."—*Francis Jacox.*

4044. OTHERS, Pleading for. The Romans had a law that no person should approach the Emperor's tent in the night, upon the pain of death; but it once happened that a soldier was found in that situation, with a petition in his hand, waiting for an opportunity of presenting it. He was apprehended, and going to be immediately executed; but the Emperor, having overheard the matter in his pavilion, cried aloud, saying, "If the petition be for himself, let him die; *if for another, spare his life.*" Upon inquiry, it was found that the generous soldier prayed for the lives of his two comrades who had been taken asleep on the watch. The Emperor nobly forgave them all.—*Arvine.*

4045. OTHERS, Regard for. The Emperor Alexander Severus was so charmed by the excellence of the "golden rule" (Matt. vii. 12), that he obliged a crier to repeat it whenever he had occasion to punish any person, and caused it to be inscribed in the most noted parts of his palace and on many of the public buildings. He also professed so high a regard for Christ, as having been the author of so excellent a rule, that he desired to have Him enrolled among the deities.—*Clerical Library.*

4046. OTHERS, Thinking of. Two boats were sent out from Dover to relieve a vessel in distress. The fury of the tempest overset one of them, which contained three sailors, one of whom sank. The two remaining sailors were floating on the deep; a rope was thrown to one of them from the other boat, but he refused it, crying out, "*Fling it to Tom; he is just ready to go down.*" I can last some time longer," They did so; Tom was drawn into the boat. The rope was then flung to the generous tar, just in time to save him also from drowning.

4047. OTHERS, Thoughtfulness for. An engineer in the South-West, on a locomotive, recently saw a train coming with which he must collide. He resolved to stand at his post and slow up the train until the last minute, for there were passengers behind. The engineer said to the fireman, "Jump! one man is enough on this engine. Jump!" The fireman jumped, and was saved. The crash came. The engineer died at his post.—*Talmage.*

4048. OTHERS, Unselfish care for. A very poor and aged man, busied in planting and grafting an apple-tree, was rudely interrupted by the interrogation, "Why do you plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and leaning upon his spade, replied, "*Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone.*"

4049. OUTCAST, received by Christ. When I was in Indiana, at one time, a lady told me that during a revival a poor outcast woman attempted to enter the place of worship, and *was rudely pushed back*, with a threat of calling the police. She sadly turned her back on the door open for others but closed to her, and knelt down on the grass in the yard of the church, and told Jesus, when He met her and pardoned her. This lady, furthermore, told me that she never witnessed such a death-scene as at the bedside of this poor redeemed outcast; it was glorious—the exercise of simple faith in Him who received her whom others rejected.—*J. B. Gough.*

4050. OWNERSHIP, Unfair claims of. Crossing Hampstead Heath, Lord Erskine saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully pummelling a miserable bare-boned pack-horse, and remonstrating with him, received this answer, "Why, it's my own. Mayn't I use it as I please?" As the fellow spoke he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of his beast. Erskine, much irritated by this brutality, laid two or three sharp strokes of his walking-stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick? "Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own. Mayn't I use it as I please?"—*W. Davenport Adams.*

4051. PAIN, Dread of. James Hart, the hymn-writer, used to beg in prayer that the coming of the Lord Jesus to his poor soul might be *without pain*, for he was "such a coward."—*O. Payne.*

4052. PAIN, Insensibility to. I am quite certain that when some animals are destined to be the prey of others, the former do not suffer the pain which we might suppose ourselves to endure in their position. Mr. Ryner Jones saw a little crab chased and caught by a larger individual, which at once proceeded to break up its prey and devour it. But it was so occupied with its meal that it did not notice the approach of a much larger crab, which seized it and began to break it up in its turn and eat it. Yet it seemed unconscious of what was happening, and went on eating until it was so far broken up that it could move no longer. *It could not have felt pain.*—*Rev. J. G. Wood.*

4053. PAIN, Support in. A little girl lay on her dying bed. She had been suffering from a sad and painful disease. The doctors had tried all they could to cure her, but in vain. And now they had given her up. They could do no more for her. Not long before, this dear child's step had been as light, her face as bright, and her heart as joyous as those of any of her companions. But now her body was racked with pain, death was laying his cold hand upon her, and she was soon to enter into eternity. Her loving father sat by her bedside, watching the look of pain on the pale face of his suffering child.

"Nannie, dear," he said, with quivering lip and his eyes filled with tears, "do you feel sad at the thought of dying?" "No, dear papa," she replied, as a sweet smile lighted up her dying face; "*my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and He will not let it go.*"—*Rev. R. Newton, D.D.*

4054. PAIN, Thankfulness in and for. "My son, thank God for me. *Thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain.* I suffered so little pain in my life, that I feel it is very good for me; now God has given it to me, and I do so thank Him for it. How thankful I am that my head is untouched!"—*Dr. Arnold (dying).*

4055. PAIN, Uses of. Some plants owe their medicinal qualities to the marsh in which they grow; others to the shades in which alone they flourish. There are precious fruits put forth by the moon as well as by the sun. Boats need ballast as well as sail; a drag on the carriage-wheel is no hindrance when the road runs downhill. Pain has, probably, in some cases developed genius, hunting out the soul which otherwise might have slept like a lion in its den. Had it not been for the broken wing some might have lost themselves in the clouds, some even of those choice doves who now bear the olive-branch in their mouths and show the way to the ark.—*Spurgeon.*

4056. PAIN, and the soul's possession. I was suffering too much to enjoy this picture (a morning sunrise in the spring) at the moment, but how was it at the end of the year? The pains of all those hours were annihilated—as completely vanished as if they had never been; while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me possessor of this radiant picture for evermore.—*Miss Lavergh.*

4057. PAINS, Taking. Said Sir Joshua Reynolds once to Dr. Johnson, "Pray tell me, sir, by what means have you attained such extraordinary accuracy and flow of language in the expression of your ideas?" "I laid it down as a fixed rule," replied the Doctor, "to do my best on every occasion, and in every company to impart what I know in the most forcible language I can put it."

4058. PAPACY, Tendency of. Whosoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what 400 years ago they actually were, shall now compare the country around Rome with the country around Edinburgh, will be able to form judgment on the tendency of Papal domination. The descent of Spain—once the first among monarchies—to the lowest depths of degradation; the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach to the same lesson.—*Macaulay.*

4059. PARADISE, Reputed site of. The reputed site of the Garden of Eden, at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, is now a sterile tract, where the only vegetable life consists of a clump of date-trees near a very small [and dirty village called] Gurna. The inhabitants point to strangers the tree of knowledge—a most sickly specimen, bearing a small green berry which would cause a goat to turn away in disgust.—*Family Circle.*

4060. PARDON, Accepting. A sick soldier, whose suffering was so great that he often wished

he was dead, being asked, "How are you to escape everlasting pain?" replied, "I am praying to God, and striving to do my duty as well as I can." "What are you praying for?" I asked. "For the pardon of my sins." "But now, if your wife were offering you a cup of tea which she had prepared for you, what would be your duty?" "To take it from her, surely." "Do you think that God is offering you anything?" "Oh! yes, sir; I think He is offering pardon to all, through Jesus Christ." "What is your duty, then?" "Ah! sir," he said with much feeling, "*I ought to accept it.*"

4061. PARDON, Christ's. A man was once being tried for a crime, the punishment of which was death. The witnesses came in one by one, and testified to his guilt; but there he stood, quite calm and unmoved. The judge and the jury were quite surprised at his indifference; they could not understand how he could take such a serious matter so calmly. When the jury retired, it did not take them many minutes to decide on the verdict "Guilty;" and when the judge was passing the sentence of death upon the criminal he told him how surprised he was that he could be so unmoved in the prospect of death. When the judge had finished the man put his hand in his bosom, pulled out a document, and walked out of the dock a free man. Ah, *that was how he could be so calm*; it was a free pardon from his king, which he had in his pocket all the time. The king had instructed him to allow the trial to proceed, and to produce the pardon only when he was condemned. Now, that is just what will make us joyful in the great day of judgment; we have got a pardon from the Great King, and it is sealed with the blood of His Son.—*Moody.*

4062. PARDON, Necessary. In front of an old ruined abbey in a secluded glen in Europe there is a stone statue of a headless man, holding in a plate in his hand his own head. It is a statue of the martyr John the Baptist. One of the story-writers of France has represented the cruel and revengeful daughter of Herodias, who asked such fiendish pay for dancing, as put under the same curse as the "Wandering Jew" of Jerusalem, doomed to live and wander for centuries without growing old or hoping to rest or die, hearing ever the cry behind her, "Go on, go on." After eighteen centuries of weary wandering she comes at last, by accident, to the foot of this statue, and sees in the dead face a look of sympathy and pity. As she glances into the spring at her side she perceives, with unspeakable joy, that she is rapidly growing old, and almost in a moment her hair has turned white. She can now hope for pardon and the longed-for rest of death. This legend is but a picture of the remorse of unpardoned sin, following us for centuries in this world and the other. Only the pardon of Christ can give such a heart hope and rest.—*W. F. Crafts.*

4063. PARDON, Sense of. Charles Wesley, when speaking to Peter Bohler of the sense of pardon sealed on his conscience, said, "I suppose I had better keep silent about it." The good Moravian shook him by the hand, and replied, "Oh no, my brother; if you had a thousand tongues, go and use them all for Jesus;" and he went home and wrote the hymn commencing—

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

This hymn is also said to have been written by

the author on the first anniversary of the conversion of himself and his brother John. It originally contained eighteen verses, and was entitled, "*For the Anniversary of One's Conversion.*"—*Dr. Pentecost.*

4064. PARENTS, a blessing. I thank God for two things—yes, for a thousand; but for two among many—first, that I was born and bred in the country, of parents that gave me a sound constitution and a noble example. I never can pay back what I got from my parents. If I were to raise a monument of gold higher than heaven, it would be no expression of the debt of gratitude which I owe to them for that which they unceasingly gave, by the heritage of their body and the heritage of their souls, to me. And next to that I am thankful that I was brought up in circumstances where I never became acquainted with wickedness.—*Beecher (from his last public letter).*

4065. PARENTS, a treasure. An eruption of Mount Etna obliged the inhabitants of the adjacent country to flee in every direction for safety. Amidst the hurry and confusion of this scene, every one carrying away whatever he deemed most precious, two sons, the one named Anaphias, the other Amphonimus, in the height of their solicitude for the preservation of their wealth and goods, recollected their father and mother, who, being very old, were unable to save themselves by flight. Filial tenderness overcame every consideration. "*Where,*" exclaimed the generous youths, "*shall we find a more precious treasure than our parents?*"

4066. PARENTS, Honouring. An old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman who came to examine his school, "I believe the children know the Catechism word for word." "But do they understand it? That is the question," said the clergyman. The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said almost in a whisper, "Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw they were bleeding, and gave me some money to buy me shoes. *I gave it to my mother,* for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."—*Biblical Museum.*

4067. PARENTS, influenced through their children. The old maxim, "Catch the parent by first catching the child," is freshly illustrated by an incident which a correspondent tells of the veteran American minister Chidlaw. Leaving the railroad, he walked five miles over the hills, crossing creeks on drift-wood, to attend a Sunday-school Convention in Hancock County, during which he preached to a large assembly of youths, and three times the next Sunday. In the audience on the Sabbath was a gentleman of good repute, who had not been seen in a house of worship in twenty years. When inquired of why he attended *twice* that day—did he know Mr Chidlaw? "No, sir," he replied; "but my children heard the stranger the other day, and when they came home they talked of nothing else but his sermon, and I felt that I would like to hear the man that could get such a hold of my children."

4068. PARENTS, Pleasing. Epaminondas, the Theban, after winning a battle, said, "My chief

pleasure is, that my parents will hear of my victory.”
—*Van Doren.*

4069. PART, how Christians should. Dr. Johnson said to Miss Thrale—“Queeny,” as he usually called her—at their last interview, “My dear child, we part for ever in this world. Let us part as Christians should—*let us pray together.*”

4070. PARTIALITY, in office. When Wolsey, who was the son of a butcher, was made cardinal, a merry fellow said, “Please God he come to be Pope, for then we shall have meat on fast days. St. Peter, because he was a fisherman, prohibited meat, in order to raise the price of fish; this butcher’s son will do the same for fish.”—*Luther.*

4071. PASSION and self-deception, Help in controlling. La Fontaine, chaplain of a Prussian regiment, preached a plain sermon on the sin of a hasty temper. Next day the major, a very passionate man, told him he had used his official liberty rather too freely. La Fontaine admitted that he had thought of him, but had no intention of being personal. “Well, it is of no use,” said the major; “I have a hasty temper, and I cannot help it, and I cannot control it. It is impossible.” The next Sabbath La Fontaine preached upon self-deception, and the excuses which men are wont to make. “Why,” said he, “a man will declare that it is impossible for him to control his temper, when he very well knows that, were the same provocation to happen in the presence of his sovereign, he not only could, but would, control himself. And yet he dares to say that the continual presence of the King of kings imposes upon him neither restraint nor fear!” The next day the major again accosted him. “You were right yesterday, chaplain,” he said humbly. “Hereafter, whenever you see me in danger of falling, remind me of the King.”

4072. PASSION, Beclouding influence of. Recently, at Cornell University, a professor, speaking with me on the subject of an observatory there, said, “I hope they will never establish one here.” “Why?” “Because the locality is utterly unfit for celestial observations. Cayuga Lake is nothing but a fog-factory. Every night it breeds so much fog and fills the atmosphere with so much vapour that it is not until late in the day that you can get any clear view of the sky; and hardly three nights in the whole year have been fit for a critical observation of the heavens.” The clouds that go up around the human observatory prevent men from seeing clearly—clouds of passions, clouds of appetites, clouds of all kinds of evil feelings from the animal man. He cannot make observations of celestial things.—*Becher.*

4073. PASSION, How to conquer. There was once an excellent schoolmaster who had a horrible temper, which sometimes completely overmastered him. It made him forget himself; and though he often resolved to conquer it, he always failed, and once or twice even cursed a stupid scholar. One day his passion excited him to such a degree that he acted like a maniac, thrashing the boys right and left. But when the scholars had gone out he threw himself on his knees at the desk and said, “It is no use, O Lord; I cannot conquer it! I have tried, and have failed. O Lord, undertake for me.” And from that moment he felt another man; the life of God had begun in his heart.

4074. PASSION, Result of. At the Flintshire assizes, in 1821, T. Dutton was found guilty of wilful murder. At his execution, addressing the spectators, supposed to be about ten thousand, he said, “Young people, all take warning by me; it was *passion* that brought me here.”

4075. PASSION, Ruling, in death. The marshalling of armies was Napoleon’s ruling passion, and it was strong in death; for in the delirium of his dying moments he fancied that he was in a battle-field, and his passing spirit was watching the current of a heady fight.—*Denton.*

4076. PAST and present, contrasted. Before me were the two Monte Cavallo statues, towering gigantically above the pigmies of the present day, and looking like Titans in the act of threatening heaven. Over my head the stars were just beginning to look out, and might have been taken for guardian angels keeping watch over the temples below. Behind, and on my left, were palaces; on my right gardens, and hills beyond, with the orange tints of sunset over them still glowing in the distance. Within a stone’s throw of me, in the midst of objects thus glorious in themselves, and thus in harmony with each other, was stuck an unplanned post, on which glimmered a paper lantern. Such is Rome.—*Augustus Hare.*

4077. PAST, how to be remembered. Over the desk at which the Rev. John Newton was accustomed to compose his sermons he had written up in very large letters the following words:—“Remember that thou wast a bondsman in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God redeemed thee.”

4078. PAST, how to cast off its spell. Greeley, the great Arctic discoverer, is said to have been haunted day and night by visions of his long period of starvation in the regions of frost and snow, and his physicians have asserted that the only way he could preserve his sanity was by *mingling freely with others.*—*Family Circle.*

4079. PAST, Making up for. A rich old gentleman residing at Manchester was lately called upon by some members of the Bible Society there to subscribe his mite; he replied, he had been thinking about it, but would first wish to become acquainted with their plans, &c., and wished them to call again. Some time after they did so, and he told them he had made up his mind to subscribe a guinea a year, and immediately began to count out upon the table a quantity of guineas. When he had got to twenty-one the gentlemen stopped him, and said, as their time was rather precious, they should feel obliged if he would give his subscription, that they might go. The old gentleman still continuing to count them out upon the table, they interrupted him a second time, when he simply hoped the gentlemen would suffer him to go on, and on he went till he had counted down eighty guineas. “There, gentlemen,” cried the old man, “I promised you a subscription of a guinea a year; I am eighty years old, and there are the eighty guineas.”—*Whitcross.*

4080. PAST mercies, Thankfulness for. A dear little girl had been taught to pray specially for her father. He had been suddenly taken away. Kneeling at her evening devotion, her voice faltered; and as her eyes met her mother’s she sobbed, “O mother, I cannot leave him *all out!* Let me say,

thank God that I had a dear father once, so I can keep him in my prayers."—*Christian Age*.

4081. PAST. Review of. When old, blind, and so infirm that he was able only to be carried from his bed to his chair, Niebuhr used to describe to his friends the scenes which he had visited in his early days with wonderful minuteness and vivacity. When they expressed their astonishment at the vividness of his memory, he explained, that as he lay in bed, all visible objects shut out, the pictures of what he had seen in the East continually floated before his mind's eye, so that it was no wonder he could speak of them as if he had seen them yesterday. With like vividness, the deep intense sky of Asia, with its brilliant and twinkling host of stars, which he had so often gazed upon by night, or its lofty vault of blue by day, was reflected in the hours of stillness and darkness on his inmost soul.—*Denton*.

4082. PAST, Voice from. There were some gentlemen exploring a tomb in Egypt, and found in it a kind of lyre, which they took, and one with cautious fingers touched the strings, dreading they might crumble to dust beneath his touch. But sounds issued in their awed ears, such as had been heard from them thousands of years ago.—*Rev. H. Batchelor*.

4083. PASTOR, A true. On one occasion Kingsley was visiting a sick man suffering from fever. "The atmosphere of the ground-floor bedroom was horrible, but before the rector said a word he ran upstairs, and to the great astonishment of the people of the cottage, bored with a large auger he had brought with him several holes above the bed's head for ventilation. And when diphtheria, then a new disease in England, made its appearance at Eversley, he might have been seen running in and out of the cottages with great bottles of gargle under his arm, and teaching the people to gargle their throats as a preventive."—*Life of Charles Kingsley*.

4084. PASTOR, Difficulties of. Father Taylor said of a certain member of his flock who kept continually falling back into drunken ways, "He is an expensive machine; I have to keep mending him all the time; but I will never give him up."—*C. A. Bartol, D.D.*

4085. PASTORAL care, Anxieties of. St. Francis, reflecting on a story he heard of a mountaineer in the Alps who had risked his life to save a sheep, says, "O God, if such was the earnestness of this shepherd in seeking for a mean animal, which had probably been frozen on the glacier, how is it that I am so indifferent in seeking my sheep?"

4086. PASTORAL care, Unfitness for. In the church of San Zeno, at Verona, I saw the statue of that saint in a sitting posture, and the artist has given him knees so short that he has no lap whatever, so that he could not have been a nursing father. I fear there are many others who labour under a similar disability: they cannot bring their minds to enter heartily into the pastoral care.—*Spurgeon*.

4087. PASTORS, may have an evil influence. A celebrated doctor of divinity in London, who is now in heaven I have no doubt—a very excellent and godly man—gave notice one Sunday that he intended to visit all his people, and said, that in

order to be able to get round and visit them and their families once in the year, he should take all the seatholders in order. A person well known to me, who was then a poor man, was delighted with the idea that the minister was coming to his house to see him, and about a week or two before he conceived it would be his turn his wife was very careful to sweep the hearth and keep the house tidy, and the man ran home early from work, hoping each night to find the Doctor there. This went on for a considerable time. He either forgot his promise or grew weary in performing it, or for some other reason never went to this poor man's house; and the result was this, the man lost confidence in all preachers, and said, "They care for the rich, but they do not care for us who are poor." That man never settled down to any one place of worship for many years, till at last he dropped into Exeter Hall and remained my hearer for years, till Providence removed him. It was no small task to make him believe that any minister could be an honest man, and could impartially love both rich and poor.—*Spurgeon*.

4088. PATIENCE, a strength. It would be far easier, I apprehend, for nine men out of ten to join a storming party than to lie on a rack or to hang on a cross without repining. Yes, patience is a strength; and patience is not merely a strength, it is wisdom in exercising it. We, the creatures of a day, make one of the nearest approaches that is possible for us to the life of God. Of God St. Augustine has finely said, "*Patiens quia aternus*"—"Because He lives for ever He can afford to wait."—*Canon Liddon*.

4089. PATIENCE and silence, Power of. I spent an hour one evening with a person who did me the honour to say that he found me a very charming companion, and most instructive in conversation; yet I do not hesitate to confess that I said scarcely anything at all, but allowed him to have the talk to himself. By exercising patience I gained his good opinion, and an opportunity to address him on other occasions.—*Spurgeon*.

4090. PATIENCE, Christian. As Richard Baxter lay dying, in the midst of exquisite pains which arose from the nature of his disease, he said, "I have a rational patience and a believing patience, though sense would recoil, Lord, when Thou wilt, what Thou wilt, how Thou wilt."

4091. PATIENCE, in the matter of opinions. On one occasion William Gladstone and his sister Mary disputed as to where a certain picture ought to be hung. An old Scotch servant came in with a ladder, and stood irresolute while the argument progressed; but, as Miss Mary would not yield, William gallantly ceased from speech, though unconvinced, of course. The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady ordered, but when he had done this he crossed the room and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this. "Aweel, Miss, that'll do to hang the picture on when ye'll have come round to Master Willie's opeenion."—*Brinsley Richards*.

4092. PATIENCE, Mission of. I think that one of the earlier ideas that I had of the beauty of patience I received from the wife of an ugly ship-master. They had drifted off to Indiana somehow. They were very poor; they lived in the deepest

poverty; and yet, though he was a brute and a tyrant, though she suffered everything that flesh and heart could bear, though she had an exquisite taste and nothing to cultivate it or gratify it, though she had warm affections and nothing to feed them, and though she had noble aspirations, with almost no opportunity except that which faith gives to all—such perfect, serene, smiling patience I never saw till then, and I have never seen it since.—*Beecher.*

4093. PATIENCE, Nature enforces. Its flavour (that of the fruit of the akee) is delicious, but it is not fit to be eaten until it bursts spontaneously, showing its soft, spongy, creamy centre, called the "aril," which encloses three black seeds. This central portion is excellent, either as a vegetable or a fruit; but, on the other hand, should any one be rash enough to remove the outer covering, *instead of waiting for it to ripen and burst, however ripe and tempting it may look*, it will be found to be a deadly poison. Three members of an English family—a mother and two little girls—died in less than twenty minutes after eating unripe akees, and there have been many other similar instances of its deadly effects.—*Lady Brassey.*

4094. PATIENCE, Nature of. Buffon said, "Grit is patience." John Foster said, "It is the power of lighting one's own fire." "Newton, how did you make your great discoveries?" asked a friend one day. "*By always thinking unto them,*" he answered. The wonderful violinist, Giardini, was once asked by a youth, "How long, sir, will it take me to play like you?" "Twelve hours a day for twenty years," he replied.

4095. PATIENCE, Reason for. Dr. Arnold, when at Laleham, once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed I am doing the best I can." Years after, he used to tell the story to his children, and say, "I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten."—*Dean Stanley.*

4096. PATIENCE, Sphere of. It is said that the immortal astronomer whose genius discovered the laws which govern the movement of the planets saw his great labours despised by his contemporaries. Reduced to extreme misery, he was on his death-bed, when a friend asked him if he did not suffer intensely in dying thus without seeing his discoveries appreciated. "My friend," replied Kepler, "God waited five thousand years for one of His creatures to discover the admirable laws which He has given to the stars, and *cannot I wait also until justice is done me?*" Take heed to these words, you who are doing God's work. Labour, if necessary, without result; speak, although not listened to; love, without being understood; cast your bread upon the waters; and, to subdue the world to the truth, walk by faith and not by sight.—*Eugene Bersier.*

4097. PATIENCE, Trial of. After having, on one occasion, passed sleepless nights owing to the horrible noise made by a Cochinchina cock in a neighbouring garden, Mr. Carlyle interviewed the proprietor of the fowls, and expostulated. The owner, a woman, did not think Mr. Carlyle had much cause for complaint; the cock only crew three or four times during the night. "Eh, but, woman,"

said the unfortunate philosopher, "if you only knew what I suffered waiting for him to crow!" Another story is one which Dickens used to tell inimitably, the scene occurring at a dinner held, I think, at Proctor's, where were present, among others, Carlyle and the well-known editor of the — *Review*. The last named had enunciated some weighty opinion on the subject under discussion—as Dickens used to say, "treating it in the usual — *Review* manner, wrapping it up in a small parcel and laying it by on a shelf as done with for ever"—and a dead silence ensued. This silence was, to the astonishment of all, broken by Carlyle, who was seated immediately opposite the editor, looking across at him in a dreamy way, and saying, as though to himself, but in perfectly audible tones, "Eh, but you're a puir creeter—a puir, wratched, meeserable creeter!" then, with a sigh, he relapsed into silence.—*The World.*

4098. PATRIOTISM, Temperance. At an early stage of the temperance reform an old man of more than fourscore years, afflicted with a bodily infirmity, for which he had been advised by a physician to use ardent spirits as a medicine, was presented with a constitution of the Temperance Society, on the plan of total abstinence. He read it, and said, "That is the thing to save our country; I will join it." "No," said one, "you must not join it, because ardent spirits is necessary for you as a medicine." "I know," said he, "that I have used it; but if something is not done our country will be ruined, and I will not be accessory to the ruin of my country. I will join the society." "Then," said another, "you will die." "Well," said the old man, in the true spirit of patriotism, "*for my country I can die,*" and signed the constitution, gave up his medicine, and his disease fled away.—*Rev. C. Field.*

4099. PAYMENT and labour, Law of. When Sir Thomas Lawrence had once painted a picture in half a dozen sittings, he was told with something of a taunt that he had very easily earned £500 by thirty hours' labour. His answer was, "No, sir; not by thirty hours' labour, but *by the labour of thirty years.*"—*Dr. Conder.*

4100. PEACE, Christ's, Resting in. "Can I do anything for you?" said an American officer, during our late bloody conflict, to a soldier who lay wounded and dying on the battlefield; "can I do anything for you?" "Nothing—nothing, thank you." "Shall I go and get you a little water?" "No, thank you; I am dying." "Isn't there anything I can do? Cannot I sit down and write a letter to your friends?" "I have no friends you can write to. There is one thing I would be much obliged to you for. In my haversack, yonder, you will find a Testament. Will you open it? Will you be so good as to turn to the fourteenth chapter of John?—and near the end you will find a verse that begins with the word 'Peace.'" The officer turned to the fourteenth of John, and read, "*Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.*" "Thank you, sir," said the dying soldier; "thank you, sir. I have that peace—I am going to that Saviour." In a few moments more the glorified spirit left his poor wounded frame and soared away upwards to the hand of infinite love, which, like the hand of Noah from the ark,

was reached from heaven, and safely drew him in.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

4101. PEACE, Christian, unseen. One of the martyrs, exposed to public derision in an iron cage, is reported to have said to a bystander, who expressed surprise at the cheerfulness he manifested, "You can see these bars, but you cannot hear the music in my conscience."—*Rev. N. Hall.*

4102. PEACE, Emblem of. Upon the plains of Waterloo there stands a great bronze lion, forged from the captured guns of Britain's foes in 1815. The beast's mouth is open, and seems snarling through his teeth over the battlefield. When I saw it last, one spring noonday, a bird had built its nest right in the lion's mouth, twining the twigs of the downy bed where the fledglings nestled around the very teeth of the metal monster, and from the very jaws of the bronze beast the chirp of the swallows seemed to twitter forth timidly the tocsin of peace. It was the audacity of hope. May it be prophetic!—*Arthur Mursell.*

4103. PEACE, False. Your peace, sinner, is that terribly prophetic calm which the traveller occasionally perceives upon the higher Alps. Everything is still. The birds suspend their notes, fly low, and cower down with fear. The hum of bees among the flowers is hushed. A horrible stillness rules the hour, as if death had silenced all things by stretching over them his awful sceptre. Perceive ye not what is surely at hand? The tempest is preparing, the lightning will soon cast abroad its flames of fire. Earth will rock with thunder-blasts; granite peaks will be dissolved; all nature will tremble beneath the fury of the storm. Yours is that solemn calm to-day, sinner. Rejoice not in it, for the hurricane of wrath is coming, the whirlwind and the tribulation which shall sweep you away and utterly destroy you.—*Spurgeon.*

4104. PEACE, how found. In the reign of Henry VIII. there was a young student at Cambridge, named Bilney. He became deeply anxious about his soul. The priests prescribed fast, penance, and other observances, but he grew worse and worse. He ultimately became possessed of a copy of the New Testament, and shut himself up in his room to study it. As he read the book he came to the words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He laid down the book, to think on what he had read. He thus states the result:—"This one sentence, through God's inward teaching, did so rejoice my heart, being before almost in despair, that I soon found peace. Jesus Christ saves!" he cried; "yes, Jesus Christ saves!" From that time he became a preacher of those "glad tidings," and at last he suffered martyrdom.

4105. PEACE, made on the Cross. When a poor bricklayer who had fallen from a great height was lying fatally injured he was visited by a minister in the neighbourhood. On entering the cottage he said, "My dear man, I am afraid you are dying. I exhort you to make your peace with God." "Make my peace with God, sir! Why, that was made eighteen hundred years ago, when my great and glorious Lord paid all my debt upon the cruel tree. Christ is my peace, and I am saved."

4106. PEACE of God, lost. An eminent servant

of Christ, being suddenly introduced into a large and respectable assembly, was requested to deliver an extemporary address on "The Peace of God." To this request he replied, in terms of the deepest humiliation, that it was impossible for him, at present, to speak on that subject, as he had unhappily deprived himself of that invaluable blessing by his *unfaithfulness to God*. He then sat down, silently humbling himself before the Lord. This frank confession became the means, it is said, of the conversion of one of the company.

4107. PEACE of pardon, not a mere forgetfulness. I have spilled the ink over a bill, and so have blotted it till it can hardly be read; but this is quite another thing from having the debt blotted out, for *that cannot be till payment is made*. So a man may blot his sins from his memory and quiet his mind with false hopes, but the peace which this will bring him is widely different from that which arises from God's forgiveness of sin through the satisfaction which Jesus made in His atonement. Our blotting is one thing; God's blotting out is something far higher.—*Spurgeon.*

4108. PEACE, Perpetual. Soon after the Abbé de St. Pierre published his book on a perpetual peace, a Dutch innkeeper set up a sign inscribed, "A la paix perpétuelle." It represented a churchyard, "as if the mischievous passions and the follies of mankind were to cease only with the total extinction of the human race."—*Bruce.*

4109. PEACE, Seeking. When the Mohawk Indians desired to be on friendly terms with the white man once again they sought an interview with the Governor of New York, and their spokesman began by saying, "Where shall I seek the chair of peace? Where shall I find it but upon our path? and whither does our path lead us but unto this house?" Is it not so that men come into the sanctuary and approach the throne of grace, desiring peace, asking peace, and feeling that *peace is to be found nowhere else but there?*—*B.*

4110. PEACE, Spread of knowledge of. President Wayland relates how, at the close of the war of 1812, it happened to be in the city of New York, when, on a dark afternoon in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel bringing home our commissioners from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city. Expectation had become painfully intense, when a boat touched the wharf announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed. They who heard the tidings first rushed in breathless haste into the city to tell them to their friends, shouting, as they ran along the streets, "Peace! peace!" Every one who heard the tidings repeated it, and so from house to house the news spread with electric speed. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing torches ran to and fro shouting "Peace! peace!"—*Rev. J. N. Norton, D.D.*

4111. PEACEABLE disposition, a protection. Luther gives an account of a Duke of Saxony who made war unnecessarily upon a bishop in Germany. At that period ecclesiastics could command military resources as well as the secular nobility. But the weapons of the good bishop were not carnal. The Duke thought proper, in a very artful way, to send a spy into the company of the bishop to ascertain his

plan of carrying on the contest. On his return the spy was eagerly interrogated by the Duke. "O sir," replied he, "you may surprise him without fear; he is doing nothing, and making no preparation." "How is that?" asked the Duke; "what does he say?" "He says he will feed his flock, preach the Word, visit the sick; and that, as for this war, he should commit the weight of it to God Himself." "Is it so?" said the Duke; "then let the Devil wage war against him; I will not."

4112. PEACEMAKER, Popularity of. Prebendary Sandford, at the funeral of a country clergyman, inquired of a farmer the secret of his popularity. The farmer replied that he was not much of a parson, but he was such a wonderful man to make peace between neighbours.—*Freeman*.

4113. PENALTY, to be suffered in person. St. Bernard, being consulted by one of his followers whether he might accept of two benefices, replied, "And how will you be able to serve them both?" "I intend," answered the priest, "to officiate in one of them by a deputy." "Will your deputy suffer eternal punishment for you too?" asked the saint. "Believe me, you may serve your cure by proxy, but you must suffer the penalty in person."

4114. PENITENCE, and prayer. There is an Eastern story of a Sultan who overslept himself, so as not to awaken at the hour of prayer. So the Devil came and waked him, and told him to get up and pray. "Who are you?" said the Sultan. "Oh, no matter," replied the other. "My act is good, is it not? No matter who does the good action, so long as it is good." "Yes," replied the Sultan; "but I think you are Satan. I know your face; you have some bad motive." "But," says the other, "I am not so bad as I am painted. You see I have left off my horns and tail. I am a pretty good fellow, after all. I was an angel once, and still keep some of my original goodness." "That's all very well," replied the sagacious and prudent caliph, "but you are the tempter; that's your business; and I wish to know why you want me to get up and pray." "Well," said the Devil, with a flirt of impatience, "if you must know, I will tell you. If you had slept and forgotten your prayers, you would have been sorry for it afterward, and penitent; but if you go on as now, and do not neglect a single prayer for ten years, you will be so satisfied with yourself that it will be worse for you than if you had missed one sometimes and repented of it. God loves your fault mixed with penitence more than your virtue seasoned with pride."—*Christian Age*.

4115. PEOPLE, Unemotional. Very uncomfortable are the people whom nothing can move. The most romantic scenery in the world, the noblest cathedral ever built, does not stir the slightest emotion. I once took a young friend of mine from the country to see St. Paul's, and when in St. Paul's Churchyard, looking up at the grand pile, I said, "This is St. Paul's." She just gave a glance, and said, "St. Paul's, is it?" and immediately turned to the bonnet-shops on the other side. I know a student who has slept all the way from Cologne to Maintz, every yard of which had some story connected with it and had created a literature of its own, and when he awoke put up the windows and began to smoke cigarettes.—*Morlais Jones*.

4116. PERFECTION, Christian. When Allston

died he left many pictures which were mostly sketches, yet with here and there a part finished up with wonderful beauty. So I think *Christians go to heaven with their virtues mostly in outline, only here and there a part completed*. But "that which is in part shall be done away," and God shall finish the pictures in His own forms and colours.—*Beecher*.

4117. PERFECTION, Christian, Doctrine of. The perfection of the schools is a kind of mandarin perfection. Suppose a Chinese mandarin, whose garden was filled with dwarfed plants and trees, should show me an oak-tree, two feet high, growing in a pot of earth, and should say to me, "A perfect tree must be sound at the root—must it not? And it must have all its branches complete and its leaves green. Look here. . . . *It is a perfect tree*; why do you not admire it?" Miserable two-foot oak! I turn from it to think of God's oak in the open pasture, a hundred feet high, wide-boughed and braving the storm. Now when a man comes to me talking of perfection, and says, "A perfect man must have such-and-such qualities—must he not? He must control his passions and appetites. He must not sin in this thing or that thing. Such am I. I do not commit this fault, or fall into that error. I have trained and schooled myself. Behold me; I am perfect," I can but exclaim, "Miserable two-foot Christian!" I have no patience with this low standard, these earthly comparisons, this relative goodness. *I must outgrow this pot of earth*. God's eternity is in my soul, and I shall need it all to grow up to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.—*Beecher*.

4118. PERFECTION, comes by development, slowly. "Paradise Lost" was composed after fifty, but was conceived at thirty-two.—*Mark Pattison*.

4119. PERFECTION, felt not to be ours as yet. From his accent and manners, Mr. Berridge (vicar of Everton) perceived that he was a foreigner, and asked him what countryman he was. "A Swiss from the canton of Bern," was the reply. From Bern! Then probably you can give me some account of a young countryman of yours, one John Fletcher, who has lately preached a few times for the Mr. Wesleys, and of whose talents, learning, and piety they both speak in terms of eulogy. Do you know him?" "Yes, sir, I know him intimately; and did those gentlemen know him as well they would not speak of him in such terms." "You surprise me," said Mr. Berridge, "in speaking so coldly of a countryman in whose praise they are so warm." "I have the best reasons," he rejoined, "for speaking of him as I do—I am John Fletcher."—*Life of Fletcher, of Madeley*.

4120. PERFECTION, how attained. Everything in the universe comes to its perfection by drill and marching—the seed, the insect, the animal, the man, the spiritual man. God created man at the lowest point, and put him in a world where almost nothing would be done for him, and almost everything should tempt him to do for himself.—*Beecher*.

4121. PERFECTION, Sinless, to be desired. A person once asked the late Rev. Mr. Dunn, of Portsea, whether he thought a state of sinless perfection attainable in this life. Mr. Dunn replied, "Let us, my friend, endeavour after it as eagerly as if it were attainable."

4122. **PERFECTION, Sinless.** I am sorry, honoured sir, to hear by many letters that you seem to own a sinless perfection in this life attainable. I cannot, I think, answer you better than an old minister in these parts answered a Quaker—*"Bring me a man that hath really arrived at this, and I will pay his expenses, let him come from where he will."*—*Whitefield (to Wesley).*

4123. **PERFECTION, the result of labour.** "However prodigious may be the gifts of nature to her elect, they can only be developed and brought to their extreme perfection by labour and study." Think of Michael Angelo working for a week without taking off his clothes, and Handel hollowing out every key of his harpsichord, like a spoon, by incessant practice. Gentlemen, after this, never talk of difficulty or weariness.—*Spurgeon.*

4124. **PERFECTIONISTS, opposed.** Toplady, even when he wrote his magnificent masterpiece, the "Rock of Ages," could not resist the temptation to give a thrust at those who, he insisted, were believers in "Perfectionism." So he entitled his hymn, when he printed it, "*A living and dying prayer of the holiest believer in the world.*" This is as much as if he had said, "The most sanctified soul in the world must come down on his knees and confess, 'Nothing in my hands I bring,' and 'Vile I to this fountain fly.'"—*Dr. Pentecost.*

4125. **PERSECUTION, a stimulus.** A certain amount of persecution rouses a man's defiance, stirs his blood for magnificent battle, and makes him fifty times more a man than he would have been without the persecution. So it was with the great reformer when he said, "I will not be put down; I will be heard." And so it was with Millard, the preacher, in the time of Louis XI. When Louis XI. sent word to him that unless he stopped preaching in that style he would throw him into the river, he replied, "Tell the King that I will reach heaven sooner by water than he will reach it by fast horses."—*Talmage.*

4126. **PERSEVERANCE, Determined.** Sir Charles Napier, when in India, encountered an army of thirty-five thousand Belooches with two thousand men, of whom only four hundred were Europeans. He charged them in the centre up a high bank; and for three hours the battle was undecided. At last they turned and fled. It is this sort of pluck, tenacity, and determined perseverance which wins soldiers' battles, and, indeed, every battle. It is the one neck nearer that wins the race and shows the blood; the one pull more of the oar that proves the "beefiness of the fellow," as Oxford men say; it is the one march more that wins the campaign; the five minutes' more persistent courage that wins the fight. Though your force be less than another's, you equal and out-master your opponent if you continue it longer and concentrate it more.—*Smiles.*

4127. **PERSEVERANCE, Final.** A person who suspected that a minister of his acquaintance was not truly a Calvinist went to him and said, "Sir, I am told that you are against the perseverance of the saints." "Not I, indeed," answered he; "*it is the perseverance of sinners that I oppose.*" "But this is not a satisfactory answer, sir. Do you think that a child of God cannot fall very low, and yet be restored?" He replied, "I think it will be very dangerous to make the experiment."

4128. **PERSEVERANCE, Final, illustrated.** The Psylli, according to Pliny, were so characteristically endowed with this immunity (from snake-bites), that they made it a test of the legitimacy of their children; for they were accustomed to expose their new-born babes to the most venomous serpents they could find, assured that if *their paternity was pure Psyllic* they would be quite unharmed. Of this tribe was the ambassador Hexagon, who, boasting of his powers before the Roman consuls, submitted to the crucial test which they suggested, of being enclosed in a vessel swarming with poisonous reptiles, which, says the legendary story, *hurt him not.*—*Philip H. Gosse, F.R.S.*

4129. **PERSEVERANCE, illustrated.** Timour the Conqueror, being hard bested, took shelter in the ruins of an old house, and he there saw a white ant beginning to climb the wall with a grain of corn three times its own size. *Seventy times did the animal try* to ascend before he succeeded. The warrior then buckled on his armour and renewed his engagements with fresh vigour.

4130. **PERSEVERANCE, in doing good.** A young lad was earnestly engaged trying to bring new scholars to his Sunday-school. During the week he would speak to boys and girls, and get them to promise him to attend the school the next Sunday. On the Sunday morning he would go and fetch them. One Sunday he had got four, but when at the door one of them refused to enter. "Tell me," said he, "why you won't go in." For a long time the lad did not answer, but at last said, "I've no coat on." "If that is all," said the little missionary, "*take mine!*" and drew off his own jacket, which he gave to his companion. They entered the school, and became attentive scholars.—*Der Glaubensbote.*

4131. **PERSEVERANCE, in doing good.** An old man in Watton, whom Mr. Thornton had in vain urged to come to church, was taken ill and confined to his bed. Mr. Thornton went to the cottage, and asked to see him. The old man, hearing his voice below, answered, in no very courteous tone, "I don't want you here; you may go away." The following day the curate was again at the foot of the stairs. "Well, my friend, may I come up to-day and sit beside you?" Again he received the same reply, "I don't want you here." Twenty-one days successively Mr. Thornton paid his visit to the cottage, and on the twenty-second his perseverance was rewarded. He was permitted to enter the room of the aged sufferer, to read the Bible, and pray by his bedside. The poor man recovered, and became one of the most regular attendants at the house of God.—*Life of Rev. S. Thornton.*

4132. **PERSEVERANCE, Necessity of.** Some time ago, when Mr. Gladstone was on a visit to the north of England, a working man travelled some distance to see him. Mr. Gladstone spoke in the kindest manner to the man, and asked what he wanted. The poor fellow, in some confusion, apologised, but made bold to say to the Premier, "I have come all the way from Bradford to see you. They are well pleased there with you and your Government in the main, but they think that you hardly go fast enough." Mr. Gladstone just kindly patted his admirer on the shoulder, and said, "*You must keep knocking at the door,*" and there the interview ended.—*Primitive Methodist World.*

4133. PERSEVERANCE, rewarded. Some years ago, in a manufacturing town in England, a young lady applied to the superintendent of a Sunday-school for a class. He told her he had no vacant classes, but that if she liked to go out and hunt up a class of boys for herself, he would be glad to have her help. She did so, and gathered a class of poor ragged boys. Among these, the worst and most unpromising boy was one named Bob. The superintendent told these boys to come to his house during the week, and he would get them each a new suit of clothes. They came and got their clothes. After two or three Sundays Bob was missing. The teacher went after him. She found that his new clothes were torn and dirty. She invited him back to school. He came. The superintendent gave him a second new suit. After attending once or twice Bob's place was empty again. Once more the teacher sought him out. She found that the second suit of clothes had gone the same way as the first. She reported the case to the superintendent, saying she was utterly discouraged about Bob, and must give him up. "Please don't do that," said the superintendent; "I can't but hope that there is something good in Bob. *Try him once more.* I'll give him a third suit of clothes if he'll promise to attend regularly." Bob did promise. He received his third suit of clothes. He did attend regularly after that. He got interested in the school. He became an earnest and persevering seeker after Jesus. He found Him. He joined the Church. He was made a teacher. He studied for the ministry, and the end of the story is, that that discouraging boy—that dirty, ragged, runaway Bob—became the *Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison*, the great missionary to China, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language.—*Rev. Richard Newton.*

4134. PERSEVERANCE, to be commended. A young lady was speaking to a friend who had called upon her regarding a characteristic of her mother, who always had a good word to say to every one. "Why," she said, "I believe if Satan were under discussion mother would have a good word to say for him." Just then the mother entered, and was informed that the daughter had said, whereupon she quietly said, "Well, my dear, I think *we might all imitate Satan's perseverance.*"

4135. PERSONAL dealing, with strangers. Harlan Page, coming early to a meeting, found a stranger sitting there, and politely spoke to him. The conversation went on until the man—who said that "Christians had always kept him at arm's length" before—was melted into penitence.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

4136. PEW, Light in. The Rev. W. Haslam was asked to preach one evening in a church without gas. "We'll do the lighting up," said the people. Every parishioner brought his lantern or his lamp, so that the whole building presented a singular and unique appearance. Is not this what we want, light in the pew as well as in the pulpit?—*B.*

4137. PHANTOMS, Deliverance from. A certain Queen in some South Sea island, I have read in missionary books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful People, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning mountain in the centre of our Isle. That is not

God; no, that is a common burning mountain, mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See I will walk before you to that burning mountain, will empty my wash-bowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!" She walked accordingly, this South Sea Heroine, nerved to the sticking-place, her people following her in pale horror and expectancy. She did her experiment; and I am told they have truer notions of the gods in that Island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to repeat, and very needless. Honour to the Brave who deliver us from *Phantom-dynasties!*—*Carlyle.*

4138. PHARISAISM, Modern. A few years ago Mr. Spurgeon had occasion to use the following language:—"There is growing up in society a Pharisaic system which adds to the commands of God the precepts of men; to that system I will not yield for an hour. When I have found intense pain relieved, a weary brain soothed, and calm, refreshing sleep obtained by a cigar, I have felt grateful to God and have blessed His name. If through smoking I had wasted an hour of my time, if I had stinted my gifts to the poor, *if I had rendered my mind less vigorous,* I trust I should see my fault and turn from it; but he who charges me with these things shall have no answer but my forgiveness."

4139. PHARISEE and publican, Prayer of. A poor Hindoo, hearing a missionary read the Parable of the Pharisee and Publican, thought as he listened to the sentence, "The Pharisee stood and prayed," "Now I shall learn how to pray." As the missionary proceeded the heart of the poor man sank within him, however; for, thought he, "if I am not like other men, I am a great deal worse. I don't do anything of those good things, and I can't go to the great God with false words upon my tongue. Oh, what shall a poor wicked wretch like me do?" and he wept aloud. Then the missionary read on:—"The publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner." "That's like me, that's like me!" burst from the lips of the poor Hindoo; "I am far far off from God, and I dare not lift my eyes to Him; but I will cast myself at His feet, and that shall be my prayer till I die." So saying, he cast himself upon his face, and with sobs and groans cried aloud, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Nor did he cry in vain: the dark-minded heathen went out from that place of prayer a rejoicing Christian.

4140. PHILANTHROPY, the sign of piety. John Howard, when he grew sad about his piety, put on his hat and went out among the poor. He came back a gainer.—*Miller.*

4141. PHILOSOPHY, Extreme love of. Philosophy soon obtained the supreme place in his (Anaxagoras's) affections. The mystery of the universe tempted him. He yielded himself to the fascination, and declared that the aim and purpose of his life was to contemplate the heavens. All care for his affairs was given up. His estates ran to waste whilst he was solving problems. But the day he found himself a beggar he exclaimed, "*To philosophy I owe my worldly ruin and my soul's prosperity!*"—*G. H. Lewes.*

4142. PHILOSOPHY, Source of. There is a Rabbinical tradition that when Alexander took

Jerusalem he captured the works of Solomon, and sent them to Aristotle, who thence derived all that was good in his philosophy.—*Dean Stanley.*

4143. PHILOSOPHY, Use of. Antisthenes, being asked what was the peculiar advantage to be derived from philosophy, answered, "It enables me to *keep company with myself.*"—*G. H. Lewes.*

4144. PHILOSOPHY, Use of. When Tasso had extended his reputation throughout Italy by his celebrated poem, his father, fearing that it might seduce him from more advantageous studies, was greatly vexed, and went to him and remonstrated against his devoting himself to philosophy and poetry, making use of many very harsh expressions. The old gentleman's anger being heightened by the patience of Tasso, he at length exclaimed, "Of what use is that philosophy on which you value yourself so much?" "Sir," replied Tasso, "it has enabled me to *bear the harshness of your rebuke.*"

4145. PIETY, Conspicuous. Burnet bears the following testimony to the eminent piety of Archbishop Usher:—"In free and frequent conversation I had with him for twenty-five years I never heard him utter a word which had not a tendency to edification, and I never saw him in any other frame than that in which I wish to be found when I come to die."

4146. PIETY, Filial. Ancient history records that a certain city was besieged, and at length obliged to surrender. In the city there were two brothers, who had in some way obliged the conquering general, and in consequence of this received permission to leave the city before it was set on fire, taking with them as much of their property as each could carry about his person. Accordingly the two generous youths appeared at the gates of the city, one of them carrying their father, and the other their mother.

4147. PIETY, Fruit of. The pious Father Taylor exhibited while a prisoner at Dartmoor bore its first fruits among his shipmates. The captives were compelled to listen to a chaplain whose read prayers were an abomination in their Puritan ears, and whose sermons, full of British sentiments, grated harshly on their American feelings. They had noted young Taylor's piety and fervour; and they urged him, as Jonah's shipmates did their stray prophet, to rise and call upon his God. "*You can pray for yourself,*" they said. "We have often noticed these devotions; *why not pray for us,* and so rid us of this disagreeable chaplain?" He timidly engaged in the work to which the voice within and the voices without alike invited him. He had such "liberty" in the act, that all felt as if unchained under the inspiring Presence. They asked the commandant to relieve the chaplain of his prayer-duty with them, as they could supply themselves from a chaplain of their own. The favour was granted them; and they were allowed to call upon their God after the fashion of their own country and by the lips of their own fellow-prisoner.—*Life of Father Taylor.*

4148. PIETY, in ministers. "Do you think piety to be a more important qualification for the ministry than learning?" once asked Mr. Wilberforce of an eminent prelate. "Certainly I do," he answered; "they can cheat me as to their *piety*, but they can't as to their learning."—*Timbs.*

4149. PIETY, Spasmodic. We read of a poor weather-beaten barque doubling Cape Horn on a stormy, starless winter night. The helmsman stood shivering at the wheel, unable to see a cable's length through the howling tempest, when suddenly the whole scene was aflame with the lightning, and by the terrible gleam he saw close on his weather-bow, and within hail, a great ship bearing down upon him; and with his strong hand straining at the helm, and his awful cry sent out upon the tempest, he escapes destruction. That flash of lightning saved him. And sometimes I do not doubt God uses this spasmodic piety to *alarm the ungodly.* Unquestionably a fitful and intermittent life is better than no life, but as certainly it is not the type of life most efficiently useful. "Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," is the inspired rule of Christian living.—*Dr. Wadsworth.*

4150. PIETY, Spurious. I don't believe in going about like certain monks whom I saw in Rome, who salute each other in sepulchral tones, and convey the pleasant information, "Brother, we must die;" to which lively salutation each lively brother of the order replies, "Yes, brother, we must die." I was glad to be assured upon such good authority that all these lazy fellows are about to die; upon the whole, it is about the best thing they can do; but till that event occurs they might use some more comfortable form of salutation.—*Spurgeon.*

4151. PIETY, Value of. The Roman Catholic Church does many things with exceeding wisdom, and we Protestants should have our minds open to receive certain excellent lessons which she teaches. For one thing, she teaches her members that they must give freely of their substance for the support of the worship of God. She gives no encouragement to the idea of a "cheap religion," and she is not afraid to use the contribution box. At the door of one of her churches, lest any who enter it should allow their natural meanness to get the better of them, there is a placard close by the contribution box, and also an official to direct the attention of the thoughtless to it. This is what they read:—"If I grumble about contributing even sixpence on Sunday, which is less than one penny per day, for the support of God's Church and His schools, *of what value is my piety?*"—*Christian Age.*

4152. PLAINNESS, in speech. Mr. Samuel Hardy, a Nonconformist minister, had a peculiar freedom in addressing persons of high rank without anything of rusticity. When Lord Brook lay on his deathbed he went to him, and spoke to this effect, "My lord, you of the nobility are the most unhappy men in the world; nobody dares to come near to you to tell you of your faults or put you in the right way to heaven." Hereby he prepared the way for dealing closely with his lordship without giving him any offence.

4153. PLAINNESS, Ministerial. Latimer was raised to the bishopric of Worcester in the reign of Henry VIII. It was the custom of those times for each of the bishops to make presents to the King on New Year's Day. Latimer went with the rest of his brethren to make the usual offering; but, instead of a purse of gold, he presented the King with a New Testament, in which was a leaf doubled down to this passage, "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

4154. PLEADING, Power of. The London apprentices, pleading before Henry the Eighth for pardon for their insurrection, cried out in bitter tones, "Mercy! mercy!" The monarch, moved by the sight, cried out, "Take them away, I cannot bear it."—*Whitefield*.

4155. PLEASURE, ending in death. Fable tells of a bee that found a pot of honey ready made, and thought it would be fine to save all the trouble of flying about the meadows and gathering its sweet stores, little by little, out of the cups of flowers, and began to sip out of the dish. Then it went on and revelled in the sweets; but when it began to get tired and cloyed, it found, poor bee! that its wings were all clogged and would not open, nor could it drag its body out of the mass. So it died, buried in pleasure.—*Rev. John Edmond, D.D.*

4156. PLEASURE, Passion for. A writer in the *New York Observer* states that in the place where he resided, in 1840, there was a New Year ball. Invitations were widely extended, and a great gathering of the young, gay, and thoughtless was anticipated. Notwithstanding the intense cold, many came from a great distance in the country round. There was one couple that set out for the ball with merry hearts, to ride some twenty miles. The lady was young and gay, and her charms of youth and beauty were never lovelier than when dressed for that New Year ball. Clad too thinly, of course, for the season, and especially for that dreadful day, she had not gone far before she complained of being cold—very cold; but their anxiety to reach the end of the ride in time to be present at the opening of the dance induced them to hurry on without stopping by the way. Not long after this complaining she said she felt perfectly comfortable, was now quite warm, and that there was no necessity of delay on her account. They reached at length the house where the company was gathering; the young man jumped from the sleigh, and extended his hand to assist her out; but she did not offer hers. He spoke to her, but she answered not. She was dead—stone dead—frozen stiff—a corpse on the way to a ball! But the most shocking part of the tale remains to be told. *The ball went on!* The dance was as gay and the music as merry as if death had never come to their door.—*Arvine*.

4157. PLEASURE, Pursuit of. "Here he lies who was so many years, but lived but seven," was the suggestive inscription on the tomb of Similis, in Xiphilin. "She that liveth in pleasure," says the sacred writer, "is dead while she liveth." The language is strong, but almost literally true. . . . "Let my example warn you of the fatal error into which I have fallen," said the gay Sir Francis Delaval, near the end of his life. "Pursue what is useful; pursue what is useful!"

4158. POLITENESS, Reason for. "My boy," said a father to his son, "treat everybody with politeness—even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."—*Boys' Own Paper*.

4159. POLITENESS, Reward of. A few years ago a couple of gentlemen visited the various locomotive workshops of Philadelphia. They called at the most prominent one first, and made some inquiries of a specific character. They were shown through the

premises in a very indifferent manner, and no special pains were taken to give them any information beyond what their own inquiries drew forth. The same results followed their visits to several. By some means they were induced to call at one of a third or fourth rate character. The owner was himself a workman of limited means, but on the application of the strangers, his natural urbanity of manner prompted him not only to show all he had, but to enter into detailed explanation of the working of his establishment. The gentlemen left him not only favourably impressed toward him, but with a feeling that he thoroughly understood his business. Within a year he was surprised with an invitation to visit St. Petersburg. The result was, his locomotive establishment was removed there bodily. It was an agent of the Czar who had called on him. He has recently returned, having accumulated a princely fortune, the results of civility to a couple of strangers.—*Biblical Treasury*.

4160. POLLUTION, what it hides. In Florence there is a fresco by Giotto that for many ages was covered up by two thicknesses of whitewash. It is only within a very few years that the artist's hand has come and removed that covering, and the fresco comes out as clear and beautiful as it was before.

4161. POOR, and Christianity. When the deacon St. Lawrence was asked, in the Decian persecution, to show the Prefect the most precious treasures of the Church at Rome, he showed him the sick, the lame, the blind. "It is incredible," said Lucian, the pagan jeerer and sceptic, "to see the ardour with which those Christians help each other in their wants. They spare nothing. Their first legislator has put it into their heads that they are all brothers." "These Galileans," said Julian the Apostate, "*nourish not only their own poor, but ours as well.*" . . . In the year 252 a plague raged in Carthage. The heathen threw out their dead and sick upon the streets, and ran away from them for fear of the contagion, and cursed the Christians. St. Cyprian, on the contrary, assembled his congregation, told them to love those who cursed them; and the rich working with their money, the poor with their hands, never rested till the dead were buried, the sick cared for, and the city saved from destruction.—*Farrar*.

4162. POOR, are Christ's representatives. A rich youth in Rome had suffered from a dangerous illness. On recovering his health his heart was filled with gratitude, and he exclaimed, "O Thou all-sufficient Creator! could man recompense Thee, how willingly would I give Thee all my possessions!" Hermas the herdsman heard this, and said to the rich youth, "All good gifts come from above; thither thou canst send nothing. Come, follow me." He took him to a hut where was nothing but misery and wretchedness. The father lay on a bed of sickness; the mother wept; the children were destitute of clothing and crying for bread. Hermas said, "*See here an altar for the sacrifice*;" see here the Lord's brethren and representatives." The youth assisted them bountifully; and the poor people called him an angel of God. Hermas smiled, and said, "Thus turn always thy grateful countenance, first to heaven, and then to earth."—*Krummacher*.

4163. POOR, Care of. Thomas Willet, one of the old Puritan divines, was a man of remarkable

benevolence. He spent the income of his two benefices in comforting and entertaining the parish poor, often inviting them to the hospitalities of his house. When asked why he did so his reply was, "Lest Joseph and Mary should want room in the inn, or Jesus Himself should say at last, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in.'"

4164. POOR, Care of. Elger von Hohenstein's brother, finding him away from his castle and its life of ease, engaged in taking care of the poor, exclaimed, "Alas, my brother! what are you doing? What distress compels you to this?" "Sir brother mine," was the answer, "distress compels me not; but the love of Christ my Lord constrains me."—*Lange.*

4165. POOR, Care of. When Fox, the author of the "Book of Martyrs," was once leaving the palace of Aylmer, the Bishop of London, a company of poor people begged him to relieve their wants with great importunity. Fox, having no money, returned to the bishop and asked the loan of five pounds, which was readily granted. He immediately distributed it among the poor by whom he was surrounded. Some months after, Aylmer asked Fox for the money he had borrowed. "I have laid it out for you," was the answer, "and paid it where you owed it—to the poor people who lay at your gate." Far from being offended, Aylmer thanked Fox for thus being his steward.

4166. POOR, Care of. When a gentleman who had been accustomed to give away some thousands of pounds was supposed to be on the bed of death, his presumptive heir inquired where his fortune was to be found. He quaintly replied, that *it was in the pockets of the poor*;—a deathbed confession of very rare occurrence in modern times.—*Rev. R. Young.*

4167. POOR, Gifts from. A poor woman in Cornwall, who thought she ought to do something for God's work, brought her offering and presented it. A gentleman who witnessed the act said to her, "My good woman, you are very poor—neither God nor man requires this sacrifice at your hands." She looked at him, and with an expression most significant, replied, "Sir, who made you a ruler and a judge over me? Had you been standing at the treasury when the poor woman came up and cast in her two mites, you would no doubt have addressed her in the same way."

4168. POOR, Giving to. A wealthy but niggardly gentleman was waited on by the advocates of a charitable institution, for which they solicited his aid, reminding him of the Divine declaration, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that what he hath given will He pay him again." To this he replied, "The security, no doubt, is good, and the interest liberal; but I cannot give such long credit." Poor rich man! the day of payment was much nearer than he anticipated. Not a fortnight had elapsed from his refusing to honour this claim of God upon his substance before he received a summons with which he could not refuse to comply. *He was dead.*

4169. POOR, God's regard for. "Mother, I think God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel," said a little boy to his mother one day. His mother was poor. They often used up their

last stick of wood and their last bit of bread before they could tell where the next supply was to come from. But they had so often been provided for in unexpected ways, just when they were most in need, that the little boy thought God always heard when they scraped the bottom of the barrel. This was only the little fellow's way of saying what Abraham said when he called the name of the place where God had delivered him "*Jehovah Jireh.*"—*Henry T. Williams.*

4170. POOR, Kindness of. I was passing along a busy street as two of the shoeblack brigade were at dinner. With the causeway for their table, and a couple of thick slices of bread and meat to each, they seemed quite content, and ate with a hearty relish. When about half done one of them made a sudden stop. Whispering a few words to the other, he gathered up the remaining half of their dinners, ran after a poor beggar man, gave it him, and then, with a happy face, returned to his work.—*Hand and Heart.*

4171. POOR, Love of. Among the graces for which Mr. Fox, the celebrated martyrologist, was eminent may be noticed his extensive liberality. He was so bountiful to the poor while he lived, that he had no ready money to leave at his death. A friend once inquiring of him whether he recollected a certain poor man whom he used to relieve, he replied, "Yes, I remember him well; and I *willingly forget lords and ladies*, to remember such as he."

4172. POOR, Payment of. Last Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium, she said, gaspingly, "Eight cents! eight cents! eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! eight cents!" We found afterward that she was making garments at eight cents apiece, and that she could make *but three of them in a day!* Hear it! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!—*Talmage.*

4173. POOR, Plea for. Some one was expressing surprise to Eveillon, canon and archdeacon of Angers, that none of his rooms were carpeted. He answered, "When I enter my house in the winter-time the floors do not tell me that they are cold; but the poor, who are trembling at my gate, tell me they want clothes."

4174. POOR, stand in the place of Christ. Macaulay, in his essay on Milton, says—"Ariosto tells a story of a fairy who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul, poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were for ever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterward revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war." So what is done to Christ in His disguised and lowly form, of the poor and sick of earth, is a test of our

character and of our love, and will be rewarded and blessed by Him when He comes in His glory.—*P.*

4175. POOR, to be remembered in preaching. Dr. Manton once preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, and a great crowd went to listen to him. A poor man, who had walked fifty miles to hear the good Doctor, afterwards plucked him by the sleeve, and said, "*There was nothing for me this morning.*" The Doctor had preached a very learned sermon, full of Greek and Latin quotations which the poor countryman could not understand; but the Doctor had not expected him, and there was nothing for him.—*Spurgeon.*

4176. POPULARITY, Danger of. To one who warned him (Whitefield) to beware of the evils of popularity he replied, "I thank you heartily. May God reward you for watching over my soul; and as to what my enemies say against me, *I know worse things of myself* than they can say concerning me." "I bless God for my stripping seasons," he would say; "nothing sets a person so much out of the Devil's reach as humility."—*J. R. Andrews.*

4177. POPE, not infallible. The Pontiff John XXII. having in a certain treatise propounded the opinion that the souls of the pious would not be admitted to the immediate vision of the Deity until after the day of judgment, the King of France in 1333 called an assembly of prelates and theologians at his palace to discuss the question. The theological faculty having come to conclusions differing in some respects from those of the Pope, the King threatened the latter with the stake as a heretic unless he retracted; and John issued a bull declaring that what he had said or written *ought only to be received in so far so it agreed with the Catholic faith, the Church, and Holy Scripture.*—*Susanna Winkworth.*

4178. POPES, Arrogance of. "Is not the King of England my bond slave?" said Innocent VI. "Hath not God set me as a prince over all nations, to root out and to pull down, to destroy and to build?" asks Boniface VIII.—*Henry Varley.*

4179. POPULACE, Voice of. The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground tone of the noblest passage in one of his noblest operas *was the voice of the Populace* he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser, "*Bread! Bread!*" Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance or their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*: it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this world of Time. He who can resist that has his footing somewhere *beyond Time.*—*Carlyle.*

4180. POSSESSIONS, Love of. We tie ourselves to the outward possessions as alpine travellers to their guides, and so, when they slip on the icy slopes, their fall is our death.—*Maclaren.*

4181. POSSIBILITIES, limited in life. When John Stuart Mill was passing through a grave and dark crisis of thought he found much solace in the study and practice of music. But one reflection tormented him very seriously: he was afraid the world's stores of music would be exhausted; and then one day he and the very last song in all the earth would be standing together in a blank world under a dawnless sky. He thought of the octave consisting only of five tones and two semitones,

and of the limited number of combinations possible within such a small range. And it seemed to him that most of these must have been already discovered; and there could not be room for a long succession of Mozarts and Webers, to strike out, as these had done, entirely new and surpassingly rich veins of musical beauty.—*Rev. H. Elvet Lewis.*

4182. POSSIBILITY, the test of enterprise. Bonaparte was passing along the ancient horrible road by the Echelles de Savoie, with his engineer, when he stopped, and, pointing to the mountain, said, "Is it not possible to cut a tunnel through the entrails of yonder rock, and to form a more safe and commodious route beneath it?" "*It is possible, certainly, sire,*" replied his scientific companion. "Then let it be done, and immediately," replied the Emperor.

4183. POVERTY, a stimulus. A nobleman who painted remarkably well for an amateur, showing one of his pictures to Poussin, the latter exclaimed, "Your lordship *only requires a little poverty* to make you a complete artist."—*Horace Smith.*

4184. POVERTY, Influence of. It is related of a great Irish orator of our day that, when he was about to contribute somewhat parsimoniously towards a public charity, he was persuaded by a friend to make a more liberal donation. In doing so he apologised for his first apparent want of generosity by saying that his early life had been a constant struggle with scanty means, and that "they who are born to affluence cannot easily imagine how long a time it takes to get the chill of poverty out of one's bones."—*Sir Charles Lyell.*

4185. POVERTY of Christ, defined. Richard Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, became celebrated as an opponent of the shameless mendicant orders in the fourteenth century. During one of his visits to London he found the ecclesiastics warmly discussing the subject of the poverty of Jesus; and being asked to preach on the subject, he taught as follows:—"Jesus Christ, during His sojourn upon earth, was always a poor man; but He never practised begging as His own spontaneous choice. He never taught any one to beg. On the contrary, Jesus taught that no man should practise voluntary begging."—*Reformation Anecdotes.*

4186. POVERTY, One cause of. A physician was walking along a road in the country one day. An old man met him who had a bottle of whisky sticking out of his coat pocket. "Is this the way to the poorhouse, sir?" asked the old man, pointing in the direction in which he was walking. "No, sir," said the physician, "but this is,"—laying his hand on the bottle of whisky.

4187. POVERTY, What is. A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember that the poorest man in the world is *one that has money and nothing else.*"—*Christian Age.*

4188. POWER, A secret of pulpit. Once on a time an obscure man rose up to address the French Convention. At the close of his oration Mirabeau, the giant genius of the French Revolution, turned round to his neighbour and eagerly asked, "Who is that?" The other, who had been in no way interested by the address, wondered at Mirabeau's

curiosity ; whereupon the latter said, "That man will yet act a great part ;" and added, on being asked for an explanation, "He speaks as one *who believes every word he says*." Much of pulpit power under God depends on that—admits of that explanation, or of one allied to it. They make others feel who feel themselves.—*Guthrie*.

4189. POWER, Consciousness of. Correggio, on viewing the pictures of other artists, is reported to have said, "I too am a painter."—*B.*

4190. POWER, of Holy Spirit and revivals. Church history opens, in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, with an account of a notable revival—a pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit. In the patristic period Christianity was revived in many countries, sometimes on new fields planting its heavenly seed on fresh earthly soil, but sometimes on itself, putting new life into the old forms, new blood into the old body. So in the Catholic ages *Christianity was often revived* through the missionaries and the mystics. It was revived through Luther and Huss. It was revived through Wycliffe, and through the Anglican Fathers, through the pious Puritans, through the Wesleys and their fiery-hearted friends. The Holy Spirit has roused, directed, blessed believers, and thus borne forward the kingdom of heaven among men.—*Huntington*.

4191. POWER, of personal influence. It was in the year 1790 that my heart was effectually impressed in consequence of an acquaintance with a religious man. This gentleman having called one Sunday evening, out of complaisance I gave the conversation a religious turn. Among other things, I asked him whether he believed there was such a thing as Divine grace ; whether or not it was a fiction imposed by grave and austere persons from their own fancies. He took occasion, from this inquiry, to enlarge much upon the subject ; he spoke with zeal and earnestness, and chiefly in Scripture language, and concluded with a very affecting address to the conscience and the heart. I had not the least desire, that I recollect, of being benefited by this conversation ; but while he spoke I listened to him with earnestness ; and before I was aware a most powerful impression was made upon my mind, and I conceived the instant resolution of reforming my life. On that evening I had an engagement which I could not now approve ; notwithstanding what had passed, I, however, resolved to go ; but as I went along, and had time to reflect upon what I had heard, I half wished that it might not be kept. It turned out as I desired. I hurried home, and locked myself up in my bedchamber ; I fell on my knees and endeavoured to pray.—*Dr. Buchanan*.

4192. POWER, of small things. Professor Tyndall, discoursing upon the chemical action of short waves of ether, states, as a most remarkable fact, that the waves which have up to this time been most effectual in shaking asunder the atoms of compound molecules are those of least mechanical power. "*Billows*," he instructively adds, "are incompetent to produce effects which are readily produced by *ripples*." It is even so within the sphere of our special activity. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to compound the things which are mighty."—*Dr. Parker*.

4193. POWER, one want of men. The chief aim and labour of Boulton was the practical introduction

of Watt's steam-engine as the great working power of England. With pride, he said to Boswell, when visiting Soho, "I sell here, sir, what all the world desires to have—POWER."—*Smiles*.

4194. POWER, Seat of. The other day I was up in Lancashire, and my host took me to see one of those monster factories which are the wonders of civilisation, covering acres of ground—nobody knows how many stories high, and how many hundreds of windows they have to let in the light upon the industrious work-people inside. As I walked in and through those rooms, and went from one story to another, and saw the rolling of the pinions and heard the rattling of the wheels, and felt the vibration of the floor beneath my feet, while the raw material was being, as by magic, brought out at the other end to be a robe for a peasant or a prince, I said, "Why, where in the world is the *motive-power* that sets all this to work ?" He took me out of the building altogether, to a little circumscribed place beneath, where there was only one door and a window to the whole room ; but through the open door I saw the great piston moving in silent and majestic power as it was doing this wondrous work. "There," said he, "is the mighty force that sets the work in motion."

4195. POWER, Secret of. A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren then inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He replied, "When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people ; but when I grew older and wiser I discovered that it was the lightning. So I determined to thunder less and lighten more."—*Dr. Antliff*.

4196. PRACTICE, and precept. The Rev. Mr. Kelly, of Ayr, once preached an excellent sermon from the parable of the man who fell among thieves. He was particularly severe on the conduct of the priest who saw him, and ministered not unto him, but passed by on the other side ; and in an animated and pathetic flow of eloquence, he exclaimed, "What ! not even the servant of the Almighty ! he whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity, whose bosom was appointed the seat of brotherly love, whose heart the emblem of pity ; did he refuse to stretch forth his hand, and to take the mantle from his shoulders to cover the nakedness of woe ? If he refused, if the shepherd himself went astray, was it to be wondered at that the flock followed ?" The next day, when the river was much increased in height, a boy was swept overboard, from a small boat, by the force of the current. A great concourse of people were assembled, but none of them attempted to save the boy ; when Mr. Kelly, who was dressed in his canonicals, threw himself from his chamber window into the current, and at the hazard of his own life saved that of the boy.

4197. PRAISE, aloud and life-long. Billy's whole life was spent in praising the Lord, and for the most part *aloud*. He couldn't help himself ; with a heart always in tune, every influence, every breath shook from its tremulous chords some note of thanksgiving. "As I go along the street," he said, "*I lift up one foot, and it seems to say 'Glory !' and I lift up the other, and it seems to say 'Amen !' and they keep on like that all the time I walk.*" Pro-

bably you would have come upon him singing. "Bless the Lord, I can sing," he would say; "my Heavenly Father likes to hear me sing. I can't sing so sweetly as some, but my Father likes to hear me sing as well as those who can sing better than I can. My Father likes to hear the crow as well as the nightingale, for He made them both."—*Life of Billy Bray.*

4198. PRAISE, amid the dead. After the battle of Lenthén, a victory on which the very existence of Prussia as a nation depended, a grenadier on the field of carnage began to sing, "Thanks be to God." At once the whole army responded, standing in the darkness of the evening, amid thousands of the dead uplifting the hymn of praise.

4199. PRAISE, a duty now. Billy Bray, the Cornish preacher, was a constant visitor among the sick and dying. On one occasion he was sitting by the bedside of a Christian brother who had always been very reticent and afraid to confess joyously his faith in Christ. Now, however, he was filled with gladness. Turning to Billy, whose beaming face and sunny words had done much to produce this joy, he said, "O Mr. Bray, I'm so happy that if I had the power I'd shout 'Glory.'" "Ha, mon," said Billy, "*what a pity it was thee didn't shout 'Glory' when thee hadst the power.*"

4200. PRAISE, Coldness in. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." This want of laughing, this fear of being joyful, is a melancholy method of praise. It is ungrateful to God. I would rather dance like David than sit still like some Christians. I remember being in a church once in America. They certainly had a warm church, and that was pleasant; but in one sense it was a fine ice-house, for nobody seemed to feel any joy. When we came out I was asked what I thought of the service. I said that if some negro had come in and howled out an "Allelujah" it would have been a joy; but nobody had shown anything except conceit—it was all intellectualism.—*George Dawson.*

4201. PRAISE, due to God. One of our nobility has for his motto, "I will maintain it;" but the Christian has a better and more humble one, "*Thou hast maintained it.*" "God and my right" are united by my faith; while God lives my right shall never be taken from me.—*Spurgeon.*

4202. PRAISE, False. Men will praise thee if thou doest good to thyself. How falsely have high-sounding words of praise been applied. "They who call Lorenzo magnificent are welcome to call Savonarola an impostor."—*Newman Hall.*

4203. PRAISE, for a convert. On Easter night in the year 387 a renowned father and bishop of the Church, Ambrose, stood with his convert, Augustine, before the principal Christian altar in Milan. The latter had just been baptized—a mighty triumph over Manichæan error; and the heart of Ambrose swelled with joy as he pronounced the new name of Augustine, and perhaps had some dim prevision of the greatness to which that name should attain in the army of the Cross. He broke forth in the ascription of praise to the Author of all good, "We praise Thee, O God! We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!" And the newly baptized answered in the same strain with uplifted eyes and hands, "All the earth doth worship Thee,

the Father everlasting!" Thus in alternate strophes they sang, as men inspired by one spirit, that sublime hymn of praise the "*Te Deum*," which has since been the voice of the Church of Christ for high fifteen hundred years.—*Clerical Library.*

4204. PRAISE, inconsistent, Reward of. In a rural congregation in Canada the people were desirous of a change in the pastorate. It was resolved, therefore, that a deputation should be sent respectfully to ask him to demit his charge. They went on their mission with no little trepidation, but were greatly relieved by the cordial manner in which the good minister received them. He listened quietly to their story, and at once acquiesced in their desire that he would resign. Elated with their success, they hastened to report results. All were greatly gratified, and feeling some sense of gratitude to the minister for his many years of service, and especially for his ready compliance with their wishes, they determined to present him with an address and a purse. A public meeting was held, at which an address was read to the pastor containing many expressions of gratitude for his manifold labours, and of affection for himself, and the purse was handed to him as a token of their continued esteem. On rising to reply the pastor was deeply moved. He stated that, influenced by the statements of the elders who had called upon him, he had resolved, at much expense of feeling to himself, to resign his charge. Pausing for a minute as if overcome with emotion, he went on to say that, in view of the affectionate and touching address he had received, so very numerous signed, and accompanied by so generous a gift, he felt constrained to abandon his purpose, and would therefore devote his future life to the best interests of a people who who were so warmly attached to him, and who so highly valued his humble services.

4205. PRAISE, in affliction. Mr. John Philpot having lain for some time in the Bishop of London's coal-house, the Bishop sent for him, and amongst other questions, asked him why they were "so merry in prison, singing (as the prophet speaks) *Exultantes in rebus pessimis*, rejoicing in your naughtiness, whereas you should rather lament and be sorry." Mr. Philpot answered, "My lord, the mirth which we make is but in singing certain psalms, as we are commanded by Paul, to *rejoice in the Lord*, singing together hymns and psalms, for we are in a dark comfortless place, and therefore we thus solace ourselves. I trust, therefore, your lordship will not be angry, seeing the Apostle saith, 'If any be of an upright heart, let him sing psalms;' and we, to declare that we are of an upright mind to God, though we are in misery, yet refresh ourselves with such singing."—*Samuel Clarke.*

4206. PRAISE, in affliction. "God forgive me mine unthankfulness and unworthiness of so great glory," as that martyr said. "In all the days of my life I was never so merry as now I am in this dark dungeon."—*Trapp.*

4207. PRAISE, in dangerous times. When Charles the Fifth had been crowned by the Pope and installed as defender of the faith and of the pontifical dignity of the Church of Rome, the Reformers were in dismay, while the Catholics were generally expecting to see the Protestants, so Grandville says, "flying on every side, like timid

doves upon which the alpine eagle pounces." Luther, so D'Aubigne tells us, however, was full of faith, and revived the courage of his friends by composing and singing with his fine voice that beautiful hymn, since so famous, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*"—"Our God is a strong tower"—

"He fights for us our champion true,
Elect of God to be our guide.
What is His name? The anointed One,
The God of armies He."

4208. PRAISE, in dying. James Hervey, when Dr. Stonehouse saw him for the last time, about two hours before he expired, pressed upon the doctor in the most affectionate manner his everlasting concerns, telling him "here is no abiding-place." Stonehouse, seeing the great difficulty and pain with which he spoke, desired that he would spare himself. "No," said he, "doctor, no. You tell me I have but a few moments to live. *Oh let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer.*" . . . He then expatiated in the most striking manner upon these words of St. Paul, "All things are yours." He then paused a little, and with great serenity in his countenance quoted those triumphant words, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." "There, doctor, is my cordial. What are all the cordials to the dying compared to the salvation of Christ?" In his last moments he exclaimed two or three times, "Precious salvation!" and then, leaning his head against the side of the easy-chair in which he sat, he shut his eyes and fell asleep.—*Romaine (condensed).*

4209. PRAISE, in heaven. "I do not go to heaven to be advanced," said Brainard on his dying bed to Jonathan Edwards, his biographer, "but to give honour to God. It is no matter where I shall be stationed in heaven, whether I have a high or low seat there, but to live and please and glorify God. . . . My heaven is to please God and glorify Him, and give all to Him, and to be wholly devoted to His glory."—*Romaine.*

4210. PRAISE, in heaven. Bonaventure reports that St. Francis, hearing an angel a little while playing on a harp, was so moved with extraordinary delight, that he thought himself in another world. Oh! what a "*fulness of joy*" will it be to hear more than twelve legions of angels, accompanied with a number of happy saints which no man is able to number, all at once sing together—"Hallelujah, holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!"—*John Boys.*

4211. PRAISE, Inspiring influence of. Referring to the moment when he penned his chorus, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," Handel once remarked, "Then I did think I could see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself."—*Musical Anecdotes.*

4212. PRAISE, Our own. A gentleman in one of his evening examinations recollecting that he had heard himself praised, and being conscious that he heard it with delight, taking honour to himself, and not giving God the glory, made this memorandum in his diary, "*To day I have been washing my soul in poison.*"

4213. PRAISE, Midnight. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his

bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said, "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praises of Jesus, and I get down and pray. Then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep myself from the cold."—*Talmage.*

4214. PRAISE, Professional. Dr. Chalmers, preaching in a fashionable church, once complained because no one in the congregation sang the praises of God except those who were paid for it.—*J. B. Gough.*

4215. PRAISE, Songs of. During the night which followed the battle of Shiloh a wounded man, unable to rise from the ground, felt impelled, with such strength as he possessed, to sing a hymn. Another of the wounded near him caught up the strain, and then another and another, till far and wide over the field, cumbered with dead and dying men, there arose a song of praise.—*Elihu Burritt.*

4216. PRAYER, a constant privilege. In the vestibule of St. Peter's, at Rome, is a doorway which is walled up and marked with a cross. It is opened but four times in a century; on Christmas-eve, once in twenty-five years, the Pope approaches it in princely state, with the retinue of cardinals in attendance, and begins the demolition of the door by striking it thrice with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened the multitude pass into the nave of the cathedral, and up to the altar by an avenue which the majority of them never entered thus before, and never will enter thus again. Imagine that the way to the throne of grace were like the Porta Santa, inaccessible save once in a quarter of a century, on the 25th of December! *With what solicitude we should wait for the coming of the holy day!*—*Clerical Library.*

4217. PRAYER, a cure for railing. A person came to Mr. Longdon one day and said, "I have something against you, and I am come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, sir," he replied; "you are my best friend; if I could but engage my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper; but, if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God upon our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said, "Now I will thank you, my brother, to tell me what it is that you have against me." "Oh," said the man, "I really don't know what it is; it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong."—*Arvine.*

4218. PRAYER, A first. I remember now one of those first prayers that welled out of a full heart, rude in language, but deep and pure in feeling:—"O Lord, you know how I have been knocked about in the world, and grewed up in publics, and never had any one to care for my soul, till our blessed handmaiden came to teach us about our Saviour, and about our Father in heaven."—*Ellice Hopkins.*

4219. PRAYER, a means of protection. On board a British man-of-war there was but one Bible among seven hundred men. This belonged to a pious sailor who had made a good use of it. He had read it to his comrades, and, by God's blessings on his labours, a little band of praying men was formed that numbered thirteen. One day this ship was going into battle. Just before the fight began

these thirteen men met together to spend a few moments in prayer. They committed themselves to God's care, not expecting to meet again in this world. Their ship was in the thickest of the fight. All around them men were stricken down by death. Two of these men were stationed with three others in charge of one of the guns. The other three men were killed by a single cannon-ball, but there in safety stood the two praying men. They had agreed that when the battle was over those who might still be alive should meet if possible. They met soon after, and what was their joy to find the whole thirteen were there. Not one of them had even been wounded. What a blessed shelter it was that protected those men of prayer !—*Rev. Richard Newton.*

4220. PRAYER, a means of safety. The Rev. Thomas Bradbury was remarkable for punctuality in the time he devoted to family worship. One evening when the bell had rung the servants went up to prayer, and forgot to shut the area door next the street. Some men observed the door open, and one of them entered the house to rob it. Creeping upstairs, he heard the old gentleman praying that God would preserve his house from thieves. The man was thunderstruck, and unable to persist in his design. He returned and told the circumstance to his companions, who abused him on account of his timidity ; but he was so affected that, some time after, he related the circumstance to Mr. Bradbury, and became an attendant on his ministry.

4221. PRAYER, a means of testing evil. An angel, says our great poet, keeping ward and watch on the battlements of heaven, caught sight of Satan as he sailed on broad wing from hell to this world of ours. The celestial sentinel shot down like a sunbeam to the earth, and communicated the alarm to the guard at the gates of Paradise. Search was made for the enemy, but for a time without success. Ithuriel at length entered a bower whose flowery roof "showered roses which the morn repaired," and where our first parents, "lulled by nightingales, embracing slept." There he saw a toad sitting squat by the ear of Eve. His suspicions were awakened. In his hand he bore a spear which had the power of revealing truth, unmasking falsehood, and making all things to stand out in their genuine colours. He touched the reptile with it. That instant the toad, which had been breathing horrid dreams into the woman's ear, changes its shape, and there, confronting him face to face, stands the proud, malignant, haughty form of the Prince of Darkness. With such a spear as that with which Milton, in this flight of fancy, arms Ithuriel, prayer arms us.—*Guthrie.*

4222. PRAYER, a necessity in life. A poor man once went to a pious minister and said, "Mr. Carter, what will become of me ? I work hard, and fare hard, and yet I cannot thrive." Mr. Carter answered, "Still you want one thing ; I will tell you what you shall do. Work hard, and fare hard, and pray hard ; and I will warrant you shall thrive."

4223. PRAYER, A place for. "Where do you find a place to pray in ?" was asked of a pious sailor on board a whaling-ship. "Oh," he said, "I can always find a quiet spot at the masthead. Where there is a heart to pray it is easy enough to find a place."

4224. PRAYER, a protection. It is related of Dr. Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, that when at New York, on his way to his field of labour, he was placed in an apartment where a little child had already gone to sleep. Awakening in the morning, she turned in her little crib to talk to her mother ; but, seeing a stranger where she expected to find her parents, she raised herself with a look of alarm, and fixing her eyes on his face, she said, "Man, *do you pray to God ?*" "Oh yes, my dear," said the missionary, "every day. God is my best friend." The little girl laid her head back on the pillow and fell asleep, as if she felt there could be no danger with a stranger who lived in the habit of prayer.

4225. PRAYER, A short. A little daughter of Charles I. died when only fours years old. When on her deathbed she was desired by one of her servants to pray. She said she could not say her long prayer, meaning the "Lord's Prayer," but that she would try to say her short one. "Lighten my darkness, O Lord God, and let me not sleep the sleep of death." As she said this she laid her little head on the pillow and expired.

4226. PRAYER, A special. The late Bishop Heber, on each new incident of his history, or on the eve of any undertaking, used to compose a brief prayer, imploring special help and guidance.

4227. PRAYER, a support. Melancthon, going once upon some great service for the Church of Christ, and having many doubts and fears about the success of his business, was greatly relieved by a company of poor women and children, whom he found praying together for the prosperity of the Church.—*Whitcross.*

4228. PRAYER, a test. One night, during the Revolutionary war, near a British camp not far from the Hudson, a Highland soldier was caught creeping stealthily back to his quarters out of the woods. He was taken before the commanding officer, and charged with holding communication with the enemy. The poor Highlander pleaded that he had only gone into the woods to pray by himself. That was his only defence. The commanding officer was himself a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian, but he felt no tenderness for the culprit. "Have you been in the habit, sir, of spending hours in private prayer ?" he asked sternly. "Yes, sir." "Then down on your knees and pray now," thundered the officer. "You never before had so much need of it." Expecting immediate death, the soldier knelt, and poured out his soul in a prayer that, for aptness and simple expressive eloquence, could have been inspired only by the piety of a Christian. "You may go," said the officer when he had done. "I believe your story. If you had not been often at drill, you couldn't have got on so well at review."

4229. PRAYER, a test. Keshub Chunder Sen (in an interview with Dr. Pusey), while defending his own position towards Christianity, burst out into an eloquent panegyric on prayer, which ended with the words, "I am always praying." This touched Pusey's heart, and he said, "Then you cannot be far wrong."—*Max Müller.*

4230. PRAYER, Abundant answer to. Ellice Hopkins, in her story of Miss Robinson's work among our soldiers at Portsmouth, relates that when

the "Institute" was first projected Miss Robinson one day went to her, almost in despair at the hopeless aspect of affairs. Opposition to the scheme was strong, and funds were sorely needed. The lookout was dark enough, but the eye of faith pierced the gloom. "We knelt down," says Miss Hopkins, "and prayed, that, *if it was His will*, He would give us the means to stay this flood of iniquity that was sweeping away His work in the army, and enable us to do the right thing. I fear our faith was not strong enough," she continues, "to ask for more than a few hundreds, but still it was the prayer of faith. The answer to that prayer was £15,000."—*M^cP.*

4231. PRAYER, and communion with God. It has only been a short time since you could send messages on the same wire in opposite directions and at the same time; but for thousands of years there has been such communications between heaven and earth—between God and the human soul—both speaking instantaneously, and at the same time.—*Talmage.*

4232. PRAYER, and creeds. When one of your little brothers asks you to lend him your knife, do you inquire first what is the state of his mind? If you do, what reply can he make but this: "The state of my mind is, I want your knife."—*Mrs. Prentiss.*

4233. PRAYER, and duty. "When I made my last voyage in the 'Cornelia,'" said a missionary of the American Seamen's Mission, "we were overtaken by a heavy storm. When at its worst the top-sail had to be arranged, and the mate ordered a boy to go aloft. The boy stood a moment as if thinking, but with uncovered head, then began to climb. My eyes followed him till I was giddy, and turning to the mate, I asked why he had sent one so young. 'I did it,' said he, 'to save life. We lose men, but a boy never. See how he climbs like a cat.' Tears were in my eyes, for I feared he might fall; but after some fifteen to twenty minutes he descended to the deck in safety. Later in the day I asked him what he had done when he stood as if thinking. '*I prayed.*' 'Do you often pray, my son?' 'Yes, sir. I thought this time I might not come down again in safety, and so I commended my soul to God.' 'Who taught you to pray?' *My mother and my Sunday-school teacher, and I have never left off the custom.*' 'What book was it I saw in your jacket just before you climbed?' '*My New Testament; I carry it close to my heart, that if danger comes I may be ready.*'"

4234. PRAYER, and faith. A church gathering was to take place at Micklefield, and Samuel had promised two loads of corn for their use. The day fixed drew near, but there was no flour in the house, and the windmills, in consequence of a long calm, stretched out their arms in vain to catch the rising breezes. In the midst of this death-like quiet Samuel carried his corn to the mill nearest his own residence, and requested the miller to unfurl his sails. The miller objected, stating that there was "no wind." Samuel, on the other hand, continued to urge his request, saying, "*I will go and pray while you spread the cloth.*" More with a view of gratifying the applicant than of any faith he had, the man stretched the canvas. No sooner had he done this than, to his utter astonishment, a fine breeze sprang up, the fans whirled around, the corn was converted into meal, and Samuel returned with his burden

rejoicing, and had everything in readiness for the festival. In the meantime a neighbour who had seen the fan in vigorous motion took also some corn to be ground; but the wind had dropped, and the miller remarked to him, "You had better send for Sammy Hick to pray for the wind again."—*Life of Samuel Hick.*

4235. PRAYER, and man's duty. A German priest, walking with his parishioners in procession over their fields to bless them, when he came to an unpromising crop would pass on, saying, "*Here prayers avail nothing; this must have manure.*"

4236. PRAYER, and man's efforts. A doctor was once attending a poor woman in labour; it was a desperate case, requiring a cool head and a firm will. The good man—for he was good—had neither of these, and losing his presence of mind, gave up the poor woman as lost, and retired into the next room to pray for her. Another doctor, who, perhaps, wanted what the first one had, and certainly had what he wanted—brains and courage—meanwhile arrived, and called out, "Where is Dr. —?" "Oh, he has gone into the next room to pray!" "Pray! Tell him to come here this moment and help me; *he can work and pray too;*" and with his assistance the doctor saved that woman's life.—*John Brown, M.D.*

4237. PRAYER, and natural law. The minister of a rural parish having neglected to pray for rain in a time of drought, a deputation was appointed to wait upon him, and remonstrate with him on the subject. After hearing what they had to say, he replied, "Weel, weel, I'll pray for rain to please ye; but the feint a drap ye'll get till the change o' the moon."—*James Douglas, Ph.D.*

4238. PRAYER, and natural law. Some time ago, being at Binghamton, in the United States, I went to see the machinery wherewith that city is supplied with water. In a small house on the bank of the Susquehanna there is an engine which goes night and day pumping water into the mains. The demand for water acts on a governor on the engine and regulates its motion, so that the more water is drawn off the faster the engine goes. Then when a fire occurs an alarm-bell is rung, on hearing which the engineer gears on some extra machinery, which causes the engine to move more rapidly, and charges the ordinary mains to their fullest capacity, so that they can send water through the hose to the top of the highest building in the place. Now, if men can thus construct an engine whereby, through ordinary and already existing channels, an emergency of prayer may be met, *why cannot God do the same in this machine which we call the universe?* As we understand the matter, it is thus He does proceed. He uses His natural laws for the carrying forward of His purposes in grace, and for the help of His believing children.—*Taylor.*

4239. PRAYER, and preaching. The pious George Herbert built a new church at Layton Ecclesia, near Spalding, and by his order the reading-pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he often said, "They should neither have a precedence or priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation."—*Whitcross.*

4240. **PRAYER, and preaching.** A certain preacher, whose sermons converted men by scores, received a revelation from heaven that not one of the conversions was owing to his talents or eloquence, but all to the prayers of an illiterate lay-brother, who sat on the pulpit steps pleading all the time for the success of the sermon.—*Spurgeon.*

4241. **PRAYER, and reproof.** A lady in Germany, who had been a sincere follower of Christ, but whose husband was still unrenewed, was very much afflicted on his account, and told a clergyman that she had done all in her power in persuading and beseeching him to turn from his evil practices, to no effect. "Madam," said he, "*talk more to God about your husband, and less to your husband about God.*"

4242. **PRAYER, and resignation.** Lord Bolingbroke once asked Lady Huntingdon how she reconciled prayer to God for particular blessings, with absolute resignation to the Divine will. "Very easy," answered her ladyship; "just as if I were to offer a petition to a monarch of whose kindness and wisdom I have the highest opinion. In such a case my language would be, 'I wish you to bestow on me such a favour; but your Majesty knows better than I how far it would be agreeable to you, or right in itself, to grant my desire. I therefore content myself with humbly presenting my petition, and leave the event of it entirely to you.'"

4243. **PRAYER, and revivals.** The great revival in New York in 1858-9 began in answer to the earnest believing prayers of one man. After long waiting upon God, asking Him to show him what He would have him to do, and becoming more and more confident that God would show him the way through which hundreds might be influenced for their souls' good, he at last began a noon-day prayer-meeting. The first half-hour no one came, and he prayed through it alone. At half-past twelve the step of a solitary individual was heard on the stairs; others came, until six made up the whole company. His record of that meeting was, "*The Lord was with us to bless us.*" Of those six, one was a Presbyterian, one a Baptist, another a Congregationalist, and another a Reformed Dutch.—*The Power of Prayer.*

4244. **PRAYER, and the Divine Will.** When Augustine was on the eve of his departure for Rome, where she knew he would have to encounter so many temptations, Monica prayed for the prevention of his going. But, after all, he went, and was there converted, and led to cry out to God.—*Tholuck.*

4245. **PRAYER, and the promises.** When I first amused myself with going out to sea, when the winds arose and the waves became a little rough I found a difficulty to keep my legs on the deck, for I tumbled and tossed about like a porpoise on the water. At last I caught hold of a rope that was floating about, and then I was enabled to stand upright. So when in prayer a multitude of troublous thoughts invade your peace, or when the winds and waves of temptation arise, look out for the rope, lay hold of it, and stay yourself on the faithfulness of God in His covenant with His people and in His promises. Hold fast by that rope, and you shall stand.—*Salter.*

4246. **PRAYER, and works.** A poor man who had a large family gave them a very comfortable

support while he was in health. He broke his leg, and was laid up for some weeks. As he would be for some time destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer-meeting at his house. The meeting was led by Deacon Brown. A loud knock at the door interrupted the service. A tall, lank, blue-frocked youngster stood at the door with an ox-goad in his hand, and asked to see Deacon Brown. "Father could not attend this meeting," he said; "*but he sent his prayers, and they are out in the cart.*" They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork, and corn. The meeting broke up without the benediction. Nor did the poor fellow suffer during his whole confinement. The substantial prayers of the donors became means of grace.—*Spurgeon.*

4247. **PRAYER, and works.** A godly minister was asked by a man he was urging to a better course to *pray* for him. Drink was this man's besetment, and it had taken him from Christ and from his church. Our friend replied, "Two things are necessary in your case—*fasting* as well as prayer. Now I will pray if you will fast." The man would not agree to abstain from drink, and so our friend said prayer would be of no avail without it. He knew the man, and most likely in his case fasting was just as necessary as prayer.—*G. Warner.*

4248. **PRAYER, Answer to.** A pious lady in the county of Hereford was one day in her closet praying. She felt an impression resting on her mind to send Mr. Hugh Bourne £50 for carrying on the work of the Lord. This circumstance she communicated to her mother, who informed her that the impression might not be from the Lord, and she had better dismiss it from her mind. This she tried to do, but could not; the impression continued. She again mentioned this subject to her mother; she informed her daughter, that if she felt assured that it was of the Lord, she should comply, and send it. The question was started, "How shall we know that he needs it?" It was suggested that if her brother would take the money and inquire on the spot, it would be clearly known. The next morning he was on his way to Bemersley, where Mr. Bourne resided, and on his arrival he had an interview with Mr. Bourne. He asked him if he had been praying for anything special. Mr. Bourne at once replied, "Yes, for £50; for we are in great need of that sum." The brother of the lady at once saw that his sister was rightly guided, and that the whole matter was of the Lord; and he at once handed him the cheque for the £50.—*C. T. Harris.*

4249. **PRAYER, Answer to.** A pastor entered his study one Saturday afternoon, when suddenly the sermon which he had been studying during the week became to him stale and dry. He lost all interest in it. Instantly another text lodged into his mind, which he ran rapidly out into a sermon, and preached it on Sabbath morning. At the close of the service a lady belonging to a Roman Catholic family remained to confer with the session of the church respecting a profession of faith. She stated that she had that morning received light on the way of salvation, and wanted to give herself publicly to Christ; that the sermon met her case fully; that if she had written out her views and feelings, the answer she needed could not have been better stated. Two facts explain this change of subject by the

pastor. (1.) A friend of the lady and former school-mate had been praying for her eleven years, and though until lately she met with nothing but indifference, she had persevered in her supplications, and had interested her pastor and other friends in praying for her. (2.) One of these friends had on that *Saturday morning united with others in praying that the pastor might on the next Sabbath say something that would meet the case of this lady, who was expected to be present in the church on that morning.*—*Christian Age.*

4250. PRAYER, Answer to. Some two years ago a poor woman, accompanied by two of her neighbours, came to my vestry in deep distress. Her husband had fled the country; in her sorrow she went to the house of God, and something I said in the sermon made her think I was personally familiar with her case. Of course I had known nothing about her. It was a general illustration that fitted a particular case. She told me her story, and a very sad one it was. I said, "There is nothing that we can do but to kneel down and cry to the Lord for the immediate conversion of your husband." We knelt down, and I prayed that the Lord would touch the heart of the deserter, convert his soul, and bring him back to his home. When we rose from our knees I said to the poor woman, "Do not fret about the matter. I feel sure your husband will come home, and that he will yet become connected with our church." She went away, and I forgot all about it. Some months after she reappeared with her neighbours and a man, whom she introduced to me as her husband. He had indeed come back, and *he had returned a converted man.* On making inquiry and comparing notes, we found that the *very day on which we had prayed* for his conversion he, being at that time on board a ship far away on the sea, stumbled most unexpectedly upon a stray copy of one of my sermons. He read it. The truth went to his heart. He repented and sought the Lord, and as soon as possible he returned to his wife and to his daily calling. He was admitted a member, and his wife, who up to that time had not been a member, was also received among us. That woman does not doubt the power of prayer.—*Spurgeon.*

4251. PRAYER, answered in God's way. The nestling eaglet looks up to the majestic flight of the soaring eagle through heaven, and says, "Oh that I could soar as bravely! Teach me, teach me to fly!" And, as if in answer to the wish, the parent bird descends and *tears the soft nest in pieces*, forcing the restless brood forth to the sweeping winds. And though to the young bird it may seem almost cruel, yet it is just what it longed for—this is teaching it to fly!—*Wadsworth.*

4252. PRAYER, answered. A missionary in the West Indies observed a little boy engaged in prayer, and overheard him saying, "O Lord Jesus, I thank Thee for sending big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me, and bring me here that I might hear about Thee, and love Thee; and now, Lord Jesus, I have one great favour to ask Thee. Please to send wicked men with another big ship, and let them catch my father and my mother, and bring them to this country, that they may hear the missionaries preach, and love Thee." The missionary in a few days after saw him standing on the seashore, looking very intently as the ships came in.

"What are you looking at, Tom?" "*I am looking to see if Jesus Christ answer prayer.*" For two years he was to be seen day after day watching the arrival of every ship. One day, as the missionary was viewing him, he observed him capering about and exhibiting the liveliest joy. "Well, Tom, what occasions so much joy?" "Oh, Jesus Christ answer prayer—father and mother come in that ship;" which was actually the case.

4253. PRAYER, answered. On a certain occasion Luther was informed that Melancthon lay dying. He hastened to the sick-bed, and found him presenting the usual premonitory symptoms of death. Mournfully he bent over him, and, sobbing, gave utterance to a sorrowful exclamation. It roused Melancthon from his stupor. He looked up, and said, "O Luther! is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" "We can't spare you, Philip," was the reply; and turning round, he threw himself upon his knees and wrestled with God for upwards of an hour. He went from his knees, and took his friend by the hand. Again he said, "Dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?" "No, no, Philip! We can't spare you yet," was the reply. He then ordered some soup; and when pressed to take it, Melancthon declined, again saying, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?" "*We cannot spare you yet, Philip,*" was the reply. He then added, "Philip, take this soup, or I will excommunicate you." He took the soup. He commenced to grow better. He soon regained his wonted health. When Luther returned home he said to his wife with joy, "God gave me my brother Melancthon back in *direct answer to my prayers.*"

4254. PRAYER, answered. Agrippina implored the gods that she might live to see her infant Nero an emperor. Emperor he became, and from his imperial throne plotted that mother's death.—*Stanford.*

4255. PRAYER, answered. Some years ago a little circle were met around the apparently dying couch of a child. The man of God who led their devotions seemed to forget the sickness of the child in his prayer for his future usefulness. He prayed for the child, who had been consecrated to God at its birth, *as a man, a Christian, and a minister of the Word.* The parents laid hold of the horns of the altar and prayed with him. The child recovered, grew toward manhood, ran far in the ways of folly and sin. One after another of that little circle ascended to heaven, but two at least, and one of them the mother, lived to hear him proclaim the everlasting gospel.—*Rev. C. Field.*

4256. PRAYER, answered an encouragement to ask afresh. Philip Henry, after he had been engaged in prayer for two of his children that were dangerously ill, remarked, "If the Lord will be pleased to grant me this my request concerning my children, I will not say, as the beggars at our door used to do, 'I'll never ask anything of Him again;' but, on the contrary, *He shall hear oftener from me than ever*; and I will love God the better, and love prayer the better, as long as I live."

4257. PRAYER, Answers to. The story is told that Dr. Patton once met a pious friend with a troubled face, who said, "Doctor, you are just the man I have been wanting to see. I wish to ask you

a question." "Well," said the Doctor, "what is it that is troubling you to-day?" "We read that God is good, just, merciful, and kind," said the friend. "That is what we preach," said Dr. Patton. "The Bible further says, 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.'" "Correctly quoted," said the Doctor. "Again," added his friend, "the good Book says, 'Not one jot or tittle of my word shall fail.'" "Very true," said the Doctor. "Now," said the anxious friend, "if all that I have quoted is correct and the Bible be true, I want to ask you how it is, Doctor, that I have been praying to God for the last thirty years that He will do certain things for me, and, so far as I know, not a single thing that I have asked for has been granted. Pray tell me why I have not received answers to my prayers?" The Doctor, turning and looking his questioner straight in the face, said, "My friend, did it ever occur to you that *you were presenting bills to God and asking payment for the same before they were due?*"

4258. PRAYER, anticipated of God. I have a clock, as very many have, which was made to meet certain exigencies of the future. It has a calendar which points out the day of the month, the hand moving one figure each day. If the month has thirty-one days, it moves from that to the 1 for the next month; but if the month has but thirty days the hand jumps over the 31, and on February it moves from 28 over the 29, 30, and 31 to the 1 of March. But once in four years it stops at February 29, and then moves over two figures to the 1. Now, we do not have to run to the maker when these changes are needed, and ask him to come and move the hands. He knew the exigencies would arise, and arranged for doing the work at the time he made the machinery. So when God wanted to bring rain at Elijah's prayer He did not have to interfere with the laws of nature and create a cloud or fling a new-made storm upon the sea. But millions of years before, when He created nature, He said to the winds and the sea, "I will have a storm here and a rain there—a drought at this time, a tempest at that," and nature carried the commission to answer that prayer from the day it was made.

4259. PRAYER, Attachment to. Of the Rev. Mr. Blackerby it is said, "*He was much in prayer*": much in closet prayer—much in walking prayer—much in conjugal prayer, for he prayed daily with his wife alone—much in family prayer, daily with his own family—and almost daily with some other family. He used to ride about, from family to family, and only alight and pray with them, and give them some heavenly exhortation, and then went away to some other family.

4260. PRAYER, Attitude in. Philip the Third of Spain would never be addressed *but on the knees*; for which he gave the excuse, that as he was of low stature every one would have appeared too high for him. And if men claim to be approached in this way, how shall we draw near to the living God, the Maker of heaven and earth?—B.

4261. PRAYER, Belief in. I was pleasantly impressed lately by an incident which occurred in a brief correspondence which I had with Prof. —, of —. We were writing in part upon this subject, and I had incidentally mentioned your meeting. In his reply he artlessly, and with the trustfulness of a

child, asked that you might be requested to *pray for him*. This man is no fanatic. Still less is he a hypocrite. He is one of the ripest of our American scholars, and one of the most profound of our philosophers. A good part of his life he has spent in the study of Plato; and now, after sixty odd years, in which human philosophy has become an alphabet to him, and universities on both sides of the Atlantic honour him for his acquisitions, he thinks and speaks of the prayers of a few humble women, strangers to him, and hundreds of miles away, as if they possessed a real power of which he may avail himself for the achievement of real results which shall stretch on into other worlds. He proposes to use that power as trustfully as he would send a commission by a friend to Europe. He gives you his request in the same conviction that he is doing a sensible thing which he would feel in sending a message to the telegraph office, knowing it would reach the other side of the globe in twenty minutes. Such is the trust which *the ablest and wisest men repose in intercessory prayer*, when they have been as wisely taught of God. We shall all find, by-and-by, that the most natural thing in the world for all wisdom to do is to sit at the feet of Christ and ask for that which nothing else than prayer can compass.—Austin Phelps.

4262. PRAYER, Believing. An old minister, on his death-bed, was visited by a Christian friend, who, in the course of conversation, mentioned his family (all of whom, with one exception, were hopeful Christians) as a source of comfort to him in his present circumstances. The dying Christian noticed the exception, and raising his eyes and his voice, said, with a firmness and positiveness which astonished his friend, "*John will not be lost!*" John was a drunkard of the most degraded description. Seeing his friend's astonishment, the old man repeated, "No, John will not be lost!" When asked what foundation he had for his faith in this particular, he replied, "The word, the faithfulness of God. He has said, 'Ask what ye will, and it shall be done; and I have asked, *I have pleaded for John, every day for five years at a throne of grace*; and depend on this, the Spirit of God never disposes us to plead and wrestle for any blessing *which He is not disposed ultimately to grant.*" His friend was silent, and adds, "I visited John some years afterwards, on his death-bed, and a more broken-hearted, penitent, and contrite Christian I never saw."

4263. PRAYER, Confidence in. At the time the Diet of Nuremberg was held Luther was earnestly praying in his own dwelling; and at that very hour when the edict granting free toleration to all Protestants was issued he ran out of his house, crying out, "We have gained the victory."—Tholuck.

4264. PRAYER, Consecrating power of. View De Thou, the historian, after his morning prayers, imploring the Divinity to purify his heart from partiality and hatred, and to open his spirit in developing the truth, amidst the contending factions of his times; and Haydn, employed in his "Creation," earnestly addressing the Creator ere he struck his instrument.—I. D'Israeli.

4265. PRAYER, dictating to God. The petition of the pious Abyssinian takes a form similar to the following, which an old woman was heard to offer

up during my visit, though the last clause is probably in most cases omitted :—"O Lord, give me plenty to eat and drink, good raiment, and a comfortable home, or else kill me outright!"—*Duften's Abyssinia.*

4266. PRAYER, Difficulty of. "I have no difficulty," said he (Coleridge), "in forgiveness; indeed, I know not how to say with sincerity the clause in the Lord's Prayer which asks forgiveness *as we forgive*. I feel nothing answering to it in my heart. Neither do I find, or reckon, the most solemn faith in God as a real object, the most arduous act of the reason and will. Oh no, my dear, it is to *pray*, to *pray* as God would have us; this is what at times makes me turn cold to my soul. Believe me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing He pleases thereupon—this is the last, the greatest achievement of the Christian's warfare upon earth. *Teach us to pray, O Lord!*" And then he burst into a flood of tears, and begged me to pray for him.—*Ed. Coleridge's Table Talk.*

4267. PRAYER, Direction of. Proctor Knott once related how a young coloured lad got the start of him in a religious matter. There was some sort of celebration in honour of St. François de Xavier, which he attended. A host of negroes in his neighbourhood were Roman Catholic. When he came home his darkey boy asked him how he liked the Catholic service. "I," said he, "could not stand it." He said, "There was one point about it that I never liked." "What is that?" said the boy. "The priest does all his praying in Latin." At this the coloured boy fell down in the road, and rolled over shouting with laughter. "Why, what is the matter with you?" said Knott. The darkey answered, "Fo' God, Massa, don't think that de Lord can't understand de Latin as well as English. In the Catholic churches de priest he prays to de Lord, and not to de congregation;" and Mr. Knott added that he had been brought up in a church where the preacher prayed to the congregation, and acknowledged that the boy had got the advantage of him.

4268. PRAYER, Dying, a suitable one. People talk about looking back on a well-spent life. I look up to Him who spent His life gloriously to redeem the life of my precious soul; and there alone I dare to look. I thank God, who has kept me from the grosser sins of the world; but *there is not a prayer more suitable to my dying lips* than that of the publican: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"—*Rowland Hill.*

4269. PRAYER, Effectual. "Do not break," said the Bow to the String one day, putting a stretch upon its power. "I will do my utmost," answered the String; and with a twanging sound the arrow shot forth, pierced the air, went straight to the mark, and gained the prize. The arrow which is shot from a loose cord drops powerless to the ground, but from the tightly drawn bow-string it springs forward, and reaches the object to which it is directed.

4270. PRAYER, Efficacy of. "Then you have not been modified in any way as to the efficacy of prayer?" asked his visitor. Mr. Spurgeon laughed.

"Only in my faith growing far stronger and firmer than ever. It is not a matter of faith with me, but of knowledge, and everyday experience. I am constantly witnessing the most unmistakable instances of answers to prayer. My whole life is made up of them. To me they are so familiar as to cease to excite my surprise; but to many they would seem marvellous, no doubt. Why, *I could no more doubt the efficacy of prayer than I could disbelieve in the law of gravitation*. The one is as much a fact as the other, constantly verified every day of my life. Elijah, by the brook Cherith, as he received his daily rations from the ravens, could hardly be a more likely subject for scepticism than I. Look at my Orphanage. To keep it going entails an annual expenditure of about £10,000. Only £1400 is provided for by endowment. The remaining £8000 comes to me regularly in answer to prayer. I do not know where I shall get it from day to day. I ask God for it, and He sends it. Mr. Muller, of Bristol, does the same on a far larger scale, and his experience is the same as mine."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

4271. PRAYER, Ejaculatory. Ejaculatory prayer is the Christian's breath, the secret path to his hiding-place, his express to heaven in circumstances of difficulty and peril; it is the tuner of all his religious feelings; it is his sling and stone, with which he slays the enemy ere he is aware of it; it is the hiding of his strength; and of every religious performance it is the most convenient. Ejaculatory prayer is like the rope of a belfry; the bell is in one room, and the end of the rope which sets it a-ringing in another. Perhaps the bell may not be heard in the apartment where the rope is, but it is heard in its own apartment. Moses laid hold of the rope and pulled it hard on the shore of the Red Sea; and though no one heard or knew anything of it in the lower chamber, the bell rang loudly in the upper one, till the whole place was moved, and the Lord said, "Wherefore criest thou unto me?"—*Williams of Wern.*

4272. PRAYER, Equality in. Beza and his little company of ministers at the Colloquy at Poissy, trying to pass beyond the bar which separated them from the Romish prelates, were refused and kept standing throughout the debate like criminals. The Reformer, as if to compel that recognition of equality before God denied before men, knelt down with all the pastors, and making a solemn confession of the sins of the people of France, implored a blessing on the assembly.

4273. PRAYER, Faith in. It is said that a man once asked Alexander to give him some money to portion off a daughter. The King bade him go to his treasurer and demand what he pleased. He went and demanded an enormous sum. The treasurer was startled, said he could not part with so much without an express order, and went to the King, and told him that he thought a small part of the money the man had named might serve for the occasion. "No," replied Alexander; "let him have it all. I like that man; he does me honour; *he treats me like a king*, and proves, by what he asks, that he believes me to be both rich and generous." Let us go to the throne of grace, and put up such petitions as may show that we have honourable views of the riches and bounty of our King.—*Newton (condensed).*

4274. PRAYER, Faith in. I saw the other day a man attempting to split a rock with a sledge-hammer. Down came the sledge upon the stone as if it would crush it, but it merely rebounded, leaving the rock as sound as before. Again the ponderous hammer was swung, and again it came down, but with the same result. Nothing was accomplished. The rock was still without a crack. I might have asked (as so many are disposed to ask concerning prayer) what good could result from such a waste of time and strength. But that man had faith. He believed in the power of that sledge. He believed that *repeated blows had a tendency to split that rock*. And so he kept at it. Blow after blow came down, all apparently in vain. But still he kept on without a thought of discouragement. He believed that a vigorously swung sledge "has great power." And at last came one more blow and the work was done.—*Anon.*

4275. PRAYER, Family. Robert Hall, hearing that some worldly-minded persons objected to family prayer as taking up too much time, said that what might seem a loss will be more than compensated by the spirit of order and regularity which the stated observance of this duty tends to produce.

4276. PRAYER, Family. Sir Thomas Abney kept up regular prayer in his family during all the time he was Lord Mayor of London; and on the evening of the day he entered on his office he, without any notice, withdrew from the public assembly at Guildhall after supper, went to his house, there performed private worship, and then returned to the company.

4277. PRAYER, for common things. Rowland Hill greatly offended Scotch prejudices at family prayer once by imploring for the restoration of his disabled horse.

4278. PRAYER, God hears. About the time when the gospel was beginning to make its way in Raiatea, a canoe, with four men in it, was upset at sea, and the men were thrown into the water, where, though nearly amphibious, they must have been drowned, the waves drifting them to and fro, unless speedily carried to shore or taken up by some vessel. Two of the men, having embraced Christianity, immediately cried out, "Let us pray to Jehovah, for He can save us." "Why did you not pray to Him sooner?" replied their pagan comrades; "here we are in the water, and *it is useless to pray now*." The Christians, however, did cry mightily unto their God while all four were clinging for life to their broken canoe. In this situation a shark suddenly rushed towards them, and seized one of the men. His companions held him as fast and as long as they could; but the monster prevailed, and hurried the unfortunate victim into the abyss, marking the track with his blood. He was one of the two who were idolaters. After some time the tide bore the surviving three to the reef, when, just as they were cast upon it, a second shark snatched the other idolater with his jaws, and carried off his prey, shrieking in vain for assistance. This circumstance very naturally made a great impression upon the minds of their countrymen, and powerfully recommended to them the "*God that heareth prayer*."

4279. PRAYER, God's way of answering. When Plato gave Diogenes a great vessel of wine, who

asked but a little, and a few caraways, the cynic thanked him with this rude expression, "Thou neither answerest to the question thou art asked, *nor givest according as thou art desired*. Being inquired of, 'How many are two and two?' thou answerest, 'Twenty.'" So it is with God and us in the intercourse of our prayers; we pray for health, and He gives us, it may be, a sickness that carries us into eternal life; we pray for necessary support for our persons and families, and He gives us more than we need; we beg for a removal of a present sadness, and He gives us that which makes us able to bear twenty sadnesses, a cheerful spirit, a peaceful conscience, and a joy in God, as an antepast of eternal rejoicings in the kingdom of God.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

4280. PRAYER hindered, not defeated. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

4281. PRAYER, illustrated. I can stand in the rooms of my office in New York and communicate with the men in the fifth story. If I want to speak to the foreman of the printing-office, I go and blow the whistle and talk through the tube. And I know that the message has got up there, and that he heard it. I do not see him, and he does not answer me back; but I have no doubt that, having received the message, he will attend to my wants. I say, for instance, "Send me down the proof of such-and-such an article," and by-and-by he sends it down to me. So it seems to me that sometimes we speak to God in heaven, as it were through an invisible medium. He does not answer immediately; but, nevertheless, we know that he is there, and that even if we do not conceive of Him, He conceives of us; and we send our thought or prayer up, and let it alone, and do not fret or worry about it.—*Beecher.*

4282. PRAYER, in difficulties. Judge R— relates the following incident as occurring in the course of his practice. He was trying a petty case, in which one of the party was not able to pay counsel-fees, and undertook to plead his own cause; but he found, in the course of the trial, that the keen and adroit attorney who managed the case for the other party was too much for him, evidently making the worst appear the better cause. The poor man was in a state of mind bordering upon desperation, when the opposing counsel closed his plea, and the case was about to be submitted to the justice for decision. "May it please your honour," said the man, "may I pray?" The judge was taken somewhat by surprise, and could only say that he saw no objection. Whereupon Mr. A— went down upon his knees and made a fervent prayer, in which he laid the merits of the case before the Lord in a very clear and methodical statement of all the particulars, pleading that right and justice

might prevail. "O Lord! Thou knowest that the lawyer has misrepresented the facts, and Thou knowest" that it is so-and-so, to the end of the chapter. Arguments which he could not present in logical array to the understanding of men he had no difficulty in addressing to the Lord, being evidently better versed in praying than in pettifoggings. When he arose from his knees the opposing counsel, very much exasperated by the turn the case had taken, said, "Mr. Justice, does not the closing argument belong to me?" "You can close with prayer if you please," replied the judge. Squire W—— was in the habit of praying at home, but not seeing the propriety of connecting his prayer with his practice, wisely forbore, leaving poor A—— to win his case, as he did, by this novel mode of presenting it.—*H. L. Hastings.*

4283. PRAYER, Influence of. The father of Sir Philip Sidney enjoined upon his son, when he went to school, *never to neglect "thoughtful prayer."* It was golden advice, and doubtless his faithful obedience to the precept helped to make Philip Sidney the peerless flower of knighthood and the stainless man that he was—a man for whom, for months after his death, every gentleman in England wore mourning.

4284. PRAYER, instinctive to man. There was a celebrated poet who was an atheist, or at least professed to be so. . . . According to him there was no God, the belief in God was a delusion, prayer a base superstition, and religion but the iron fetters of a rapacious priesthood. So he held when sailing over the unruffled surface of the *Ægean Sea*. *But the scene changed, and with the scene the atheistic creed.* The heavens began to scowl on him. . . . The storm increased. The ship became unmanageable. She drifted before the tempest. The terrible cry, "Breakers ahead!" was soon heard, and how they trembled to see Death seated on the horrid reef, waiting for his prey! A few moments more, and the crash comes! . . . They were saved by a singular providence. . . . But ere that happened a companion of the atheist, who, calmly seated on the prow, had been taking his last regretful look of heaven and earth, sea and sky, turned his eyes down upon the deck, and there, among papists, who told their beads and cried to the Virgin, he saw the scoffer prostrate with fear. The tempest had blown away his fine-spun speculations like so many cobwebs. He was on his knees imploring God for mercy.—*Guthrie.*

4285. PRAYER, Liberty allowed in. An Episcopal clergyman waited upon General Sherman during the American Civil War, and propounded his difficulty as he regarded Jefferson Davis as President. "Very well," said Sherman, "pray for Davis if you wish. He needs your prayers badly. It will take a great deal of praying to save him." "Then," asked the clergyman, "I will not be compelled to pray for Mr. Lincoln?" "Oh no," said Sherman, who determined to baulk this budding attempt to pose as a martyr, "he's a good man, and don't need your prayers. You may pray for him if you feel like it, *but there's no compulsion.*" The clergyman on the following Sunday disposed of his scruples by praying for "all in authority."—*The Century.*

4286. PRAYER, Limit of. Sir Walter Raleigh one day asking a favour from Queen Elizabeth, the

latter said to him, "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" To which he answered, "*When your Majesty leaves off giving.*" Ask great things of God. Expect great things from God. Let His past goodness make us "instant in prayer."

4287. PRAYER, Limits of. A little incident occurs to me which I can hardly withhold on account of its simplicity and beauty. The mother of a little girl only four years of age had been for some time dangerously ill. The physician had given her up. When the little girl heard this she went into an adjoining room, knelt down, and said, "Dear Lord Jesus, oh make mother well again." After she had thus prayed she said, as though in God's name, "Yes, my dear child, I will do it gladly!" This was the little girl's Amen. She rose up joyfully, ran to her mother's bed, and said, "Mother, you will get well!" And she recovered, and is in health. Is it, then, always permitted for me to pray thus unconditionally respecting temporal concerns? No; thou must not venture to do so, *if whilst you ask you doubt.* But shouldst thou ever be inclined by God's Spirit to pray thus, without doubt or scruple, in a filial temper, and with simplicity of heart, resting on the true foundation, and in genuine faith, then pray thus by all means! None dare censure thee; God will accept thee.—*Krummacher.*

4288. PRAYER, Man's freedom in. The *Ædiles* among the Romans had their doors always standing open, that all who had petitions might have free access to them. The door of heaven is always open for the prayers of God's people.—*T. Watson.*

4289. PRAYER, may be offered to man. A heavy sentence of condemnation was passed upon a minister when it was flatteringly said that his prayer was the most eloquent ever offered to a Boston congregation.—*Spurgeon.*

4290. PRAYER, Mechanical. Prayer in Popedom is mere tongue-threshing; not prayer, but a work of obedience. Thence a confused sea of *Horæ Canonice*, the howling and babbling in cells and monasteries, where they read and sing the psalms and collects, without any spiritual devotion, understanding neither the words, sentences, nor meaning. How I tormented myself with those *Horæ Canonice* before the gospel came, which by reason of much business I often intermitted, I cannot express. On the Saturdays I used to lock myself up in my cell, and accomplish what the whole week I had neglected. But at last I was troubled with so many affairs, that I was fain often to omit also my Saturday's devotions. At length, when I saw that Amsdorf and others derided such devotion, then I quite left it off.—*Luther.*

4291. PRAYER MEETING, revived. A pious woman, when it was decided to close the prayer-meeting in a certain village, declared that it should not be, for she would be there if no one else was. True to her word, when, the next morning, some one said to her jestingly, "Did you have a prayer-meeting last night?" "Ah, that we did," she replied. "How many were present?" "Four," she said. "Why," said he, "I heard that you were there all alone." "No," she said; "I was the only one visible; but the Father was there, and the Son was there, and the Holy Spirit was there, and we were all agreed in prayer." Before long others took shame themselves at the earnest perseverance of

this poor woman, the prayer-meeting was revived, and the church prospered.

4292. PRAYER MEETINGS, No harm in. At an assize trial at York, when Lord Brougham was barrister-at-law—the learned gentleman was counsel for the prosecution—there was a plain Yorkshire Primitive Methodist called up as a witness for the defence. The prisoner was charged with stealing fowls, and the counsel for the prisoner seemed likely to get little aid from his witnesses, until the Primitive was examined. After he had given his evidence, however, so clear and honest did it seem, that the learned gentleman on the other side found it necessary to do his best to invalidate it. Hence he began, “Well, sir, do you ever go to meeting?” “What is that to thee?” said the witness. “If thou’st a mind to come over to our house thou’lt get to know.” “But,” said Brougham, “don’t you have prayer-meetings in your own house occasionally?” “Well, what if I have?” replied the witness. “*I reckon there’s no harm in praying, is there? Happier if the like o’ thee were to pray more and talk less; ye’d get better on.*” “But,” said Brougham, “I believe you belong to a people called Ranters, don’t you?” “Well, if I do,” said our friend, “am I any worse for that? Prithee what set does thou belong to?” “Nay, answer my question,” said the learned barrister, beginning to get rather annoyed with the witness. “Don’t talk in that way to me. I ask you again, sir, and I have a right to ask you, have you prayer-meetings in your house?” “Well, then,” said the witness, “I have, and very good meetings they are, and I should like to see such as thee at them.”—*Dr. Antiliff.*

4293. PRAYER, natural in danger. Some years since a family moved to the West. As years passed their home assumed shape and acquired beauty, and the wild land became a rich farm. Among the few books taken with them from their former home was the old Family Bible. When they entered their “new house” the Bible was put away with many other things, “too good to leave behind, but not of much use.” Years passed, and one of their children was sick. For many days they watched by the bedside. At last the doctor said, “To-night will be the crisis. As she passes it, so will she live or pass away.” It was a fearful night. Midnight had passed and still no change. At length the mother said, “I cannot bear it any longer; I feel that we must pray and ask God to help us.” “But I have not prayed for years—not since I was a boy at home. And our Bible; I do not know that we have any.” “I think I can find it.” She went and sought the Book, which for years had been an encumbrance. She brought it out, and they both sat down to read it. *Oh how different it seemed now!* For a long while they read on, and at last knelt down and prayed. They did not pray for the life of their child, but for themselves, that God would hear them. And God heard them, and that night of sorrow was turned into a morning of joy. To their bliss their child awoke in the morning refreshed, and from that began to recover.

4294. PRAYER, Necessity of. Fénelon used to say, “*I spend much time in my closet in order to be prepared for the pulpit, and to be sure that my heart is filled from the Divine Fountain before I am to pour out the streams upon the people. . . . Few men have been better qualified to speak on*

this subject than the good Fénelon, of whom it was said by one who enjoyed his friendship, “While he watched over his flock with a daily care he prayed in the deep retirement of internal solitude.”—*Dr. Fish.*

4295. PRAYER, neglected. A man who was executed for the crime of murder said in his last moments, “Oh, if I had gone to prayer that morning when I committed the sin for which I am now to die, O Lord God, I believe Thou wouldst have kept back my hands from that sin.”—*Whitcross.*

4296. PRAYER, Not believing in. I sat side by side with a brother minister not many days ago, who remarked to me, “I am afraid many of our people do not believe in prayer.” “Oh dear! Well,” I said, “I would not be a minister of such a church five minutes. If they did not believe in prayer, I would not believe in them.”—*Spurgeon.*

4297. PRAYER, one secret of success. People ascribe the success of the Cunard line of steamers to business skill, and know not the fact that when that line of steamers first started Mrs. Cunard, the wife of the proprietor, passed the whole of each day when a steamer sailed in prayer to God for its safety and the success of the line.

4298. PRAYER, one speaking for many. Next to the *Archisunagogos* was an officer whose province it was to offer up public prayer to God for the whole congregation, and who, on that account, was called *Sheliach Zibbor*, the angel of the Church, because, as their messenger, he spoke to God for them.—*Jennings’ Jewish Antiquities.*

4299. PRAYER, pointed and personal. In order to be prevailing our prayers must be pointed and personal. The old woman who interrupted an “eloquent” supplication, in which the attributes of God were being stated at great length, by saying, “Ask Him for something,” may teach us a much-needed lesson.—*Rev. Samuel Pearson, M.A.*

4300. PRAYER, Point in, needed. A Scotchman who had but one prayer was asked by his wife to pray by the bedside of their dying child. The good man struck out on the old track, and soon came to the usual petition for the Jews. As he went on with the time-honoured quotation, “Lord, turn again the captivity of Zion,” his wife broke in, saying, “Eh, man! you’re aye drawn out for thae Jews; *but it’s our bairn that’s deen!*” Then, clasping her hands, she cried, “Lord, help us! oh, give us back our darling, if it be Thy holy will; and if he is to be taken, oh, take him to Thyself!”—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

4301. PRAYER, Power of. Just as a shoemaker makes a shoe, and a tailor a coat, so also ought the Christian to pray. *The Christian’s trade is praying.* And the prayer of the Church works great miracles. In our days it has raised from the dead three persons—viz., myself, having been frequently sick unto death; my wife Catherine, who likewise was dangerously ill; and Melancthon, who was sick unto death at Weimar. And though their rescue from sickness and other bodily dangers be but trifling miracles, nevertheless they must be exhibited for the sake of those whose faith is weak.—*Luther.*

4302. PRAYER, Power of. John Rutledge sailed from Buffalo as first mate of an Erie vessel before

the lake was clear of dangerous ice. More than two-thirds of the voyage was accomplished, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all on board, they found themselves running in a furrow of water between two immense masses of ice, which were gradually closing together to crush them in! Forward as far as the eye could see ran that ever-narrowing channel, their only way to safety; but the wind was against them, and sails would not serve to get them through in time. The captain, not himself a religious man, impressed by the fearful emergency of the moment, called all into the cabin who were not needed on deck, and told them plainly that if they would be saved they must ask God to interpose, for *no human effort could avail them now*. After a moment's silence John Rutledge said softly, "Let us pray;" and immediately every one in the cabin knelt down with him. With childlike words he told in the ears of the Father on high the peril and distress of his ship, and tearfully besought Divine mercy and deliverance for the sake of Christ, the Redeemer. They rose from their knees and went on deck. Judge of their feelings when the man at the wheel sang out, "All right, cap'n! It's blowing nor' by nor'-east now." While the mate was at prayer in the cabin the wind had changed. The ship was moving forward, and the same power that was wafting them through the channel now pushed the great ice-floe back so that it could not crush them. "Shall I put on more canvas, captain?" said John Rutledge. "No," said the captain, "don't touch her. *Some one else is managing this ship.*"

4303. PRAYER, Power of. It was the constantly expressed desire in most of Whitefield's letters to have an interest in the prayers of his correspondents; and when asked to go on a distant mission he frequently replied, "*If I am prayed over, come I must.*"—*J. R. Andrews.*

4304. PRAYER, Preparation for. It is said of the serpent that he casts up all his poison before he drinks. It were to be much desired that herein we had so much serpentine wisdom as to *disgorge our malice before we pray*, to cast up all the bitterness of our spirits before we come to the sacrament of reconciliation.—*Spencer.*

4305. PRAYER, Preparation of. It was the constant endeavour of the Rev. S. Kilpin to go from the closet to the pulpit. His expression was, "I need to have my heart warmed by the Sun of Righteousness ere I address the hearts of others." He often remarked, "I have preached with self-application to-day, and have been humbled in the dust, or have derived divine light from the subject presented to view, if no one else is benefited." Frequently he exclaimed, after four or five public services on the Sabbath-day, "Never does the blood of Christ appear so valuable as at the close of such a Sabbath. In this fountain I bathe. Lord, pardon the sins of my holy duties."

4306. PRAYER, Repetition in. "How do you feel to-day, Nannie?" said a venerable Scotch clergyman of the olden school to one of his parishioners, an old woman, whom he met on the public road. "I'm no' weel ava, sir," replied she; "I'm unco wake (*weak*), an' my mind's clean gane." "I'm sorry to hear that, woman," said the minister; "the want of memory is a great affliction. Ye ken,

I can well sympathise with you in it, for I've suffered greatly in that way mysel' for a long time." "Eh, sir, hoo *can ye* say that, when I've heard ye gie' the same prayer noo for ower sax-an'-twenty year, an' ye ha'ena forgotten a word o't—no' ane!" was the old woman's reply.—*James Douglas, Ph.D.*

4307. PRAYER, Resignation in. When he (Socrates) prayed his petition was only this—that the gods would give to him those things that were good. And this he did forasmuch as *they alone knew what was good for man*. But he who should ask for gold or silver, or increase of dominion, acted not, in his opinion, more wisely than one who should pray for the opportunity to fight, or game, or anything of the like nature; the consequence whereof, being altogether doubtful, might turn, for aught he knew, not a little to his disadvantage.—*Memorabilia.*

4308. PRAYER, Results of. Standing by his grave, one said of him (Gossner), that it was not hyperbole, "*He prayed up the walls of an hospital, and the hearts of the nurses*; he prayed mission-stations into being, and missionaries into faith; he prayed open the hearts of the rich, and gold from the most distant lands."—*Stevenson's Praying and Working.*

4309. PRAYER, secret, Necessity of. "I will spend," writes Doddridge, in recording rules for his ministerial duties at Kibworth, "some extraordinary time in private devotion every Lord's Day, morning or evening, as opportunity may offer, and will then endeavour to preach over to my own soul that doctrine which I preach to others. I find it never well in family worship," he writes, "when it is not so in secret; never well abroad when it is not so at home; nor on common days when it is not so on the Lord's. *The better I pray the better I study.* As prayer is the food and breath of all practical religion, so secret prayer in particular is of vast importance, inasmuch that I verily believe that if a man were to keep a particular and accurate journal of his own heart but for one month, he would find as real and exact a correspondence between the temper of his soul at the seasons of secret devotion and in other parts of his life, as we find between the changes of the barometer and the weather."—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

4310. PRAYER, Self-sufficiency in. A young gentleman on very good terms with himself stood up to pray with his hands in his pockets, and among other things he put up a petition that he might "be delivered from the fear of man, which bringeth a snare." My father's only remark was, that there was part of his prayer which seemed to be granted before it was asked.—*John Brown, M.D.*

4311. PRAYER, Selfish. A man once complained to his minister that he had prayed for a whole year that he might enjoy the comforts of religion, but found no answer to his prayers. The minister replied, "Go home now and pray, 'Father, glorify Thyself.'"

4312. PRAYER, Special answer to. "While travelling on the borders of Italy," writes a Christian friend, "we heard that a young soldier was to suffer death at nine o'clock that morning. The thought rushed into my mind, 'How dreadful that this young man should be thus precipitated into eternity, perhaps unprepared!' The instant I could leave the

breakfast-table I retired to my chamber, and there I felt compelled to wrestle and plead for the salvation of the doomed soldier. The burden of my petition was, that if he were not prepared to enter the presence of his Judge his death might be averted, and time be given him for repentance. I continued thus in prayer, till in a moment I heard the sound of a volley. It vibrated through my heart, my prayer was stopped, and in a few minutes I was obliged to hurry down to join my friends who were just starting to leave the town. About two months after, when in a distant town, I one morning took up a paper, and the first thing that caught my eye was the account of an extraordinary event which occurred at the town we stayed at—viz., that a young soldier, having been sentenced to death, was brought out for execution in the usual manner by his comrades, twenty-four of whom were to fire at his heart. The signal was given, the guns were discharged, but, to the amazement of all, *every bullet missed its aim!* He stood unhurt, and so extraordinary and even miraculous was his escape considered, that his pardon was granted, and he was permitted to live! His subsequent history remains unknown.”—*Dr. Leifchild (condensed).*

4313. PRAYER, spontaneous. “Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy will be done;”—*what else can we say?* The other night, in my sleepless tossings about, which were growing more and more miserable, these words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind, with an altogether new emphasis; as if *written*, and shining for me in mild, pure splendour, on the black bosom of the night there; when I, as it were, *read* them word by word, with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for perhaps thirty or forty years had I once formally repeated that prayer; nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man’s soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature; right worthy to be recommended with an “After this manner pray ye.”—*Carlyle.*

4314. PRAYER, Test of. We may all of us remember a rash, if not impious, challenge which was issued in this town not many years ago, to show that all this notion about the importance of religious influences in hospitals was of no real value; when a man challenged it in this form, “Let a ward be set apart in which there shall be prayer, and another be set apart in which there shall be a very skilled physician, and no doubt the skilled physician’s influence will be seen in the recovery of the patient, while those whom you are praying for have died, being neglected. Anything more foolish than such a challenge can scarcely be conceived. You remember, perhaps, the answer that was given to it by an eminent preacher and divine:—“Take two streets in the most neglected part of London, apply to one of them all your scientific knowledge, and your arrangements about sanitary preparations; and take the other, and pour upon it the influences of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Let a few years pass; *in which will it be found that you have best succeeded?*” Can any one doubt that the moral influences brought to bear upon human nature must, after all, have greater effect than any physical arrangements in which you pride yourself because of their wisdom? And let this also be remembered, that it is of the

very essence of the gospel of Jesus Christ that it uses every secondary means and sanctifies it.—*Archbishop Tait.*

4315. PRAYER, tested. Men who revere the scientific method will admit that experiment is the crucial test of truth. *Who dares try the experiment of prayer, in the sense of total and affectionate self-surrender to God?* A Boston scholar has lately told the public that a somewhat rough man of affairs in this city, in the presence of the American evangelist, thought he would be manly enough to try the experiment of offering prayer. “But,” said the latter, “you must be sincere.” “I know very little of this thing,” the man replied; “but I am willing to be sincere in one prayer at least.” “Very well,” said the evangelist; “let us kneel down, here and now, together; and do you say from the depths of your heart, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’” The merchant did that; and I suppose, from what followed, that he did it in a genuine way. Certain it is that there struck across that man’s countenance a beam of light from the Sun behind the sun, a peace and an illumination unknown to him before. He rose up, saying, “This is a singular experience. My partner, do you as I have done, and perhaps there will be similar results.” The partner was a sceptic; but he knelt and offered the prayer, “God be merciful to me a sinner;” and he too rose up, smitten across the forehead with the light that falls out of those ancestral spaces from which all souls come, and into which all men haste.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

4316. PRAYER, the Christian’s life. It is by ever and anon ascending up to God, by rising through prayer into a loftier, purer region, for supplies of Divine grace, that man maintains his spiritual life. Prevent these animals from rising to the surface, and they die for want of breath; prevent him from rising to God, and he dies from want of prayer. “Let me breathe,” says a man, gasping, “or else I die!” “*Let me pray,*” says the Christian, “or else I die!”—*Guthrie.*

4317. PRAYER, the desire of the heart. A shepherd boy out in the fields with the sheep one Sunday morning heard the bells ringing to call the people to church; and there came over him a longing to pray to God. But how was he to pray? for he did not know any prayer. He thought a moment, then he knelt down upon the grass, put his hands together, as he had seen people doing in pictures and on old monuments, and began A, B, C, D. A gentleman on his way to church saw the boy kneeling with closed eyes and joined hands, heard him distinctly saying the letters of the alphabet, and wondered greatly what he was doing. So he stopped and called to the boy in a kindly voice, “My lad, what are you doing?” The boy looked up, “Please, sir, I was praying.” “But what are you saying your alphabet for?” “Oh, I don’t know any proper prayer, but I wanted to ask God to take care of me, and to bless me, and to help me; so I thought I would just say all I did know, and that He would put the letters together and spell them out, and understand what I mean.”

4318. PRAYER, The Lord’s. The Duke of Wellington says that “the *Lord’s Prayer* alone is an evidence of the truth of Christianity, so admirably is that prayer accommodated to all our wants.”—*Samuel Rogers.*

4319. PRAYER, the secret of resignation. "I had a lovely boy," said a Christian woman to me; "he was the most beautiful of all my children. He was playing in the street one day, when a cart went over him, and he was carried in to me all crushed. He lay there till he died. I never look at the place that I do not in fancy see his sweet pale face, though it is now years ago. Oh! the agony it was to me to see him suffer. It was then I learned to pray. I knew but little of God at the time, but I was wandering about the house in my distress, unable to find any rest anywhere, and being upstairs by myself, the thought came into my mind, 'People speak of praying when they are in distress.' I threw myself on my knees and for the first time in my life, prayed. All my pent-up agony found vent in my heart's cry to God. I besought Him to take my child out of suffering, to teach me patience, and send comfort into my soul. He heard me—a sense of comfort I had never before felt came over me. I knew I had a Friend near, who felt for me and pitied me. I rose and went down to my husband, where he watched by our boy. He saw at once when I entered that some change had come over me. I sat down gently beside him, and said, 'I've been doing what I've never done before—praying to God. *I can bear it now*;' and together we watched quietly until the poor child breathed his last soon after."—*L. F. Wilson.*

4320. PRAYER, the secret of strength. There is an old story of mythology about a giant named Antæus, who was born by the earth. In order to keep alive this giant was obliged to touch the earth as often as once in five minutes, and every time he thus came in contact with the earth he became twice as strong as before. The Christian resembles Antæus. In order to become and continue a truly-living Christian, the disciple of Christ must often approach his Father by prayer.—*Preacher's Lantern.*

4321. PRAYER, the secret of usefulness. Spurgeon, being asked as to the reason of his marvellous and blessed usefulness for God, pointed to the floor of the Tabernacle saying, "In the room beneath you will find three hundred praying Christians. Every time I preach here they gather together, and uphold my hands by continuous prayer and supplication;—there you will find the secret of all the blessing."

4322. PRAYER, Unceasing. Fletcher's whole life was a life of prayer; and so intensely was his mind fixed upon God that he sometimes said, "I would not move from my seat without lifting up my heart to God." "Wherever we met," says Mr. Vaughan, "if we were alone, his first salute was, '*Do I meet you praying?*' And if we were talking on any point of divinity, when we were in the depth of our discourse he would often break off abruptly and ask, 'Where are our hearts now?' If ever the misconduct of an absent person was mentioned, his usual reply was, 'Let us pray for him.'"—*Life of Rev. J. Fletcher, of Madeley.*

4323. PRAYER, What is? On one occasion Mr. Morison having stated his views as to prayer, very strongly denying that a sinner *can* pray, my father (Dr. Brown), turning to the Moderator, said, "Sir, let a man feel himself to be a sinner, and, for anything the universe of creatures can do for him, hopelessly lost—let him feel this, sir, and let him get a glimpse of the Saviour, and all the eloquence

and argument of Mr. Morison will not keep that man from crying out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' *That, sir, is prayer*—that is acceptable prayer."—*John Brown, M.D.*

4324. PRAYER, What is? A little boy, one of the Sunday-school children in Jamaica, called upon the missionary and stated that he had lately been very ill, and in his sickness often wished his minister had been present to pray with him. "But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed." "Oh yes, sir." "Well, how did you pray?" "Why, sir, *I begged*."—*Henry T. Williams.*

4325. PRAYER, what it can do. What can prayer do for us? I answer without hesitation, *Everything*. More than one saint like St. Francis, and like Wesley, has left behind him the record that God has never refused him anything for which he seriously prayed. It can gain for us everything, not, perhaps, that we wish, but everything that we want.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

4326. PRAYER, what it is. Amyntor, at a memorable period of his life, was under great distress of conscience and harassed by violent temptations. He made his case known to an experienced friend, who said, "*Amyntor, you do not pray*." Surprised at this, he replied, "I pray, if such a thing be possible, too much. I can hardly tell how many times in the day I bow my knee to God; almost to the omission of my other duties and the neglect of my necessary studies." "You mistake my meaning, dear Amyntor; I do not refer you to the ceremony of the knee, but to the devotion of the *heart*, which neglects not any business, but intermingles prayer with *all*; which in every place looks unto the Lord, and on every occasion lifts up an indigent, longing soul for the supply of His grace. This," added he, and spoke with peculiar force, "*this* is prayer, which all the devils in hell cannot withstand."—*Whitecross.*

4327. PRAYER, what it is. A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took her pencil and wrote the reply, "*Prayer is the wish of the heart*."

4328. PRAYER, when unprofitable. As a plaster cannot heal a wound if there be any iron sticking in the same, so prayer will not profit him anything who regards iniquity in his heart.—*Cawdray.*

4329. PRAYERS, and ridicule. An English admiral used to be fond of relating that, on first leaving an humble lodging to join his ship as a midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying, "God bless you and prosper you, my lad; and, as long as you live, never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers." The young sailor carefully followed this advice through life, and had reason to rejoice that he did so.—*Clerical Library.*

4330. PRAYERS, definite. "I never am tired of praying," said one man, "because I always have a definite errand when I pray."—*Spurgeon.*

4331. PRAYERS informal, but sincere. His Royal Highness (the late Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria), during his illness, asked the physician if he were accustomed to pray. "Please, your Royal Highness, I hope I say my prayers; but

shall I bring a prayer-book?" "No!" was the reply; "what I mean is, if you could pray for me in my present situation?" The doctor then asked if he should call the Duchess. "Do," said the Prince. The Duchess came, and offered up a most affectionate prayer on behalf of her beloved husband. On another occasion, when the Duke expressed some concern about the state of his soul, in the prospect of death, his physician endeavoured to soothe his mind by referring to his high respectability and his honourable conduct in the distinguished situation in which Providence had placed him, when he stopped him short, saying, "No; remember, if I am saved, it is not as a prince, but as a sinner." When His Royal Highness felt that he was approaching the termination of his earthly career, he desired the infant Princess to be placed before him while he sat up in bed. In this position he offered up a most affecting prayer for her, the last part of which was to this effect, if not in this very language—that, *if ever this child should be Queen of England, she might rule in the fear of God.* Having uttered these words, he said, "Take the child away," and that was the last time he ever beheld her.—*Mrs. (Dean) Goode.*

4332. PRAYERS, Long. Whitefield was one day visiting at the house of a friend, where the master of the house himself engaged in prayer, but he was so immoderately long, that Whitefield got up off his knees and sat down on his chair. At last the prayer was over, when Whitefield exclaimed, "Sir, you prayed me into a good frame, and you prayed me out of it again."—*J. R. Andrews.*

4333. PRAYERS, may be selfish and mercenary. In one of the churches of Vispach I found, down in an underground chapel where there is a large collection of skulls, a poor half-witted crazy man, a sort of cretin, praying by himself in the twilight. I had the curiosity to ask him what he prayed for, and received the significant reply, that *he prayed for himself, and also for those good people who gave him something.*—*Sir John Forbes.*

4334. PRAYERS, of the wicked. Once, while travelling by mail-coach, a respectable young woman sat on one side of me, and near me on the other a talkative gentleman, who seemed to think that he proved his high breeding by using oaths. Presently he addressed the young woman in a free and not very refined style, mingling an oath or two with his speech. She looked uneasy and abashed, and did not reply. Upon her silence he rudely remarked to her, "Why don't you answer me? What are you afraid of? I suppose you have said your prayers this morning?" As she continued silent, I spoke to her, and said, "You see the gentleman has said his prayers." "Yes, sir," she added; "and shocking ones they are."—*Leifchild (abridged).*

4335. PRAYERS, Profane. Wesley once travelled in a stage-coach with a young officer, who swore and uttered curses upon himself in almost every sentence. The venerable divine asked him if he had read the Common Prayer Book; for if he had, he might remember that collect beginning, "O God, who art ever more ready to hear than we are to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve." The gentleman had the good sense to make the application and behave accordingly.

4336. PRAYERS, Short. In 1715 I dined with

the Duke of Ormond at Richmond, Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, being one of the company. During dinner there was a jocular dispute concerning short prayers. Sir William Windham told us that the shortest prayer he had ever heard was the prayer of a common soldier, just before the battle of Blenheim—"O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" This was followed by a general laugh. Atterbury, seeming to join in the conversation, and applying himself to Sir William Windham, said, "Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short; but I remember another as short, but much better, offered up by a poor soldier in the same circumstances—"O God, if in the day of battle I forget Thee, do Thou not forget me!"—*Dr. William King.*

4337. PRAYERS, Short. The ancient Christians of Egypt were in the custom of using very short and frequent prayers, fearing that in using longer the fervour of their affection might suffer diminution.—*Augustine.*

4338. PRAYERS, Unreal, illustrated. Some time ago there lived in Peeblesshire a half-witted man, who made some pretensions to being religious, and was in the habit of retiring for prayer to a field, where he engaged in his devotions behind a turf-dyke. One day some young men, who were aware of Jock's practice, followed him to the field, and secreted themselves on the other side of the dyke, that they might hear what he would say. In the prayer which he offered, among other things, Jock confessed that he was a great sinner, and so deserving of God's displeasure, that even if the turf-dyke were to fall upon him at that moment, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he made this confession than the youths on the opposite side violently pushed the dyke over upon him, and he was almost hidden from their sight. Scrambling out from the debris, he was heard to say, "Hech, sirs! it's an awfu' world this; a body canna say a thing in joke, but its ta'en in earnest."—*James Douglas, Ph.D.*

4339. PRAYING, A good reason for. A little girl about four years of age being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know He hears me, and I love to pray to Him." "But how do you know He hears you?" was the further inquiry. Putting her little hand to her heart, she said, "I know He does, because there is something here that tells me so."—*Henry T. Williams.*

4340. PRAYING, without giving. We are told that the Lamas of Thibet have the following way of helping travellers who are in want of horses. They cut out a number of horses in paper, ascend a high mountain, pray, and fling up a lot of these paper horses in the air, and the wind carries them in all directions; and they suppose that Buddha then changes those paper horses into flesh and blood, and weary travellers get the use of them. So absurd are those who make formal prayers, and do not give and work for the object prayed for.—*Christian Age.*

4341. PREACHER, Advice to. The Rev. John Ryland, an excellent but somewhat eccentric divine, gave the following advice to a young preacher:—(1.) Don't buy too many books, for that will hurt your pocket. (2.) Don't sit up late at night to study, for that will hurt your constitution. (3.) Don't go courting, for that will hurt your mind."

4342. **PREACHER, The universal.** Archbishop Leighton, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister, "Have you been hearing a sermon?" "I've met a sermon," was the answer. The sermon he had met was a corpse on its way to the grave; the preacher was Death.—*American National Preacher.*

4343. **PREACHER, Want of humanness in.** I once heard a preacher who sorely tempted me to say I would go to church no more. Men go, thought I, where they are wont to go; else had no soul entered the temple in the afternoon. A snowstorm was falling around us. The snowstorm was real, the preacher merely spectral; and the eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him, and then, out of the window behind him, into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He had no one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love; had been commanded, or cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted, we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession—namely, to convert life into truth—he had not learned. Not one fact in all his experience had he yet imported into his doctrine. This man had ploughed and planted, and talked, and bought and sold, he had read books, he had eaten and drunken, his head aches, his heart throbs, he smiles and suffers; yet was there not a surmise, a hint, in all the discourse *that he had ever lived at all.* Not a line did he draw out of real history.—*Emerson.*

4344. **PREACHERS, and texts.** Luther's wife said to him, "Sir, I heard your cousin, John Palmer, preach this afternoon in the parish church, whom I understood better than Dr. Pomer, though the Doctor is held to be a very excellent preacher." Luther answered, "John Palmer preaches as ye women used to talk; for what comes into your minds ye speak. A preacher *ought to remain by the text*, and deliver that which he has before him, to the end people may well understand it. But a preacher that will speak everything that comes in his mind is like a maid that goes to market, and meeting another maid, makes a stand, and they hold together a goose-market.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

4345. **PREACHERS, "Deep."** If you look down into a well, if it be empty it will appear to be very deep, but if there be water in it you will see its brightness. I believe that many "deep" preachers are simply so because *they are like dry wells* with nothing whatever in them, except decaying leaves, a few stones, and perhaps a dead cat or two. If there be living water in your preaching it may be very deep, but the light of truth will give clearness to it.—*Spurgeon.*

4346. **PREACHERS, Lay, misunderstood.** Rowland Hill, when travelling in Scotland, happened casually to pass the well-known northern evangelists Messrs. J. Haldane and Aikman. He was attracted by their appearance, and asked who they were. "I was told," he says "their errand and design; that it was a marvellous circumstance, quite a phenomenon, that an East Indian captain, a gentleman of good family and connections, should turn itinerant preacher; that he should travel from town to town, and all against his own interest and character. This information was enough for me. I immediately sought out the itinerants. When I inquired for them of the landlady of the inn, she told me she supposed I meant the *two priests* who were at her house, but

she could not satisfy me of *what religion they were.* The *two priests*, however, and myself soon met, and to our mutual satisfaction passed the evening together.—*Lives of the Haldanes.*

4347. **PREACHING, Fruitful.** When St. Jerome preached in Padua and Milan and other cities the doctors and masters ceased their lectures, saying to their scholars, "Go, hear the preacher of the best sentences and the worst rhetoric; *gather the fruit and neglect the leaves;*" and this is a better compliment than to say, "Go and hear what a rustling there is among the leaves; and as to the fruit, if there be any, try to get it."—*Paxton Hood.*

4348. **PREACHING, and practising.** It is a popular error to mistake that *length* is the only dimension of a sermon. A man said to a minister, "Your sermons are too short." Said the minister, "If you will practise *all I preach*, you will find them quite long enough." A sentence may be a sermon.—*Dr. Parker.*

4349. **PREACHING, and success.** "How comes it," demanded a bishop of Garrick, "that I, in expounding divine doctrines, produce so little effect upon my congregation, while you can so easily rouse the passions of your auditors by the representation of fiction?" The answer was short and pithy—"Because I recite falsehoods as if they were true, while you deliver truths as if they were fiction."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

4350. **PREACHING, by proxy.** During the meetings of Mr. Moody in Brooklyn a young man heard him explain the way of salvation. He was not specially affected by the truth, and returned to his boarding-house only to comment in a critical and scoffing spirit. At the table he was requested to give an outline of the sermon; and as he related the points and illustrations of the preacher, a young lady, who was a silent listener to his narrative, was convicted, and led to see the plan of salvation, and gave her heart to Christ.

4351. **PREACHING, Continual.** "Did you ever hear me preach, Charles?" said Coleridge to Lamb, referring to his brief early career in the pulpit. "N-n-never heard you do anything else!" was the unexpected reply of his stammering friend.

4352. **PREACHING, Deep.** "Is not Mr. B. a deep preacher?" asked a friend of the late Dr. Campbell, of Aberdeen. "Eh!" replied the Doctor, smiling, "I will tell you a story, sir. When I was a boy I was amusing myself with some other boys in a pool. Some of them were going farther in than I was disposed to go, and I was frightened. To a man who was passing by I called out, 'Is the pool deep?' 'No, man,' replied he; '*it is only muddy!*'"—*J. C. Antliff, B.D.*

4353. **PREACHING, Direct.** Whether I am to recover my former health I know not. If, however, I should be permitted to preach again, I will certainly do what is in my power to learn to preach directly to men, *looking them in their faces*, and not looking at the paper on the desk.—*Dr. Wayland.*

4354. **PREACHING, Effective.** A man once heard an affecting sermon, and while highly commending it, was asked what he remembered of it. "Truly," he replied, "I remember nothing at

all; but it made me resolve to live better, and, by God's grace, I will."

4355. PREACHING, Effective. Charles the First used to say of the preaching of one of his chaplains, afterwards Bishop Sanderson, "I carry my ears to hear other preachers; but I carry my conscience to hear Mr. Sanderson, and to act accordingly."—*Izaak Walton.*

4356. PREACHING, Fearless. It is related of John Wesley that, preaching to an audience of courtiers and noblemen, he used the "generation of vipers" text, and flung denunciation right and left. "That sermon should have been preached at Newgate," said a displeased courtier to Wesley on passing out. "No," said the fearless apostle; "my text *there* would have been, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!'"

4357. PREACHING, Flowery. Hall was once asked what he thought of a sermon which he had just heard delivered, and which had appeared to produce a great sensation among the congregation. His reply may suggest an important hint to some Christian ministers—"Very fine, sir; but a man cannot live upon flowers."

4358. PREACHING, for eternity. It was a favourite maxim with Whitefield to preach as Apelles painted—for eternity. He was much struck with a remark Dr. Delany made one day at the table of Archbishop Boulter—"I wish, whenever I go into the pulpit," said the Doctor, "to look upon it as the last time I may ever preach, or the last time the people may hear."—*J. R. Andrews.*

4359. PREACHING, fruit and flowers. At Hampton Court Palace every one regards with wonder the enormous vine loaded with so vast a multitude of huge clusters. Just outside the vine-house is as fine a specimen of the wistaria, and when it is in full bloom the cluster-like masses of bloom cause you to think it a flower-bearing vine, as the other is a fruit-bearing vine. Fit emblems these two famous trees of two ministries, both admired, but not equally to be prized—the ministry of oratory, luxuriant in metaphor and poetry, and the ministry of grace, abounding in sound teaching and soul-saving energy.—*Spurgeon.*

4360. PREACHING, Fruits of. The Rev. Mr. Nott, a missionary in Tahiti, preached on one occasion from the text, "Let him that stole steal no more." The next morning, when the missionary opened his door, he saw a number of natives sitting on the ground before his dwelling, with tools and other articles by their side. He requested an explanation of this circumstance. They answered, "We have not been able to sleep all night; we were in the chapel yesterday. We thought, when we were pagans, that it was right to steal when we could do it without being found out. Hiro, the god of thieves, used to assist us. But we heard what you said yesterday, that *Jehovah* had commanded that we should not steal. We have stolen, and all these things that we have brought with us are stolen goods." Mr. Nott proposed that they should take the plundered property home, and restore it, when an opportunity should occur, to its lawful owners. But to this they objected. They all said, "Oh no, we cannot take the things back; we have had no peace ever since we heard it was displeasing to God

to steal them, and we shall have no peace so long as they remain in our dwellings. We wish you to take them, and give them back to the owners whenever they come."

4361. PREACHING, Genuine effects of. One of the great sermons of William Dawson, the celebrated Yorkshire preacher, was the "Balance Sermon," in which he used to put human souls into the one scale and the law of God into the other, and with terrible heart-searching power over the consciences of his hearers, used to show how the law of God weighed down the hypocrite, the miser, the swearer, and others. On one occasion a man who used a short measure—a yard measure, which had once been thirty-six inches in length, but which he had used as a walking-stick—was so wrought upon by the discourse that, interrupting the preacher, he *snapped the measure in two*, and then said, "You can go on now, sir." It was grand preaching that could make a man confess his guilt and forsake his sin at the same moment.

4362. PREACHING, homely, Effectiveness of. I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called Methodists have. Said Johnson, "Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations—a practice for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime, because it debases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people; but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and show them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in that country."—*Boswell's Johnson.*

4363. PREACHING, its force the main consideration. I had tried to drive certain long brass-headed nails into a wall, but had never succeeded, except in turning up their points, and rendering them useless. When a tradesman came who understood his work, I noticed that he filed off all the points of the nails, the very points upon whose sharpness I had relied; and when he had quite blunted them, he drove them in as far as he pleased. *With some consciences our fine points in preaching are worse than useless.* Our keen distinctions and nice discriminations are thrown away on many; they need to be encountered with sheer force and blunt honesty. The truth must be hammered into them by main strength, and we know from whom to seek the needed power.—*Spurgeon.*

4364. PREACHING, judged by its effects. A person whose life was immoral urged his sister to go with him to hear his minister; but she smartly replied, "Brother, what are you the better for his preaching?"

4365. PREACHING, Lay, uses of. Mr. Watson, afterwards minister of Dumfries, owed his first religious impressions to an open-air sermon preached by one of the Haldanes at the cross of Ayr. He was pressed very strongly by a good old woman to go and hear the Scotch evangelists, but replied, "No, no; I never go to hear men who preach in

the streets for bawbees." In answer to this he was assured that *they were independent gentlemen*, "who didna preach for siller." This appeared so extraordinary that he at once resolved to go and hear for himself; and the result was his conversion, and subsequent relinquishment of business for the ministry.—*Life of the Haldanes.*

4366. PREACHING, Learned. A lady went one day to hear Dr. — preach, and, as usual, carried a pocket Bible with her, that she might turn to any of the passages the preacher might happen to refer to. But she found that she had no use for her Bible there, and on coming away said to a friend, "I should have left my Bible at home to-day, and have brought my *Dictionary*. The Doctor does not deal in Scripture, but in such learned words and phrases as require the help of an interpreter to render them intelligible."

4367. PREACHING, Lessons from. I learn by preaching to know what the world, the flesh, the malice, and wickedness of the Devil is, all which could not be known before the gospel was revealed and preached, for up to that time I thought there were no sins but incontinence and lechery.—*Luther*

4368. PREACHING, Long. After having long spent much strength and labour to little purpose, I was one day lamenting before God, as I walked to church, the little fruits of my exertions. As I went along I was overtaken by a vine-dresser, who was going the same way. I took an opportunity of asking him how the missions were liked. "Sir," replied the peasant, "we all feel obliged to you for your kind intentions; we are all likewise sensible that everything you tell us is good, *but you preach too long*. We ignorant boors are just like our own vine-vats; the juice must have plenty of room left to work; and once filled to the brim, if you attempt to pour in more, even if it were the very best juice in the world, it will only be spilt on the ground and lost."—*M. Vincent.*

4369. PREACHING, Love of. In a letter the late Rev. Rowland Hill remarks—"Old as I am, I am just returned from a long missionary ramble; but I feel I am getting old. Oh that I may work well to the last!" In all his journeys, even when he had reached a period beyond that usually allotted to man, he was disconcerted if he did not find a pulpit ready for him every evening. In one of his letters, fixing his days for preaching on his road to some place, he says, "Ever since my Master has put me into office I have ever esteemed it my duty to remember His admonition, 'As ye go, preach.'" His general answer to invitations to houses on his route was, "I shall be happy to come to you, if you can find me a place to preach in."

4370. PREACHING, may be unfaithful. We were sitting under the shade of an oak-tree comparing notes and conferring with one another as to the best methods of service, especially in reference to effective preaching. "I always write my sermons," said my friend, "and then carefully revise them, so that, if anything is written calculated to offend any of my hearers, I may at once erase it." This was said by a young clergyman, who was evidently anxious to make his mark as a preacher. Desirous to know that I heard correctly, I replied, "Do you mean that forcible statements, either of your own writing or from Scripture, concerning sin

and the terrors of the judgment to come, are either toned down or avoided?" "Yes," was the reply; "if I think they will offend any one I do so." I fear this candid testimony indicates the reason why so many ministers are powerless amongst their fellows. "The fear of man bringeth a snare indeed."—*Henry Varley.*

4371. PREACHING, Nervousness in. It is said that Melancthon on some occasion arose to preach a sermon on the text, "I am the Good Shepherd." On looking around upon his numerous audience his natural timidity overcame him, and he could only repeat the text over and over again. Luther, who was in the desk with him, at length exclaimed, "You are a very good sheep!" and telling him to sit down, took the same text, and preached an excellent discourse from it.—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

4372. PREACHING, on the edge of eternity. Some years ago the Rev. Dr. Henry Peckwell stepped into a dissecting-room and touched one of the dead bodies, forgetting that he had just before accidentally cut his finger. He became diseased, and the doctors pronounced the accident fatal. At that time worship was held at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, on a Friday evening. Conscious of his approaching death, the good man ascended the pulpit, and preached in so powerful a strain as to make many of his audience weep. At the conclusion he told the audience that it was his farewell sermon—"not like the ordinary farewell sermons of the world, but more impressive, from the circumstances, than any preached before. My hearers shall long bear it in mind when this frail earth is mouldering in its kindred dust!" The congregation could not conjecture his meaning; but on the following Sabbath an unknown preacher ascended the pulpit, and informed them that their pious minister had breathed his last on the preceding evening.—*Arvine.*

4373. PREACHING, Our ideal in. Dr. Raleigh, approaching the close of his career, and when he was in the zenith of his fame as a preacher, said, after an effort of unusual power, "I feel as if I should be able to preach in four or five years." It was characteristic of the man. He had seen God's ideal of himself as a preacher, and he would not take his eyes off it; no, not even in his old age.—*Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., D.D.*

4374. PREACHING, Personal. The late Rev. Daniel A. Clark, though not remarkable for prudence, had the precaution on one occasion to forestall the imputation of personality. He was preaching in —, at the funeral of a man whose family and family circle were notorious neglectors of public worship. At the present time the attendance was large. In the progress of his discourse Mr. Clark spoke of a class to be found in every community who make attending funerals the sum and substance of their religion, reproving them in that plain and pungent style of language of which he was in his day such a master, when he stopped—"Lest any of you should think that what I have just said was meant for you, I would observe that the sermon I am preaching was written for a congregation in Massachusetts." Having put himself and his hearers at ease, he proceeded quietly with his sermon.—*Christian Age.*

4375. PREACHING, Personal. Father Taylor, the sailor preacher of Boston, would single out a

person in his audience, and talk to him individually with the same freedom as if he met him in the street. "Ah! my jolly tar," he said, turning to a sailor who happened at that moment to catch his eye, "here you are in port again: God bless you! See to your helm, and you will reach a fairer port by-and-by. *Hark! don't you hear the bells of heaven over the sea?*"

4376. PREACHING, Power of. Dr. Leifchild narrates having, in the course of one of his sermons, remarked on the methods used by God in leading sinners to repentance, which sometimes seemed to fail; he added, that God did not even then give them up, but sometimes employed the very trumpet of judgment to rouse their torpid consciences and to summon them to behold the inevitable consequences of final impenitence. He proceeded to say—"Both the wooing and the warning voice may have been unheeded hitherto by some present, and, for aught you can tell, *the next voice that addresses you* may be that of the commissioned angel, saying, 'Come to judgment!' At these words a soldier, who was seated in the midst of the congregation, suddenly started up, and exclaimed with great vehemence, 'O sir, say not so, say not so!—oh, stop!' The assembly was confused for a while, but became composed again. Dr. Leifchild then observed that it is the privilege and happiness of a Christian minister to assure all under apprehensions of impending judgment and trembling to know what they must do to be saved, that, whatever their guilt, there is free pardon in Christ, if they will accept His grace. After proceeding in this strain, he said, 'But to return'—'"Oh, pray, sir," exclaimed the soldier, who had been standing all the while in evident consternation, 'do not return!'" The soldier was pacified, and sat down; the service was closed, and the collection made, when it appeared that he had put his watch into the plate. On being called back, he confessed to Dr. Leifchild that his evil ways had hastened his mother's death, and that the solemn warning he had just heard recalled her words to his mind, and so affected him that he could not sit still. His watch was restored, and he was dismissed with some friendly words, and an invitation to call on Dr. Leifchild, which, however, he failed to keep.

4377. PREACHING, Power of. "I happened," says Dr. Franklin, in his Memoirs, "to attend one of his (Whitefield's) sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistols in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and resolved to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that *I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all.*"—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

4378. PREACHING, Preparation for. When travelling in Northern Italy our driver at night slept in the carriage, and when I called him up in the morning he leaped out, cracked his whip three times, and said he was quite ready. Such a rapid toilet I hardly appreciated, and wished that he had slept elsewhere, or that I had to occupy another seat. You who are ready to preach in a hop, skip,

and jump will pardon me if I take a pew somewhere else.—*Spurgeon.*

4379. PREACHING, Preparation for. M'Cheyne was wont to visit his sick or dying hearers on the Saturday afternoon; for, as he told Dr. James Hamilton, before preaching he liked to look over the verge.—*Spurgeon.*

4380. PREACHING, Preparation necessary for. To a probationer whose manner of expression was slovenly, notwithstanding that his sermons had much in them, Mr. Gregor of Bonhill advised "a little less meat and a little more cooking."—*Dr. Wilson.*

4381. Preaching, Profound. An Englishman crossed the Channel to France, and was exceedingly disturbed by the fact that he could not understand a word of the French language. He was met at the depot by a Frenchman, and the driver of the cab talked to him in French. When he got to the hotel he found nothing but the French language there, and a man, with French language, took him to his couch at night, and he was almost exhausted because of his incapacity to understand anything that was being said to him, and in sad mind he went to sleep. In the morning he woke up, and he heard the chanticleer crow, and he said, "Thank goodness, there's some English at last." And what a relief it is, after hearing some men talk in learned technicalities, foreign to our capacity, to suddenly hear something the plainest people can understand! I know only of one use for words, and that is, to let men know what you mean.

4382. PREACHING, Right subject for. Charles Dickens eight years ago went into the Victoria Theatre, in the east end of London. He sat looking in at the door, and an English clergyman was preaching, telling the story of converting a philosopher. Mr. Dickens, whose heart grew tenderer as he drew nearer to the grave, looked in and said, "Looking in at the door out of the mire and dust of my way of life, I hear the story of your saved philosopher; but," said he, "when a man goes to London that will take the story of the dying thief on the cross, whom Jesus forgave, and preach that in London, it will be a sight to see."

4383. PREACHING, scolding. "Ma," said a little girl to her mother on returning from church, "I like our preacher when he comes to see us, but I don't like to hear him preach." On being asked why, the response was, "His preaching sounded like scolding all the time."—*The Preacher's Lantern.*

4384. PREACHING, Secret of power in. Charles G. Finney used to discover that sometimes his preaching was mighty in its influence to convict and convert sinners. At other times he seemed to be firing only blank cartridges. The results depended entirely upon his own spiritual condition, upon his nearness to or his absence from God. When he was in close communion with God the currents of power were mighty and irresistible. When his connection with the Lord ceased, either through unbelief or unworthy living, his *lifting* power was gone. Drawing nigh to God was invariably the most effectual way to draw the impenitent.—*Cuyler.*

4385. PREACHING, Sensational. Ministers who advertise vulgar or irreverent topics do not themselves—as they justly should—suffer all the conse-

quences of their folly. Their brethren of the same denomination are often scandalised by it. Said a worthy citizen to a minister of another sect, "I am glad to make your acquaintance. I had conceived a prejudice against you. Your neighbour preached on 'How Jonah felt when the whale swallowed him,' and on 'Where Samson got his foxes,' and on 'What a woman will do when she gets mad,' and on 'A little man who was too much for a big one,' and 'I thought you were all of the same sort.'" Crowds drawn by such catch-penny tricks do no good to the local church, but much harm, and often are a great hindrance to the progress of the denomination in the whole region.—*Christian Advocate*.

4386. PREACHING, should be interesting. A minister who was finding fault with one of his elders for falling asleep so often in church said to him, "You should take a pinch of snuff, and it would help to keep you awake." His elder's answer was, "It would be far better, I think, sir, if you would put a pinch of snuff in *your* sermons."—*James Douglas, Ph.D.*

4387. PREACHING, Simplicity in. Arthur Helps tells a story of an illiterate soldier at the chapel of Lord Morpeth's castle in Ireland. Whenever Archbishop Whately came to preach it was observed that this rough private was always in his place, mouth open, as if in sympathy with his ears. Some of the gentlemen playfully took him to task for it, supposing it was due to the usual vulgar admiration of a celebrity. But the man had a better reason, and was able to give it. He said, "That isn't it at all. *The Archbishop is easy to understand.* There are no fine words in him. A fellow like me, now, can follow along and take every bit of it in."

4388. PREACHING, Simplicity necessary in. The first thing is to make your sermon plain. Mr. Bloomfield preached on the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Wishing to find out how it pleased his people, he called a poor foolish man to the pulpit, and asked him how he liked the sermon. The reply, which made Bloomfield a sadder and a wiser man, was, "Well, sir, I must say that I can't agree with you. In spite of all you've said, I think there must be a God."

4389. PREACHING, Soft. Robert Hall was once asked by a friend, "What do you think of Mr. B——?" "Why, sir," replied Hall, "he is a remarkable man—a very remarkable man in his line; mark me, I say *in his line*, sir." "And pray, sir, what may you consider to be his line?" "Why," replied Hall, "Mr. B—— is a remarkably good *she*-preacher, sir; *soft* preaching is his line, sir."—*Clerical Anecdotes*.

4390. PREACHING, Solemnity in. A Mr. Madan, who had been educated for the bar, being a great mimic, was desired one evening by some wicked companions to go and hear the Rev. John Wesley, who, they were told, was to preach in the neighbourhood, and then return and exhibit his *manner and discourse* for their entertainment. Accordingly he went to the meeting with this intention; when, just as he entered the place, Mr. Wesley named as his text, "Prepare to meet thy God," with a solemnity of accent that struck the young man very forcibly, inspiring a seriousness which continued to increase as the good man pro-

ceeded in exhorting his hearers to repentance. On returning from the meeting Mr. Madan was accosted by his acquaintances, "Have you taken off the old Methodist?" "No, gentlemen," he replied, "*but he has taken me off!*"

4391. PREACHING, Subjects of. An eminent minister of New York said to me some time ago, "I have a very large audience, but they are all Christians. I can't get the worldly people to come in and listen to me. I hear that a good many worldly people come to hear you. You must preach some very strange things. What did you preach about yesterday?" "Well," I replied, "I preached yesterday morning on, 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found;' and in the evening I preached about, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.'" Said he, "Is that all?" "Yes," I replied; "that is all."—*Talmage*.

4392. PREACHING, Sycophancy in. "We shall all die," said a French court preacher; "*almost* all," the sycophant added, turning towards the spot where sat the king.

4393. PREACHING, the right and wrong sort. The different effects produced by pulpit eloquence are well described by the following anecdote of two French preachers:—Le Père Arrius said, "When Le Père Bourdaloue preached at Rouen the tradesmen forsook their shops, lawyers their clients, physicians their sick, and tavern-keepers their bars; but when I preached the following year I set all things to rights—*every man minded his own business!*"

4394. PREACHING, Tact in. Amongst bigoted Roman Catholics it was no easy matter to maintain order, especially after destructive missiles once began to fly; and yet, Mr. Ouseley, by extraordinary tact, was sometimes enabled to finish his discourse with good effect. One day, while preaching at Ennis-corthy, the crowd became very turbulent, and bricks and stones were thrown. He stopped, and after a pause cried out, "Boys, dear, what's the matter with you to-day? Won't you let an old man talk to you a little?" "We don't want to hear a word out of your old head," was the prompt reply from one in the crowd. "But I want to tell you a story about one you all say you respect and love." "Who's that?" "The Blessed Virgin." "Och, and what do *you* know about the Blessed Virgin?" "More than you think; and I'm sure you'll be pleased with what I have to tell you, if you'll only listen to me." "Come, then," said another voice, "let us hear what he has to say about the Holy Mother." There was a lull, and the missionary began:—"There was once a young couple to be married, belonging to a little town called Cana. The people whose children were to be married thought it right to invite the Blessed Virgin to the wedding feast, and her Blessed Son too, and some of His disciples; and they all thought it right to come. As they sat at table the Virgin Mother thought she saw that the wine provided for the entertainment began to run short. 'They have no wine.' 'Don't let that trouble you, Ma'am,' said He. And in a minute or two after she, knowing well what was in His good heart, said to one of the servants that was passing behind Him, '*Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.*' Accordingly, by-and-by, our blessed Lord said to another of them,

'Fill those large water-pots with water?' And, remembering the words of the Holy Virgin, they did His bidding, and said, 'Sir, they are full to the brim.' 'Take some, then, to the master at the head of the table,' He said. And they did so, and the master tasted it, and lo and behold you! it was wine, and the best of wine too! And there was plenty of it for the feast. All that, you see, came of the servants taking the advice of the Blessed Virgin, and doing what she bade them. Now, if she were here among us, she would give just the same advice to every one of us, '*Whatsoever He saith to you, do it.*' And now I'll tell you some of the things He says to us. He says, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.'" And then he expounded clearly the nature of the gate of life, and the necessity of entering it, winding up with the words of the Virgin, "*Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.*" In like manner he dwelt on other weighty words of our Lord, enforcing his exhortation in each instance by the Virgin's counsel. "But no," at last he broke forth—"no, with all the love and reverence you pretend for the Blessed Virgin, you won't take her advice, but will listen willingly to any drunken schoolmaster that will wheedle you into a public-house and put mischief and wickedness into your heads." Here he was interrupted by a voice, which seemed to be that of an old man, saying, "*True for you, true for you!* If you were telling lies all the days of your life, it's the truth you're tellin' now." And so the preacher was allowed to finish his discourse with good effect.—*Life of Gideon Ouseley (condensed).*

4395. PREACHING, to kindred. A little native girl was brought from New Zealand for her education. She became a true Christian. After her education was finished she earnestly desired to return to her fatherland. Her friends tried to persuade her not to go back, saying, "Why do you wish to return? You are now accustomed to England, and it suits your health; besides, it is possible you may be shipwrecked. And even if you should get there safely, your people may kill you. Everybody will have forgotten you now." "How?" said the girl; "*do you think I can keep the good news all to myself?*" Can you think I can be content to have forgiveness and peace for myself, and everlasting life, and shall not return to teach my father and mother how they may also get it? I will return to my fatherland, even if I must swim there."

4396. PREACHING, to the common people. At a meeting held at Wittenberg by the leaders of the Reformation it was agreed that Albert Bucer and Luther should be the preachers. At the close of the services Luther requested Bucer to be his guest, to which Bucer readily acceded. In the course of the evening Luther found an opportunity to make his remarks on the sermon delivered by his sage friend. He spoke highly in its praises, but added, "*Bucer, I can preach better than you.*" Such an observation sounded oddly to the ear of his friend, who, however, took it in good part, and readily replied, "*Every person, of course, will agree that Luther should bear the palm.*" Luther immediately changed his tone of voice, and with indescribable seriousness addressed his friend to this effect:—"Do not mistake me, my dear brother, as though I spoke merely in the praise of myself. I am fully aware of my weakness, and am conscious of my inability to deliver a sermon so learned and

judicious as the one I have heard from your lips this afternoon. But my method is, when I enter the pulpit, to look at the people that sit in the aisles; because they are principally Vandals (alluding to the circumstance of those parts having been formerly overrun by hordes of savage Vandals). I keep my eye on the Vandals, and endeavour to preach what they can comprehend. But you shot over their heads; your sermon was adapted for learned hearers, but my Vandals could not understand you. I compare them to a crying babe, who is sooner satisfied with the breast of its mother than with the richest confectioneries; so my people are more nourished by the simple word of the gospel than by the deepest erudition, though accompanied with all the embellishments of eloquence."

4397. PREACHING, Unprofitable. Painfully do I call to mind hearing one Sabbath evening a deliverance called a sermon, of which the theme was a clever inquiry as to whether an angel did actually descend and stir the pool at Bethesda, or *whether it was an intermitting spring*, concerning which Jewish superstition had invented a legend. Dying men and women were assembled to hear the way of salvation, and they were put off with such vanity as this!—*Spurgeon.*

4398. PREACHING, Want of point in. A sailor just off a whaling expedition asked where he could hear good preaching. On his return from church his friend said to him, "You do not seem to have liked the sermon?" "Not much; it was like a ship leaving for the whale-fishing, everything ship-shape—anchors, cordage, sails, all right—but *there were no harpoons on board.*"—*Clerical Library.*

4399. PRECEPTS, why given. A countryman remarked to the minister of his parish that the subjects of his discourse were frequently renewed, and although the lessons inculcated were of the most serious and important nature, yet he complained that they wanted variety. "My friend," said the clergyman, "for what purpose do you imagine the precepts are given you?" "That we may obey them, I should suppose," answered the other. "You are right; and have you, then, learned to practise all those duties which I have already recommended to you?" The rustic replied that he was afraid he had not. "When you have," rejoined the minister, "either my subjects and admonitions shall be novel, or I will be silent. *Till then silence will become you better than reproof.*"

4400. PRECIOUSNESS, not the mere money value. Who would part with a ring of a dead friend's hair? And yet a jeweller will give for it only the value of the gold.—*Southey.*

4401. PRECIPITANCY, Danger of. You have read of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst busied with the broken buckle the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steep was mounted, and like a swooping falcon he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely delay sent him

in safety back to his huzzaing comrades.—*Rev. J. Hamilton.*

4402. PREFACE, may be too long. An excellent Christian woman once heard John Howe, and as he took up an hour in his preface, her observation was, that the dear good man was so long a time in laying the cloth that she lost her appetite; she did not think there would be any dinner after all.—*Spurgeon.*

4403. PREJUDICE, and procrastination. When Emily Brontë lay a-dying she persistently declared until the very last that “no poisoning doctor should come near her.” Her resolution relaxed, *but when it was too late.* The morning of her last day upon earth was nearing noon, and Emily was worse, and could now only whisper in gasps. And “now when it is too late,” she said to Charlotte, “if you will send for a doctor, I will see him now.” About two o’clock she died.—*Francis Jacox.*

4404. PREJUDICE, Influence of. A man said to Mr. Dawson, “I like your sermons very much, but the after-meetings I despise. When the prayer-meeting begins I always go up into the gallery and look down, and I am disgusted.” “Well,” said Mr. Dawson, “the reason is, you go on the top of your neighbour’s house, and look down his chimney to examine his fire, and, of course, *you get only smoke in your eyes!*”—*Talmage.*

4405. PREJUDICE, Overcoming. In expounding the Epistle to the Romans, Master Stafford, coming to that place where St. Paul saith that we shall overcome our enemy with well-doing, and so heap up hot coals upon his head, brought in an example, saying that he knew, in London, a great merchant, which merchant had a very poor neighbour; yet, for all his poverty, he loved him very well, and lent him money at his need, and let him come to his table whensoever he would. It was even at that time when Dr. Colet was in trouble, and should have been burnt if God had not turned the King’s heart to the contrary. Now the rich man began to be a Scripture man, he began to smell the gospel; the poor man was a papist still. It chanced, on a time when the rich man talked of the gospel, sitting at his table, where he reproved popery, and such kind of things, the poor man, being then present, took a great displeasure against the rich man, insomuch that he would come no more to his house, he would borrow no more money of him, as he was wont to do beforetimes. Yea, and conceived such hatred and malice against him that he went and secured him before the bishops. Now the rich man, not knowing any such displeasure, offered many times to talk with him and set him at quiet; but it would not be; the poor man had such a stomach that he would not vouchsafe to speak with him; if he met the rich man in the street he would go out of his way. One time it happened that he met him in so narrow a street that he could not avoid but come near him; yet, for all that, this poor man had such a stomach against the rich man to say that he was minded to go forward and not to speak with him. The rich man, perceiving that, catcheth him by the hand, and asked him saying, “Neighbour, what is come into your heart to take such displeasure with me? What have I done against you? Tell me, and I will be ready at all times to make you amends.”

Finally he spake so gently, so charitably, so lovingly and friendly, that it wrought in the poor man’s heart, that by-and-by he fell down upon his knees and asked him forgiveness. The rich man forgave him, and so took him again to his favour, and they loved as well as ever they did afore.—*Latimer.*

4406. PREJUDICE, Power of. A lady who excelled in making wax flowers and fruit was often criticised severely by her friends, and her work decried, as she thought, unjustly. She convicted them by showing an apple, which they as usual found fault with, one as to the shape, another as to colour, and so on. When they had finished, the lady *cut the apple and ate it.*

4407. PREJUDICE, Strength of. The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great that one of the O’Neals, being told that Barrett of Castlemona had been there only four hundred years, he replied, that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.—*Campbell.*

4408. PREMONITION, enforced from Scripture. When about seventeen years of age I left home for the metropolis, where I lost my health and fell into a state of debility, with all the threatening symptoms of consumption. Medical aid seemed unavailing, and but slender hopes were entertained for my life. One morning, as I was ruminating on the possibility of my recovery, my mother entered the room, and I heard her sigh as she looked anxiously into my face. The Bible was lying before me, and as I glanced on its open page my eye was arrested by a passage that came to my heart with a power not to be described. With a strength of voice that startled my dear parent I cried out, “O mother, I shall recover! See, here it is written;” and I pointed to the memorable words which were then sealed upon my heart in the 17th verse of the 118th Psalm—“*I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord!*”—*Leifchild (abridged).*

4409. PREPARATION, and trust in God. The Rev. Dr. —, of this city, had prepared himself carefully upon a subject in which he was greatly interested. The Sunday evening came. A storm raged; there would be few present, and he was tempted to use an old sermon, and save the last and best for a full house. But he remembered the advice of Dr. De Witt: “*Never change your subject; let the weather change, but always adhere to your preparation!*” To a very few people he preached. At the close of the services a stranger came forward exhibiting traces of emotion, and asked the privilege of walking home with him. He regarded the sermon as personal, *believed that his religion should be practical*, stated that the Lord had blessed him “in his basket and store” beyond his highest expectations, and asked the Doctor to aid him, by his advice, in bestowing his riches wisely. The Doctor answered he knew an Orphan Society that was needy, but it would require a large sum to give it real relief—at least ten thousand dollars. The stranger said nothing, but, taking some cheques from his memorandum-book, filled up one for the amount. He then asked other charities that were really deserving. As names were given cheques were drawn, until he took his departure, leaving in the hands of the astonished preacher cheques to the amount of sixty-five thousand dollars. The stranger presented himself early the next morning. It was

to ask if there was not some other object that, on reflection, the Doctor could recommend as deserving a helping hand. He politely answered that he thought the matter should for the present end where it was; that his gifts were already munificent. The stranger answered, "*It is the Lord's,*" and insisted. The Doctor then said that the Foreign Missionary Society of their own Church was in a strait. "What amount would give relief?" He hesitated, but answered truly, "Fifty thousand dollars!" A check for the amount was filled up. Ever since, Dr. — has concerned himself about his preparations, and is not troubled about the weather; adheres to his preparation, and leaves the rest to God.—*New York Observer* (condensed).

4410. PREPARATION, may be too elaborate. Washington Irving tells us of a Dutchman who, having to leap a ditch, went back three miles, that he might have a good run at it, and found himself so completely winded when he arrived at it again that he was obliged to sit down on the wrong side to recover his breath.—*Horace Smith*.

4411. PREPARATION, Ministerial. "How is it that your seed comes up so soon?" said one gardener to another. "Because I steep it," was the reply. We must steep all our teachings in tears, "when none but God is nigh," and their growth will surprise and delight us.—*Spurgeon*.

4412. PREPARATION, Necessity of. Von Bülow, the eminent pianist, is reported to have said, "*If I stop practising for one day I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days my friends notice it; if I stop three days the public notice it.*"

4413. PREPARATION, Necessity for. A few years ago the keeper of a life-saving station on the Atlantic coast found that his supply of powder had given out. The nearest village was two or three miles distant, and the weather was inclement. He concluded that it was not "worth the while to go so far expressly for *such a trifle*;" he would wait for a few days before sending for a supply. That night a vessel was wrecked within sight of the station. A line could have been given to the crew, if he had been able to use the mortar; but he had no powder. He saw the drowning men perish one by one in his sight, knowing that *he alone was to blame*.—*Family Circle*.

4414. PREPARATION, The true. I remember seeing on the manuscript of one of these sermons on "The Thorn in the Flesh" the mark of a tear. It had fallen as he wrote alone in his room.—*Stopford Brooke's Life of Robertson of Brighton*.

4415. PREPARED for death, Are you? It is said of the Rev. Mr. Kidd, a Scotch minister of some prominence, that he was very eccentric, and had his own way of doing things. "Just as the year was opening," says one of his parishioners, "I was very busy in my shop, when, right in the midst of my work, in stepped the Doctor, without knocking or a word of announcement. 'Did you expect me?' was his abrupt inquiry, without even waiting for a salutation. 'No, sir,' was my reply, 'I did not.' 'What if I had been Death?' he asked, in a solemn, earnest tone; and out he stepped, as suddenly as he had come, and was gone almost before I knew it!"

4416. PRESS, The, and the pulpit. Whitefield was mentioned as "a young gentleman going volunteer to Georgia, who had preached at St. Swithin's, and a collection was made afterwards of eight pounds instead of the usual ten shillings, three pounds of which were in halfpence." This notice vexed him very much, and he sent a request to the editor that he would not put him any more into his newspaper. The answer he received was candid, at any rate—"I am paid for doing it, and I will not lose two shillings for anybody."—*J. R. Andrews*.

4417. PRESUMPTION, Danger of. A scientific gentleman, deputed by the Government, was, not many years ago, examining the scene of a fatal explosion. He was accompanied by the under-viewer of the colliery, and as they were inspecting the edges of a goaf (a region of foul air) it was observed that the "Davies" which they carried were "a-fire." "I suppose," said the inspector, "that there is a good deal of fire-damp hereabouts." "Thousands and thousands of cubic feet all through the goaf," coolly replied his companion. "Why," exclaimed the official, "do you mean to say that there is nothing but that shred of wire gauze between us and eternity?" "Nothing at all," replied the under-viewer, very composedly. "There's nothing here where we stand but that gauze wire to keep the whole mine from being blown into the air." The precipitate retreat of the Government official was instantaneous. And thus it should be with the sinner—*his retreat from the ways of sin*, those goafs of poisonous air, *should be instantaneous*. Sir Humphry Davy's lamp was never designed as a substitute for caution if accidentally and unknowingly carried into foul air; whereas it is often habitually and knowingly carried into foul air.

4418. PRIDE, and idleness. Nothing causes Osiander's pride more than his idle life; for he preaches but twice a week, yet has a yearly stipend of four hundred guilders.—*Luther*.

4419. PRIDE, and the house of God. Leslie, the painter, tells us of his hearing the preference expressed by Rogers for seats in churches without pews opposed by a gentleman who preferred pews, and said, "If there were seats only, I might find myself sitting by my coachman." Rogers replied, "And perhaps you may be glad to find yourself beside him *in the next world*."—*Francis Jacob*.

4420. PRIDE, goes before a fall. It is said that at the Centennial Exhibition held in Philadelphia a certain member of the City Council arrived on the morning of the opening day in elegant attire. With a capacious chest, which displayed white vest, spotless linen, and heavy gold watch-chain, the newcomer evidently intended to impress everybody with the importance of his civic dignity. Addressing the keeper of the turnstile, who evidently had taken stock of the elaborate "get up" of the official, he remarked, "I'm Councillor Thompson." Quietly eyeing the man of aldermanic girth from head to foot, the gatekeeper replied, "Ah, well, you'll do. Pay your dollar; you may pass in."

4421. PRIDE, in spiritual things. I once uttered the Lord's Prayer without a wandering thought, and it was the worst prayer I ever offered. I was on this account as proud as the Devil.—*Romaine*.

4422. PRIDE, Sign of. A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress

and ornaments without being proud. "Madam," said he, "when you see the fox's tail peeping out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is within."—*Clerical Library.*

4423. PRIDE, Spiritual. Amid the changes of this world, I have seen a man who, having known better days, had been nursed by luxury, and reared in the lap of fulness, outlive his good fortune, and sink down into the baseness and meanness of the deepest poverty—in such a case it seems to be with men as with plants. Naturalists find it much less easy to teach a mountain flower to accommodate itself to a low locality than to persuade one which by birth belongs to the valleys to live and thrive at a lofty elevation; so there seems *nothing more difficult to men than to descend gracefully*. . . . And thus I have seen such an one as I have described, when he had lost his wealth, retain his vanity, continuing proud in spirit when he had become poor in circumstances. So it is with us in our lost and low estate; spiritually poor, we are spiritually proud, saying, "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing," while we are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.—*Guthrie.*

4424. PRIDE, Spiritual. The proud Duke of Somerset intimated his commands to his servants by signs, not condescending to speak to such base beings; his children never sat down in his presence, and when he slept in the afternoon one of his daughters stood on each side of him during his august slumbers. When proud Somersets get into the ministry they affect dignity in other ways almost equally absurd. "Stand by; I am holier than thou," is written across their foreheads.—*Spurgeon.*

4425. PRIDE, under an assumed humility. There was a story in old times told of a severe, cynical philosopher visiting the house of one who was far his superior in genius and in modesty. He found the good philosopher living in a comfortable house, with easy-chairs and pleasant pictures around him; and he came in with his feet stained with dust and mud, and said as he walked upon the beautiful carpets, "Thus I trample on the pride of Plato." The good philosopher paid no attention at first, but repaid the visit, and when he saw the ragged furniture and scanty coverings of the floor of the house in which the other ostentatiously lived, he said, "*I see the pride of Diogenes through the holes in his carpet.*"—*Dean Stanley.*

4426. PRIESTS, A Romish estimate of. As Melancthon insisted with the Archbishop of Salzburg on the necessity of a reform of the clergy, "Well! and how can you wish to reform us?" said the latter abruptly; "we priests have always been good for nothing."—*D'Aubigne.*

4427. PRINCIPLE, Faithfulness to. At a recent marriage feast the bridegroom was asked how he first met with his charming bride. He said in reply, "A year ago I was one of a large dinner-party of ladies and gentlemen at which a young lady was observed *not to drink any wine*. Our host noticed it, and invited her by name to drink a glass of wine with him. She, however, had the courage to decline, saying at the same time that she did so *on principle*. Nothing more was said. Her decision of character deeply impressed me. I sought an introduction to her, satisfied that one of her prin-

ciples at least would tend to make a good companion. I became a teetotaler myself, and now she has just become my wife."

4428. PRINCIPLE, Holding to. The lady in Millais' famous picture would fain save her lover's life from the massacre of Bartholomew by binding the popish badge around his arm; he kisses her for her love, but firmly removes the badge. So, when the dearest friends we have, out of mistaken tenderness, would persuade us to avoid persecution by relinquishing principle and doing as others do, we should thank them for their love, but with unbending decision refuse to be numbered with the world.—*Christian Age.*

4429. PRINCIPLE, Want of. The painter Haydon said, "Wilkie's system was Wellington's—principle and produce the groundwork of risk. Mine," says he, "was Napoleon's—audacity, with a defiance of principle, if principle is in the way. I get into prison" (and, poor fellow! he killed himself soon after); "Napoleon died at St. Helena; Wellington is living and honoured; Wilkie has secured a competency; *while I am poor and necessitous as ever.*"—*J. B. Gough.*

4430. PRINCIPLES, Holding to. When a friend, who had co-operated with him on many public occasions, asked Dr. Hamilton on his death-bed, "Do you hold all your great principles clear and firm to the last?" the eye of the dying man kindled and opened wide, while he said with extraordinary emphasis, "Oh yes, my principles! If those principles fail, everything fails."

4431. PRINCIPLES, Steadiness of. The King (George III.) himself, having been told of a gentleman of family and fortune in Perthshire who had not merely refused to take the oath of allegiance to him, but had never permitted him to be named as king in his presence—"Carry my compliments to him," said the King, "but—what—stop—no—he may perhaps not receive my compliments as King of England. Give him the Elector of Hanover's compliments, and tell him that *he respects the steadiness of his principles.*"—*Percy Anecdotes.*

4432. PRINCIPLES, Tried. I have a shelf in my study of tried authors, and one in my mind for tried principles and characters. When an author has stood a thorough examination, I put him on the shelf. When I have fully made up my mind on a principle, *I put it on a shelf*. A hundred subtle objections may be brought against this principle; but my principle is on the shelf. Generally, I may be able to recall the reasons which weighed with me to put it there; but even if not, I am not to be sent out to sea again. Time was when I saw through and detected all the subtleties that can be brought against it. I have past evidence of having been fully convinced; and there on the shelf it shall lie."—*Cecil.*

4433. PRISON, a palace for Christ. When Samuel Rutherford was sentenced to imprisonment in the city of Aberdeen "for righteousness' sake," he wrote to a friend:—"The Lord is with me; *I care not what man can do*. I burden no man, and I want nothing. No king is better provided than I am. Sweet, sweet and easy is the cross of my Lord. All men I look in the face, of whatsoever rank; nobles and poor, acquaintance and strangers, are friendly

to me. My Well-beloved is kinder and more warm than ordinary, and cometh and visiteth my soul; my chains are over-gilded with gold. No pen, no words, no engine, can express to you the loveliness of my only, only Lord Jesus. Thus, in haste, I make for my palace at Aberdeen."

4434. PRIVILEGES, and opportunities, Neglect of. The Russian peasantry have a curious tradition. It is, that an old woman, the Baboushka, was at work in her house when the wise men from the East passed on their way to find the Christ-child. "Come with us," they said, "we have seen His star in the East, and go to worship Him." "*I will come, but not now*," she answered; "I have my house to set in order; when that is done I will follow and find Him." But when her work was done the three kings had passed on their way across the desert, and the star shone no more in the darkened heavens. She never saw the Christ-child, but she is living and searching for Him still; for His sake she takes care of all His children. It is she who in Russian and Italian houses is believed to fill the stockings and dress the tree on Christmas morn. The children are awakened by the cry of "Behold the Baboushka!" and spring up, hoping to see her before she vanished out of the window. She fancies, the tradition goes, that in each poor little one whom she warms and feeds she may find the Christ-child whom she neglected ages ago, but is doomed to eternal disappointment.

4435. PRIVILEGES, Unused. A poor woman visited a doctor, who gave her a prescription, requesting her to call again in a week. She called, and he found the poor creature was not at all better, at which he expressed surprise. The prescription was asked for, and not having any druggist's stamp, it was soon discovered that it had not been used. Is it not so men deal with the teaching and doctrines of God's Word? *They keep unused* what otherwise would be a blessing for time and for eternity.—B.

4436. PROCRASTINATION, Danger of. An old man once said to his pastor, "When I was seventeen I began to feel deeply at times, and this continued for two or three years; but *I determined to put it off till I should be settled in life*. After I was married I reflected that the time had come when I had promised to attend to religion; but I had bought this farm, and I thought *it would not suit me to become religious till it was paid for*, as some time would have to be devoted to attend church, and also some expense. I then resolved to put it off ten years; but when the ten years came round *I thought no more about it*. I often try to think, but I cannot keep my mind on the subject one moment." The pastor urged him, by all the terrors of dying an enemy of God, to set about the work of repentance. "It is too late," said he; "I believe my doom is sealed; and it is just that it should be so, for the Spirit strove long with me, but I refused." The pastor turned to his children, young men and young women, who were around him, and entreated them not to put off the subject of religion or grieve the Spirit of God in their youthful days. The old man added, "Mind that. 'If I had attended to it then, it would have been well with me to-day; but now it is too late.'"—*Clerical Library*.

4437. PROCRASTINATION, Danger of. A gentleman wishing to convey a gentle reproof, to-

gether with a useful lesson, to his gardener, who had neglected to prop a valuable tree until the wind had damaged it, said, "You see, gardener, the danger of putting off from day to day the doing any necessary work. Yet it is in this way foolish men defer their repentance until, in some unexpected moment, *the wind of death comes*, and blows them into eternity."

4438. PROCRASTINATION, Reasons for. "Will you go with me to hear our minister to-day?" said a serious youth, in humble life, to his younger brother. "Not to-day," was the answer; "certainly not to-day." "Why not to-day?" asked the other. "Because next week is the fair. I am sure he will preach against it to-day, and then I should not enjoy the fair at all, for I should go with a *sting in my conscience*."

4439. PROCRASTINATION, Seriousness of. It is a solemn thing to say *to-morrow* when God says *to-day*; for man's to-morrow and God's to-day never meet. The word that comes from the eternal throne is now, and it is a man's own choice that fixes his doom.—*Duncan Mathieson*.

4440. PROCRASTINATION, Sin of. There was a man in Chicago who twice determined to give his heart to God, but never had the courage to acknowledge Christ before his ungodly companions. When recovering from a long sickness, he still refused to come out boldly on the side of Christ, saying, "Not yet; *I have got a fresh lease of life*. I can't be a Christian in Chicago. I am going to take a farm in Michigan, and then I will profess Christ." I asked him, "How dare you take the risk?" He said, "I will risk it; don't you trouble yourself any more about my soul, Mr. Moody. I have made up my mind." I never left a man with a sadder heart in my life. The very next week he was stricken down with the same disease. His wife sent for me, and she said, "He don't want to see you, but I can't bear that he should die in such an awful state of mind. He says, 'My damnation is sealed, and I shall be in hell in a week.' I tried to talk and pray with him, but it was no use; he said his heart was as hard as a stone. 'Pray for my wife and my children, but *don't waste your time praying for me*.' His last words were, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved;' and then the angels bore him away to judgment.—*Moody*."

4441. PROCRASTINATION, Sin the cause of. Philidas purposely invited the chiefs of the oligarchy and the Spartan commanders to a magnificent supper, where he promised to regale his guests with the company of some of the handsomest of the Theban courtesans. While the guests, warm with wine, eagerly called for the introduction of the ladies, a courtier arrived from Athens and brought a letter to Archias, the chief governor, desiring it to be read as containing important business (news of the plot). "*This is no time*," said the voluptuary, "*to trouble us with business; we shall consider of that to-morrow*." Meantime Pleopidas and his companions, dressed in female attire, entered the hall, and each drawing a dagger from under his robe, massacred the governor and the whole of the Spartan officers before they had time to stand upon their defence.—*Tytler*.

4442. PRODIGAL, Hardness of. A young man in New York city, whose father I knew, was a

great prodigal, and had broken his mother's heart, and brought her down to the grave in sorrow. Every night he was out carousing with boon companions. The father's heart was nearly broken too, and one night, a few weeks after the mother's death, the young man was just starting out; the old man said, "My son, I want one favour of you. I would like you to stay at home and spend one night with me." The young man said he did not want to stay, it was so gloomy. "But," said the father, "will you not stay and gratify your aged father? You know your conduct killed your poor mother. My boy, won't you stay?" The old man pleaded with him, and even begged him to stay; but he said, "No, I am not going to stay at home." The old father put forth one more effort to save his prodigal boy, and he threw himself down before him in the hall. What did that son do? *He just leaped over his father's body*, and went out to join his comrades. There is not one of you but would say, "That was an ungrateful wretch, not fit to live." Ah, sinner, what would you do with Christ in such a case? Why, many of you, I believe, if He were to throw Himself down before you and plead with you, would step right over Him.—*Moody*.

4443. PRODIGAL, Pleading with. A lady behind me had shown some emotion; but when, in portraying the relation between Christ and the sinner, Mr. Beecher said, "Christ stands like a father to his prodigal son, and He says, 'My son, my son, let the past all be sunk between us, and we will be to each other as in days gone by—you shall love Me, and I will love you, and we will live together as we used to do,'" her feelings broke over control, and she wept aloud. A young Englishman sat by me, who had been prevailed upon to attend church instead of a social circle. His lip quivered in effort to restrain emotion; but it would not do; the tears started from his eyes, he was overcome. And it seemed to me that a person who had never seen a Bible could from that sermon have apprehended the essential truths of Christianity.

4444. PRODIGAL, Returning. On one occasion, when preaching on the returning prodigal, Mr. Dawson paused, looked at the door, and shouted out, after he had depicted him in his wretchedness, "Yonder he comes, slipshod! Make way—make way—make way there." Such was the approach to reality, that a considerable part of the congregation turned to the door, some rising on their feet, under the momentary impression that some one was entering the chapel in the state described. In the same sermon, paraphrasing the father's reply to the son that was angry and would not go in, he said, "Be not offended; surely a calf may do for a prodigal, shoes for a prodigal, a ring and a robe for a prodigal, but ALL I have is THINE."—*Clerical Library*.

4445. PRODIGAL son, Parable of. I asked a young woman upon the street, "What portion of the Scripture did you the most good?" She replied, "That which does all men good—the parable of the prodigal son. It is so pleasant, so plain! There stands the father with outstretched arms. It is wonderful, the love of Jesus Christ for the sinner!"—*Ralph Wells*.

4446. PRODIGAL son, History of. I heard of a city missionary in London who always was in the habit of reading this Scriptural story if at any time

he gained access to the roughs of the metropolis—"A certain man had two sons!" Their attention was immediately aroused. On one occasion he was interrupted by the running remarks of an impulsive youth, a London thief, who had evidently never heard the story before. When he read the younger son's request "for the portion of goods that fell to him," his astonished hearer interpolated, "*Cool that—rather cool!*" When he came to the story of his subsequent degradation and want, "*Served him right,*" was the ejaculation. But when he heard the account of the prodigal's reception by his father, the impressed and delighted listener exclaimed, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "*Oh, what a good old cove!*" At the close of the service he waited on the missionary with this strange request, "Will you come and read that ere account o' the kind old cove to some fellows I know, that would get summat o' good from it like me?" When the missionary expressed his readiness to go, the only stipulation added was, that he would bring no bobbies, for the bobbies knew them all. Down in a den in the depths of London that missionary read that parable; as of old, "publicans and sinners" had drawn near "to hear him." "This is the gemman wot has come to read us the story of the bad lad and the kind old cove wot I were telling ye off. It's a regular stunner." Thus introduced and recommended, the missionary began again: "A certain man had two sons." As the narrative proceeded, verse by verse, he who had raised the expectations of the company so high kept exclaiming, "Did ye ever hear the like of that? Bill, wasn't I right? Isn't it a regular stunner?" But when the reader reached the account of the embrace and the kiss the marks of approbation from all the auditors, to whom also it was quite new, were so loud that he was compelled to stop. "But wait till ye hear what the old fellow did for him?" was the last exclamation of his patron. And when they heard of the robe and the ring and the rejoicing they all rejoiced together; for they seemed, by a kind of Pentecostal intuition, to conclude that even so would the God of the Bible treat them.—*F. Ferguson's Prodigal Son (condensed.)*

4447. PRODIGALITY, compatible with cupidity. The character which Sallust gives of Catiline, that "he was covetous of other men's wealth, while he squandered his own," is one of very common occurrence.—*Harris*.

4448. PRODIGALS, Folly of. Triska, a Russian peasant, is said to have cut off a piece of his coat-sleeves to mend the elbows, and then a part of the skirt to mend the sleeves—a plan not unlike that of many prodigals who deal with their estates after a similar fashion.—*B.*

4449. PROFANITY, rebuked. An ostler at an inn in Coventry, being about to do something for his horse, used some profane language; when the animal turning round to look at Mr. Scott, he improved the opportunity, and said to the ostler, "Do you observe how my horse stares at you? He is not used to such bad words at home, he never hears an oath there, and he does not know what to make of it."—*Whitcross*.

4450. PROFANITY, rebuked. A profane coachman, pointing to one of the horses he was driving, said to a pious traveller, "That horse, sir, knows

when I swear at him." "Yes," replied the traveller, "and so does *One above*."

4451. PROFESSION, and practice. Dr. Hall tells the story of a Scotchman who sung most piously the hymn—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,"

and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution-box.—*Christian Age*.

4452. PROFESSION, and practice. Pharmaces sent a crown to Cæsar at the same time that he rebelled against him; but Cæsar returned the crown with this message—"Let Pharmaces *return to his obedience* first, and then I will accept the crown, by way of recognisance."

4453. PROFESSION, and practice. A French prisoner in Algeria said to a Moor, "Why do you hate us so much?" He replied by asking, "Why do you come to our country?" "Because you are infidels." "Indeed," said the other; "we worship Allah, and you often see us pray; but we never see *you* pray. We think *you* are the infidels."—*Newman Hall*.

4454. PROFESSION, Christian, Ostentation in. Here is a tree overlaid with blossoms; it is not possible that all these should prosper; one of them must needs rob the other of moisture and growth. Neither is it otherwise in our Christian profession; a sudden and lavish ostentation of grace may fill the eye with wonder and the mouth with talk, but will not at the last fill the lap with fruit.—*Bishop Hall*.

4455. PROFESSION, Enthusiastic choice of. When he (Professor Wilson) uttered the confident prediction "I shall be professor to my dying day," it was in no boastful spirit. He had made up his mind to devote his full strength to the duties of the office. From this time "The Professor" is his peculiar, his most prized title; the Chair is the place where he feels his highest work to be.—*Life of Professor Wilson*.

4456. PROFESSOR, The worldly. When I was last in one of our Scottish towns I heard of an idiot at the asylum who thought himself a great historic character. With much solemnity the poor fellow put himself into an impressive attitude and exclaimed, "I'm Sir William Wallace! Gi'e me a bit of bacca." The descent from Sir William Wallace to a piece of tobacco was too absurd for gravity; yet it was neither so absurd nor so sad as to see a professed ambassador of the cross, covetous, worldly, passionate, or sluggish.—*Spurgeon*.

4457. PROFESSORS, Inconsistency of, and worldlings. Dr. Stuart Robinson made a good point in a sermon a few Sabbaths ago. He was alluding to the objection, made by the unconverted, to Christianity on account of the sinful and inconsistent lives of professors of religion. "No wonder," said the Doctor; "they are compelled to associate with *you*, and it is a marvel of Divine grace that, with such associates, they are half as good as they are." That settles that objection.—*Christian Age*.

4458. PROFESSORS, No progress with. Some professors are like the mill-wheel; it goes round,

yet still it stands in the same place where it was. They go the round of duties, and morning and evening prayers, and attend Sabbath and week-day sermons, which is well done; but they are at a stand; *they are the same now that they were ten, twenty years ago, if not worse.*—*Ralph Erskine*.

4459. PROGRESS, apparent, not real. When Captain Parry and his party were in search of the North Pole, after travelling several days with sledges over a vast field of ice, on taking a careful observation of the Pole-star, the painful discovery was made, that while they were apparently advancing towards the Pole, the ice-field on which they were travelling was drifting to the south, and bringing them nearer to the verge, not of the Pole, but of destruction.—*Denton*.

4460. PROGRESS, heavenward. I wanted to reach the summit of one of the Western mountains. I had been told that sunrise was very beautiful when seen from the summit. We got up to the half-way house one afternoon, where we were to rest till midnight, and then set out for the top. Soon a little party of us started with a good guide. Before a great while it began to rain, and then it became a regular storm of thunder and lightning. I thought there was little use in going on, and said to the guide, "Guess we'd better turn back; we won't see anything this morning, with all these clouds." "Oh," said the guide, "I expect we'll soon get through these clouds, and get above them, and then we'll have a glorious view." So we went on, whilst the thunders were rumbling right about our ears. But soon we began to get above the thunder-cloud; the air was quite clear, and when the sun rose we had a splendid view of his rays as they tinged the hill-tops; and then, as the glorious sunshine began to break on where we stood, we could see the dark cloud far beneath us. That's what God's people want—to *get into the clear air above the stormy clouds*, and to climb higher away up to the mountain-peak. There you'll catch the first rays from the Sun of Righteousness far above the clouds and mists.—*Moody*.

4461. PROGRESS, Law of. If the husbandman, disappointed at the delay which ensues before the blade breaks the soil, were to rake away the earth to examine if germination were going on, he would have a poor harvest. He must have "long patience" till he receive the early and the latter rain. The winter frost must mellow the seed lying in the genial bosom of the earth; the rain must swell it, and the suns of summer mature it. So with you. It is the work of a long life to become a Christian. Many, oh! many a time, are we tempted to say, "*I make no progress at all*." It is only failure after failure. Nothing grows." Now look at the sea when the flood is coming in. Go and stand by the sea-beach, and you will think that the ceaseless flux and reflux is but retrogression equal to the advance. But look again in an hour's time, and the whole ocean is advanced. Every advance has been beyond the last, and every retrograde movement has been an imperceptible trifle less than the last.—*Robertson*.

4462. PROGRESS, Law of. When the terrible struggle of civil war (in the United States) was approaching its end, and the doom of slavery was sure, the favourite tune of the battalions of free black soldiers went with the words, "John Brown is dead, *but his spirit marches on*"—marking a

grand step in the onward movement of freedom.—*Sunday at Home.*

4463. PROGRESS, Possible. It is remembered as one of the liberal axioms of George III., that "no British subject is by necessity excluded from the peerage." Consistently with this sentiment, he once checked a man of high rank who lamented that a very good speaker in the Court of Aldermen was of a mean trade by saying, with his characteristic quickness, "What signifies a man's trade? A man of any honest trade may make himself respectable if he will."

4464. PROGRESS, Sign of. Two hundred years ago there was celebrated a festival in the old town of Preston; a crowd gathered together in one of the old streets, and the people laid the foundation-stone of a new building for cock-fighting. The occasion was attended with success, and it was a beautiful building, in which cock-fighting was carried on all the week. Some people said, "Why not use this place on Sunday?" and it was used for a Sunday-school. The church wardens were instructed to clear away the blood and feathers of the week for the school. They little knew that the Sunday-school of the one day was destined to beat out of existence the cock-fighting of the six days; but it was so, and as time progressed it was used as a day-school, and the old building had only recently tumbled down.—*Captain Verney.*

4465. PROMISE, A sufficient. When Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, came out of the Tower of London and saw the scaffold on which he was to be beheaded, he took out of his pocket a Greek Testament, and, looking up to heaven, he exclaimed, "Now, O Lord, direct me to some passage which may support me through this awful scene." He opened the book, and his eye glanced on the text, "*This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.*" He instantly closed the book, and said, "Praised be the Lord! this is sufficient for me and for eternity."

4466. PROMISE, Cheering nature of. A benevolent person gave Mr. Rowland Hill a hundred pounds to dispense to a poor minister; and thinking it was too much to send him all at once, Mr. Hill forwarded five pounds in a letter, with simply these words within the envelope, "More to follow." In a few days' time the good man received another letter by the post—and letters by the post were rarities in those days; this second messenger contained another five pounds, with the same motto, "*And more to follow.*" A day or two after came a third and a fourth, and still the same promise, "And more to follow." Till the whole sum had been received the astonished minister was made familiar with the cheering words, "And more to follow."

4467. PROMISE, Faithful to. "I know nothing of that man's creed," said a person of a religious tradesman with whom he dealt, "because I never asked him what he believed; but a more honourable, punctual, generous tradesman I never met with in my life. I would as soon take *his word* for a thousand pounds as I would another man's *bond* for a shilling. Whatever he promises he performs, and to the time also."

4468. PROMISE to God, kept. I met some time ago a gentleman residing in a retired town in Kent, who told that he was recently confined to his house by indisposition and inclement weather on a wintry Sunday. When the rest of the family were at church he took up George Müller's book, in which he describes "The Lord's Dealings" with him. He became so much interested in the author's life and labours, that he promised his conscience, then and there, that if a certain business transaction he had in hand resulted in a certain amount of success, he would send the philanthropist £100 for his Orphans' Home. The success was realised, and he was then just on the point of sending off a cheque for the promised amount.—*Elihu Burritt.*

4469. PROMISES, alike to all. When he (Dr. Watts) was almost worn out by his infirmities he observed, in conversation with a friend, that he remembered an aged minister used to say that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the gospel for their support as the common and unlearned; "and so," said he, "I find it. I should be glad," he said, "to read more, yet not in order to be confirmed more in the truth of the Christian religion, or in the truth of its promises; for I believe them enough to venture an eternity on them."

4470. PROMISES, and the new heart. A friend, writing to the Rev. John Campbell, says:—"We must watch against unbelief. One day, whilst I was a boy, my mother heard me weeping in my room at prayer. She asked me why. I said, 'The Lord will not give me a new heart.' She answered, 'Dinna fear that; turn to Ezekiel xxxvi. 26.' 'Ay, but,' said I, 'it is not said there that He will give it to Jock Ritchie.'"—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

4471. PROMISES, Belief in. Edward Irving was once called to the bedside of a dying man. Presently he returned and beckoned one of his friends to accompany him. The reason was, that he held literally to the Scriptural promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done."

4472. PROMISES, fulfilled. One asking him if he remembered who it was that said on his death-bed that God had fulfilled all the promises in the 91st Psalm to him but the last, "His eyes shall see my salvation," and now he was going to receive the accomplishment of that, he said, "No;" and added, raising his voice, "But I know a man to whom almost all the lines of that psalm have been sweet;—I think, if God ever touched my heart, He went through that psalm with me."—*Life of Rev. John Brown, of Haddington.*

4473. PROMISES, Living on. Mr. Lawrence, who lived in the days of persecution, if he had consulted with flesh and blood, as was said of one of the martyrs, had "eleven good arguments against suffering," namely, a wife and ten children. But his principles enabled him to say, with humble confidence, on being once asked how he meant to maintain them, "They must all live on Matt. vi. 34: 'Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

4474. PROMISES, True. A minister going to church one Lord's Day morning, when the weather

was extremely cold and stormy, was overtaken by one of his neighbours, who, shivering, said to him, "It's very cold, sir." "Oh," replied the minister, "*God is as good as His word still.*" The other, not apprehending his drift, asked him what he meant. "Mean," replied he; "why, He promised about three thousand years ago, and still He makes His word good, that 'while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, shall not cease.'"—*Whitecross.*

4475. PROMISES, Unchanging nature of. Looking towards the head of the bed (when visiting a person suffering from religious despondency), I observed upon the curtains several pieces of paper carefully pinned here and there, and apparently written upon. Though I suspected what might be the nature of their contents, I said, with apparent surprise and abruptness, "What are these papers?" "O sir," said the burdened man, "they are texts of Scripture." "But what texts?" I quickly rejoined. "Sir," he added, with a slow and faltering voice, "*they are promises.*" "Promises! But what business have they here? You say you are a cast-away from God's favour, an utter alien from His friendship, that all your religion was a delusion, that you have no interest in one of the promises, and can look for nothing but to be an eternal monument of the Divine displeasure. Why, then, should you have these texts and promises of Scripture perpetually around you, when you have no sort of interest in the religion they represent or in the Saviour they reveal? The two things do not agree together. Either your despondency is excessive and undue, or those promises have no business there. Let me take them away." "No, sir; no, sir," said the sufferer; "*do not take them away. I love to see them.*" I had an interest in them once, and they are still precious; the memorial of them is sweet, though the enjoyment of them is wholly gone." Upon this I altered my tone, and said, with the tenderness I really felt, "But, my dear friend, are you not aware that the truths are the same as ever, and your mind clings as tenaciously as ever to those truths, and the Author of all those truths is 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever'? All the difference, therefore, arises from your diseased apprehensions of things; and you are confounding the decay of consolation with the decay of piety. Recollect that while these truths are precious to you, the emotions with which you still cherish the remembrance of them are precious in God's sight; and whilst you have your memorials of the past, God has His memorials too! He says, 'Yea, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me;' 'The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my loving kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee!'"—*Dr. M'All.*

4476. PROMPTNESS, in doing good. Quick must be the hand if an impression is to be made upon the melted wax. Once let the wax cool and you will press the seal in vain. Cold and hard it will be in a few moments, therefore let the work be quickly done. When men's hearts are melted under the preaching of the Word, or by sickness or the loss of friends, believers should be very eager to stamp the truth upon the prepared mind. Such opportunities are to be seized with holy eagerness.—*Spurgeon.*

4477. PROPHECY, Influence of. I was visited by a very distinguished young Israelite who had seen me distributing the sacred volume, and I proposed that we should read a portion of Scripture together. He agreed on the condition that it should be from the Old Testament, and I read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. "But," said he, "that is in the New Testament." "No, no," I replied. "There, take the book. Read it with that true heart which I perceive in you, and you will find what you seek." He has found his Saviour, has accepted Him, and confesses Him with joy.—*Pasteur Hirsch.*

4478. PROPHECY, too often interpreted by imagination. All along the Oker Thal, in the Hartz, there are huge rocks towering up among the fir-clad hills, to which the peasants have appended names according as they fancy them to bear resemblance to chairs, horses, cobblers, or cocked hats. The likeness in most cases is such as only fancy can make out when she is in her most vigorous mood; nevertheless this rock must needs be called a man, and that a church, and there has no doubt been many a quarrel between rival observers who have discovered each a different image in the one pile of rock; yet the stones are not churches, chairs, or cobblers, and the whole business is childish and nonsensical. Interpreters of prophecy during the last few centuries have been most of them in the same position; one of them sees in the sublimities of the Revelation the form of Louis Napoleon, where two or three hundred years ago half Christendom saw the Pope, and the other half Martin Luther. The other day one of the seers saw Sebastopol in the prophecies, and now another detects the Suez Canal, and we feel pretty sure that the Council at Rome will soon be spied out in Daniel or Ezekiel. The fact is, *when fancy is their guide men wander as in a maze.*—*Spurgeon.*

4479. PROPHECY, True. A traveller in a stage-coach attempted to divert the company and display his hostility to the Scriptures by throwing them into ridicule. "As to the prophecies," said he, in particular, "they were all written after the events took place." A minister in the coach, who had previously been silent, replied, "Sir, I must beg leave to mention one remarkable prophecy as an exception: 'Know this first, that there shall come in the latter days scoffers.'"—*Rev. J. Field.*

4480. PROSPERITY, not unattended with fear. The first Augustus sat once every year at his palace gate in the posture of a beggar with his hand stretched out for charity, to propitiate Nemesis, who was regarded as the perpetual attendant on good fortune.

4481. PROSPERITY, rightly estimated. Some years ago, when I was preaching at Bristol, amongst other notes I received to pray for individuals one was this—"A person earnestly desires the prayers of the congregation who is *prospering in trade.*" "Ah," said I to myself, "here is a man who knows something of his own heart; here is a man who has read the Scriptures to some purpose."—*Jay.*

4482. PROSPERITY, Valuing. A King was sitting in a vessel with a Persian slave. The boy began to cry, and would not be pacified. The King's diversion was interrupted. A philosopher who was in the ship said, "If you will command me, I will silence him." The King replied, "It will be an act

of great kindness." The philosopher ordered them to throw the lad into the sea; and after several plunges they laid hold of the hair of his head and dragged him into the ship. When he got out of the water he sat down quietly in a corner of the vessel. The King was pleased, and asked how this was brought about. The philosopher replied, "At first he had never experienced the danger of being drowned; neither knew he the safety of a ship." In like manner *he knoweth the value of prosperity who hath encountered adversity.*—*Knicht.*

4483. PROTECTION, God's. When Felix, of Nola, was hotly pursued by murderers he took refuge in a cave, and instantly over the rift of it the spiders wove their webs, and seeing this, the murderers passed by. Then said the saint, "Where God is not, a wall is but a spider's web; where God is, a spider's web is as a wall."—*Farrar.*

4484. PROTESTANTISM, Source of. The term Protestantism reminds us of the prompt answer which was given by Wilkes, who, being asked by a Romanist, "Where was your Church before Luther?" replied, "Where was your face before you washed it this morning?"—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

4485. PROTESTANTISM, where found. While Sir Henry Wotton was in Italy, as ambassador of James I. at the court of Venice, a Roman Catholic asked him, "Where was your religion to be found before Luther?" To which Sir Henry replied, "My religion was to be found *then*, where yours is not to be found *now*, in the written Word of God."

4486. PROVIDENCE, and its appointments. Old David Hope lived on a little farm close by Solway shore—a wet country with late harvests, which are sometimes incredibly difficult to save—ten days continuously pouring, then a day, perhaps two days, of drought, part of them, it may be, of high roaring wind; during which the moments are golden for you, and perhaps you had better work all night, as presently there will be deluges again. David's stuff, one such morning, was all standing dry, ready to be saved still if he stood to it, which was very much his intention. Breakfast, wholesome hasty porridge, was soon over, and next in course came family worship, what they called taking the book, *i.e.*, taking your Bible, psalm and chapter always part of the service. David was putting on his spectacles when somebody rushed in. "Such a raging wind will drive the stooks (shocks) into the sea if let alone." "Wind!" answered David. "Wind canna get ae straw that has been appointed mine. Sit down and let us worship God."—*Carlyle.*

4487. PROVIDENCE, and man's duty. It is related that the celebrated Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, was once discussing the potato question with his thrifty, diligent wife, and perhaps in a playful, but still in a characteristic way, said to her, "Catherine, you never mind the potatoes; put your trust in Providence and all will be well." "I'll tell you what we'll do, Christmas," replied Catherine; "you go and sit down on the top of Moely Gest, waiting for Providence, and I'll go and hoe the potatoes; and we shall see to which of us Providence will come first."

4488. PROVIDENCE, A remarkable. When a

friend of mine was an apprentice the Civil War began. His inclination led him into the army, where he had a captain's commission. It was fashionable for all the men of the army to carry a Bible with them; this, therefore, he and many others did, who yet made little use of it, and hardly had any sense of religion. At length he was commanded, with his company, to storm a strong fort, wherein they were for a short time exposed to the thickest of the enemy's fire. When over he found that a musket-ball had lodged in his Bible, which was in his pocket, upon such a part of his body that the shot must necessarily have proved mortal had it not been for this seasonable and well-placed piece of armour. Upon a nearer observation he found the ball had found its way so far in the Bible as to rest directly upon that part of the first unbroken leaf where the words of my text are found. It was Eccles. xi. 9:—"*Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*" This made the deepest and best impression on his mind; and, by the grace of God, he from that time attended religion in earnest.—*Dr. John Evans.*

4489. PROVIDENCE, an inheritance. Richard Boyle (generally called the Great Earl of Cork), it is said, outlived most of those who had known the meanness of his beginning; but he delighted to remember it himself, and even took pains to preserve the memory of it to posterity in the motto which he always used, and which he caused to be placed on his tomb, viz., "*God's Providence is my inheritance.*" A noble motto truly!

4490. PROVIDENCE, and man's greed. I remember that terrible accident which occurred on the Thames—the sinking of the "Princess Alice" steamboat. It appalled everybody, and we called it a "mysterious providence." I remember reading in the newspapers that when the collision occurred the boat "*cracked and crumbled like a matchbox*"—that was the sentence used. Why did it do so? Not by a special providence, but because it was built like a matchbox—as slim and as flimsy; and the providence that ended so fatally was, as usual, not the providence of God, but the reckless greed of man.—*J. Jackson Wray.*

4491. PROVIDENCE, and natural laws. A vessel was six months on the way from Liverpool to the Bermudas. Fogs enveloped it, winds sent it hither and thither, captain and mate lost their reckoning, the vessel sprang a leak, and was given up in despair. Crew and passengers were reduced to a few drops of water and one potato a day. Only one man on board—a minister—held on to the hope of escape. Suddenly the leakage ceased and land was in sight—they were saved. When the ship's bottom was examined it was discovered that the leaky end of the vessel was entirely covered with barnacles. God had seemingly wrought a miracle for their salvation and yet it was brought about by natural means.—*B.*

4492. PROVIDENCE, and second causes. A Christian lady, years ago, had great difficulty in living a life of faith, on account of second causes which seemed to control nearly everything that concerned her. The perplexity became so great that

at last she began to ask God to teach her the truth about it, whether He really was in everything or not. After praying this for a few days she had what she described as a vision. She thought she was in a perfectly dark place, and that there advanced towards her from a distance a body of light, which gradually surrounded and enveloped her and everything around her. As it approached a voice seemed to say, "This is the Presence of God—this is the Presence of God." While surrounded with this Presence all the great and awful things in life seemed to pass before her—fighting armies, wicked men, raging beasts, storms and pestilences, sin and suffering of every kind. She shrank back at first in terror, but she soon saw that the Presence of God so surrounded and enveloped each one of these, that not a lion could reach out its paw, nor a bullet fly through the air, except as His Presence moved out of the way to permit it. And she saw that, let there be ever so thin a sheet, as it were, of this glorious Presence between herself and the most terrible violence, not a hair of her head could be ruffled, nor anything touch her, unless the Presence divided to let the evil through. Then all the small and annoying things of life passed before her, and equally she saw that these also were so enveloped in this Presence of God, that not a cross look, nor a harsh word, nor petty trial of any kind could reach her *unless His Presence moved out of the way* to let it. Her difficulty vanished. God was in everything; and to her henceforth there were no second causes. She saw that her life came to her day by day and hour by hour directly from His hand, let the agencies which should seem to control it be what they might.

4493. PROVIDENCE, Argument for. "I believe in a Providence," said Victor Hugo to a company gathered around him in the Rue de Clichy, "*because I am a Providence myself.*" Asked for an explanation, the poet replied, "We caught a mouse yesterday evening. Its death sentence was already pronounced, when my little granddaughter, Jeanne, with eyes glistening with tears, begged for the life of the grey prisoner. Her mother hesitated whether to listen to the dear little advocate or not, and in her doubt said, 'Grandfather shall decide.' So they came to me. For a moment *I held the power of life and death* over the diminutive creature, and I thought the heavenly Providence may find itself in my situation when the fate of a being of higher order is to be determined. Naturally I set the mouse free, for when a man undertakes the role of Providence on a small scale he should at least imitate its generosity."

4494. PROVIDENCE, Care of. Rev. J. Brown, of Haddington, said that his epitaph might appropriately be, "Here lies one of the cares of Providence, who early wanted both father and mother, and yet never missed them."

4495. PROVIDENCE, Dealings of. Worthy Master Greenham tells us of a gentlewoman who, coming to the cottage of a poor neighbour, and seeing it furnished with children, said, "*Here are the mouths*, but where is the meat?" But not long after she was paid in her own coin; for the poor woman, coming to her after the burial of her last, and then only, child, inverted the question upon her—"Here is the meat, but where are the mouths?"—*Bishop Hall.*

4496. PROVIDENCE, Deliverance by. The following epitaph is said to have been copied from a tomb in the vicinity of Port Royal, Jamaica:—"Here lieth the body of Louis Caldý, Esq., a native of Montpellier, in France, which country he left on account of the Revocation. He was swallowed up by the earthquake which occurred at this place in 1692, but, by the great providence of God, was, by a second shock, flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived forty years afterwards."

4497. PROVIDENCE, Dispensations of. "I was walking with Wilberforce in his verandah," says a friend, "watching for the opening of a night-blowing ceruus. As we stood by in expectation it suddenly burst wide open before us. 'It reminds me,' said he, as we admired its beauty, 'of the dispensations of Divine Providence first breaking on the glorified eye, when they shall fully unfold to the view, and appear as beautiful as they are complete.'"*—Clerical Library.*

4498. PROVIDENCE, Faith in. The learned and pious Bernard Gilpin, being accused of heresy to the execrable Bishop Bonner, that monster sent down messengers to apprehend him. Although Mr. Gilpin was informed of this, he scorned to fly; he was therefore apprehended, and set out for London. His favourite maxim was, "*All things are for the best!*" Upon this journey he broke his leg. "Is all for the best now?" said one of the attendants jeeringly. "I still believe so," replied the good man; and so it proved, for before he was sufficiently recovered to finish his journey Queen Mary died, and instead of coming to London to be burned, he returned home in triumph, to the no small joy of his parishioners.

4499. PROVIDENCE, Finger of. One of the three letters written by the Duke of Wellington after the field of Waterloo was a brief note, which, having enumerated some who had fallen, ended thus—"I have escaped unhurt; *the finger of Providence was on me.*"*—Biblical Museum.*

4500. PROVIDENCE, Guidance from. Dr. Bedell relates, that while Bishop Chase, of Ohio, was at the house of a Mr. Beck, in Philadelphia, he received a package from the Bishop of Sodor and Man, making inquiries relating to a certain property in America, of which some old person in his diocese was the heir. The letter had gone to Ohio, followed him to Washington, then to Philadelphia, and found him at Mr. Beck's. When he read it the latter was in amazement, and said, "Bishop Chase, *I am the only man in the world* who can give you information. I have the deeds in my possession, and have had them forty-three years, not knowing what to do with them, or where any heirs were to be found."

4501. PROVIDENCE, Guidance of. *The way of man is not in himself*, nor can he conceive what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I turn down Lothbury or go through the Old Jewry; but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequence. A man cut down my hammock in sport; but had he cut it down half an hour later I had not been here, as the exchange of crew was then making. A man made a smoke on the sea-shore at the time a ship passed, which was thereby brought to, and afterwards brought me to England.—*John Newton.*

4502. PROVIDENCE, Hindrances from. King William left Holland with the intention of landing on a particular part of the coast of England; and had he landed there he had landed in the lion's den. But as his fleet neared the English shore *Heaven seemed to fight against the enterprise*; the wind shifted round upon the compass, and blew from the very quarter where he sought a landing. The gale rose into a hurricane, and, contrary to the King's wish, contrary to his plans, and in the face of all his seamen, his fleet, with the flag of freedom at its mast-head, was drifted by the tempest onwards to a point of which he had never thought, but which was for him the best place of all.—*Guthrie.*

4503. PROVIDENCE, Implicit trust in. When he (Robert Hall) first announced his apprehension that he should never again minister among his people, he immediately added, "*But I am in God's hands, and I rejoice that I am. I am God's creature, at His disposal, for life or death, and that is a great mercy.*"—*Dr. Olinthus Gregory.*

4504. PROVIDENCE, Interposition of. Richard Baxter has recorded with much gratitude, in a characteristic fragment of autobiography, a kind interposition of Providence, by which, he says, he had in early life "*narrowly escaped getting a place at court.*" If he had been entangled then, where would the poor world have found its "Call to the Unconverted," or the hungering Church sought for its "Saint's Rest"?—*Charles S. Robinson, D.D.*

4505. PROVIDENCE, Interposition of. A story is related—in connection with the ejection of the two thousand ministers from the Church of England—of Henry Havers, of Catherine Hall, Cambridge. Being pursued by enemies who sought to apprehend him, he sought refuge in a malt-house and crept into the kiln. Immediately afterward he observed *a spider fixing the first line of a large and beautiful web across the narrow entrance.* The web being placed directly between him and the light, he was so much struck with the skill of the insect weaver, that for a while he forgot his own imminent danger; but by the time the network had crossed and recrossed the mouth of the kiln in every direction the pursuers came to search for him. He listened as they approached, and distinctly overheard one of them say, "It's of no use to look in there; the old villain can never be there. *Look at that spider's web; he could never have got in there without breaking it.*"

4506. PROVIDENCE, Mysteries in. In ascending a lofty mountain, standing high above all its fellows, which the sun is the first to reach and the last to leave, I have seen the rock that crowned it cleft with storm and its summit all naked and bare; and so sometimes those who rise highest and live nearest to God, whose heads are most in heaven, have often the bitterest cup to drink and the heaviest burden to bear.—*Guthrie.*

4507. PROVIDENCE, Seeming hindrances from. A friend borrowed this manuscript (the first volume of the "French Revolution")—a kind friend, but a careless one—to write notes on it, which he was well qualified to do. One evening about two months ago he came in on us, "distraction (literally) in his aspect;" the manuscript, left carelessly out, had been torn up as waste paper, and all but three or four tatters were clean gone. . . . I have digested the whole misery; I say if thou canst *never* write

this thing, why, then, never do write it: God's Universe will go along *better* without it. My belief in a special Providence grows yearly stronger, unsubduable, impregnable.—*Carlyle.*

4508. PROVIDENCE, seen in conversion. Some years ago the late Rev. S. Marsden was appointed colonial chaplain to New South Wales. The vessel in which he sailed to his appointment was detained, by contrary winds, over a Sabbath at the Isle of Wight. The chaplain was invited to preach in one of the churches. His text was, "*Be clothed with humility.*" Among his hearers was a thoughtless girl, who had come to show her fine dress rather than to be instructed. The sermon was the means of her conversion. Her name was Elizabeth Walbridge, the celebrated "Dairyman's Daughter," whose interesting history, by the late Rev. Leigh Richmond, has been printed in various languages, and widely circulated, to the spiritual benefit of thousands. What a reward was this for a single sermon preached "out of season!"

4509. PROVIDENCE, Singular. John Knox was accustomed to sit at the head of the table in his own house, with his back to the window; yet on a certain night, such was the impression on his mind, that he would neither sit in his own chair nor allow any other person to sit in it, *but sat on another chair with his back to the table.* That very night a bullet was shot in at the window, purposely to kill him, but the conspirators missed him; the bullet grazed the chair in which he used to sit, lighted on the candlestick, and made a hole in the foot of it, which it is said is yet to be seen.

4510. PROVIDENCE, Watchful. There is an aged Christian in Dublin, with whom I have often spoken, who passed through the following eventful experience:—"Some years since," he said, "I was travelling on horseback in one of the country districts, when the sudden report of a pistol-shot reached me. I was satisfied that I had been aimed at, but nevertheless thankfully conscious that I had escaped. Hastening onwards, I reached my home in safety, and went into the house. It had been my custom for years to carry a small Bible in the breast pocket of my coat. Taking it out on this occasion, judge my surprise at finding a leaden bullet imbedded in the leaves. It had penetrated as far as the Gospel of John. Removing the bullet, and opening the book at the spot where it rested, my eye fell upon the words, '*Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me.*'"—*Henry Varley.*

4511. PROVIDENCES, cross, Blessings of. 'Tis a boisterous night, and Pictish savages curse the noisy blast which shakes their peat-hovel round their ears; but that noisy blast has landed the gospel on St. Andrew's shore. It blows a fearful tempest, and it sets some rheumatic joints on aching; but the morrow shows, dashed in pieces, the awful Armada which was fetching the Spanish Inquisition to our British Isle. The wind blows east, and detains James' ships at Harwich; but it guides King William to Torbay. Yes, "the wind blows south, and the wind blows north; it whirleth about continually, and returneth again according to its circuits;" but in the course of these circuits *the wind has blown to our little speck of sea-girt happiness* the gospel and Protestantism, and civil and religious liberty.—*Dr. J. Hamilton.*

4512. PROVIDENCES, Special, do not arouse men. When I was a soldier I, with others, was drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go one of the company desired to go in my room, to which, when I had consented, *he took my place*, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet, and died. Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, I grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation.—*Bunyan.*

4513. PRUDENCE, False, its mischief. James the First once said of armour, that "it was an excellent invention, for it not only saved the life of the wearer, but *it hindered him from doing harm to anybody else.*" Equally destructive to all usefulness is that excessive prudence upon which some professors pride themselves; not only do they escape all persecution, but they are never able to strike a blow, much less fight a battle for the Lord Jesus.—*Spurgeon.*

4514. PSALMS, Comfort of. Edward Irving died repeating the Twenty-third Psalm in the original Hebrew.—*Dr. Fish.*

4515. PSALMS, Influence of. By the Psalms Augustine was consoled on his conversion (see Confessions) and on his death-bed. By the Psalms Chrysostom, Athanasius, Savonarola, were cheered in persecution. With the words of a psalm Polycarp, Columba, Hildebrand, Bernard, Francis of Assisi, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Columbus, Henry the Fifth, Edward the Sixth, Ximenes, Xavier, Melancthon, Jewel, breathed their last. So dear to Wallace in his wanderings was his Psalter, that during his execution he had it hung before him, and his eyes remained fixed upon it as the one consolation of his dying hours. The unhappy Bruce was soothed in the toils of his enemies by the Fifty-fifth Psalm. The Sixty-eighth Psalm cheered Cromwell's soldiers to victory at Dunbar (Carlyle). Locke in his last days bade his friend read the Psalms aloud, and it was whilst in rapt attention to their words that the stroke of death fell upon him. Lord Burleigh selected them out of the whole Bible as his special delight. They were the framework of the devotions and of the war cries of Luther; they were the last words that fell on the ears of his imperial enemy, Charles the Fifth.—*Stanley's Jewish Church.*

4516. PSALMS, Love of. After William Wilberforce had reached his sixtieth year he committed to memory the whole of the 119th Psalm, as he walked, day after day, from his lodgings to the House of Commons.—*Professor Park.*

4517. PUFFERY, Spiritual. When we read the exaggerated accounts which are so frequently issued, lauding to the skies the successful labours of certain evangelists of doubtful vocation, we are reminded of the battle of Aliwal, of which an officer wrote:—"Aliwal was the *battle of the dispatch*, for none of us knew we had fought a battle until the particulars appeared in a document which did more than justice to every one concerned." Is there not quite enough religious fiction abroad without filling corners of newspapers and magazines therewith? We know who they were of old who sounded a

trumpet before them. God's real works of grace are too sublime to need the arts of puffery to publish them.—*Spurgeon.*

4518. PULPIT, Conversion in. On the Sunday I was so ill that I was quite unfit to take the service. Mr. Aitken had said to me, "If I were you, I would shut the church and say to the congregation, 'I will not preach again till I am converted.'"
... While I was reading the gospel I thought, "Well, I will just say a few words in explanation of this, and then I will dismiss them. So I went up into the pulpit and gave out my text." I took it from the gospel of the day—"What think ye of Christ?" As I went on to explain the passage I saw that the Pharisees and scribes did not know that Christ was the Son of God, or that He was come to save them. They were looking for a king, the son of David, to reign over them as they were. Something was telling me all the time, "You are no better than the Pharisees yourself—you do not believe that He is the Son of God, and that He is come to save you, any more than they did." I do not remember all I said, but I felt a wonderful light and joy coming into my soul, and I was beginning to see what the Pharisees did not. Whether it was something in my words, or my manner, or my look I know not; but all of a sudden a local preacher who happened to be in the congregation stood up, and putting up his arms, shouted out in Cornish manner, "*The parson is converted! the parson is converted! Hallelujah!*" and in another moment his voice was lost in the shouts and praises of three or four hundred of the congregation. Instead of rebuking this extraordinary "brawling," as I should have done in a former time, I joined in the outburst of praise; and to make it more orderly I gave out the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the people sang it with heart and voice over and over again.—*W. Haslam.*

4519. PULPIT, Nonsense in. Robert Hall was once rebuked by Matthew Wilks for "talking nonsense" at a private party after having just before preached an eloquent sermon. "Matthew," replied Hall, "the difference between us is this: *I talk nonsense in the parlour; thou talkest thine in the pulpit.*"—*Timbs.*

4520. PULPIT, Power of. Clemens Brentano, a literary acquaintance of Dr. Krummacker, and a Catholic, once said to the doctor, "Till you Protestants pull down the chatter-box" ("*Plapperkasten*")—he meant the pulpit—"or, at least, throw it into the corner, where it ought to be, there is no hope of you." I could only reply to him, "It is true, indeed, that our '*Plapperkasten*' stands greatly in the way of you Catholics." The pulpit is the Thermopylae of Protestantism, the tower of the flock, the Palladium of the Church of God.—*Spurgeon.*

4521. PULPIT, Preparation for. Mr. Thomas Shephard was an excellent preacher, and took great pains in his preparations for the pulpit. He used to say, "*God will curse that man's labour who goes idly up and down all the week, and then goes into his study on a Saturday afternoon.*" Gods knows that we have not too much time to pray in, and weep in, and get our hearts into a fit frame for the duties of the Sabbath."

4522. PULPIT, Preparation necessary for. "I threw this off in ten minutes," softly said the poet, placing the manuscript on the editorial table. The editor said that when it came to speed no long-haired poet should distance him; and he threw it off in less than ten seconds—off the table into the wastepaper basket. "I prepared that sermon," said a young sprig of divinity, "in half an hour, and preached it at once, and thought nothing of it." "In that," said an older and wiser clergyman, "your hearers are at one with you, for they also thought nothing of it." A man cannot shake off sermons as a tree sheds its leaves.—*Spurgeon*.

4523. PUNCTILIOUSNESS, Over. Good John Shirley was arraigned for wearing white stockings. The prelate said, "Does he wear white stockings over his shoes?" "Oh no!" "Well," said the prelate, "when you find him wearing white stockings over his shoes inform me, and I will punish him severely."—*Talmage*.

4524. PUNCTILIOUSNESS, Undue and absurd. Recently we heard of a deacon who, being accompanied on an autumn morning when the foliage was all ablaze with high-coloured hues by a young friend, had his attention called to a clump of trees which was specially attractive, when the deacon solemnly replied, "*I never look at trees on Sunday.*" Of course he did not. He had not the eye or the heart back of what eyes he had. But he would have looked at them if the leaves had been bank-notes on Sunday or Monday.—*Christian Age*.

4525. PUNCTUALITY, at worship. A woman who always used to attend public worship with great punctuality, and took care to be always in time, being asked, how it was she could always come so early, answered, that *it was part of her religion not to disturb the religion of others.*

4526. PUNCTUALITY, Importance of. When a tardy private secretary apologised for his delays by saying, "My watch is out of order," "Then," replied Washington, "you must get a new watch, or I must get a new secretary."

4527. PUNCTUALITY, the secret of success. Nelson once said, "I owe all my success in life to having been always *a quarter of an hour before my time.*"—*Smiles*.

4528. PUNISHMENT, Endless. A professor in one of our leading colleges some time ago went to the president with his doubts upon the subject of endless punishment, and confessed that he could "hardly believe the doctrine." "I couldn't believe it all," was the president's reply, "*if the Bible did not teach it.*"

4529. PUNISHMENT, Everlasting. A venerable minister preached a sermon on the subject of eternal punishment. On the next day it was agreed among some thoughtless young men, that one of them should endeavour to draw him into a dispute, with the design of making a jest of him and of his doctrine. The wag accordingly went, and commenced by saying, "I believe there is a small dispute between you and me, sir, and I thought I would call this morning and try to settle it." "Ah," said the clergyman, "what is it?" "Why," replied the wag, "you say that the wicked will go into everlasting punishment, and I do not think that they will." "Oh, if that is all," answered the

minister, "there is no dispute between you and me. If you turn to Matt. xxv. 46 you will find that the dispute is between you and the *Lord Jesus Christ*, and I advise you to go immediately and settle it with Him."

4530. PUNISHMENT, Future. After a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me and said in a canting voice, "Bishop, do you believe in a hell?" I said, "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?" He said, "Yes." "Well," said I, "the best answer I have heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece, who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep this wilful charge in the right way, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the niece came bounding into the room—'Aunt, aunt, I ain't gwine to b'lieve in a hell no more. Ef dar is any hell, I just want to know whar dey gits all deir brimstone fur dat place; dat's wot I'd like to know!' The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and, with a tear on her cheek, said, 'Ah! honney darlin', you look out you don't go dere, for you'll find dey all takes deir own brimstone wid 'um.'" I said, "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?" He said, "No;" and he went home, I hope, with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "their own brimstone" even in this world.—*Anon*.

4531. PUNISHMENT, Future. Once, at a union meeting for prayer, in response to a call for five-minutes addresses, a good brother rose and began to denounce the orthodox doctrine on everlasting punishment. There was a future punishment—he admitted that—and would even call it by the old name, hell. But there was a door to it that could be opened; there was time and opportunity for repentance; there was restoration to happiness for all the citizens of Inferno. Then he cited chapter and verse, and wound up by a challenge to any other brother to disprove what he had said, or to prove the correctness of the orthodox position. Then followed a period of silence. Finally, old Dr. Nott, then past fourscore, bent with age, and his hair as white as the snow, rose, and slowly and deliberately said, "The brother who last spoke told us of a way to heaven that leads through hell. Those that want to try the road to heaven *via* hell may take it if they choose, but as for me, *I am going to heaven [by the direct road, and I advise others to take that road too.* Let us pray."

4532. PURITY, A minister's. I admire Mr. Whitefield's reasons for always having his linen scrupulously clean. "No, no," he would say, "these are not trifles; a minister must be without spot, even in his garments, if he can." Purity cannot be carried too far in a minister.—*Spurgeon*.

4533. PURITY, Gospel standard of. I had been speaking one day in my sermon about the supreme authority of God, saying, amongst other things, that we ought to obey Him at all costs, even when His commands clashed with the law of the Emperor or with the wishes of parents. In the same sermon I spoke also of the righteousness and equity of God's judgment, and contrasted it with

the unrighteousness of the judgments often formed by men. I instanced the way in which God judges of *purity*, and spoke of men who had one standard of morality for women, and another, and much looser one, for themselves. I pointed out that in China, while infidelity in a wife would be visited with capital punishment inflicted in a manner too horrible to describe, yet in the case of a husband the sin of infidelity was practically regarded as a very unimportant matter. Shortly after I had spoken in this way, a well-dressed man in the congregation arose from his seat, and coming up to where I was standing, stood right in front of me and said, "Sir, you have taught me to-day two lessons which I shall never forget. You have made me feel that God is to be obeyed before our parents, and you have made me see that God requires purity in men as much as in women. I had never thought of these things in this way before. I shall remember what you have said, and I thank you for it." He bowed, turned on his heel, and left.—*Rev. Arnold Foster, B.A., Hankow.*

4534. PURITY, Outward and inward. Sir Edward Coke was very neat in his dress, and it was one of his sentiments, "that the cleanness of a man's clothes ought to put him in mind of keeping all clean within."

4535. PURITY, Value of. A Greek maid, being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, answered, "I will bring him what is more valuable than any treasure—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

4536. PURPOSE, A life's. *He has a purpose, that miner's son.* That purpose is the acquisition of knowledge. He speedily exhausts the resources of Mansfield, reads hard, devours the lectures at Magdeburg, . . . and at the age of eighteen has outstripped his fellows, has a University for his admirer, and professors predicting for him the most successful career of the age. *He has a purpose, that scholar of Erfurt.* That purpose is the discovery of truth, for in an old library he has stumbled on a Bible. Follow him out into the new world which that volume has flashed upon his soul. With Pilate's question on his lip and in his heart, he foregoes his brilliant prospect—parts without a sigh with academical distinction—takes monastic vows in an Augustine convent; . . . until at last—Pilate's question answered upon Pilate's stairs—there comes the thrice-repeated gospel-whisper, "The just shall live by faith," and the glad Evangel scatters the darkening and shreds off the paralysis, and he rises into moral freedom, a new man unto the Lord! *He has a purpose, that Augustine monk.* That purpose is the Reformation! Waiting with the modesty of the hero until he is forced into the strife, with the courage of the hero he steps into the breach to do battle for the living truth.—*Punshon.*

4537. PURPOSE, an indomitable one. On one bright summer day the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis. There, as, threescore and ten years later, he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned. *He would recover the estate which*

belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Daylesford. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortune rose. He pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford, the possession of it being the summit of his ambition. At length the wish was accomplished; and the domain, alienated more than seventy years before, returned to the descendant of its old lords. And when his public life was closed for ever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die.—*Macaulay (abridged).*

4538. PURPOSE, Sacrifice to be made for. That was a grand action of old Jerome when he laid all his pressing engagements aside to achieve a purpose to which he felt a call from Heaven. He had a large congregation—as large a one as any of us need want; but he said to his people, "Now, it is of necessity that the New Testament should be translated; you must find another preacher. The translation must be made; I am bound for the wilderness, and shall not return till my task is finished." Away he went with his manuscripts, and prayed and laboured, and produced a work—the Latin Vulgate—which will last as long as the world stands; on the whole, a most wonderful translation of Holy Scripture.—*Spurgeon.*

4539. PURPOSE, Want of. Passing by a mountain stream I once beheld an unfortunate trunk of a tree, which, having been shot down the side of a hill, and thus sent on down the stream to find its way to the haven, had unfortunately come too near a strong eddy which caught it up and ever whirled it back again. Down came the log with apparent vigour and intent each time, and it seemed certain that it would drive onwards in the course designed for it; but each time it swirled round and was sent back again. Ever and anon it came with greater force, described a wider arc, and surely now, I thought, it will shoot down on its way; but no, it paused for a moment, felt the influence of its fatal eddy, and then returned with the like force it had come down with. I waited and waited; groups of holiday-making people passed by me, wondering, I daresay, what I stayed there to see; but, unmindful of any of us, it went on performing its circles. I returned in the evening; the poor log was still there, busy as ever in not going onwards; and I went upon my journey, feeling very melancholy for this tree, and thinking there was very little hope for it.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

4540. QUALIFICATIONS, may be defective. Two colleagues, with whom he (Demosthenes) had been associated in an embassy to that great prince, (Philip) were continually praising the King of Macedonia on their return, and saying that he was a very eloquent and handsome prince, and a most extraordinary drinker. "What strange commendations are these!" replied Demosthenes. "The first is the accomplishment of a rhetorician, the second of a woman, and the third of a sponge, but none of them the qualifications of a king."—*Rollin.*

4541. QUALITY, decides the man. I had rather have a plain, russet-coated captain who

knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call "a gentleman," and is nothing else. I honour a gentleman that is so indeed.—*Cromwell.*

4542. QUARREL, A foolish. An old writer tells of two brothers who went out to take a walk in the night, and one of them looked up to the sky and said, "I wish I had a pasture-field as large as the night heavens." And the other brother looked up into the sky, and said, "I wish I had as many oxen as there are stars in the sky." "Well," said the first, "how would you feed so many oxen?" Said the second, "I would turn them into your pasture." "What! whether I would or not?" "Yes, whether you would or not." And there arose a quarrel; and when the quarrel ended one had slain the other.—*Talmage.*

4543. QUARRELS, how they begin. One frosty morning I was looking out of a window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses waiting for drink. The morning was very cold; the animals stood meek and quiet, till one of the cows wanted to move, and tried to turn round. In trying to do this she hit against her neighbour, whereupon that one kicked and hit the one next to her. In five minutes the late peaceful congregation of animals was in great turmoil, furiously kicking and butting each other. My mother laughed and said, "*See what comes of kicking when you are hit; just so have I seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears.*"—*Anon.*

4544. QUARRELS, may be avoided. When I returned to Lichfield, after having been in London, my mother asked me *whether I was one of those who gave the wall or those who took it.* Now it is fixed that every man keeps to the right; or if one is taking the wall, another yields it; and it is never a dispute.—*Dr. Johnson.*

4545. QUARRELS, The way to avoid. One friend asked another how he managed to keep himself from being involved in quarrels. He replied, "By letting the angry person always have the quarrel to himself."—*New Handbook of Illustrations.*

4546. QUARRELSOMENESS, Passion for Aulus Gellius tells a story of one Lucius Neratius, who made it his diversion to give a blow to whomsoever he pleased, and then tender them the legal forfeiture.—*Blackstone.*

4547. QUESTIONS, may be more curious than edifying. My mother set me in due time to learn the Catechism of the Kirk of Scotland, and to attend the public examinations in the kirk. These meetings were attended by a great many old women, who came to be edified. They were an acute race, and could quote chapter and verse of Scripture as accurately as the minister himself. I remember he said to one of them, "Peggie, what lightened the world before the sun was made?" After thinking for a minute, she said, "'Deed, sir, the question is mair curious than edifying.'"—*Mrs. Somerville.*

4548. QUIETNESS, in sorrow. As I have felt a tear-drop from a cloudless sky, and wondered whence it could come; so have I seen a fair countenance, full of openness, serenity, and majesty, and the large still tear standing in the eye. Yet no single muscle was distorted; it seemed to me like the stillness of intense emotion, *like the sorrow of*

goodness, like a broken heart at peace with its own woe; as though one, whose hopes of earthly bliss had all vanished, were comforted from within by the presence and assurance of Holy Love, saying, "It is well: peace be unto thee."—*John Pulsford, D.D.*

4549. QUIETNESS, Power of. There was a woman who went to her minister for advice, and she said, "Dear sir, my life is very miserable." "Well," said the minister, "what would ye have me to do?" "Ah!" said she, "my husband and I don't agree. We quarrel very often. He comes in sometimes tired and ill-tempered, and I fire up. Then we go to it tooth and nail." "Very well," said the minister, "I can cure that." "Oh! can you, sir? I am so delighted, and I do love my husband when a's come and gone," said she. "It's a certain cure," said the minister, "and will work a charm." "Oh! I am so happy to hear it," said she. "Well," continued the minister, "When your husband comes in from his work fractious and quarrelsome, and says a sharp thing to you, what do you do?" "*Oh! I answer back, of course.*" "Very well," says the minister; "the singular charm is this: whenever your husband comes in and commences to speak sharply, the first thing you do is to run to the pump, fill your mouth with water, and keep it in for ten minutes." Well, the woman came back to the minister in three or four weeks, and she said, "The Lord bless you, sir, for that's the most wonderful charm I ever heard o'!"—*J. C. A.*

4550. QUIETNESS, Reason for. An Irishman who had often experienced his wife's ill-humour opposed her with no other weapon but silence. Whereupon a friend told him, "It is easily seen you are afraid of her." "It is not she that I am afraid of," replied the husband; "*it is her noise.*"

4551. QUIETNESS, the Christian security. During the Indian wars of last century a few friends residing in Western New York built for themselves a plain log meeting-house. The military authorities warned them, and invited them to come and worship within the fortified camp; but they preferred to continue their services in the usual place. One day a party of armed Indians, in their war-paint and decorated with human scalps, entered during the hour of silent prayer. A solemn awe seemed to pervade the place, which the Indians felt, and at a sign from one of the older friends they took their seats and waited until the end. After being entertained at a house close by, the chief of the party took his host aside and said, "When Indian come to this place he meant to tomahawk every white man he found. But when Indian saw white man with no guns, no swords, *all so still, so peaceable, worshipping the Great Spirit,* the Great Spirit say in Indian's heart, 'No hurt them—no hurt them,'" and saying this he led off his comrades.

4552. QUIETNESS, The way to value. "How dull and quiet everything is! There isn't a leaf stirring," said a young sparrow perched on the bough of a willow-tree. "How delicious a puff of wind would be!" "We shall have one before long," croaked an old raven; "more than you want, I fancy." Before many hours a tempest swept over the country, and in the morning the fields were strewn with its ravages. "What a comfort the storm is over!" said the sparrow as he trimmed

his wet feathers. "Our nest is quite spoiled; I never remember such a night." "Ah!" croaked the raven, "you've altered your mind since last night. Take my word for it, *there's nothing like a storm to teach you to value a calm.*"—*Mrs. Prosser.*

4553. RANK, at the throne of grace. In one of my journeys I came to Varzin while the Imperial Chancellor was residing there. I was asked if I would go to evening prayers at Bismarck's house. I found myself in a spacious and very suitable room which had been built for the purpose, well filled with servants, farm labourers, and villagers. Soon afterwards Prince Bismarck made his appearance, and went through the assembly to the reading-desk, nodding kindly right and left as he passed. He then commenced, "I hear we have a Bible-man among us," and he looked me straight in the face. "You will be so kind as to conduct service for us this evening." I rose up and answered, "It would be displacing your Highness for me to"—when the Prince interrupted me with, "Ah, my good man, what does highness signify? *Here in God's sight we are all poor sinners*; so come, take my place this evening and conduct the service for us." Of course I accepted his invitation, the Prince taking his place among the audience.—*A German Colporteur (condensed).*

4554. RANSOM, Working for. Montesquieu, being at Marseilles, hired a boat for pleasure. He entered into conversation with the two young boatmen, and learned, to his surprise, that they were silversmiths by trade, and had agreed to employ themselves thus as watermen only that they might increase their earnings. On expressing his fears that this must arise only from an avaricious disposition, "O sir," said one of them, "if you knew our reasons you would not think so. Our father, trading to the coast of Barbary, was unfortunately taken by a pirate, carried to Tripoli, and sold for a slave. With the hope of restoring him to his family we are striving, by every means in our power, to collect the sum necessary for his ransom; and for such a purpose we are not ashamed to employ ourselves in this occupation of watermen." Montesquieu, struck with this account, made them a handsome present. Some months afterwards the two brothers, being at work in their shop, were greatly surprised at seeing their father enter. They could only attribute his release to that stranger to whose generosity they had been before so much indebted.

4555. RASHNESS, to be avoided. Cotton Mather used to say there was a gentleman mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of Acts to whom he was often and greatly indebted—viz., the town clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel was, "*Do nothing rashly.*" And on any proposal of consequence he would say, "Let us consult a little with the town clerk of Ephesus."

4556. RATIONALISM, and the Resurrection. I remember a young German coming to Oxford when I was a tutor there, with an introduction to me, and as he was a member of the Lutheran Church, I was astonished to find that he did not believe in the Resurrection. Yet he professed the greatest respect for the writings of Paulus, as he called him—that is, St. Paul, not Dr. Paulus, whose name is also known. I found very soon that he was lamentably ignorant of the writings of St. Paul, whom he professed to treat with such great respect. I called

his attention to the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. He read it, and he shut the Book, and he said, "Yes, this is a fancy that Paulus had; he was a good man, but he was altogether mistaken."—*Archbishop Tait.*

4557. READINESS, for God's will. "Some years ago," says a lady, "I made the acquaintance of an old peasant in a little German village, where I for some time resided. He was called Gottlieb, a name which has the very beautiful signification, 'The love of God.' The old man was well worthy of it, for if ever heart was filled with love to God and to all God's creatures it was his. Once when walking I came upon him as he was stooping to pick up a fallen apple. 'Don't you weary, Gottlieb,' I asked, 'stooping so often, and then lying all alone by the roadside?' 'No, no, Miss,' he answered, smiling, and offering me a handful of ripe pears. 'I don't weary; I'm just waiting—waiting. I think I'm about ripe now, and I must soon fall to the ground; and then, just think, the Lord will pick me up! O Miss, you are young yet, and perhaps just in blossom; turn well round to the Sun of Righteousness, that you may ripen sweet for His service.'"—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdote.*

4558. READING, Charity in connection with. He (Dr. Johnson) reproved me with pretended sharpness for reading "*Les Pensées de Pascal*" or any of the Port Royal authors, alleging that, as a good Protestant, I ought to abstain from books written by Catholics. I was beginning to stand upon my defence, when he took me with both hands, and with tears running down his cheeks, said, with most affecting tenderness, "Child, I am heartily glad that *you read pious books by whomsoever written.*"—*Hannah More.*

4559. READY, for death. A lady once said to John Wesley, "Suppose you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, *how would you employ the intervening time?*" "Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I would preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five o'clock to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, meet the societies in the evening, then repair to friend Martin's, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, wake up in glory!"

4560. REALITY, Love of. One day there was a discussion among the students at Cambridge as to Kingsley's supposed views, and after having listened to his inaugural lecture as Professor of History, those even who most disliked his opinions were heard to say, "Whether we agree with this or that, we like Kingsley." There was such an *utter freedom from all affectation*, so evident a reality and honesty in the man. He had a great abhorrence of anything like cant, of anything mean or servile. A beggar had presented himself at the door of the rectory, and supposing that he would be most likely to impose upon the simplicity of a parson by an affectation of piety, he fell on his knees, and with upturned eyes began to pray. Kingsley, disgusted with the man, suddenly seized him by the cuff of the neck and bade him be off!—*Rev. Alex. Bell, B.A.*

4561. REAPING, and sowing. One day the master of Lukman (an Eastern fabulist) said to him.

"Go into such a field and sow barley." Lukman sowed oats instead. At the time of harvest his master went to the place, and seeing the green oats springing up, asked him, "Did I not tell you to sow barley here? Why, then, have you sown oats?" He answered, "*I sowed oats in the hope that barley would grow up.*" His master said, "What foolish idea is this? Have you ever heard of the like?" Lukman replied, "You yourself are constantly sowing in the field of the world the seeds of evil, and yet expect to reap in the resurrection day the fruits of virtue! Therefore I thought, also, I might get barley by sowing oats." The master was abashed at the reply, and set Lukman free.—*From the Hindustani.*

4562. REAPING, life everlasting. There is a legend which we have read of St. Thomas, the apostle of the Indies. Gondofernes, the King of the Indies, gave him a vast sum of money to build him a palace, all which, however, St. Thomas gave away in charity and for religion. Gondofernes, on his return from a long absence, was greatly enraged, and caused Thomas to be seized and cast into prison. Meanwhile the King's brother dies, but after four days comes back from the dead. He tells Gondofernes that he has been in paradise, and that St. Thomas built him *there* a beautiful palace, which he had seen. The King rushed to the prison and liberated Thomas with passionate expressions of gratitude and regret.

4563. REASON, Coming of. A girl, when entering on her teens, was observed to be very serious, and on her aunt's asking her whether anything was the matter, she said she was afraid that reason was coming. One might wish to know whether she felt equally serious after it had come. If so, she differed from most of her own sex, and from a large part of the other. But the shadows in the morning and evening are longer than at noon.—*Augustus Hare.*

4564. REASON, Thank God for. An individual, as he was passing along the streets of London, was accosted by a stranger with the question, "Did you ever thank God for the use of your reason?" "No," was the reply; "I never thought of it." "Well, do it quickly," rejoined the stranger, "for I have lost mine."

4565. REASON, Use of. Dr. Henning asked, "Is reason to hold no authority at all with Christians, since it is to be set aside in matters of faith?" The Doctor replied, "Before faith and the knowledge of God reason is mere darkness; but *in the hands of those who believe 'tis an excellent instrument.* All faculties and gifts are pernicious exercised by the impious, but most salutary when possessed by godly persons."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

4566. REBUKE, A gentle. It happened at his own table that a gentleman there spoke somewhat too freely against the Earl of Leicester, which, when Master Foxe heard it, he commanded a bowl, filled with wine, to be brought in; which being done, "*This bowl,*" quoth he, "*was given me by the Earl of Leicester;*" so stopping the gentleman in his intemperate speeches without reprehending him.

4567. REBUKE, A merited. John B. Gough tells us in his "Sunshine and Shadow," that when he signed the pledge he still continued the use of tobacco. One day, when he was engaged to speak

at an out-door meeting, he met a friend, who said to him, "I've some first-rate cigars; will you take a few?" "No, thank you," said the lecturer; "I have nowhere to put them." "You can put half a dozen in your cap," his friend insisted. Gough put the cigars in his cap, attended the meeting under the open sky, and ascended the platform before an audience of two thousand children. He kept his cap on to avoid taking cold, and forgot all about the cigars. Towards the close of his address, after warning the boys against all sorts of bad habits, he said, "Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance. Now! Hurrah!" In his excitement he pulled off his cap, waved it vigorously, and flung the cigars right and left at the audience. The cheers changed to a roar of laughter at the expense of the discomfited orator. Nor was he relieved from his confusion when a boy stepped up on the platform, holding out "one of those dreadful cigars," and said politely, "Here is one of your cigars, Mr. Gough."

4568. RECKLESSNESS, in the face of death. Vergiand and his doomed Girondists employed the last night of their lives in delirious song and laughter; they improvised satires and scenes of tragedy. As they rumbled along, bareheaded and in their shirt-sleeves, they shouted back to the mob, with jovial grimaces, the monomaniacal shout, "Live the Republic!" Under the guillotine, instead of holy hymns, they raised the war-song of the "Marseillaise."—*Denton.*

4569. RECOGNITION, of Christians. A minister preached a sermon once on the recognition of friends in heaven, and after he had done some one said, "I wish now he would preach about *the recognition of friends on earth*, for nobody has ever spoken to me."

4570. RECOLLECTION, Important subjects of. The Rev. Mr. Newton, when his memory was nearly gone, used to say that, forget what he might, he never forgot two things—first, that he was a great sinner; second, that Jesus Christ was a great Saviour—two most important subjects of recollection.

4571. RECONCILIATION, and confession. The son of a minister had by some means excited the displeasure of his father. His father thought it right to be reserved for an hour or two, and when asked a question about the business of the day he was very short in his answer to his son. The time was nearly arrived when the youth was to repeat his lessons. He came into his father's study and said, "Papa, I cannot learn my lesson unless you are reconciled; I am sorry I have offended you; I hope you will forgive me; I think I shall never offend you again." His father replied, "All I wish is to make you sensible of your fault; when you acknowledge it, you know all is easily reconciled with me." "Then, papa," said he, "give me the token of reconciliation. Now," exclaimed the boy, "I will learn Latin and Greek with anybody," and fled to his little study. "Stop, stop!" cried his father; "have you not a heavenly Father? If what you have done be evil He is displeased, and you must apply to *Him* for forgiveness." With tears starting in his eyes he said, "Papa, *I went to Him first*; I knew except He was reconciled, I could do nothing;" and with tears he said, "I hope He has

forgiven me, and now I am happy." His father never had occasion to look at him with a shade of disapprobation from that time till his death.

4572. RECONCILIATION, Noble. Aristippus and Æschines having quarrelled, Aristippus came to his opponent and said, "Æschines, shall we be friends?" "Yes," he replied, "with all my heart." "But remember," said Aristippus, "that I, being older than you, do make the first motion." "Yes," replied Æschines; "and therefore I conclude that you are the worthiest man; for I began the strife, and you began the peace."

4573. RECONCILIATION, Precedency in. In a dispute with Æschines, who was becoming violent, Aristippus said, "Let us give over; we have quarrelled, it is true; but I, as your senior, have a right to claim the *precedency in reconciliation*."—*G. H. Lewis.*

4574. RECONCILIATION, Seeking. About seven years ago, in a large prayer-meeting, I was urging every one present to put away every hindrance to an immediate personal transaction with God, in which the soul might find instant forgiveness. I saw a man leave his pew in a hurried, excited state and go into the vestry. A messenger called two or three others to go into the same place. The man who first went shortly after came back to his seat, and the others returned to the pews where they had been sitting. At the close of the service I inquired into the reasons for the commotion, and I was told there had been a quarrel; that the first man who went was seeking peace with God, and *could not find it until he had been reconciled to his offended brethren*—and he had gone to seek reconciliation; that he had asked them to come into the vestry, sent for them, asked forgiveness and gave it, and that they were as glad as he to be friends again. Immediately on returning to his seat the God of mercy met him, and He blessed him there.—*Moody.*

4575. RECONCILIATION, through death. A mother in New York whose son had got into dissipated and abandoned habits, after repeated remonstrances and threats, was turned out of doors by his father, and he left vowing he would never return unless his father asked him, which the father said would never be. Grief over her son soon laid the mother on her dying bed, and when her husband asked if there was nothing he could do for her ere she departed this life, she said, "Yes, you can send for my boy." The father was at first unwilling, but at length, seeing her so near her end, he sent for his son. The young man came, and as he entered the sick-room his father turned his back upon him. As the mother was sinking rapidly, the two stood on opposite sides of her bed, all love and sorrow for her, but not exchanging a word with each other. She asked the father to forgive the boy; no, he wouldn't until the son asked it. Turning to him, she begged of him to ask his father's forgiveness; no, his proud heart would not let him take the first step. After repeated attempts she failed, but as she was just expiring, with one last effort she got hold of the father's hand in one hand, and her son's in the other, and exerting all her feeble strength, *she joined their hands*, and, with one last appealing look, she was gone. Over her dead body they were reconciled, but it took the mother's death to bring

it about. So, has not God made a great sacrifice that we might be reconciled—even the death of His own dear Son?—*Moody.*

4576. RECORD, Life's. When Latimer was on trial for heresy he heard the *scratch of a pen behind the tapestry*. In a moment he bethought himself that every word he spoke was *taken down*, and he says that he was very careful what words he uttered. Behind the veil that hides eternity is a record book, in which our every syllable is taken down.—*Culyer.*

4577. RECREATION, and religion. His (George Herbert's) love for music was such that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the cathedral church at Salisbury, and at his return would say, that his time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth. But before his return thence to Bemerton he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music-meeting; and to justify this practice, he would often say, "*Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.*"—*Izaak Walton.*

4578. REDEMPTION, appreciated. One rather old man, gentle and sad-faced, acting as a door-keeper told me he had formerly been a slave in Virginia. "Not but what I was well cared for, and my master was very kind to me; *but now I'm my own*, you see, Ma'am—that's it. You're your own, you goes whar you like, and what you earn is yours."—*Author of Life in the South.*

4579. REDEMPTION, Difficulty of. History informs us that a father went to the agents of a tyrant to endeavour to redeem his two sons, military men, who, with some other captives of war, were appointed to die. He offered as a ransom to surrender his own life and a large sum of money. The soldiers who had it in charge to put them to death informed him that this equivalent would be accepted for one of his sons, and for one only, because they should be accountable for the execution of two persons; he might, therefore, choose which he would redeem. Anxious to save even one of them, thus, at the expense of his own life, *he yet was utterly unable to decide which should die*, and remained in the agony of his dilemma so long that his sons were both slain.

4580. REDEMPTION, Effects of. A few years ago I was going away to preach one Sunday morning, when a young man drove up in front of us. He had an aged woman with him. "Who is that young man?" I asked. "Do you see that beautiful meadow?" said my friend, "and that land there with the house upon it?" "Yes." "His father drank that all up," he said. Then he went on to tell me all about him. His father was a great drunkard, squandered his property, died, and left his wife in the poorhouse. "And that young man," he said, "is one of the finest young men I ever knew. He has toiled hard and earned money, and bought back the land; he has taken his mother out of the poorhouse, and now he is taking her to church." I thought, that is an illustration for me. The first Adam, in Eden, sold us for nought; but the Messiah, the Second Adam, came and bought us back again. The first Adam brought us to the poorhouse, as it were; the Second Adam makes us kings and priests unto God.—*Moody.*

4581. REDEMPTION, Giving himself to. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, having spent his whole estate in redeeming Christian captives, at last offered his own person to redeem the son of a poor widow; but the barbarians were so moved with his benevolence, that they sent him back, and released several captives to accompany him.

4582. REDEMPTION, Idea of, natural to man. That man should take up the cross, that one should be atoned for, are ideas that dwell in human nature; they were so diffused among the savages, that Leclercq believed some of the apostles must have reached the American continent.—*Bancroft.*

4583. REDEMPTION, impossible to define. If you should expect from me a discourse in which I should explain redemption, I must follow the example of that philosopher of ancient times who, when some asked a definition of God, said I must first ask for a week to prepare my reply; after that week is passed I must ask a second, and again a third, and so on till I had at last declared that I never could end my demand for time. For the more that philosopher meditated on God, the less was he able to give a definition; and the more I meditate on redemption, the less can I explain it.—*Adolphe Monod.*

4584. REDEMPTION, Personal. Dean Stanley tells us that Dr. Arnold used to make his boys say, "Christ died *for me*," instead of the more general phrase, "Christ died *for us*." "He appeared to me," says one whose intercourse with him never extended beyond these lessons, "to be remarkable for his habit of *realising everything* that we are told in Scripture."—*Life of Dr. Arnold.*

4585. REDEMPTION, Safety of. A heathen could say, when a bird, scared by a hawk, flew into his bosom, "I will not betray thee unto thy enemy, seeing thou comest for sanctuary unto me." How much less will God yield up a soul unto its enemy when it takes sanctuary in His name?—*Gurnall.*

4586. REDEMPTION, the mainspring of life. To preach practical sermons, as they are called—that is, sermons upon virtues and vices—without inculcating the great Scripture truths of redemption, grace, &c., *which alone can enable and incite us to forsake sin and follow after righteousness*; what is it but to put together the wheels and set the hands of a watch, forgetting the spring which is to make them all to go?—*Bishop Horne.*

4587. REDEMPTION, Triumph of, illustrated. After Marcus Valerius had gained two great victories over the Sabines, in one of which he did not lose a single soldier, he was rewarded with a triumph, and a house was built for him upon Mount Palatine. The doors of the Roman houses generally opened inwards, but this was built to open outwards, to show that *he who dwelt there was ready to listen to any proposal* made to him for the public good.

4588. REFORM, First attempts at. When a man's conscience is aroused, and he is attempting to reform, he says, "As long as I did about as well as I knew how I did very well; but as soon as I attempted to regulate pride and vanity, and the appetites and passions, it seemed to me that I never had so much turmoil and confusion. And is it so," he says, "that religion makes a man worse? I have been trying to live a religious life, and I

think I have been a worse man than I was before." I will tell you what you have been like; you have been like an old family well that has not been cleaned for twenty years, and that is undergoing the process of cleaning. A man has a well that has become very foul and threatens to breed disease, and he is determined to clean it out; and men go down and scoop up bits of sticks and pieces of crockery and all manner of filth; and immediately after these things have been removed the man draws a bucket of water, and says, "It is dirtier than ever before!" Of course it is, for *it has not had time to settle yet*. By-and-by it will be purer than ever before, but not yet.—*Beecher.*

4589. REFORM, Procrastination in. It is recorded in Whitefield's journal, that during his first voyage to Georgia the ship's cook was awfully addicted to drinking, and when reproved for this and other sins, boasted that he would be wicked till within two years of his death, *and would then reform*. He died of an illness, brought on by drinking, in six hours.

4590. REFORM, Struggles for. A ship runs aground in a high wind. The men are beaten off. They are a mile from the shore. While one and another go down, some more stalwart arm buffets the waves. What with the wind and the waves and his own tugging endeavours, he reaches at last so near the shore that he can put his foot to the sand. At last, when he is almost spent, a wave leaves him, as it rolls out surging seaward, and he is on the land. And oh! if he could haste to secure his footing; but back it comes, roaring up to him, rushing around and beyond him, and swings him out again. Fainter, but with pluck to the last, he strives once more to come up on the beach, and maintains his foothold, and again the wave leaves him. But again it comes and sweeps him out. So it plays with him as a cat with a mouse, till by-and-by his strength is gone, and he collapses like the rags that are on him, and he, carried as the water wills, is drowned. So I have seen men gone wrong striving to reform.—*Beecher.*

4591. REFORMATION, aided by the press. Michelet tells us that "nothing lent more powerful assistance to Luther than the *zeal manifested by the printers and booksellers in the favour of the new ideas*." He then quotes the testimony of Cochläus, *c.g.*, "The books in support of Luther were printed by the typographers with minute care, often at their own expense, and vast numbers of copies were thrown off. There was a complete body of ex-monks who, returned to the world, lived by vending the works of Luther throughout Germany. On the other hand, it was solely by dint of money that the Catholics could get their productions printed, and they were sent forth with such a host of faults, that they seemed the work of ignorant barbarians. If any printer, more or less conscientious than the rest, gave himself any trouble with any Catholic work, he was tormented to death by all his fellows, and by the people in the public streets, as a papist and as a slave of the priests."—*Anecdotes of the Reformation.*

4592. REFORMATION, Cradle of. Besides lecturing to the students on the Inspired Word and on philosophy, Luther had an opportunity of preaching in an old wooden chapel in the square of the town

—a building used while the church of the Augustines was being erected, and which was only saved from falling down by props on both sides. This old wooden shed was the cradle of the mighty movement which ere long would shake the world. Luther had not come to fulness of light; but even now he stood forth different from all other preachers of that age, and taught the gospel with a clearness which augured death to popish pretensions.—*Life of Luther.*

4593. REFORMATION, how some men show the need of. When I was a boy, and I would go over to Aunt Bull's, who had several ugly dogs about her premises, I used to go barefooted, and make as little noise as possible, and climb over fences, and go a round-about way, so as, if possible, to get into the house before the dogs knew that I was coming. If I had acted as many reformers do, I should have gone with my pockets full of stones, and fired handful after handful at the dogs, and in the universal barking and hullabaloo should have said, "See what a condition of things this is! What a reformation is needed here!"—*Beecher.*

4594. REFORMATION, illustrated. There was once a symbolical representation of the great reformation presented to Charles V. and some of the officers of his court. First of all entered an individual in the guise of a doctor, having in his hand a number of crooked billets, and he placed them upon the hearth in the room, and returned. There appeared a second individual in the guise of a doctor, and he took up the billets, and attempted to make the crooked ones straight; but it was all in vain, and at last he left in despair. There was seen written on his back, *Erasmus*. Presently there came in another, in the attire of a monk, having a chafing-dish, and he set fire to the billets; they were soon in a blaze, and as he retired there was written on his back, *Luther*. There came another individual, and he, seeing the fire, attempted to put it out, but the more he stirred the embers the more they burned, and upon his back was written the name of Charles V. There came another individual dressed as a pope, with a tiara, and he was tremendously alarmed at the sight of the fire, and was anxious to put it out, and looked in all directions for something wherewith he might extinguish the blaze. He saw two hottles; one happened to be a bottle of water, and the other of oil; and in his terror he took the oil instead of the water, poured it on the flames, which caused them to burn with greater intensity than ever, and upon his back was seen written, *Leo X.*—*Rev. J. Stoughton.*

4595. REFORMATION, Need of. For the space of many hundred years there has not been a single bishop that has shown any zeal on the subject of schools, baptism, and preaching; 'twould have been too great trouble for them, such enemies were they to God. I have heard divers worthy doctors affirm that the Church has long since stood in need of reformation, but no man was so bold as to assail popedom; for the Pope had on his banner, "*Noli me tangere*;" therefore every man was silent. Dr. Staupitz said once to me, "If you meddle with popedom you will have the whole world against you;" and he added, "Yet the Church is built on blood, and with blood must be sprinkled."—*Luther.*

4596. REFORMATION, Secret of. "In Luther's

closet," says D'Aubigné, "we have the secret of the Reformation."—*Punshon.*

4597. REFORMATION, Seed-thought of. One day—a day destined to be eventful—Henry was hunting in Windsor great forest. Having the misfortune to miss his path and separate from his party, His Majesty found himself at dinner-time before the gates of Reading monastery. Preserving his disguise, he knocked with the dignity becoming an illustrious stranger, and on entering the hall found the table crowded with dishes for a sumptuous mid-day repast. Seating himself, the guest did justice to what was before him. My lord abbot, being a man given to hospitality, rejoiced at entertaining a stranger so competent to enjoy a dinner. Every delicacy procurable by the revenue of a wealthy monastery was at the service of the visitor, who, however, prompted by a simpler than an ecclesiastical taste, observed, "I will stick to this sirloin." Quoth the "holy" man, unable to restrain his envious astonishment, "I would give £100 to be able to eat with corresponding gusto; but, alas! my weak and qualmish stomach can hardly digest the wing of a fowl." A few days subsequently some officers arrested the abbot, and, without any explanation, summarily imprisoned him. As week by week he languished, no clue to the mystery enlightened his den, and no omen of liberty cheered his solitude. Sunrise and sunset came and went, each bringing a spare meal of bread and water. Then at length, at a convenient season, the King visited the prison. Shielding himself from observation, Henry ordered the prisoner from his cell, and directed that a sirloin of beef should be set before him. When the famished wretch, with greedy appetite, had eaten till the bones were bare, Henry stood forth and cried, "Sir Abbot, I have cured you of your qualms; give me my £100." The fine was taken, and the fatal seed-thought sown, which spread till public opinion told against the luxurious iniquity of monasticism.—*Anecdotes of the Reformation.*

4598. REFORMATION, the, Need of. During the generation which preceded the Reformation the Court of Rome was a scandal to the Christian name. Choice cookery, delicate wines, lovely women, hounds and chases, busts, mosaics, and gems, these were the delight and serious business of their lives.—*Macaulay.*

4599. REFORMERS, A lesson for. A German whose sense of sound was exceedingly acute was passing a church, and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a piece of nasal psalmody, sung in most discordant fashion, and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air and leave the hated sounds behind him. "But this too I feared to do," said he, "lest offence might be given; so I resolved to endure the torture with the best fortitude I could assume; when lo! I distinguished, amid the din, the soft clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord; but patiently and sweetly she sang in full, rich tones; one after another yielded to the gentle influence, and before the tune was finished all were

in perfect harmony." I have thought of this story as conveying an instructive lesson for reformers. The spirit that can thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord must indeed be of the strongest as well as the gentlest kind. Ever and anon comes the temptation to sing louder and drown the voices that cannot thus be forced into perfect tune. But this would be a pitiful experiment, and would only increase the tumult. Stronger and more frequently comes the temptation to stop singing, and let discord do its own wild work. But blessed are they that endure to the end, *singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loving acquiescence*, without forcing into submission the free discord of a single voice.—*Mrs. Child (condensed)*.

4600. REFORMERS, End of. "So you intend to be a reformer of men's morals, young man," said an old peer (to Wilberforce). "*That is the end of reformers,*" and he pointed to a picture of the crucifixion, which, as his biographers say, was "no likely sight to frighten a Christian warrior."—*Punshon*.

4601. REFORMERS, Misunderstood. When Conservatives and obstructionists charge the Reformers with having thrown the whole country into a blaze, thus accusing the extinguisher of being the firebrand, one is reminded of the incendiary who, in order to avoid detection, turned round and collared the foreman of the engines, exclaiming, "Ha, fellow! have I caught you? *This is the rascal who is first and foremost at every fire.* Seize him! seize him!"—*Horace Smith*.

4602. REFUGE, A city of. Plutarch says that as soon as the foundations of Rome were laid, they opened a place of refuge for fugitives, which they called the Temple of the Asylum god. Here they received all that came, and *would neither deliver up the slave to his master nor the debtor to his creditor*, declaring that they were directed by the oracle of Apollo to preserve the asylum from all violation. So the city was peopled. And Christ is such a Refuge. He claims all that come to Him. He gives none back again. And so it is that the New Jerusalem is being filled with the ransomed and the redeemed who have taken refuge in Him.—*B*.

4603. REFUGE, Christ a. One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window looking out over the bright and beautiful fields in summer-time. Presently a little bird, flitting about in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came swooping down towards the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees or the green fields, there was no hiding-place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But, seeing the open window, and a man sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extreme terror, towards it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger, and saved it from a cruel death. Mr. Wesley was at that time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of a refuge in his own time of trouble as much as the trembling little bird did, that nestled so safely in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that sweet hymn—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

—*Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.*

4604. REFUGE, Insufficient. I was reading, a day or two ago, one of our last books of travels in the wilderness of the Exodus, in which the writer told how, after toiling for hours under a scorching sun, over the hot white marly flat, seeing nothing but a beetle or two on the way, and finding no shelter anywhere from the pitiless beating of the sunshine, the three travellers came at last to a little Retem bush only a few feet high, and flung themselves down and tried to hide at least their heads from those "sunbeams like swords," even beneath its ragged shade.—*Maclaren*.

4605. REFUGE, Insufficient. Some parts of the coast of the Isle of Wight abound in caves. In one of these was found the body of a poor Frenchman. He had been a prisoner, and had escaped from prison, and for a long time concealed himself there, probably in the hope of escaping by some vessel which might pass. Many a weary day passed, however, and he still remained a prisoner, till at last, not venturing to leave his retreat, he perished from want. So it is with those who seek refuge in insufficient places. "They make lies their refuge, and under falsehood hide themselves." They find out their mistake when it is too late.—*C. S. Bowes*.

4606. REFUGE, Seeking. In the city of New York, it is said, occurred the well-known illustration of Whitefield's dramatic power, when, preaching to a large number of sailors, he introduced a description of a storm and shipwreck, carrying away their imaginations so irresistibly that in the climax of the catastrophe they sprang to their feet, exclaiming, "Take to the long boat!"

4607. REFUGE, unexpected ways of. Dr. Kane in his Arctic wanderings was saved from the ice-floes which threatened the destruction of his ship and sheltered from a fierce storm by taking refuge behind and anchoring to a huge iceberg which at first sight appeared as if it must overwhelm and sink the vessel.

4608. REGENERATION, and baptism. I was visiting, some little time ago, with a home missionary, one district where, as I passed a mill, one of the servants came out and said, "Are not you Dr. Brown, of Cheltenham?" I said, "Yes." "Will you come in and see my son here, who is dying?" I, of course, turned in, and went upstairs to see that dying young man. He had a Bible lying open upon his bed, and he rose up upon his elbow and said to me, "O sir, I have been reading the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and I have been especially looking at the phrase, 'Ye must be born again;' and I was so affected by it that I cried out to God, and asked Him to teach me; and the clergyman came in, and I said to him, 'O sir, tell me the meaning of that phrase—it has been taking hold of me—'Ye must be born again;'" and he said, 'Pooh, pooh! you were born again when you were baptized;' and I lifted up my arm, and I said, 'O sir, there is more in it than that.' Now," he said, "I want to put the question to you—*is there no more in it than that?*" I need not tell you that I answered there was more in it than that.—*Dr. Morton Brown*.

4609. REGENERATION, Baptismal. "Well, Cato, what ground have you for believing yourself a true Christian?" said a minister to an old coloured man whose life was not in harmony with his pro-

fession. "Been baptized, Massa," replied Cato, placing marked emphasis on the word "baptized." The minister vainly tried to convince Cato that mere baptism could not make him a Christian. Cato was stubborn on this point, for he had been taught that the water of baptism cleansed the heart of its sinfulness. The poor fellow knew nothing of the work of the Holy Spirit on the heart. Just then a happy thought struck the minister's mind. He led Cato into his study, took an empty ink-bottle from the shelf, and holding it up, said, "Cato, do you suppose I can clean this bottle by washing the outside with 'water'?" "No, Massa; you must wash de inside too, if you would have him clean," said Cato, with a grin of self-approval. "Very good, Cato," rejoined the minister. "Now do you suppose that water applied to the *outside* of the body of a man can cleanse sin from his heart, which is *within* him?" "I see it now, Massa, I see it," said Cato, placing his hand on his brow. "My heart be like de inside of dat bottle. Baptism no cleanse de inside. I see will seek de power of de Holy Spirit to make my heart clean inside."

4610. REGENERATION, Effects of. Socrates was once accused by a physiognomist of having a base and lewd disposition. His disciples, knowing his character to be altogether the reverse, were much enraged, and would have beaten the offender; but Socrates interposed, and modestly acknowledged, "I was once naturally the character he describes, but I have been regenerated by philosophy."

4611. REGRET, Unavailing. He who preached so wisely "on doing the duty which lay nearest to us" forgot his own instructions. . . . There broke upon him in his late years, like a flash of lightning from heaven, the terrible revelation that he had sacrificed his wife's health and happiness in his absorption in his work. . . . The fault was grave and the remorse agonising. For many years after she had left him, when we passed the spot in our walks where she was last seen alive, he would bare his grey head in the wind and rain, his features wrung with unavailing sorrow.—*Froude's Life of Carlyle.*

4612. RELICS, Absurd. In many places the papists boast of having some of the milk of the Virgin Mary, and of the hay in which Christ lay in the cradle. A Franciscan boasted he had some of this hay in a wallet he carried with him. A roguish fellow took out the hay, and put some charcoal in its place. When the monk came to show the people his hay he found only the wood. However, he was at no loss. "My brethren," said he, "I brought out the wrong wallet with me, and so cannot show you the hay; but here is some of the wood that St. Lawrence was grilled upon." . . . They once showed here at Wittenberg the drawers of St. Joseph and the breeches of St. Francis. The Bishop of Mayence boasted he had a gleam of the flame of Moses' bush. At Compostella they exhibit the standard of the victory that Jesus Christ gained over death and the devil. The crown of thorns is shown in several places.—*Luther.*

4613. RELIEF, sent of God. Who else was it but the God of Elijah, who only a short time ago, in our neighbourhood, so kindly delivered a poor man out of his distress; not, indeed, by a raven, but by a poor singing bird? The man was sitting,

early in the morning at his house-door; his eyes were red with weeping, and his heart cried to Heaven, for he was expecting an officer to come and distract him for a small debt. And while sitting thus, with his heavy heart, a little bird flew through the street, fluttering up and down, as if in distress, until at length, quick as an arrow, it flew over the good man's head into his cottage, and perched itself within an empty cupboard. The good man, who little imagined who had sent him the bird, closed the door, caught the bird, and placed it in a cage, where it immediately began to sing very sweetly, and it seemed to the man as if it were the tune of a favourite hymn, "Fear thou not when darkness reigns;" and as he listened to it he found it soothe and comfort his mind. Suddenly some one knocked at the door. "Ah! it is the officer," thought the man, and was sore afraid. But no, it was the servant of a respectable lady, who said that the neighbours had seen a bird fly into his house, and she wished to know if he had caught it. "Oh yes," answered the man; "and here it is;" and the bird was carried away. A few minutes after the servant came again. "You have done my mistress a great service," said she; "she sets a high value upon the bird, which had escaped from her. She is much obliged to you, and requests you to accept this trifle, with her thanks." The poor man received it thankfully, and it proved to be neither more nor less than the sum he owed! And when the officer came he said, "Here is the amount of the debt; now leave me in peace, for God has sent it me"—*Dr. Krummacher.*

4614. RELIGION, Abiding nature of. Men's experiences are too often like illuminated houses when a great victory or a great peace is celebrated. On such occasions men buy candles two or three inches long, and put them into little bits of tin sockets, and stick them up at every pane of glass, and light them, so that they may be seen by everybody that goes by in the street. And was there ever anything more beautiful! That is just like folks under preaching, and often in revivals of religion. They have little bits of enthusiasm, little bits of candles, that will not burn an hour. And after they have gone out how much tallow there is on the window, and on the carpet, and all about! Now, if men, instead of having these petty illuminations, would establish in themselves a fountain of light, how much better it would be!—*Beecher.*

4615. RELIGION, a cloak. One Sunday a shower suddenly came on, when a number of persons took shelter in Rowland Hill's chapel, while he was preaching. Noticing this, he publicly remarked, "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella."

4616. RELIGION, a matter of preparation. "One should think," said a friend to the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, "that sickness and the view of death would make men more religious." "Sir," replied Johnson, "they do not know how to go to work about it. A man who has never had religion before no more grows religious when he is sick than a man who has never learned figures can count when he has need of calculation."

4617. RELIGION, and the change of opinions. "No, cousin," said Henry IV., when charged by the Duke of Bouillon with having changed his religion;

‘I have changed no religion, *but an opinion.*’—*Hewel.*

4618. RELIGION, and the present life. Lord Bolingbroke, an avowed infidel, declares that “the doctrine of rewards and punishments in a future state has so great a tendency to enforce the civil laws and restrain the vices of men, that, though Reason would decide against it on the principles of theology, she will not decide against it on the principles of good policy.” Again he says:—“No religion ever appeared in the world whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind as the Christian. The gospel of Christ is one continual lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, benevolence, and universal charity. Supposing Christianity to be a human invention, it is the most amiable and successful invention that ever was imposed on mankind for their good.”

4619. RELIGION, and the State. One day, when this matter was under earnest discussion in the Council of State, Napoleon said, “Last evening I was walking alone in the woods, amid the solitude of nature. The tones of a distant church bell fell upon my ear. Involuntarily I felt deep emotions—so powerful is the influence of early habits and associations. I said to myself, ‘If I feel thus, what must be the influence of such impressions upon the popular mind?’ Let your philosophers answer that if they can. It is absolutely indispensable to have a religion for the people.”—*Abbott.*

4620. RELIGION, and time-serving. The Bishop of Norwich once met an old fellow who was reputed a Deist. This gentleman touched on some points of religion to his lordship, who, not caring to discuss the subject, said, “When I think a man much in the wrong in an opinion I may pity him, but I can never be angry with him for differing from me. I never knew a man change his opinion for being *kicked downstairs*.” “True, my lord,” replied the other; “but I have known many a man do it for being *kicked upstairs*.”—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

4621. RELIGION, alone a cause of separation. “In former times,” said he (Sechele), “when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he was fond of dancing or music, all showed a liking to these amusements too. If the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different. I love the Word of God and not one of my brethren will join me.”—*David Livingstone.*

4622. RELIGION, ceremonial and casuistry. All ceremonialising and particularising religions are liable to be evaporated into idle cases of casuistry. Some few years ago the Mohammedans at the Cape were agitated by such a dispute. The Sultan had sent some one to look after their spiritual condition. This person found that they were in the habit of eating cray-fish of a particular species, which in an evil hour he pronounced to be unclean. Objecting to this decision, they said that there was nothing about cray-fish in the Koran. However, he looked up a prohibition to eat spiders, and declared that for all ceremonial purposes a cray-fish was practically a spider. Referring the question to the Curator of the Cape Museum, they were naturally informed that a cray-fish was not a spider. The more scrupulous, however, objected to the decision, and as far as

my informant knows, the dispute may be as lively as ever to this day.—*Canon Farrar.*

4623. RELIGION, Change in, disliked. Porphyry, the philosopher, could say that it was a pity such a man as Paul was cast away upon our religion. And the monarch of Morocco told the English ambassador in King John's time that he had lately read Paul's Epistles, which he liked so well that, were he now to choose his religion, he would, before any other, embrace Christianity. “But every one ought,” said he, “to die in his own religion;” and the leaving of the faith wherein he was born was *the only thing he disliked in that apostle.*—*Trapp.*

4624. RELIGION, Choice of. Some years ago a Fenian found himself lodged in an Irish prison, of which a soldier was governor. According to the regulations, the new prisoner was asked to what religious denomination he belonged. He replied that he was of no religion, and obstinately adhered to this statement till the governor made his appearance on the scene. “No religion?” quoth that official; “then you must choose one at once. There are three kinds—Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic. Which do you prefer? No nonsense.” The prisoner elected for Rome.—*Echo.*

4625. RELIGION, comes in often to fill the voids of life. A man had no companion, but he had a little child. He had lived an unhappy life in his household; and by-and-by death, which is the great divorcer, and has a right to divorce, took away his companion and his trouble, but left a dear child, into which he poured the whole of his heart and nature. That little girl was everything to him. She was his morning star, for he waked to think of her before any other one, and to frolic with her, and chat and prattle with her. And his last thought, as he left the house, was of her. And now and then she gleamed into his thoughts all day long in his business. And when the evening came she was his bright evening star. And when he went home at night, and she greeted him at the door, he caught her in his arms, and inwardly thanked God. She sickened; and he said to God, “Kill me, but spare the child!” And God took the child. And he said, “I have nothing left.” He lay before God as the flax lies before the flail, and said, “Strike! strike! I am dead. I am cut up from the roots. Strike!” He would have died if he could, but he could not. Nobody can die that wants to. It is folks who want to live that die, apparently. And finding that he could not die, by-and-by he got up and crept into life again, and said, “What do I care whether I make or lose?” He had no longer any motive for laying up property. And so he said, “If there is anything in religion, I am going to try to get it. I shall die if I do not have something.” And he gets religion to fill the great void and vacuum in his soul.—*Beecher.*

4626. RELIGION, Controlling effects of. As a boy in India I remember being greatly struck with the calmness of the Hindoos, as contrasted with the impatient and angry spirit of the English. On one occasion I observed one of the former at his devotions. He, with others, had been carrying me about in a palanquin all day in the hot sun. In the evening he most reverently took from his girdle a piece of mud of the sacred river Ganges, and dis-

solving this in water, he washed a piece of the ground; then having washed his feet and hands, he stepped on this sacred spot and began to cook his food. While it was preparing he was bowed to the ground with his face between his knees, worshipping towards the setting sun. A boy who was standing by me said, "If you touch that man he will not eat his dinner." In a thoughtless moment I did so with my hand, and immediately he rose from his devotions; but instead of threatening and swearing at me, as some might have done who belonged to another religion, he only looked reproachfully and said, "Ah! Master William;" and then, emptying out the rice, he began his ceremony all over again.—*Rev. W. Haslam.*

4627. RELIGION, convincing nature of its evidence. As to the Christian religion, sir, besides the strong evidence which we have for it, there is a balance in its favour from the number of great men who have been convinced of its truth, after a serious consideration of the question. Grotius was an acute man, a lawyer, a man accustomed to examine evidence, and *he was convinced*. Grotius was not a recluse, but a man of the world, who certainly had no bias to the side of religion. Sir Isaac Newton set out an infidel, and came to be a very firm believer.—*Dr. Johnson.*

4628. RELIGION, Cost of. A Christian gentleman, when blamed by his commercial partner for doing so much for the cause of God, made this reply—"Your fox-hounds cost more in one year than my religion ever cost in *two*."—*Whitecross.*

4629. RELIGION, Enemy of. Knox relates the last confession made by Thomas Scott, a privy councillor to James V. of Scotland, and a violent enemy of the reformed religion. When the monks began to comfort him he said, "Till now I never believed there was God or devil, heaven or hell. I acted only as a politician, to get money, and for that purpose I joined the bishops' side. All your masses can do me no good." He died the same night.

4630. RELIGION, Experimental. A Roman Catholic priest, a Protestant minister, a farmer, and an Atheist were in a railway carriage together. The Atheist commenced the conversation by asking the priest this question, "What, in your opinion, is sufficient proof of the truth of the Christianity which you profess to believe and teach?" The priest began to talk of councils, of the traditions of the Church, and so on; but the Atheist had been all over that ground before, and soon replied to the arguments advanced. He then turned to the Protestant minister and asked the same question. The minister talked of external evidences, of internal evidences, of collateral evidences, and so forth; but the infidel had also considered all these arguments, and had his answer ready. The minister then referred the Atheist to the old farmer, whom he happened to know. The farmer's indignation had been welling up for a considerable time at hearing his Lord and Master reviled, and when the Atheist said, with a contemptuous air, "Well, my man, what in your opinion is sufficient proof of the truth of the Christianity you profess to believe?" the farmer answered earnestly, "*Sir, I feel it!*" The Atheist was surprised at the reply, and said, "Gentlemen, I can't answer that!"—*Christian Age.*

4631. RELIGION, for ornament, not for use. "Fair-weather Christians" are illustrated by a quaint passage in Captain Speke's travels. Once, while on an exploring tour in Western Africa, he gave to each of his half-naked negro attendants a fine goat-skin mantle, thinking to add somewhat to the decency of their personal appearance as well as to their comfort during the autumnal storms. The natives were proud of their new dress, and wore the mantles every day as they travelled, sweltering under the tropical sun. At length the storm came, and as soon as the rain began to fall every negro snatched off his mantle and rolled it up and tucked it under his arm.

4632. RELIGION, half in earnest. Richard Baxter said a good thing when he said of some who lived in his day, that they had a "wheelbarrow religion." They "went when they were shoved."

4633. RELIGION, how best advanced. Fénelon was called "the good Archbishop of Cambray;" and as marking the contrast between him and Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, it was a common remark that "the one *proves* religion; the other causes it to be *loved*."—*Dr. Fish.*

4634. RELIGION, how men should be led in. The English [Puritans] at Leyden, trusting in God and in themselves, made ready for their departure the "Speedwell" of sixty tons, and the "Mayflower" of one hundred and eighty tons. . . . A solemn fast was held, and Robinson [their pastor] gave them a farewell, "I charge you before God and His blessed angels, that *you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ*. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word."—*Bancroft (condensed).*

4635. RELIGION, Ideas of. Can we say in the midst of every company, every plan for the future, every hope of promotion, every bargain, every study, every covert of darkness, "*Lord, I wait Thy command; speak, Thy servant heareth, and will obey?*" If not, then that thing we call religion is something else. That happens, only in a different direction, which happened on a large scale under the Papal hierarchy in the Middle Ages, when religion came to mean a set of monastic vows; when a religious person was not a righteous man, or a godly woman, or a devout child anywhere, but a member of a separate community shut out from the world; and when a religious house was not the dwelling of a Christian family, adoring and serving God, but of some Dominican or Franciscan order. The idea of a real relation to God will have gone out, and a notion of a mortal power and luxury have come in its place. Honesty requires that the name shall be changed with the thing.—*Huntington.*

4636. RELIGION, Increase of, and sin. "I asked the Rev. Legh Richmond," says one, "how we were to reconcile the increase of religion with the acknowledged growth of crime, as evinced in our courts of justice. He answered, 'Both are true. *Bad men are becoming worse, and good men better.* The first are ripening for judgment, the latter for glory. The increase of wickedness is, in this respect, a proof of the increase of religion. The devil is wroth, knowing that his time is short.'"

4637. RELIGION, Influence of. Some opponents took up a whole waggon-load of Methodists, and

carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and, besides, they pray from morning till night." The magistrate asked if they had done nothing else. "Yes, sir," said an old man; "an't please your worship, they have converted my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue, and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back! Carry them back!" said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."
—*Southey*.

4638. RELIGION, Interest in. That Felix is still alive—the bad man who likes to go to church once a day; the worldly, grasping, avaricious man who likes to spice his life with religious metaphysics and religious controversies. It is curious, it is almost comical, yet it is most pitifully true. Who can explain it, or account for it, that a man whose life is wholly given to the earth should, now and again, desire to hear a prayer, or listen to a discourse, or take part even in a religious controversy, and have his "views"?—*Dr. Parker*.

4639. RELIGION, made a convenience of. King James I. wanted money. He had several Irish "forfeited estates to dispose of, and he hit upon an ingenious mode of raising the wind," and at the same time planting a colony of Protestants in Ireland. He sold the estates to city companies. It is this property so acquired which the London companies continue to enjoy.—*S. C. Hall (condensed)*.

4640. RELIGION, may be formal. "In a recent journey," says Mr. Ford, "I said to a fellow-passenger, an apparently intelligent young woman, 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes, sir,' was the prompt reply. 'How long have you been one?' was my next inquiry. 'Ever since I was christened, sir! And this was all she knew about the matter.'"

4641. RELIGION, may be merely official. It was currently reported that the profligate Pope Boniface VIII. was privately an unbeliever, even deriding the idea of the immortality of the soul, at the very time when he was maintaining against Philip the Fair the right of the Pope to sit as Christ's representative, in judgment on the living and the dead, and to take the sword of temporal power out of the hands of those who misused it.—*Susanna Winkworth*.

4642. RELIGION, Meaning of. Some one has said that when the great American orator and statesman, Webster, first visited Westminster Abbey, he walked in, he looked around him, he burst into tears. That is an acknowledgment of something undefined, mysterious, superior to ourselves, and superior to all common things, which is the root of all religion, and which springs from that modesty and humility of spirit which is described in the first Beatitude.—*Dean Stanley*.

4643. RELIGION, Naturalness of. Coleridge used to praise Bishop Butler's sermons as full of thought and sound philosophy. "He has proved," he used to say, "the love of piety and virtue to be as natural to the mind of man as the delight it receives from the colour of a rose or the smell of a lily."

4644. RELIGION, No time for. "Sir," said one

to an evangelist, "I have not time to serve God." Prompt and pertinent was the reply—"God wants no more of your time to serve Him than that which you give to serve the devil."—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

4645. RELIGION, not a solitary thing. When Wesley was returning to Oxford, with strong leanings towards a life of seclusion, he travelled some miles to see a "serious man." "Sir," said this person, in words which Wesley never forgot, "you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember you cannot serve Him alone; you must therefore find companions or make them; the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." Wesley joined the "Holy Club," and his subsequent institution of societies shows how apt a learner he was.—*A. Mackennal, B.D.*

4646. RELIGION, not a thing of talk. Dr. Lathrop was a man of generous piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh the praise of men. A young divine who was much given to enthusiastic cant one day said to him, "Do you suppose you have any *real religion*?" "None to speak of," was the excellent reply.—*Arvine*.

4647. RELIGION, not to be made a task. Sunday was a heavy day to me when a boy. My mother made me read the "Whole Duty of Man," from the greater part of which I could derive no instruction. When, for instance, I read the chapter on theft, which from my infancy I had been taught was wrong, I was no more convinced that theft was wrong than before, so *there was no accession of knowledge*. I fell into an inattention to religion, or an indifference about it, in my ninth year. The church where we had seats wanted repairing, so I was to go and find a seat in other churches; and having bad eyes, and being awkward at this, I used to go and read in the fields. I then became a sort of lax talker against religion, though I did not much think against it, and this lasted till I went to Oxford.—*Dr. Johnson*.

4648. RELIGION, One part of. At one of our mission stations in India one of the native preachers became engaged in a warm discussion with a Brahmin, during which the latter used strong language and spoke very loudly. A friend standing by said that such talk would offend the preacher. "No, no," the Brahmin replied; "he will not get angry, whatever you say to him. It is a part of his religion never to get angry or tell a lie."

4649. RELIGION, Power of. A clergyman, having made several attempts to reform a profligate, was at length repulsed with, "It is all in vain, Doctor; you cannot get me to change my religion." "I do not want that," replied the good man; "I wish religion to change you."

4650. RELIGION, refused. I was talking one day to a man who was weeping. I said to him, "What is the trouble?" And he told me a very strange story. When he started out in life he left his native village, and went to another town to find something to do, and he said he was unsuccessful. The first Sabbath he went to a little church, and there the minister preached from this text: "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God*;" and he said that he thought the text and the sermon were for himself. The sermon made a deep impression upon him. But he said he did not want to become a Christian then. He wanted to get rich, and when he was settled in

life he would seek the kingdom of God. He went on, and the next Sabbath he was in another village. It was not long before he heard another minister preach from the same text: "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God.*" He thought surely some one must have been speaking to the minister about him, for the minister just pictured him out. But he said he would not seek the kingdom of God then; but when he got settled in life, and was his own master, he would. Some time after he was at another village, and he went to church again; but he had not been there a great while when he heard the third minister preach from the same text: "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added.*" He said it went right down into his soul; but he calmly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not become a Christian, that he would not seek the kingdom of God until he had got settled in life and owned a farm, and that then he would attend to the salvation of his soul. Many a man thinks he can't make money if he becomes a Christian. How the devil deceives you! This man said, "Now I am what the world calls rich, and go to church every Sunday; but I have never heard a sermon from that day to this which has ever made any impression upon my heart. My heart is as hard as a stone." As he said this tears trickled down his cheeks.—*Moody (condensed).*

4651. RELIGION, revived. A baronet was one day examining some works of the celebrated sculptor, Mr. Bacon, and observed a bust of Mr. Whitefield among them, which led him to remark, "After all that has been said, this was truly a great man; he was the founder of a new religion." "A new religion, sir!" replied Mr. Bacon. "Yes," said the baronet; "what do you call it?" "Nothing," was the reply, "but the old religion revived with new energy, and treated as if the preacher meant what he said."—*Arvine.*

4652. RELIGION, should be practical. William Smith, a Primitive Methodist local preacher, had a business letter shown to him from a manufacturer of cloth. The concluding paragraph was a rather high-flown rhapsody about revivals, and some sermon that had been to him (as he said) "wines on the lees." His pair of eyes keenly watched the reader of the letter, to whom he said, when the reading was concluded, "What do you think of that?" Answer: "I don't think I should have written the last paragraph." Response: "I should think not; I only wish the fellow would put his religion into his cloth instead of his invoices."

4653. RELIGION, Some men's Shortly before his death, being visited by a clergyman whose features as well as language were more lugubrious than consoling, Hood looked up at him compassionately, and said, "My dear sir, *I'm afraid your religion doesn't agree with you.*"—*W. Davenport Adams.*

4654. RELIGION, Some men's idea of. Lord Hartington admits the truth of the story that the Roman Catholic soldiers on board the "Euphrates" were forced by their commanding officer to attend a Protestant service. The gallant martinet looks upon public worship as a full-dress parade, and it grieved him to think men were feigning themselves Papists in order to avoid it.—*Echo.*

4655. RELIGION, Talking. A gay, thoughtless

young lady, who had not infrequently indulged in ridiculing "the orthodox," as she was pleased to term those who pretended to anything more than external morality, after having been in the society of a pious, devoted friend, observed, "Mrs. — is always *talking religion*; but she does seem to enjoy it so much, that I love to listen to her, and have been sitting a whole hour to hear her converse."

4656. RELIGION, Talking about. A lady once asked the Rev. C. Simeon if teachers ought always to be talking about religion. "*No, no,*" answered the good man, rather precipitately; let your speech be *seasoned with salt*—seasoned with salt, Madam; not a whole mouthful."

4657. RELIGION, what it does for us. An infidel was lecturing in a village in the North of England, and at the close he challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said, "Sir, I have a question to put to you." "Well, my good woman, what is it?" "Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow with eight children utterly unprovided for, and *nothing to call my own but this Bible.* By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave, but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That is what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?" "Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but" — "Oh! that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. *What has your way of thinking done for you?*" The infidel endeavoured to shirk the matter again; the feeling of the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and he had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

4658. RELIGIOUS, Motive for being. If I had no other reason and motive for being religious, I would earnestly strive to be so for the sake of my aged mother, that I might requite her care of me, and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy.—*Hooker.*

4659. REMEDIES, Scorn of simple. Sir Henry Holland, after describing an efficacious but simple course of practice in dealing with a generally obstinate complaint, adds the remark, that here, unhappily, as in so many other cases, the *simplicity of the means forms a hindrance to their sufficient application.* A shrewd clerical observer says of country patients, that when seriously ill the one thing they insist upon is a good drastic treatment; gentle measures they are inclined to resent as an imputation on the gravity of the case.—*Francis Jacox.*

4660. REMEDY, Need of. In the city of Shu-Kow, which I visited, references to opium-smoking called forth the readiest response. "It is all very well to warn us against the evil," said a Shu-Kow man to me, "but can you tell us of a remedy? The evil we know only too much about; but we haven't the power to grapple with it. Can't you help us in this?"—*David Hill.*

4661. REMEDY, the, Do not forget. Cecil had been a great sufferer for years, and none of his

medical friends had been able to ascertain the cause. At length Mrs. Cecil was told of a physician who was extremely skilful in intricate cases, and whom she entreated him to consult. On entering the physician's room he said, "Welcome, Mr. Cecil; I know you well by character, and as a preacher. We must have some conversation after I have given you my advice." Mr. Cecil then described his sufferings. The physician considered a moment, and then said, "Dear sir, there is only one remedy in such a case as yours; do first try it; it is perfectly simple," and then he mentioned the medicine. Mr. Cecil, fearing to occupy too much of his time, rose to leave, but the physician said, "No, sir, we must not part so soon, for I have long wished for an opportunity of conversing with you." So they spent half an hour more, mutually delighted with each other's society. On returning home, Mr. Cecil said to his wife, "You sent me to a most agreeable man—such a fund of anecdote, such originality of thought, such a command of language." "Well, but what did he prescribe for you?" Mrs. Cecil anxiously inquired. There was a pause, and then Mr. Cecil exclaimed, "I have entirely forgotten the remedy; his charms of manner and conversation put everything else out of my mind." "Now, young men," said Mr. Cecil, "it will be very pleasant for you if your congregations go away saying, 'What eloquence! what original thought! and what an agreeable delivery!' *Take care they do not forget the remedy, the only remedy, Christ and His righteousness, Christ and His atonement, Christ and His advocacy.*"—*Memoirs of Wm. Marston.*

4662. REMORSE, Effects of. For every sin, great or small, conscience, which is the voice of God, has a reproof more or less emphatic. Charles IX., responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, was chased by the bitter memories of his deeds, and in his dying moments said to his doctor, Ambrose Parry, "Doctor, I don't know what's the matter with me; I am in a fever of body and mind, and have been for a long while. Oh, if I had only spared the innocent and the imbecile and the crippled!" Rousseau declared in old age that a sin he committed in his youth still gave him sleepless nights. Charles II., of Spain, could not sleep unless he had in the room a confessor or two friars. Cataline had such bitter memories he was startled at the least sound. Cardinal Beaufort, having slain the Duke of Gloucester, often in the night would say, "Away! away! Why do you look at me?" Richard III., having slain his two nephews, would sometimes in the night leap from his couch and clutch his sword, fighting apparitions.—*Talmage.*

4663. REMORSE, Instance of. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, one of the most bitter opponents of the Reformation, when he came to die, exhibited great remorse at the remembrance of his various cruelties. "He often," says Bishop Burnet, "repeated those words—'*Erravi cum Petro, sed non flevi cum Petro*'" ('I have erred with Peter, but have not repented with him')."

4664. RENEWAL, what it is not. A builder was called in to repair some houses. The contract stated that any doors, window-sashes, &c., which should be renewed would be paid for. The work proceeded, certain door-panels, window-frames, and sashes proved to be imperfect and decayed. The

defective panels, beadings, and pieces of framing were made good. In due course the painting, graining, and finishing work was completed. I was present when the work underwent examination. The builder's account had been rendered, and an item appeared of so many pounds for renewing doors, sashes, &c. "Certainly not," said the architect on being appealed to; "*to repair is one thing, to renew quite another.*" In vain the builder expostulated. How well I remember the architect's words—"No, sir, your contract comprehends all repairs. Go and get your Dictionary and see what the word renew means. Had you taken away the old doors and window-sashes, and brought new ones, we would have paid you for them. Such is the meaning of the terms of your contract, and no amount of repairing will renew that which is old."—*Henry Varley.*

4665. REPENTANCE, A death-bed. Do not trust a death-bed repentance, my brother. I have stood by many a death-bed, and few indeed have there been where I could have believed that the man was in a condition physically (to say nothing of anything else) clearly to see and grasp the message of the gospel. I know that God's mercy is boundless. I know that a man, going—swept down that great Niagara—if, before his little skiff tilts over into the awful rapids, he can make one great bound with all his strength, and reach the solid ground—I know he *may be saved*. It is an awful risk to run. A moment's miscalculation, and skiff and voyager alike are whelming in the green chaos below, and come up mangled into nothing, far away down yonder upon the white turbulent foam. "One was saved upon the cross," as the old divines used to tell us, "that none might despair; and only one that none might presume."—*Maclaren.*

4666. REPENTANCE, A late. One of Father Taylor's most remarkable displays was after an address by a visitor who related the death of a very wicked man, a hardened sinner, who was blown up a few days before in one of his own powder-mills at Wilmington. He came down all crushed and mangled, and gave his heart to God; and now who would not say with the holy man of old, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his"? Father Taylor rose at once. "I don't want any trash brought unto this altar. I hope none of my people calculate on serving the devil all their lives, and cheating him with their dying breath. Don't look forward to honouring God by giving Him the last snuff of an expiring candle. Perhaps you *will never be blown up in a powder-mill*. That holy man," he continued, "that we heard of was Balaam, the meanest scoundrel mentioned in the Old Testament or the New. And now I hope we never shall hear anything more from Balaam, nor from his ass."—*Life of Father Taylor.*

4667. REPENTANCE, a sinner's, Joy over. In India there is a tomb of wonderful architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing in that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from a height of one hundred and fifty feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing. How many souls here to-day, in the tomb of sin, will lift up the voice of penitence and

prayer? If now they would cry unto God, the echo would drop from afar—not struck from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but sounding back from the warm heart of angels, flying with the news; for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!—*Talmage*.

4668. REPENTANCE, and faith. Mr. P. Henry used to say that he had been told, concerning the famous Mr. Dodd, that some called him in scorn "Faith and Repentance," because he insisted so much upon these two in his preaching. "But," says Mr. Henry, "if I were to die in the pulpit, I would desire to die preaching repentance; and if I die out of the pulpit, I would desire to die practising it."

4669. REPENTANCE, and penance. A clergyman found the children reading the Douay version of the Testament, and on noticing a passage in the chapter which was translated "Do penance," where the English version rendered the same word by "Repent," he asked them if they knew the difference between penance and repentance. A short silence followed, and then a little girl asked, "Is it not this, your reverence: *Judas did penance*, and went and hanged himself; *Peter repented*, and wept bitterly?"—*Life of Rev. William Marsh, D.D.*

4670. REPENTANCE, Complete. Dr. Donne, a clergyman of great talents and learning, when on his death-bed, and taking a solemn farewell of his friends, said, "I repent of all my life but that part of it which I spent in communion with God and in doing good."

4671. REPENTANCE, deferred. The Venerable Bede tells us of a certain great man who was exhorted to repent of his sins during a season of illness. He answered that he would not repent yet; for, should he recover, his companions would laugh at him on account of his religion. Getting worse, the subject was again pressed on his attention, when he replied, "It is too late now, for I am judged and condemned."

4672. REPENTANCE, History of. A story is told at Killarney of a holy hermit who had found so much favour with Heaven that his food was brought every morning by the angels themselves. One stormy night he looked out of the door of his hut and said, "This is a wild night," but forgot to add the usual "Glory be to God," and from henceforth the angels brought his food no longer. As a penance he planted his holly-stick in the middle of the ford, and vowed never to leave the spot until the stick blossomed. A dishonest cattle-dealer passing, to whom he told his tale, stung by remorse, placed his stick in the sand also, and swore the same vow, promising to restore all his ill-gotten gains. Immediately the thief's stick blossomed, and he went on his way rejoicing, for his repentance was sincere. But the hermit's heart was filled more with shame at the loss of his reputation than anything else, and neither bud nor blossom showed Heaven's acceptance of his grief, until a great flood came, threatening to sweep him away, when, in mortal terror, his heart for the first time *felt real sorrow and penitential remorse*. Then the holly-branch sprouted, but he had meanwhile grown too weak to reach the shore; so the flood swept him away, although he knew himself forgiven. It is a

parable of death doing for many a man what life has failed to do.—*B.*

4673. REPENTANCE, How some men give themselves to. In a village near Derby a man lay apparently dying. The clergyman of the parish visited him, and very earnestly besought him to be reconciled to a neighbour against whom it was well known he entertained feelings the opposite of friendly. At last the man consented, and the neighbour was sent for; and after a brief conversation they shook hands in token of friendship. But as the neighbour turned to depart the sick man exclaimed, "*But you must remember this stands for nothing if I get better again!*"—*J. C. Antliff, B.D.*

4674. REPENTANCE, Ineffectual. Mr. Brisbane, a Scotch minister, gave the following certificate to a parishioner who was continually sinning, and repenting only to sin again:—"I certify that the bearer has *too little grace to be good*, and *too little sense to be desperately wicked*."—*Life of Dr. Begg*.

4675. REPENTANCE, Necessity of. When his people at Wittenberg showed him their licenses to sin, Luther's answer was, "Unless you repent you will all perish." . . . "Please God, I'll make a hole in his drum," he said when he first heard of Tetzels selling these indulgences.—*Anecdotes of Luther*.

4676. REPENTANCE, No place for. Suppose I should preach the gospel in some gambling-saloon of New York, and suppose a man should come out convicted of his wickedness, and confess it before God, and pray that he might be forgiven. Forgiveness might be granted to him, so far as he individually was concerned. But suppose he should say, "O God, not only restore to me the joys of salvation, but *give me back the mischief that I have done*, that I may roll it out." Why, there was one man that shot himself; what are you going to do for him? A young man came to Indianapolis, when I was pastor there, on his way to settle in the West. He was young, callow, and very self-confident. While there he was robbed, in a gambling-saloon, of fifteen hundred dollars—all that he had. He begged to be allowed to keep enough to take him home to his father's house, and he was kicked out into the street. It led to his suicide. I know the man that committed the foul deed. He used to walk up and down the street. Oh how my soul felt thunder when I met him! If anything lifts me up to the top of Mount Sinai, it is to see one man wrong another. Now suppose this man should repent? Can he ever call back that suicide? Can he ever carry balm to the hearts of the father and mother and brothers and sisters of his unfortunate victim? Can he ever wipe off the taint and disgrace that he has brought on the escutcheon of that family? No repentance can spread over that. And yet how many men there are that are heaping up such transgressions!—*Beecher*.

4677. REPENTANCE, often brief. When an impulsive old gentleman, an utter stranger at the Bethel, shed tears at a moving appeal, Father Taylor turned toward him with these words—"Cry away, you white-headed sinner; it won't hurt you. *Summer showers are soon dried up*. You'll forget it in five minutes." The stranger, who was there at the invitation of one who communicates this in-

cident, gasped out, "How did he know about me? Have you been telling him?"—*Life of Father Taylor.*

4678. REPENTANCE, Opportunity for. John Hardonk, while on shipboard, dreamed one night that the day of judgment had come, and that the roll of the ship's crew was called except his own name, and that this crew were all banished; and in his dream he asked the reader why his own name was omitted, and he was told it was to give him more opportunity for repentance. He woke up a different man. He became illustrious for Christian attainment.—*Talmage.*

4679. REPENTANCE, unavailing sometimes. Of Antiochus, though he vowed in his last illness that also he would become a Jew himself, and go through all the world that was inhabited and declare the power of God, yet, continues the historian, "for all this, his pains would not cease, for the just judgment of God was come upon him,"—*J. Lorinus.*

4680. REPETITION, needless. It is said that Father Bushnell, of Vermont, used to relate a story of a little boy who was one day sitting right at his feet, and looking up into his face while he was standing and preaching in a densely crowded room. As the old man was going on very earnestly he happened to repeat some remark he had previously uttered, when the little fellow spoke out, "*You said that afore!*" Mr. Bushnell used to say that was the best criticism he ever received on his preaching in his life.

4681. REPORT, How men are misled by. It is a habit of theirs (the Gauls) to stop travellers, were it even by constraint, and inquire whatsoever each of them may have heard or known about any sort of matter. In their towns the common people beset the passing trader, demanding to hear from what regions he came, what things he got acquainted with there. Excited by rumours and hearsays, they will decide about the weightiest matters; and necessarily repent next moment that they did it, *on such guidance of uncertain reports*, and many a traveller answering with mere fictions to please them and get off.—*Cæsar's De Bello Gallico.*

4682. REPROBATE, Christ's tenderness towards. There came to me last week one whose bad ways I had known, and whom I had avoided, supposing that he was but a sponge; but having, since January last, maintained a better course, he came to me and, to my surprise, spoke of his past life, of his degradation, and of his new purpose, and said, "The kindness that some friends have shown me has been very comforting and very encouraging." I sat there, and my heart trembled like jelly. I rebuked myself that I had ever had any other thought than that he might be rescued. And as he went on my heart went out toward him. And I said to myself, "*What would I not give if I could save this man?*" I, a selfish man, I, a proud man, I, a worldly man, I, burdened like himself—I, rising above my lower nature, felt my better nature asserting itself. And I longed to take him up in my arms, and out of the entanglements and temptations which beset him, and make a man of him. And do you suppose that I could feel this, and Christ feel nothing when one comes to Him, saying "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me?"—*Beecher.*

4683. REPROBATE, Hope for. John Vine Hall, father of Rev. Newman Hall, calls himself "a brand saved from the burning." After drinking to great excess some days, on coming to his senses, he began to reason with himself on the guilt and folly of abusing the blessings with which God had surrounded him. In a passionate manner he exclaimed, "Oh! it's no use for me to repent, my sins are too great to be forgiven!" No sooner had he uttered these words than a voice seemed to say, with strong emphasis, "*If thou wilt forsake thy sins, they shall be forgiven.*" This was within an hour after he had been made the subject of importunate prayer by his wife, that he might die penitent rather than live in sin. His heart was subdued; he abhorred his besetting sin more than ever, but he felt that it must be conquered or he must perish. And he conquered it.

4684. REPROBATES, called to preach the gospel. In John Bunyan, God calls the bold leader of village reprobates to preach the gospel—a blaspheming tinker to be one of England's famous confessors. . . . From the deck of a slave-ship He summons John Newton to the pulpit; and by hands defiled with Mammon's foulest and most nefarious traffic, brings them that are bound out of darkness, and smites adamantine fetters from the slaves of sin. In Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, He converts Christ's bitterest enemy into His warmest friend; to the man whom a trembling Church held most in dread she comes to owe, under God, the weightiest obligations. . . . How much better for these three stars to be shining in heaven than quenched in the blackness of darkness!—better for the good of mankind, better for the glory of God.—*Guthrie.*

4685. REPROOF, A just. As the Rev. Dr. Gifford was one day showing the British Museum to some strangers, he was much shocked by the profane language of a young gentleman belonging to the party. Taking down an ancient copy of the Septuagint, he showed it to the youth; on which he exclaimed, "Oh! I can read this." "Then," said the Doctor, "read that passage," pointing to the third commandment.

4686. REPROOF, A pertinent. The late Rev. Robert Clason, of Logie, being possessed of a singularly gentle and retiring nature, was most reluctant to reprove. When he did so the reproof was in few words, but these not to be forgotten. He happened to be an inside passenger in the stage-coach, which, early in the century, was the only weekly conveyance between Stirling and Glasgow. A blustering fellow-passenger had, in the form of oaths, repeatedly mentioned the devil's name. His oaths, increasing in vehemence, he began to use irreverently the name of the Supreme. "Stop, sir," said Mr. Clason, "else one or other of us must go out. So long as you used the name of your own master I was silent, but *I shall not hear you speak irreverently of mine.*" The rebuke was effectual.—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

4687. REPROOF, A silent. A dancing party was going on one Saturday night in Edinburgh. The people of the house in which the revel was held belonged to the St. George's Church congregation. Its minister, Dr. Andrew Thomson, had been out late that night to visit a sick member. On

his return home his eyes chanced to light on this house, whose windows were brilliant with the glare of festivity. He stepped up to the door and rang the bell. Without speaking a word he went upstairs, entered the room, and stood in the midst of the dancers. Had a spirit from the other world appeared the party could not have been thrown into a state of greater confusion. The music ceased, the dancers stood still; a silence awful as death followed, while the bold intruder surveyed the company with a stern glance. As the penetrating look of reproof fell in turn on each one of the confounded revellers every countenance fell and the bravest quailed. The piercing eye and solemn presence having accomplished the work of admonition, the minister retired amid the same unbroken silence.

4688. **REPROOF**, from a child. The celebrated Italian writer, Silvio Pellico, when a young man, became entangled by the secret society of the Carbonarie, and although not a member of that political party, was condemned in 1821 to death, which was afterwards changed to imprisonment for life. In his book called "My Prison Life" he tells us the following story:—"During the first days of my prison life I found in religion my only consolation ; earnest meditation on the Word of God gave that strength which my passionate disposition stood so greatly in need of ; my Bible was a Vulgata Latin edition such as the Romish Church permits." At first, he was taken to Milan, then sent to Venice, where he was examined and cross-examined by a special commission who were known as "The Leadén Roofers." Loneliness, and the fear that he might inadvertently damage his own cause or entangle some of his friends by any chance word which dropped from him at his frequent cross-examination, brought upon him a feeling of despair. He says :—"My faith forsook me, and I left off praying ; I affected an indifference of manner, and would sing and joke when in the presence of others. This melancholy had lasted a whole week, when one day the warder's little son paid me his customary visit. 'It seems to me,' he said, as he caressed me, 'that you are no more so sad since you left off reading in that bad book.' My eye followed his finger, and I saw my dusty Bible. I took and dusted the book with my handkerchief, and opening it, my eye fell on the following passage : 'It is impossible but that offences should come ; *but woe unto him through whom they come!* It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.' Conscience-stricken, I acknowledged my sin, and strove earnestly to remove the wrong impression from the child's mind and teach him to value the Word of God. My own spiritual life was quickened ; I began to read my Bible anew, and it became to me again strength, and brought me peace and life in God."—*Der Glaubensbote.*

4689. REPROOF, and its application. The Rev. J. Howe, once conversing with a nobleman in St. James's Park, who swore profanely in conversation, expressed great satisfaction in the thought that there is a God who governs the world, who will finally make retribution to all according to their works, and "who, my lord," added he, "will make a difference between him that sweareth and him that feareth an oath." His lordship immediately answered, "I thank you, sir, for your freedom: I

take your meaning, and shall endeavour to make a good use of it." Mr. Howe replied, "I have reason to thank your lordship for saving me the most difficult part of the discourse, *which is the application.*"

4690. **REPROOF, Administering.** A skilful physician having to heal an imposthume, and finding the person to be afraid of lancing, *privately wrapped up his knife in a sponge*, with which, while he gently smoothed the place, he lanced it. So, when we encounter an offending brother, we must not openly carry the dagger in our hand, but with words of sweetness administer our reproof, and so effect the cure.

4691. **REPROOF, Appropriate.** Passing two persons of quality, who were talking with great eagerness and imprecated curses on each other repeatedly, Mr. Howe said to them, taking off his hat in a respectful manner, "I pray God save you both;" for which handsome reproof they immediately returned him thanks.

4692. **REPROOF**, rightly received. It is said that Henry the Great of France took much pleasure in conversing with an honest and religious man of a low situation in life, who used great freedom with His Majesty. One day he said to the King, "Sire, I always take your part when I hear any man speaking evil of you; I know that you excel in justice and generosity, and that many worthy things have been done by you. But you have one vice for which God will condemn you if you do not repent; I mean the unlawful love of women." The King, it is said, was too magnanimous to resent this reproof, but he long felt it like an arrow in his bosom, and sometimes said that the most eloquent discourses of the doctors of the Sorbonne had never made such an impression on his soul as this honest reproof from his humble friend.—*Whitcross.*

4693. REPUTATION, and salvation. Webster, in the last years of his life, said once, with an anguish of solemnity, "*I would give all my reputation for the salvation of my soul.*"—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

4694. **RESCUE, A noble.** A little boy was going from Chicago to Buffalo on a lake steamer. In his play on deck one morning he ran too near the edge of the vessel and fell overboard into the water. The cry, "A boy overboard!" was made. Every one rushed on deck, but no one knew what to do. There was on board a young sailor, a very slender, timid young man, who, because he wouldn't fight, nor drink, nor gamble like the other sailors, went by the name of "Coward." At that moment he came on deck, saw what was the trouble, and saying, "*I'll save him if I can!*" threw himself overboard to fight with the waves and save a life. It was a desperate fight; and at last he rose near the side of the vessel, bearing in his arms the tender young life he had risked his own to save. A shout of joy arose from every lip as both were brought on board, the rescuer and the rescued together.

4695. RESCUE, a source of interest and joy. It was in March, when I was hunting beaver, just as the ice began to break up. I calculated there could be no human being nearer than one hundred miles. I was pushing my canoe through the loose ice, when just around a point I heard something walking through the ice. It stepped so regularly

that I felt sure it must be a moose. I held my rifle cocked in my hand, while I pushed the canoe with the other. Slowly I rounded the point, when, what was my astonishment to see a man wading in the water—the ice water! He had nothing on his hands or feet, and his clothes were torn almost from his limbs. He was gesticulating with his hands, and talking to himself. He seemed wasted to a skeleton. With great difficulty I got him into my canoe, when I landed and made up a fire, and got him some hot tea and food. He had a bone of some animal in his bosom, which he had gnawed almost to nothing. He soon fell asleep. I nursed him like an infant. With great difficulty I found out the name of the town from which he came. At length I reached the village where I supposed he lived. I found the whole community under deep excitement, and more than a hundred men seeking for my crazy companion. It had been agreed upon that if he was found the bells should be rung and guns fired; and as soon as I landed a shout was raised, his friends rushed to him, the bells broke out in loud notes, and guns were fired till every seeker knew that the lost one was found. I never saw people so crazy with joy. How they feasted me, and when I came away, loaded my canoe with provisions! They seemed to think only of the poor man whom I had brought back.

4696. RESCUE, God's law of. During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain a dismayed merchantman was observed by the crew of a British frigate to be drifting before the gale. Every eye and every glass were fixed on her, and a canvas shelter on the deck, which was almost level with the sea, suggested the idea that *even yet there might be life on board*. The captain of the frigate instantly gave the order to pull her about; a boat was lowered, and a band of gallant men, who volunteered for the perilous service, started in it for the wreck. Away they went over the raging billows, and with much difficulty they at last succeeded in boarding the vessel. Then, lifting up the canvas, they found a man, bent head and knees together, so wasted with fasting and hunger, and so completely exhausted, that he could give them no information either by speech or sign. Supposing that the rest of the crew had all been washed overboard, they lifted him into their boat, and by-and-by they reached their ship. The man was laid on the deck, and means were promptly used to restore him to consciousness. At length he showed signs of life, and his lips moved. Listening intently to catch what he said, they heard him whisper, faintly and painfully, "*There's another man.*" Rescued from death, the first use he made of his recovered speech was, not to ask for further comforts for himself, but to tell them that another was in peril, and to entreat them to rescue him.

4697. RESIGNATION, and work. Of all the smaller English missions, the Livingstone-Congo stands conspicuous for its overflowing of zeal and life and promise; and of all its agents, young M'Call was the brightest; but he was struck down in mid-work. His last words were recorded by a stranger who visited him. Let each one of us lay them to our hearts. "Lord, I gave myself, body, mind, and soul, to Thee. I consecrated my whole life and being to Thy service; and now, if it please Thee to take myself, *instead of the work which I would do for Thee*, what is that to me? Thy will be done."—*R. N. Cust.*

4698. RESIGNATION, Complete. A minister being asked by a friend, during his last illness, whether he thought himself dying, answered, "Really, friend, I care not whether I am or not; if I die I shall be with God, and if I live God will be with me."

4699. RESIGNATION, in peril. A gentleman who was at Niagara years ago, when the Indians lived round about, saw a canoe moored to the American shore, near Goat Island; an Indian was lying down in it, fast asleep. Suddenly a girl darted out from the thick foliage of the forest, and, quick as thought, unfastened the rope, pushed the canoe out into the current, and disappeared. The sudden motion and the roar of the rapid awakened the man; he started up, and looked for his paddle—the only hope for life; but the paddle had been taken away! The canoe was now driving madly down the stream. Calmly the Indian took his blanket, folded up his head in it, *stood upright, and so went over!* Fiction can feign nothing more terribly suggestive.—*Denton.*

4700. RESIGNATION, Instance of. During the siege of Barcelona, in 1705, Captain Carleton witnessed the following affecting fact, which he tells us in his memoirs:—"I saw an old officer, having his only son with him, a fine man about twenty years of age, going into their tent to dine. Whilst they were at dinner a shot took off the head of the son. The father immediately rose up, and first looking down upon his headless child, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks, only said, 'Thy will be done.'"

4701. RESIGNATION, Prayer for. He (George III.) was not only sightless, he also became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had, in one of which the Queen desired to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, then for his family, and then for the nation; concluding with a prayer for himself, that *it might please God to avert his heavy calamity* from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.—*Thackeray.*

4702. RESIGNATION, to God. Gellert was a scholar and popular lecturer, much beloved by the young men who attended his lectures. He lived during the Seven Years' War, was a succourer of many, and often in this way reduced himself to great poverty. We are told that he might be seen in a small room in Leipzig, surrounded by his books, *his well-used Bible on the table*, which opened at the words, "What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

4703. RESIGNATION, to the Divine Will. There was a good woman who, when she was ill, being asked whether she was willing to live or die, answered, "Which God pleaseth." "But," said one standing by, "if God should refer it to you, which would you choose?" "Truly," said she, "if God should refer it to me, *I would even refer it to Him again.*"—*Whitcross.*

4704. RESIGNATION, Want of. I knew a case in which the minister, praying over a child apparently dying, said, "If it be Thy will, spare —."

The poor mother's soul, yearning for her beloved, exclaimed, "It must be His will! I cannot bear *ifs*." The minister stopped. To the surprise of many, the child recovered; and the mother, after almost suffering nartyrdom by him while a stripling, lived to see him hanged before he was two-and-twenty!—*Rev. S. Kilpin.*

4705. RESISTANCE to Christ, illustrated.

Suppose that some savages have seen a cannon charged and discharged. Suppose that when they saw it charged a second time, dreading the consequences, they should gather stones and clay, and therewith ram the cannon full to the muzzle, by way of shutting in the shot and securing the safety of the neighbourhood. They know not the power of gunpowder when it is touched by a spark. This is the sort of blunder into which the Sanhedrim fell. They thought they could stifle the testimony of the Apostles by ramming a threat of punishment down their throats. They knew not the power of faith in Christ when it is kindled by a spark from heaven.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

4706. RESOLUTION, faithfully kept. A good resolution faithfully kept has saved many a man. When Hugh Miller was a stone-mason, it is stated that he drank at one time, in company with several of his fellow-workmen, two glasses of whisky. On reaching home he took up Bacon's Essays, and found the letters dance before his eyes, and he could not master the sense, when he said, "In that hour I determined that *I would never sacrifice my capacity for intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage*, and by the help of God I was able to keep my resolution."

4707. RESOLUTION, Power of. In Charles Kingsley's Life there is a story of a madman who declared that the devil had got hold of him, and would not let him sleep. "The surgeon," says Kingsley, "came to me and said, 'As I cannot cure the man's mind by making his liver act, you must make his liver act by curing his mind.' So I went to the patient and agreed with him fully that the devil was in him. 'And I will tell you,' I said, 'why he is. It is because you have been a scoundrel. But if you will lead a new and honest life *you may snap your finger at the devil*.'" The "devil" left him presently, and the man was cured. So resolution may expel the devil of worry, even after the nerves are more or less broken.—*T. M. Coan, M.D.*

4708. RESPECT, want of, How to meet. "When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby hat and cloak, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So, if my hat and cloak choose to fret about it, I let them, but it is nothing to me."—*Christian Age.*

4709. RESPECTABILITY, Resting in. A wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, who would not listen to the gospel message in health, sent for me at his death-bed. I told him, "I have nothing new to tell you. You are a sinner, and here is a Saviour. Do you feel your guilt, and will you take a Saviour?" "No. There must be some better place than hell for a man of my respectability."—*Dr. S. H. Tyng.*

4710. RESPONSIBILITIES, Dread of. The King and Queen, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, as

they heard the noise like thunder made by the courtiers rushing from the dead sovereign's antechamber to come and do homage to the rising sun, threw themselves on their knees and exclaimed, weeping, "O God, guide us, protect us; we are too young to reign."—*Madame Campan.*

4711. RESPONSIBILITY, A great. "Now you are Queen of the mightiest land in Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions," said young Prince Albert to Victoria in his letter of congratulation. He was going to Italy, in the freedom of a life less burdened, less full of splendid care than hers, yet not without a thought that his very wanderings were some time to be of service to her. "May Heaven assist you," he adds, "and strengthen with its strength in that high and difficult task."

4712. RESPONSIBILITY, A minister's. John Brown, of Haddington, said to a young minister, who complained of the smallness of his congregation, "*It is as large a one as you will want to give account for in the day of judgment*." The admonition is appropriate; not to ministers alone, but to all teachers.

4713. RESPONSIBILITY, a source of care. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones.—*Thomas Fuller.*

4714. RESPONSIBILITY, Dawning sense of. "I ask your Majesty's leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now for the first time your Majesty ought to know your place in the Succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys (the Queen's instructor, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) was gone, the Princess Victoria opened the book again as usual, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, Madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed—'Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. *There is much splendour, but there is much responsibility*.' The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it, but I understand all better now,' and the little Princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good.'"—*Baroness Lehzen (the Queen's Governess, 1854).*

4715. RESPONSIBILITY, Evading. Some years ago there was a bridge at Bath in so crazy a condition that cautious persons chose rather to make a long circuit than run the risk of crossing it. One day, however, a very nervous lady, hurrying home to dress for the evening, came suddenly upon the spot without, till that moment, remembering the danger. The sight of the bridge reminded her of

its ruinous state, just as she was about to set her foot upon it. But what was she to do? If she went on the frail arch might give way under her; to go round would be fatiguing and attended with much loss of time. She stood for some minutes trembling in anxious hesitation; but at last a lucky thought occurred to her. She called for a sedan-chair, and was carried over in that conveyance! You may laugh, perhaps, at this good lady's odd expedient for escaping danger by shutting out the view of it. But is not something of the same kind happening around you every day? Those people who are alarmed and perplexed at the danger of having to judge for themselves in religious matters think to escape that danger *by choosing to take some guide as an infallible one*, and believe or disbelieve as he bids them. What is this but crossing the crazy bridge in a sedan-chair?—*Excelsior*.

4716. RESPONSIBILITY, Individual. A single voice in the Senate, perhaps, decided the fate of that illustrious commonwealth. Had there been *one other virtuous man*, whose negative would have caused the rejection of that pernicious measure (the vote for the reception of the wealth of Athens, sent home by Lysander after his conquest), Sparta might have continued for ages, frugal, warlike, virtuous, and uncorrupted.—*Tytler*.

4717. RESPONSIBILITY, Measure of. Poor Jamie! (Jamie Fleeman, the Laird of Udney's fool). While he was dying the poor creature heard a conversation by his bedside. One said, "I wonder if he has any sense of another world or a future reckoning?" "Oh no," was the reply; "he's a fool, he's a fool; what can he know of such things?" Jamie heard the conversation, opened his eyes, and looked the last speaker in the face, saying, "*I never heard that God seeks what He did not give*; but I am a Christian, and dinna bury me like a beast."—*Paxton Hood*.

4718. RESPONSIBILITY, responded to. Frederick the Great, before he became "the Great," was seated with his roystering companions, and they were drinking and hallooing, and almost imbecile, when word came to him that his father was dead, and consequently the crown was to pass to him. He rose up from among the boisterous crew, and stepped out and cried, "Stop your fooling; I am Emperor!"—*Talmage*.

4719. RESPONSIBILITY, unavoidable. Rev. John Thomas, of Serampore, was one day, after addressing a crowd of natives on the banks of the Ganges, accosted by a Brahmin as follows:—"Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts man to sin?" "Yes," answered Mr. Thomas. "Then," said the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment." Mr. Thomas, observing a boat with several men on board descending the river, replied, "Brahim, do you see yonder boat?" "Yes." "Suppose I was to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable on the boat, who ought to suffer punishment? I, for instructing them, or they, for doing this wicked act?" "Why," answered the Brahmin with great emotion, "you ought all to be put to death together." "Ay, Brahmin," replied Mr. Thomas; "*and if you and the devil sin together*, the devil and you will be punished together."

4720. RESPONSIBILITY, where does it lie? It has been said that the Prince Imperial would not have been left behind to meet his sad death from savage foes if his stirrup had been strongly made of stout leather—had been, in short, *what it pretended to be*. As it was it broke under his foot. If this be so, then the roguery of a contractor or the slovenliness of a workman is responsible for a tragedy which thrilled the heart of the world.—*The Sunday at Home*.

4721. REST, after suffering. None of us who have not read deeply into history can understand how utterly the Russian and German peoples were threshed, as straw is threshed on the summer threshing-floor, by the iron flail of Bonaparte. So extreme was the suffering that it broke the heart of that most beautiful and noble woman, the wife of King William, the father of the present Kaiser. She died, as it were, struggling with the sorrows of her people. For her, her husband erected a tomb in the environs of Berlin. I can hardly mention it without tears. It is peculiarly built, standing alone in a forest, with glass that throws a sombre light upon all the hither part of it, while on the far part the golden and natural light of the sun shines—as if this side, where you enter, represented the gloom of this world, and the other side, where she lies, carved in marble over her dust, represented the light and the glory of the more blessed land. When I first was there I had read about, but never had fairly conceived of, that which met my eyes. The Queen, sculptured at full length, lies as one upon a bed at rest. There is the most exquisite expression of having at last come to full, perfect, and joyful rest.—*Becher*.

4722. REST, at last. In the Church of St. Nazaro, in Florence, is an epitaph upon the tomb of a soldier, as fit for the whole toiling race as for his own restless life:—"Johannes Divitulus, who never rested, rests—hush!"—*T. T. Munger*.

4723. REST, Death brings. With "Turn again then unto thy rest, O my soul!" the pious Babylas, Bishop of Antioch, comforted himself while awaiting his martyrdom in the Decian persecution, saying, "From this we learn that our soul comes to rest when it is removed by death from this restless world."—*Dean Perowne*.

4724. REST, in Christ. The other day I was requested by a brother minister, who was unwell, to go and visit a dying child. He told me some remarkable things of this boy, eleven years of age, who during three years' sickness had manifested the most patient submission to the will of God, with a singular enlightenment of the spirit. I went to visit him. The child had suffered excruciating pain; for years he had not known one day's rest. I gazed with wonder at the boy. After drawing near to him and speaking some words of sympathy, he looked at me with his blue eyes—he could not move, it was the night before he died—and breathed into my ear these few words, "*I am strong in Him*." The words were few, and uttered feebly; they were the words of a feeble child in a poor home where the only ornament was that of a meek and quiet and affectionate mother, but these words seemed to lift the burden from the very heart; they seemed to make the world more beautiful than ever it was before; they brought home to my heart a great and blessed truth.—*Dr. M'Leod*.

4725. **REST, in God.** An old man was dying who had long served Christ, when one asked him, "Can you rest a little now, father?" "Dear child," he said, "it is all rest; for the everlasting arms are underneath me."—*Christian Age*.

4726. **REST, in heaven.** Who is it that says of saints appointed to do God's work on earth, "There will be time enough for rest in heaven?" Father Matthews seems never to have wearied. Once, when reasoned with as to his early rising, he pointed to a busy cooper and said, "He is up before me; shall I grudge to do for my Master what that man does for his?"—*S. C. Hall*.

4727. **REST, in heaven.** When advised by his friends to give himself a day's rest, Whitefield usually replied, "We shall have time enough for rest in heaven."—*J. R. Andrews*.

4728. **REST, none to the wicked.** I once read of a man who dreamt that he was in hell. He saw a woman there with whom he used to play cards and gamble. He thought he saw her sitting playing at some game, and he said, "You seem to be at rest." At the mention of the word "rest" she started up, tore her dress open, and showed him her heart, which seemed to be in a mass of flames, while she exclaimed, "Rest! rest! Oh! there is no rest here." The man awoke. This awful vision of the night was blessed by God to his salvation.—*Mrs. Vans*.

4729. **REST, not for the present.** Epaminondas, before going into battle with the Lacedæmonians, sat down to rest for a few moments, when his seat fell under him. "That," quoth the soldiers, "bodes no good." "Nay," said their leader, with happy presence of mind; "it is an intimation to me that *I have no business to be sitting here* when I should be leading you against the enemy."—*Percy Anecdotes*.

4730. **REST, not in time, but eternity.** Arnauld's (of the Port Royal Society) remarkable reply to Nicole, when they were hunted from place to place, can never be forgotten. Arnauld wished Nicole to assist him in a new work, when the latter observed, "We are now old; is it not time to rest?" "Rest!" returned Arnauld; "have we not all eternity to rest in?"—*I. D'Israeli*.

4731. **REST, Seeking.** A woman who was striving to find rest for her soul was sitting in her summer-house when in through an open door flew a bird. It was alarmed, and flew up toward the roof and tried to get out at this window and at that. It flew from side to side until it panted with fright and weariness. The woman said, "Poor bird, why do you not come down lower? Then you would see this open door and you could fly out easily." But the bird kept wounding itself against the closed windows and at every crevice. At last its wings grew tired, and it flew lower and lower, until it was on the level with the open door, when quickly it escaped, and soon its song was heard in the trees of the churchyard near by. A new light dawned upon the mind of the woman: "I, like that poor bird, through my pride and self-sufficiency, have been flying too high to see the door which stands wide open." Her heart was humbled, and soon she too was singing songs of gladness.—*Cuyler*.

4732. **REST, The soul's.** When the illustrious,

learned, and wealthy John Selden was dying he said to Archbishop Usher, "I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, and my study is filled with books and manuscripts (he had 8000 volumes in his library) on various subjects; but at present I cannot recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul, save this from the sacred Scriptures: 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ: who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'"

4733. **REST, Uses of.** Look at the mower in the summer's day, with so much to cut down ere the sun sets. He pauses in his labour—is he a sluggard? He looks for his stone, and begins to draw it up and down his scythe, with "rink-a-tink—rink-a-tink—rink-a-tink." Is that idle music?—is he wasting precious moments? How much he might have mown while he has been ringing out those notes on his scythe! But he is sharpening his tool, and he will do far more when once again he gives his strength to those long sweeps which lay the grass prostrate in rows before him. Even thus a little pause prepares the mind for greater service in the good cause. Fishermen must mend their nets, and we must every now and then repair our mental waste and set our machinery in order for future service.—*Spurgeon*.

4734. **RESTING, in God.** An educated Christian lady, warned by the rapid progress of disease, resigned her place as instructor in a ladies' seminary, and returned home to die. One day, as the mellow light of autumn crept softly into the sick-chamber, the patient sufferer called her mother to her bedside. She said, "I do not know how soon the end will come; but there is one thing that has given me trouble. It is the *quietness*—almost unconcern—with which I view the future. I cannot understand it. Surely my heart ought to be always engaged in prayer; but it is not so. *I seem to be quietly resting*—that is all. Is this right, or am I mistaken as to my religion, after all these years of profession?" Her Bible was forthwith opened, and such passages as these were read: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls;" "In quietness and confidence is your strength;" "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever;" "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," &c. It was given her, while listening to such Scripture, to see a new meaning in spiritual *quiet*; all that the heart was expected to do was to "be still" before the Lord.

4735. **RESTING-PLACE, A Christian's.** Fraser's obsequies took place at Bunhill Fields, in the same graveyard which holds the remains of John Bunyan. As soon as the ceremony was over Dr. Maginn said to the grave-digger, "Grave-digger, show me the tomb of John Bunyan." The grave-digger led the way, and was followed by Maginn, who appeared particularly thoughtful. As they approached the place the Doctor turned to the person who accom-

panied him, and tapping him on the shoulder, said quietly, "Tread lightly." Maginn bent over the grave for some time in melancholy mood, and seemed unconscious of any one's presence. The bright sunshine poured around him. At length he seemed moved, and turning away, exclaimed in deep and solemn tones, "*Sleep on, thou prince of dreamers.*"—*Chambers.*

4736. RESTITUTION, a present duty. He (Mahomet) went out for the last time into the mosque, two days before his death; asked, "If he had injured any man? Let his own back bear the stripes. If he owed any man?" A voice answered, "Yes, me; three drachms," borrowed on such an occasion. Mahomet ordered them to be paid. "*Better be in shame now,*" said he; "*than at the day of Judgment.*"—*Carlyle.*

4737. RESTITUTION, Duty of. A brother in the ministry took occasion to preach on the passage, "*He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.*" The theme was, "that men who take advantage of others in small things have the very element of character to wrong the community and individuals in great things, where the prospect of escaping detection or censure is as little to be dreaded." The preacher exposed the various ways by which people wrong others; such as borrowing; by mistakes in making change, by errors in accounts, by escaping taxes and custom-house duties, by managing to escape postage, by finding articles and never seeking owners, and by injuring articles borrowed, and never making the fact known to the owner when returned. One lady the next day met her pastor, and said, "I have been to rectify an error made in giving me change a few weeks ago, for I felt bitterly your reproof yesterday." Another individual went to Boston to pay for an article not in her bill, which she noticed was not charged when she paid it. A man going home from meeting said to his companion, "I do not believe there was a man in the meeting-house to-day who did not feel condemned." After applying the sermon to a score or more of his acquaintances, he continued, "Did not the pastor utter something about finding a *pair of wheels*?" "I believe not," neighbour A. "He spoke of keeping little things which had been found." "Well, I thought he said something about finding a *pair of wheels*, and supposed he meant me. I found a pair down in my lot a while ago." "Do you," said his companion, "know who they belong to? Mr. B. lost them a short time ago." The owner was soon in the possession of his wheels.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

4738. RESTITUTION, No peace until. Among the inquirers was a man who had been a *wicked pirate*. He came to Ching Ting, saying that he was convinced that all the religion he preached was true, and he wanted to be a Christian. He would immediately give up his piracy; but there was one little thing he thought he would hold on to. "You know that some time ago we made a covenant with the fishermen here, by which we agreed to let their nets alone at all times except the first and fifteenth of each month, on which days we should take all the fish. Now this is an agreement between us, and I think it will be right for me to continue to take the fish. Ching Ting thought that the man was being led by the Holy Spirit, and not wishing to discourage him, he expressed no opinion about his taking the fish, but said, "Well, I'll put your name

down as a probationer, and I will pray God to lead you into the right about all things." About three weeks after that time he came to Ching Ting, and said with tears, "O Ching Ting, this fish business is all wrong too! It is stealing from the poor fishermen. I must give up; I want to be a whole-hearted Christian; and you must pray for me and help me to be one."—*Rev. Dr. Baldwin.*

4739. RESTITUTION, Preaching. The Rev. B. Sawday was about eighteen years since in the well-known establishment of Messrs. Hitchcock, St. Paul's Churchyard. A silver watch was stolen from his bedroom, and no trace could be discovered of the missing property. Ten years passed away. About four years since he preached a startling discourse upon Repentance and Restitution. His words evidently made a deep impression upon the hearers. During the ensuing week a young man came up to Mr. Sawday requesting an interview. In a few words the young man said, "It was I who stole your watch, some years since, at Messrs. Hitchcock's." "I am very sorry, and I am deeply anxious to settle the matter. Here, I'll give you £10 to square it. I was passing your chapel last Sunday, and saw your name; I thought I would go in and hear you, and your sermon broke me all to pieces; I have been wretched and miserable ever since." "Thank God!" said Mr. Sawday. "No," he added, "I cannot take £10; the watch was only worth £4: I'll take that; but I'm far more anxious that you should confess your sin to God, and obtain His pardon and grace." "That," quietly added the man, "I have sought, and I believe obtained." One of Mr. Sawday's deacons was greatly troubled about the very plain speech of the pastor in regard to this very address, and expressed his fear that such preaching would drive people away from the chapel. The good man, however, was silenced by the sequel.—*Henry Varley (condensed).*

4740. RESTORATION, of the soul. I remember meeting a man who, though a Christian, had fallen into sin. The church of which he had been a member had exercised discipline in his case; and for twelve years he had been in this condition. In answer to my inquiry he replied, "I was a Christian once, but I fell." "Well, but," I rejoined, "have you never been restored?" "No," he replied; "I have been utterly miserable about it, and would give anything to be what I once was." "Would you like to be restored at this moment?" I asked; "for as surely as God lives *you may be.*" He looked at me in amazement. To help his mind I said, "Suppose that you had a daughter who had sinned against you, and given you great sorrow; last night, however, she came and threw her arms about her mother's neck, saying, 'O mother, I am so ashamed of myself for having given you and dear father such anxiety and sorrow; do forgive me.' I ask, can your daughter restore herself, or must her restoration be your act?" "Mine," he replied. "Now, how soon would you restore her—in twelve years?" "Surely no," he added. "Well, in twelve months?" "No," he replied. "Well, in three?" "No," he said. "Then how soon would you restore her?" I asked. "Why, at once," he rejoined. "What!" I said, "are you prepared at once to restore your child, and do you think that our Father in heaven is not prepared upon confession to Him to restore immediately?" Opening my Bible, he read the first

clause of the third verse of the Twenty-third Psalm : "He restoreth my soul." "Notice," I remarked, "that the word restoreth is in the *present tense*." . . . I can never forget the joy with which, after prayer, my friend was filled. "Thank God," he replied, "for this night. I see it clearly now. *It is God that restores.*"—*Henry Varley (condensed).*

4741. RESTRAINT, Purpose of. I very well remember my own childhood. I saw something funny, and burst out laughing. "Henry, you must not laugh." "Why must I not laugh?" "Because it is Sunday." I started to run. "Henry, you must not run, it is Sunday." Something attracted my attention, and following a natural impulse, I pointed my finger toward it. "Henry, you must not look at such things; it is Sunday." There were a few books in the house that I might read. The Bible was one, the Catechism was another, and there were several other Sunday books. But if I picked up Robinson Crusoe, it was, "Henry, Henry, you must not read that to-day." That eternal *must not, must not, must not*, followed me everywhere. I was jubilant, emotive, high-spirited; and I was perpetually being pruned, I was cut down here and there. This branch was cut off, and that blossom was cut off. They cut off my head, my feet, and my hands. And I would fly sometimes like an insect, without legs or wings; and then I would wonder why they did not do something else to me. Sunday was a day of restriction to me. I was tied up. Now, I do not say that children ought not to be restrained. They ought to be. But where you are restraining children, you must look out that you do not lose the thing in them for which you are restraining them. You must see to it that they do not lose respect for the Sabbath *through the feeling that it is a prison-house* instead of a delight.—*Beecher.*

4742. RESTRAINT, Voluntary. When an out-cast, without a guinea, Coleridge did the wisest and most conscientious thing he ever did, and which altered the destiny of his whole future life. After some correspondence with a physician, to whom he revealed his situation, he became an inmate of the family of Dr. Gilman, of Highgate. There he lived for thirty years, restored by loving and respectful treatment and moral and medical care and restraint. He entered the house an humble penitent, the slave of opium. He dwelt there for almost a generation, living, and at length dying, a Christian; and he earnestly desired that after his death a full statement of his case might be laid before the world.

4743. RESULTS, Spiritual, cannot be taken away. I have received a letter from an intelligent lady which, I confess, pained me. In reply, I told her there was one thing of which she could not deprive me—the *certainty of having done her much good*; that having listened for years with reliance and trust, the truths of feeling and life—cannot be separated from her being—must grow and produce a harvest *which I shall claim hereafter as my harvest*, and of which no power in the universe can rob me.—*Robertson, of Brighton.*

4744. RESULTS, to be decisive. When Nelson found, after a long search, the French fleet at Alexandria, he prepared for battle, and exclaimed that before the morrow his fate would be a *peerage or Westminster Abbey*.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

4745. RESURRECTION, Argument for. An evangelist met a glassworker at a house which he was wont to visit. The mistress of the house said, "Mr. H—, my brother-in-law here is an infidel." "Impossible," said H—; "there are no infidels in the world. There may be unbelief in this or that superstition, but every one believes in the resurrection and eternal life." "That is just my difficulty," said the young man. "*I find it hard to believe in the resurrection.*" "I had the same feeling," said the evangelist, "when I was planting my beans some time since. 'Is it possible,' said I to myself, 'that such dry things can live again?' I believed in their resurrection, though I could not reason out the matter. And in spite of my not being able to explain it, they did rise again." "Yes," said the young man; "but man, when buried, remains where he is laid." "Then man is of less worth in God's eyes than a bean," said the evangelist, and he went on to show that, as the bean is raised by a power outside itself, so it will be with man. On his quoting from Corinthians about Christ being seen after His resurrection by Peter and others, he was told, "Yes; but they were His partisans." Whereupon H— said, turning to Matthew, "Were the judges and the soldiers also His partisans? They were the first to believe." "True," said the young man; "there is more to be said for than against the resurrection."

4746. RESURRECTION, Hope of. "Alexander," says one of these relics in the catacombs at Rome, "is not dead, but lives above the stars." Epitaphs of this kind should be read in contrast with the desponding tone of letters written by Cicero and his friend Sulpicius respecting bereavements, and the entire absence of cheering expectations beyond the grave expressed by the rites of pagan sepulture. We can never forget a long corridor in the Vatican Museum exhibiting on the one side epitaphs and emblems of departed heathens and their gods, and on the other side mementoes of departed Christians. Face to face they stand, engaged, as it were, in conflict, the two armies clinging to their respective standards; hope against despair—death swallowed up in victory. Opposite to lions seizing on horses, emblems of destruction, are charming sculptures of the Good Shepherd bearing home the lost lamb—a sign of salvation.—*Dr. Stoughton (abridged).*

4747. RESURRECTION, How convinced of. A man of intelligence, but of a very sceptical turn, had many conversations with his clergyman, and was always stumbling at the doctrine of the resurrection. At length they were separated. The clergyman did not meet the sceptic for years. Meanwhile the grace of God came into his heart and he was converted. The first time he met his former friend the clergyman said, "Well, my dear sir, and what do you think now of the doctrine of the resurrection?" "Oh," said he, "two words from Paul conquered me. Do you see this Bible? and will you read the words upon the clasp that shuts it?" The clergyman read, engraved on the silver clasp, "*Thou fool!*" "There," said he, "are the words that conquered me; it was no argument, no satisfying my objections, but God convincing me that I was a fool; and thenceforward I determined that I would have my Bible clasped with these words, and never again would come to the consideration of its sacred mysteries but through their medium.—*American Paper.*

4748. RESURRECTION, illustrated. In Dr. Brown's work on the resurrection there is a beautiful parable from Halley. The story is of a servant who, receiving a silver cup from his master, suffers it to fall into a vessel of *aquafortis*, and seeing it disappear, contends in argument with a fellow-servant that its recovery is impossible, until the master comes on the scene, and infuses salt water, which precipitates the silver from the solution; and then, by melting and hammering the metal, he restores it to its original shape. With this incident a sceptic—one of whose great stumbling-blocks was the resurrection—was so struck, that he ultimately renounced his opposition to the gospel, and became a partaker of the Christian hope of immortality.—*W. F. Crafts.*

4749. RESURRECTION, Image of. The churchyard at Oberhofen, Switzerland, was remarkable for the simplicity of the little remembrance-posts set upon the graves. One who had been too poor to put up an engraved brass plate, or even a painted board, had written with ink on paper the birth and death of the being whose remains were below; and this had been fastened to a board and mounted on the top of a stick at the head of the grave, the paper being protected by a little edge and roof. Such was the simple remembrance; but Nature had added her pathos, for under the shelter by the writing a *caterpillar had fastened itself*, and passed into its death-like state of a chrysalis, and having ultimately assumed its final state, it had winged its way from the spot, and had left the corpse-like relics behind. How old and how beautiful is this figure of the resurrection!—*Life of Faraday.*

4750. RESURRECTION, Opposition to doctrine of. In the city of Hanover is a graveyard which has been closed for a number of years—the Garden Churchyard. Owing to its antiquated monuments and the fact of its being the resting-place of a number of celebrated characters, it awakens the liveliest curiosity. Charlotte Kestner (Werther's Lotte) is buried here. A few paces east of the unassuming little church in the graveyard is a monument tottering from its foundations. It is built in the form of steps, and the massive stones are secured by heavy iron clasps. The monument was erected in the year 1782. Besides the usual family inscriptions, at the base of the monument are engraved these arrogant lines:—“*The sepulchre, purchased for all eternity, is not permitted to be opened.*” Opposed to this determination of man, a beech-seed, perhaps carried by the wind, found its way into a crevice of the foundation. In the course of years this little seed grew to be a strong, luxuriant tree, mocked the proud inscription on the monument, raised the massive stones from their foundation, and rent the strong iron clasp asunder. This open grave reminds the visitor of the mutability of earthly scenes, and the fallacy of man's resolution to project plans to last for “all eternity.”

4751. RESURRECTION, Promise of. Mr. James Nesbitt, a pious man in Berwick, used, when a boy, to attend all the funerals which it was in his power to witness, and would cry when he could not get an opportunity. At one time, in his very early years, he was unhappy in his mind, from an apprehension that if his body were laid under a large tombstone it would be prevented from rising again and getting to heaven. One day, when standing at the gate of

the churchyard, he observed an old lame man shake his crutch and say, “O ye meikle stones, ye shall be all broken to pieces on the morning of the resurrection.” This remark, together with these words of our Lord, pronounced by the clergyman in reading the burial service, “I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die,” greatly relieved his mind.—*Sunday-school Chronicle.*

4752. RESURRECTION, Realising. Hadra, an Abyssinian convert, was brought to England to be educated as a missionary. The climate, however, was fatal to him. The youth took cold, and became very ill. At length it was seen that he could not live long. He wished to return to Abyssinia, to tell his friends what the Lord had done for his soul; yet he was willing to die. “I shall be gone in a short time,” he said. When asked where he was going, he replied, “First to the grave; then I shall rise again with a clear understanding—not so dark as it is now. I shall see the Lord Himself, and know all truths clearly, clearly.” His last words were, “I am going to heaven.”

4753. RESURRECTION, Realising. Sitting down beside this great man, Makaba, the South African chief, illustrious for war and conquest, and amidst nobles and counsellors, including rain-makers and others of the same order, I stated to him that my object was to tell him my news. In the course of my remarks the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. “What!” he exclaimed with astonishment; “what are these words about?—*the dead, the dead arise?*” “Yes,” was my reply, “all the dead shall arise.” “Will my father arise?” “Yes,” I answered, “your father will arise.” “Will all the slain in battle arise?” “Yes.” “And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles again revive?” “Yes; and come to judgment.” “And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and to wither on the desert plains and scattered to the winds again arise?” he asked me, with a kind of triumph, as if he had now fixed me. “Yes,” I replied; “*not one will be left behind.*” This I repeated with increased emphasis. After looking at me for a few moments he turned to his people, to whom he spoke with stentorian voice—“Hark, ye wise men, whoever is among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard-of news?” Makaba then turning himself to me, and laying his hand on his breast, said, “Father, I love you much. Your presence and your visit have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising. The dead cannot arise! The dead must not arise!” “Why,” I inquired, “can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must now add to words, and speak of a resurrection?” Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he replied, “I have slain my thousands, and *shall they arise?*”—*Moffat.*

4754. RESURRECTION, Symbols of. A monument erected to the memory of a Spanish lady was of peculiar and happy design. It represented a

full-size marble coffin, with the lid burst open, revealing the place where the body had lain. A Bible and a cross lay in the vacant place upon the grave-clothes, and on the inside of the half-raised lid these words were graven: "*Non est hic, sed resurrexit.*"—*Burritt.*

4755. RESURRECTION, The change in, anticipated. Passing by a house a short time since I noticed the intimation, "This House to Let." "How is this? Is the former tenant dead?" I asked. "Oh no, sir," said the caretaker; "he has removed to a larger house in a better situation." Even thus, as we look upon the clay tenement in which some loved Christian friend has dwelt, we answer, "No, he is not dead, but removed into the enduring house in 'the better country,' where the 'better resurrection' is, and where eternal life is."—*Henry Varley.*

4756. RESURRECTION, The natural. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night: this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter; the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish: this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is, notwithstanding, cast upon the earth and buried in the ground with a design that it may corrupt, and being corrupted, may revive and multiply; our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, *are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying*; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again?—*Dr. John Pearson.*

4757. RETALIATION, Right ideas of. In West-ern Africa the Church Missionary Society have a school for poor negro children. A little girl who attended, when one of her fellow-pupils had beaten her, was asked, "Did you beat her again?" She answered, "*No; I left that to God.*"

4758. RETALIATION, suspended for the present. A priest once chanced to hear unperceived, a fierce verbal onslaught by one market-woman on another, in the course of which every effort of rhetoric was made to provoke retaliation, but without effect. "Go on, go on," at last said the matron attacked; "ye know I'll not answer ye, because I've been to confession this morning, and I'm in a state of grace. *But wait till I get out of it.*"

4759. RETIREMENT, a Christian's necessity. Romanists are accustomed to secure what they call "Retreats," where a number of priests will retire for a time into perfect quietude, to spend the whole of the time in fasting and prayer, so as to inflame their souls with ardour. We may learn from our adversaries. It would be a great thing every now and then for a band of truly spiritual brethren to

spend a day or two with each other in real burning agony of prayer.—*Spurgeon.*

4760. RETIREMENT, and meditation, Influence of. A farmer was on his death-bed lately, and he called in his son. The boy was careless; he would not take death into account. He wanted to enjoy the pleasures of life, and he took no heed for the future. The old man said, "My son, I want to ask you one favour, and that is, when I am dead I want you to promise me you will come into this room for five minutes every day for thirty days. You are to come alone—not to bring a book with you—and sit here." The thoughtless young man promised to do it. The father died. The first thing when he went into that room that he thought of was his father's prayer, his father's words, and his father's God, and before the five minutes expired he was crying out, "God be merciful to me!"—*Moody.*

4761. RETIREMENT, Necessity for. It is told of Claus Harms, the preacher who was most blessed in the first half of our century, that he related to a Quaker how much daily he had to speak. The Quaker listened; and when brother Harms had finished his narration he asked, "Brother Harms, if thou speakest so much, when art thou quiet?" and *when doth the Spirit of God speak to thee?* Harms was so impressed, that from that time forward he passed a certain portion of each day in retirement.—*Professor Gess.*

4762. RETREAT, A masterly. Loudon covered the retreat of his army after the battle of Liegnitz in so masterly a manner that his opponent, Frederick, exclaimed, "We must learn how to retreat from Loudon; he leaves the field like a conqueror."

4763. RETRIBUTION, A just. A bishop said to Louis XI. of France, "Make an iron cage for all those who do not think as we do—an iron cage in which the captive can neither lie down nor stand straight up." It was fashioned—the awful instrument of punishment. After a while the bishop offended Louis XI., and for fourteen years he was in that same cage, and could neither lie down nor stand up. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."—*Talmage.*

4764. REVELATION, above human nature. It is an historical fact which has not been sufficiently noticed, that *human nature is always below revelation.* This fact indicates the Divine origin of revelation. Great discoveries are usually the product of preceding ages of thought. One mind develops the idea; but it is the fruit of the age ripened in that mind. A pearl is found, but the location had been indicated by previous researches. But revealed religion is something different from this. It is separate from and superior to the thought of the age. It calls the wisdom of the world foolishness, and introduces a new stand-point, and starting-point, around which it gathers what was valuable in the old, and destroys the remainder.—*J. B. Walker.*

4765. REVELATION, Necessity of. Neither Zoroaster nor Numa nor Mohammed, nor any others who have misled the nations, profess to come by their systems from the devices or imaginations of their own brain, but to have derived them from secret revelations made to them by those powers to

whom they sought to gather in the reverence and obedience of men. It hath been left to this age to think *they can be religious by nature* without any revelation.—*Edward Irving.*

4766. REVERENCE, cannot be expressed outwardly. Lyeurgus, being asked why he had commanded offerings of such little value to be made to the gods, replied, "In order that *we may not cease to honour them.*"—*Horace Smith.*

4767. REVERENCE, may be merely outward. Some travellers were once at Venice on a high festival. On such days the shop-shutters are shut and the people are supposed to be keeping the day holy. On going into the square of San Marco, however, where all the shops are, their disappointment vanished. The shops, indeed, were shut, but on looking closely at one, they perceived signs of buy- and selling going on inside. They stepped in, and found other persons there on the same errand as themselves. *Outwardly these tradespeople were reverential, inwardly they were not.*—*Rev. G. Litling, M.A., LL.B.*

4768. REVIVAL, Beginning of. A church in Western Maryland, where the pastor had died, had gone down to a very destitute condition. What members remained were worldly and prayerless. Where was help to come from? *One Christian there received the impression strongly* that he must try to have a revival. He got a small prayer-meeting started; but church members, instead of helping, opposed him. They prayed and wrestled and struggled, but the prospect seemed dark; no encouragement. Yet his faith was firm, unmoved by opposition. At last a few persons became serious, and the work increased. Numbers crowded into the meetings. The church became awakened and aroused. Some of the church-members who had ridiculed the little prayer meeting were touched with the heavenly flame and came out as inquirers. Though for years church-members, they found they had no religion. The revival still spread. The neighbourhood was roused up to seeking eternal life. For eight weeks the spiritual awakening continued. It did not cease then. One hundred and one converts came to the Lord in that revival. Seventy joined that one church. The converts in this revival became working Christians, and showed, by the fruits of holiness and diligence in the cause of Christ, that the revival was a genuine work of the Holy Spirit.—*Christian Age (condensed).*

4769. REVIVAL, Beginning of. I remember the first revival I had in a church of which I was pastor. I had been labouring at Terre Haute in a revival—the first that I ever worked in—and I came home full of fire and zeal, praying all the way. There was a prayer that began in Terre Haute and ended in Indianapolis, eighty miles apart. I recollect that, when I got home and preached, I gave an account of what I had seen in Terre Haute. The next night I began a series of protracted meetings. The room was not more than two-thirds full, and the people were apparently dead to spiritual things. On the second night I called for persons who would like to talk with me to remain. I made a strong appeal; but only one person—a poor German servant-girl—stopped. All the children of my friends, the young people that I knew very well, got up and went out; all went out except this one servant-girl, who answered to my sermon call. I remember that

there shot through me a spasm of rebellion. I had a sort of feeling, "For what was all this precious ointment spilled? Such a sermon as I had preached, such an appeal as I had made, with no result but this!" In a second, however, almost quicker than a flash, there opened to me a profound sense of the value of any child of the Lord Jesus Christ. This was Christ's child; and I was so impressed with the thought that anything of His was unspeakably precious beyond any conception which I could form that tears came into my eyes and ran down my cheeks, and I had the feeling to the very marrow that I would be willing to work all my days among God's people if I could do any good to the lowest and the least creature. My pride was all gone, my vanity was all gone, and I was caught up into a blessed sense of the love of God to men, and of my relation to Christ; and I thought it to be an unspeakable privilege to unloose the shoe-latchets from the poorest of Christ's disciples. And out of that spirit came the natural consequences.—*Beecher.*

4770. REVIVAL, Cause of. An old woman, sixty-five years of age, some time ago was converted. She became anxious to do something for the Lord; but what to do she could not tell, as she was old and poor. One day she thought of a plan. *She got the children of the village* to her home, and began, in her simple way, to sing with them, to talk to them, and then to pray. As the children were all missed from the streets and from their homes, their mothers began to wonder where they were, and went to seek them. They found them with the old woman, and were so struck with the little meeting that they remained to hear for themselves what the old woman had got to say about Jesus. While they listened their husbands came home, and finding wives and children absent, they went in search of them, and found them all safe at the old woman's house. They were struck with this new state of things, and listened to the old woman's story. The result was a revival broke out, and one hundred and fifty were converted. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."—*S. Stafford.*

4771. REVIVAL, Waiting for. Far in the woods of Maine, in these winter months, there are a hundred camps, and scores of axemen are busy cutting down the huge trees and measuring the logs and sorting them, and throwing them into deep gullies, where they will lie dry and undisturbed until the snow melts and the spring floods come; and then they will be borne out of the ravines into the ever deep-flowing river, and from thence to some Penobscot or Kennebec, and there collected together and bound in mighty rafts, they will float down to the tide-waters. So men are laying dry logs along empty channels, *hoping that some revival freshet will come and sweep them down to the deep waters of piety.*—*Beecher.*

4772. REVIVALS, and seasons of coldness. I remember one week New York was like a second Jerusalem at Pentecost. Merchants ran from counting-houses, and bankers from Wall Street and South Street, hungry and thirsty for an hour of noon-day prayer; and the atmosphere seemed laden with the perfumes of the Spirit, as I saw the orchards of England a short time since laden with the sweet apple-blossoms. Of the thousands that then set out toward Zion, with songs of joy and

gladness, how many have held out, and who have held out? Only those who gave themselves fully up to Christ, and have followed Christ fully ever since; the truly regenerated with the Spirit, who have learned to know no other but Christ, and follow no other but Him. The church gets filled in revival seasons, but it gets winnowed in seasons of coldness and indifference. Only sound piety holds out and keeps fresh at times when worldliness abounds, and popular and fashionable sins pour in like a flood.—*Dr. Cuyler (condensed).*

4773. REVIVALS, how killed. I remember, when in college, during a remarkable period of religious interest, that the students sent a committee to one of the professors asking him to cut short his remarks for Christ's sake. He did so for two evenings; but on the third, while the impatient crowded the hall, he spoke forty-five minutes on Formation of Character. It killed the revival.—*Rev. E. P. Powell.*

4774. REVOLUTIONISTS, and Christ. What is your name? place of abode? and the like, Fouquier asks; according to formality. "My name is Danton," answers he; "a name tolerably known in the Revolution; my abode will soon be annihilation; but I shall live in the Pantheon of History." A man will endeavour to say something forcible, be it by nature or not! Camille makes answer, "My age is that of the *bon Sans-culotte Jésus*; an age fatal to Revolutionists." O Camille, Camille! And yet in that Divine Transaction, let us say, there did he, among other things, the fatalest Reproof ever uttered here below to Worldly Right-honourableness; "the highest fact," so devout Novalis calls it, "in the Rights of Man."—*Carlyle's French Revolution.*

4775. REWARD, A full, expected. A military gentleman once said to an excellent old minister in the north of Scotland who was becoming infirm, "Why, if I had power over the pension list, I would actually have you put on half-pay for your long and faithful services." He replied, "Ah, my friend, your master may put you off with half-pay, but my Master will not serve me so meanly; He will give me full pay. Through grace I expect a full reward."—*Clerical Library.*

4776. REWARD, after many days. The conversation was running upon the importance of doing small things thoroughly and with the full measure of one's ability. This Webster illustrated by an account of some petty insurance case that was brought to him when a young lawyer in Portsmouth. Only a small amount was involved, and a twenty-dollar fee was all that was promised. He saw that to do his client full justice a journey to Boston, to consult the law library, would be desirable. He would be out of pocket by such an expedition, and for the time he would receive no adequate compensation. After a little hesitation he determined to do his very best, cost what it might. He accordingly went to Boston and looked up the authorities, and gained the case. Years after this Webster, then famous, was passing through New York. An important insurance case was to be tried the day after his arrival, and one of the counsel had suddenly been taken ill. Money was no object, and Webster was begged to name his terms and conduct the case. "I told them," said Mr. Webster, "that it was

preposterous to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice. They insisted, however, that I should look at the papers; and this, after some demur, I consented to do. Well, it was my old twenty-dollar case over again; and, as I never forget anything, I had all the authorities at my fingers' ends. The Court knew that I had no time to prepare, and were astonished at the range of my acquirements. So, you see, I was handsomely paid both in fame and money for that journey to Boston; and the moral is, that *good work is rewarded in the end*, though, to be sure, one's own self-approval should be enough."

4777. REWARDS, in kind. I have read of a devoted sister of charity who, year after year, attended a division of the army of France in every campaign, to care for the wounded and watch with the sick. Her energy, courage, and gentleness, and presence of mind, saved many lives and gained her the reverence and admiration of officers and men. On the field of slaughter and agony her impartial Christ-like compassion made no distinction between her own people and the enemy; and three foreign empires—Russia, Austria, and Prussia—conferred upon her crosses of honour. From her own nation it was contrary to the rules of her order that she should receive any badge or decoration as a reward for her services. But the gratitude of the generous soldiers found out a way to remunerate her as beautiful as it was appropriate. Knowing well whence her lofty pleasures sprang, they petitioned and obtained for her from the Minister of War the *privilege of pardoning every year two criminals condemned to death.* This is what I mean by rewards in kind. It gives us, I think, some feeble conception of what may be the noble joy and the spiritual recompense of heaven.—*Huntington.*

4778. RICH man, Folly of. The Rev. John Cooke, of Maidenhead, when travelling, fell in with a rich farmer, who was very unwilling to listen to any serious remarks which he was disposed to make, and at length said, with a sneer, "*I don't like religion; and I told you so.*" "You are not a singular farmer, sir," replied Mr. Cooke. "I have read of one whom you greatly resemble. The farmer to whom I allude, finding his ground very productive and his barns too small, resolved on building larger barns and filling them; and said to his soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' But God said unto him, 'Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?' Now, sir, I think you must see yourself in this picture. Here is a farmer, very rich, living to himself in health, ease, and pleasure, 'without God in the world.' No doubt his neighbours envied and flattered him; but no one dared to reprove so rich a man. But although he thought himself wise, and others wished to be like him, God addresses him differently—'*Thou fool!*' Why, sir, do you suppose the only wise God called him a fool?" He was silent. "But, candidly, do not you think he was a fool?" "I shall not say, sir." "Well, sir, if you will allow me to hazard an opinion, he appears a fool—(1.) Because he preferred his body to his soul. (2.) Because he preferred the world to God: 'Eat, drink, and be merry' was the extent of his aim. (3.) Because he preferred time to eternity: 'Thou hast goods laid up for many years.' (4.) Because he lived as if he should never

die, and whilst presuming on many years, exposed his soul to all the horrors of sudden death, without repentance, without forgiveness, without holiness, without hope."

4779. RICH men, and kingdom of heaven. In Oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures, called metaphorically "needles' eyes," just as we talk of windows on ship-board as "bulls' eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle, that is, the low, arched door of an enclosure. *He must kneel and bow his head to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself.*"

4780. RICH men, Little happiness with. Big bells are very apt to be poorly cast. I never heard of a bell which weighed a great many thousand pounds which, first or last, did not break. And what a sound a big bell that is broken gives! If you take these overgrown rich men and ring them, how little happiness you find in them!—*Beecher.*

4781. RICHES, a burden. See there, two snails; one hath a house, the other wants it; yet both are snails, and it is a question whether case is the better; that which hath a house hath more shelter, but that which wants it hath more freedom; the privilege of cover is but a burden. You see, if it hath but a stone to climb over, with what stress it draws up that beneficial load; and if the passage prove strait, finds no entrance; whereas the empty snail makes no difference of way. Surely it is *always an ease, and sometimes a happiness, to have nothing*; no man is so worthy of envy as he that can be cheerful in want.—*Bishop Hall.*

4782. RICHES, and benevolence. Some years ago there was a person who collected for a Bible Society. One of his subscribers was a poor widow. She was liberal enough to give a guinea a year. At length she came unexpectedly into the possession of a fortune. When the collector went the next time he thought he should have a handsome gift; but lo! she gave him only a shilling. "How is this?" said he, astonished. "Why," she replied, "when I was poor I never feared being poorer; but now I dread coming to want. When I only had the shilling means, I had the guinea heart; but now I have the guinea means, I have only the shilling heart."—*Denton.*

4783. RICHES, and coming to Christ. An Indian, on being asked how it was that he came into the kingdom of Christ so easily, at once replied, "We are commanded to forsake all. The white man has to give up his house; but I have no house. The white man has to give up his riches; but I have no riches. The white man has to give up his farm; but I have no farm. Indian has nothing to give up but his blanket; and I throw off my blanket very easily."—*Beecher.*

4784. RICHES, bring increase of trouble. It is recorded of Franklin, that, when a young man expressed his surprise that a gentleman well known to them, of unbounded wealth, should appear more anxious after business than the most assiduous clerk

in a counting-house, the Doctor took an apple from the fruit-basket and presented it to a little child who could just totter about the room. The child could scarcely grasp it in his hand; he then gave it another, which occupied the other hand. Then choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See there," said Franklin; "there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy." The increase of painful care, anxiety, and trouble generally bear at least an equal proportion to the increase of riches.

4785. RICHES, but for a moment. Some time ago the "Britannia," an English man-of-war, was wrecked off the coast of Brazil. She had on board a large number of kegs filled with Spanish dollars. Some of them were brought on deck at the time of the wreck, in the hope that there might be an opportunity of saving them. But the vessel was going to pieces so fast, that it was soon seen the only hope of saving the lives of those on board was to leave everything behind and get into the boats. The last boat was about to push off from the sinking wreck, when a young midshipman went back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a sailor, who had broken open the heads of some of these kegs, and was heaping up the silver dollars all around him. "What are you doing there?" shouted the midshipman. "Don't you know the vessel is going to pieces and will sink in a few moments?" "Let her go," said the foolish man. "I've lived a poor wretch all my life, and I'm determined to die rich."—*Rev. Richard Newton.*

4786. RICHES, Danger of. When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, &c., at Hampton Court, what ideas did they awaken in the mind of that great man? Instead of a flattering compliment, which was expected, "Ah! David, David," said the Doctor, "*these are the things which make a death-bed terrible!*"

4787. RICHES, Danger of. I remember, when Mr. Locke of Norbury Park first came over from Italy, and old Dr. Moore, who had a high opinion of him, was crying up his drawings, and asked me if I did not think he would make a great painter I said, "No, never!" "Why not?" "Because he has six thousand a year."—*James Northcote.*

4788. RICHES, Danger of. Mr. Cecil had a hearer who, when a young man, had solicited his advice, but who had not for some time had an interview with him. Mr. C— one day went to his house on horseback, being unable to walk, and after his usual salutations, addressed him thus:—"I understand you are very dangerously situated." Here he paused, and his friend replied, "I am not aware of it, sir." "I thought it was probable you were not; and therefore I have called on you. *I hear you are getting rich; take care, for it is the road by which the devil leads thousands to destruction!*" This was spoken with such solemnity and earnestness, that it made a deep and lasting impression.

4789. RICHES, Dependence on. God only, and not wealth, maintains the world; *riches merely make people proud and lazy.* At Venice, where the richest people are, a horrible dearth fell among them in our time, so that they were driven to call

upon the Turks for help, who sent twenty-four galleys laden with corn; all which, well-nigh in port, sank before their eyes. Great wealth and money cannot still hunger, but rather occasion more dearth; for where rich people are, there things are always dear. Moreover, money makes no man right merry, but much rather pensive and full of sorrow; for riches, says Christ, are thorns that prick people. Yet is the world so mad that it sets therein all its joy and felicity.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

4790. **RICHES, Disadvantage of.** The children of a certain family, during its prosperity, were left in the nursery under the charge of servants. When adversity came they lived "all together." One day the father came home after a day of anxiety and business worry; his little girl clambered upon his knee, and entwining her arms around his neck, said, "Papa, don't get rich again. You did not come into the nursery before, but now we can come around you, to get on your knee and to kiss you. Don't get rich again, papa."

4791. **RICHES, do not bring content.** Does not he drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armour, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety? —*Jeremy Taylor.*

4792. **RICHES, do not bring happiness.** "You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild," said a gentleman who was sharing the hospitality of the first Baron Rothschild's home, and who was marking its superb appointments. "*Happy! me happy!*" was the reply. "What! happy when, just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hands saying, 'If you do not send me £500 I will blow your brains out!' Happy! me happy!"

4793. **RICHES, Image of.** The Greeks spoke of Plutus, the god of riches, as a fickle divinity, representing him as blind, to intimate that he distributes his favours indiscriminately; as lame, to denote the slowness with which he approaches; and winged, to imply the velocity with which he flies away.—*Harris.*

4794. **RICHES, in what they consist.** Upon the statue of Joseph Brotherton is the inscription, "A man's riches consist not in the amount of his wealth, but in the fewness of his wants."

4795. **RICHES, Love of.** An ancient writer describing a miser as "richly poor," says he knew one who fell into a lethargy, and was thought to be dead. The doctor thought so too. The heir was delighted; but, to make all certain, the doctor requested that a table might be brought into the room, and that some of the supposed dead man's coin should be rattled upon it; whereupon he cried out, "Wait a while; I am still alive!"

4796. **RICHES, no excuse for extravagance.** Zeno, the philosopher, having remonstrated with certain of his pupils for their extravagance, they excused themselves by saying that they were rich enough to indulge in prodigality. "Would you," said he, "excuse a cook that should over-salt his meat because he had a superabundance of salt?"

4797. **RICHES, often come too late.** Among

the Sierra Nevada Mountains I was walking with some of the passengers to relieve the overladen stage, and one of them gave me his history. He said, "With my wife I came to California twenty years ago. We suffered every hardship. I went to the mines, but had no luck. I afterwards worked at a trade, but had no luck. Then I went to farming, but had no luck. We suffered almost starvation. Everything seemed to go against us. While we were in complete poverty my wife died. After her death I went again to the mines. I struck a vein of gold which yielded me forty thousand dollars. I am now on my way to San Francisco to transfer the mine, for which I am to receive one hundred thousand dollars." "Then," said I, "you are worth one hundred and forty thousand dollars." He said, "Yes; but it comes too late. My wife is gone. The money is nothing to me now."—*Talmage.*

4798. **RICHES, sometimes a hindrance.** Many noble-minded artists have preferred following the bent of their genius to chaffering with the public for terms. Spagnoletto verified in his life the beautiful fiction of Xenophon, and after he had acquired the means of luxury, *preferred withdrawing himself from their influence*, and voluntarily returned to poverty and labour. When Michael Angelo was asked his opinion respecting a work which a painter had taken great pains to exhibit for profit, he said, "I think that he'll be a poor fellow so long as he shows such an extreme eagerness to become rich." —*Smiles.*

4799. **RICHES, True course of.** I know a mason who began business not so very long ago in a large provincial town. He had few to help him, and no capital save a pair of strong arms and his tools. An old mother and helpless sisters depended upon him. Yet to-day he is a master-man of some importance. The brave man makes no secret as to how this came about. Gold and silver his mother had none to give him; but she knew Christ, to whom all things belong. In firm trust in the Lord's help he began to work, and he has never repented. It appears strange to many workmen, when applying at this shop for work, to be asked the following question: "Do you attend the house of God?" Many have had to go away, but the question would remain, and at last they have returned to give a joyful "Yes."

4800. **RICHES, Uselessness of.** An Arab once lost his way in a desert. His provisions were soon exhausted. For two days and two nights he had not a morsel to eat. At last he came to a place where there was a little water in a well, and around the well's mouth the marks of an encampment. Some people had lately pitched their tents there, and had gathered them up and gone away again. The starving Arab looked around in the hope of finding some food that the travellers might have left behind. After searching a while he came upon a little bag, tied at the mouth, and full of something that felt hard and round. He opened the bag with great joy, thinking it contained either dates or nuts, and expecting that with them he should be able to satisfy his hunger. But as soon as he saw what it contained he threw it on the ground, and cried out in despair, "*It is only pearls.*" He lay down in the desert to die.

4801. **RIGHTEOUS and wicked, contrasted.** Father Taylor, preaching on Moses "choosing rather

to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," dwelt largely on the last point first—the pleasures of sin. He said, "Sinners, you have your fine horses and farms and houses; but *it is for a season*. You delight in your ruffled bosoms and gay apparel and gilt ornaments; but it is—for a season. You indulge in your unholy appetites and passions, running riot in pleasurable sin; but it is—for a season,—for a season!" Having rung these solemn changes for some time, until the audience was greatly affected, he turned to the Christian side of the parallel—suffering affliction with the people of God. "You are despised of your rich and sinful neighbours; but *it is for a season*. You are hated and persecuted for righteousness' sake; but it is—for a season. You are cast out as evil, and trodden under foot of men: *it is only for a season—for a season!*"—*Life of Father Taylor*.

4802. RIGHTEOUS, Blessedness of. One day at court the Prince of Wales asked Lady Charlotte E—, "Where is my Lady Huntingdon, that she is so seldom here?" The lady of fashion replied, with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head, and said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying I think I shall be happy to seize the skirts of Lady Huntingdon's mantle to carry me up with her to heaven."

4803. RIGHTEOUS, End of. Knox was no longer able to walk to church or ascend the pulpit without help. Yet he was as watchful and fearless as ever. His friends feared for his life. The castle was full of Hamiltons, all thirsting for his blood. He was shot at through the window of his own house. But he was totally unconscious of fear. At length he was prevailed upon to leave Edinburgh, on the ground that his longer continuance there would involve the lives of his friends. He went to St. Andrews. James Melville, who was then a student, has preserved for us in his diary a very graphic account of the habits and appearance of the great Reformer at this time. He brings the scenes vividly before us. We see the tottering old man walking and sitting in the yard at St. Salvator's College, calling the students around him, exhorting them to be diligent in their studies, to know God and His work in the country, and to stand by the "gude cause." We see him in his great weakness creeping to the kirk, "slowly and wearily," with a "furring of martics about his neck" a staff in one hand, and his trusty servant supporting him on the other side. We see him lifted bodily by two men into the pulpit, and then leaning wearily upon it for support. We hear his tremulous, faltering, uncertain tones as he opens the text. We listen as he "proceeds moderately for the space of half an hour;" and then entering upon his application, he warms and grows until he makes the students "tremble so that they cannot hold their pens to write," and kindling with the rush and momentum of his thought, the spirit triumphing over the half-dead body, we see the shrivelled limbs become instinct with life and energy, and the whole man "so active and vigorous that he is like to ding the pulpit, and fly out of it."—*Professor S. J. Wilson*.

4804. RIGHTEOUS, God's dealings with. A certain apostate once said to Rabbi Saphra, "It is written, 'Because I know you more than all the nations of the earth, therefore I visit upon you your

iniquities.' How is this? If a person has a wild horse, is it likely that he would put his dearest friend upon it, that he might be thrown and hurt?" Rabbi Saphra answered, 'Suppose a man lend money to two persons; one of these is his friend, the other his enemy. He will allow his friend to repay him in instalments, that the discharge of the debt may not prove onerous; but from his enemy he will require the amount in full. The verse you quote will apply in the same manner; 'I love you: therefore will I visit upon your iniquities;' meaning, 'I will deal with you for them as they occur, little by little, by which means you may have quittance and happiness in the world to come.'—*Talmud*.

4805. RIGHTEOUS, Inheritance of. Mr. John Price, a pious old man, was walking one day on the road from his farm to the sanctuary, with the New Testament in his hand, when a friend met him and said, "Good-morning, Mr. Price." "Ah! good-morning," replied the aged pilgrim; "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along." "Well, and what has He left you?" said his friend. "Why, He has bequeathed me a hundredfold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting."—*Whitecross*.

4806. RIGHTEOUS, Joy of, in heaven. It happened once when Rabbi Gamliel, Rabbi Eleazer, the son of Azaria, Rabbi Judah, and Rabbi Akiba were walking together, they heard the shouts and laughter and joyous tones of a multitude of people at a distance. Four of the Rabbis wept; but Akiba laughed aloud. "Akiba," said the others to him, "wherefore dost thou laugh? These heathen who worship idols live in peace and are merry, while our whole city lies in ruins; weep, do not laugh." "For that very reason I laugh and am glad," answered Akiba. "If God allows those who transgress His will to live happily on earth, how infinitely great must be the happiness which He has stored up in the world to come for those who observe His commands!"—*Talmud*.

4807. RIGHTEOUS, prefer retirement. Mr. Wathen, the celebrated oculist, in one of his interviews with King George III., observed to His Majesty, "I have often thought of the words of Solomon 'When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice;' and if your Majesty could always appoint servants of that character the voice of rejoicing would be heard throughout the empire." "Wathen," replied the King, "these are the men I have sought; but when I have required their services I have often been disappointed; for I find men distinguished by habits of piety prefer retirement, and that, generally speaking, the men of the world must transact the world's business."—*Whitecross*.

4808. RIGHTEOUSNESS, Christ's, Resting on. A friend happening to say, "I suppose you make not your labours for the good of the Church the ground of your comfort," he, with a sort of uncommon earnestness, replied, "No, no, no! *it is the finished righteousness of Christ* which is the only foundation of my hope; I have no more dependence on my labours than on my sins. I rather reckon it a wonder of mercy that God took any of my labours of my hand: 'Righteousness belongeth unto Him, but unto me shame and confusion of face.'"—*Life of Rev. John Brown, of Haddington*.

4809. RIGHTEOUSNESS, Hungering and thirsting after. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." I think that is one of the most precious of the beatitudes," said one Christian woman to another. "I think so too," was the response. "I want to hunger and thirst enough." "But the Bible says nothing about hungering and thirsting enough. It simply says, 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst.'" "I never thought of that before." "You do really hunger and thirst after righteousness, do you not?" "I am sure I do." "Then the promise is yours, and if you take it you will be filled. 'According to your faith will it be unto you.'"

4810. RIGHTEOUSNESS, in minor things. Just as the quality of life may be as perfect in the minutest animalculæ, of which there may be millions in a cubic inch, and generations may die in an hour—just as perfect in the smallest insect as in "behemoth, biggest born of earth;" so righteousness may be as completely embodied, as perfectly set forth, as fully operative in the tiniest action that I can do as in the largest that an immortal spirit can be set to perform. The circle that is in a gnat's eye is as true a circle as the one that holds within its sweep all the stars; and the sphere that a dew-drop makes is as perfect a sphere as that of the world. All duties are the same which are done from the same motive; all acts which are not so done are alike sins.—*Maclaren.*

4811. RIGHTEOUSNESS, Our own. When Morales, the painter, was invited by Philip the Second to court, he came in such a magnificent costume that the King, in anger, ordered a sum of money to be paid him, and so dismissed him. The next time they met he appeared in a very different dress, poor, old, and hungry, which so touched the heart of the King, that he immediately provided him with a revenue which kept him in comfort for all the future. So when men come to the throne of grace it is not their magnificence but their very want which touches the heart of God.—*B.*

4812. RIGHTEOUSNESS, Renouncing. The late Dr. — did not satisfy by his preaching the Calvinistic portion of his flock. "Why, sir," said they, "we think you dinna tell us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness!" "Renouncing your ain righteousness!" vociferated the astonished Doctor. "I never saw any ye had to renounce."

4813. RIGHTEOUSNESS, Robe of. The noted Daniel Burgess, the Nonconformist minister, once preaching of Job's "robe of righteousness," said, "If any of you would have a suit for a twelvemonth, let him repair to Monmouth Street; if for his lifetime, let him apply to the Court of Chancery; but if for all eternity, let him put on the robe of righteousness."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

4814. RIGHTS, Talk about. The one social movement of her time which did not very promptly attract Mary Carpenter was the demand for female suffrage. Borrowing a remark from an American lady, she used laughingly to say, "I don't talk about my rights; I take them."—*T. L. Whiteford.*

4815. RIGHTS, we hold straight from God. When the letters patent were delivered to Roy M'Donnell of Dunluce from Queen Elizabeth con-

firmiting his title to his castle and estates, it is said that he drew his sword, and hacking the parchment in pieces, thrust it into the fire, indignantly declaring that the lands he had won by the sword should never be held by a sheepskin. Are there not rights we hold as straight from God, and which we should as jealously guard from all priestly and human interference?—*B.*

4816. RITUAL, Difficulties in connection with. According to the Law of Moses the scapegoat was led to the wilderness and there set free. This was not, however, the practice of the later Jews. A scapegoat had once come back to Jerusalem, and the omen was thought so bad that the ordinary custom was modified, to prevent the recurrence of such a calamity. The man who led the goat arrived at a high mountain, calted Sook, and there was at this place a rolling slope, down which he pushed the unhappy animal, which was shattered to atoms in the fall.—*C. R. Conder, R.E.*

4817. RITUALISM, trivial and behind the age. It is said of poor Louis XVI. that he was filing and fitting his locks when the Revolution was at the gates of his palace. Here is Materialism banishing God from the heavens and the earth, conducting Him to the frontiers of the Universe, and politely bowing Him out with haughty civility; but the clergy ignore that to dispute about the wearing of a cope. Here is Agnosticism proclaiming it a matter of no vital moment to morality of life whether there be a God or not; and men who ought to show that faith in God gives a beauty, a nobleness, a dignity to life debate whether a few inches more or less of elevation of the host is not of supreme seriousness, whether the knees should not be bent at a particular angle, or whether they should be allowed to touch the ground during the operation. Here we are confronted by a science of human nature which affirms that man is but a compound of hydrogen and carbon, brought together and organised by something termed force, humanised by a process of evolution, destined to dissolve at last, as the end of him, into carbon and hydrogen again; and in the midst of this subtle, powerful philosophy, which is busily at work, the highest court in the land, composed of learned judges and distinguished prelates, sits for days to determine where and how a priest should stand while performing a certain ceremony, what kind of garments he should wear, what sort of bread he should use. *Can there be a sadder contrast under heaven than this?* Thousands of the working and of the middle classes are standing aloof from all Churches and religious institutions, some in hostility, some in indifference; and to their inquiry, "What is religion?" the Rev. Orby Shipley writes that religion is in fasting, in the belief in the seven sacraments, in the practice of confession. These he solemnly enjoins as essentials of the true faith; and not only these, but also the sprinkling of holy water, the burning of incense at various parts of public worship, the crossing, censuring, and kissing of the gospel, the kneeling, in the Creed, of priest and people at the *Incarnatus est*, the public and reverential use of the sign of the cross.—*S. Fletcher Williams.*

4818. RIVALRY, Result of. Go where you will, in town or country, you will find half a dozen shops struggling for a custom that would only keep up one. And so they are forced to under-sell one

another; and when they have got down the prices all they can by fair means, they are forced to get them lower by foul, and to sand the sugar and sloeleaf the tea, and put, Satan—that prompts them on—knows what, into the bread; and then they don't thrive—they can't thrive. God's curse must be on them. They began by trying to oust each other and eat each other up, and while they are eating up their neighbours, their neighbours eat them up, and so they all come to ruin together.—*Charles Kingsley.*

4819. ROCK, Cling to. A train of cars was going over the Alleghany Mountains. It had reached a place where there was a deep precipice on one side, and a steep wall of solid rock that rose sheer up to a great height on the other. The cars were running along quite close to this rocky wall. All at once the whistle screamed the signal, "Down brakes! down brakes!" The engineer had discovered a little girl and her baby brother playing upon the track, just a little way in front of the engine. It was impossible to stop the train in time; but just at this moment the girl's eye caught sight of two niches in the wall of rock, made by blasting. Snatching up her little brother, she pressed him into one of the niches, and put herself in the other. And while the long train went thundering by, the passengers heard the gentle voice of the little girl saying, "Cling close to the rock, Johnny! cling close to the rock!"

4820. ROCK, Founded on. A young minister in Wales, coming on trial to a very exposed locality, had to sleep at a farmhouse on the highest point of land in the country. He retired to rest, when the wind blew a tempest, the rain beat upon the house heavily, and he feared it must fall. He could not rest; he rose, sat by the fire, and prepared for the worst. But it stood firm and unshaken. The morning came; the minister expressed his fears and felt very timid, and wondered how the farmer could sleep so securely exposed to such a storm. "Oh," said the farmer, "I had no fear of the house falling, and you need not to have feared either, for it is founded upon a rock."—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdote.*

4821. ROCK, On the. A minister once went to visit a good woman in humble life who was near to death. On asking her if she felt sinking, she replied, "How could you ask me that? Did you ever know any one sink through a rock? I am on the rock."

4822. ROCK, Resting 'on. One day a female friend called on the late Rev. William Evans, a pious minister in England, and asked how he felt himself. "I am weakness itself," he replied; "*but I am on the Rock.* I do not experience those transports which some have expressed in the view of death; but my dependence is on the *mercy* of God in Christ. Here my religion *began*, and here it must *end*."

4823. ROMANISM and Protestantism, contrasted. In the valley of the Simplan, hard by here, where (at the bridge of St. Maurice over the Rhône) this Protestant canton ends and a Roman Catholic canton begins, you might separate two perfectly distinct and different conditions of humanity by drawing a line with your stick in the dust on the ground. On the Protestant side, neat-

ness, cheerfulness, industry, education, continual aspirations, at least, after better things. On the Roman Catholic side, dirt, disease, ignorance, squalor, and misery. *I have so constantly observed the like of this since I first came abroad, that I have a sad misgiving that the religion of Ireland 'lies deep' at the root of all its sorrows.—Dickens's Letters.*

4824. ROMANISM, Hypocrisy of. In quality of envoy from the Augustinians of Germany, Luther was invited to several assemblies of distinguished ecclesiastics. One day he happened to be at table along with several prelates. The latter showed themselves to him without reserve in their accustomed buffoonery of manners and impiety of conversation, and did not hesitate to play off a thousand jests in his presence, thinking him, no doubt, a man of their own stamp. Amongst other things, they told the monk, with laughter and boasting, how, when reading mass at the altar, instead of the sacramental words that were to convert the bread and wine into the Saviour's flesh and blood, they pronounced these derisive words over them: "Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain; wine thou art, and wine thou shalt remain." "Then," they continued, "we elevate it, and all the people adore."

4825. ROMANISM, illustrated. A priest in Austria, wishing to set forth the excellence of the Romish communion, and to decry those of Luther and Calvin, adopted the following extraordinary method. Presenting a green walnut to the view of his audience, he said, "I am now about to show you the nature and comparative worth of the three religions." For this purpose he first took off the husk, and said, "Here you have the Lutheran religion: it is not only worthless, but very bitter." He then exhibited the naked shell, saying, "And here you have the religion of Calvin, which is both hard and dry. But now I shall show you the holy Catholic religion, which is the sweet kernel within." He then proceeded to crack the nut with his teeth, intending to eat the kernel, and commend its sweetness to his flock; when, lo! to his own confusion, the nut proved rotten, and was so offensive to his mouth, that, with a blushing countenance, he was compelled hastily to lay it aside!

4826. ROMANISM, Untruthfulness of. When I thought of Rome in connection with the religion of which it is the metropolis, it seemed to me of all places the last where a man with his eyes open could be converted to Romanism. . . . The vision of the Romish Church, and of its action upon the people which was then graven on my mind, accords with that implied in the answer of an English painter whom I asked how he could bring himself to leave Rome after living so many years there. "It was indeed very painful," he replied, "to tear myself away from so much exquisite beauty; but as my children grew up, it became absolutely necessary, for I found it utterly impossible to give them a notion of truth at Rome."—*Julius C. Hare.*

4827. ROUTINE, Dread of. There was a poor cabman at Paris who committed suicide. He left behind him a letter explaining his reasons for the miserable deed. His letter expressed no violent feeling, spoke of no great blow that had befallen

him. It said that he ended his life because he was "weary of doing the same things over and over again every day." The poor man's mind was, doubtless, unbinged. But you see what he did, and how he nursed his insanity. *He looked too far ahead.*—A. K. H. B.

4828. RUIN, and redemption. A dentist said to me a few days ago, "Does that hurt?" Said I, "Of course it hurts. It is in your business as in my profession. We have to hurt before we can help." You will never understand redemption until you understand ruin.—*Talmage.*

4829. RUIN, responsibility of, where it rests. "I will be ruined," said a Dublin trader to his English friend. "I am sorry for it," said the other; "but if you will be ruined, you know no one else can prevent it."

4830. RUIN, through man's lust. We are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars and tyranny, had filled his dominions with ruin and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The Vizier to this great Sultan pretended to understand the language of birds. As he was one evening with the Emperor, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree. "I would fain know," says the Sultan, "what these owls are saying; listen, and give me an account of their discourse." The Vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, "Sir," says he, "I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is." The Sultan would not be satisfied, but forced him to repeat everything the owls had said. "You must know, then," said the Vizier, "that one of these owls had a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, 'Brother, I consent to this marriage provided you will settle on your daughter fifty ruined villages.' To which the father of the daughter replied, 'Instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; while he reigns over us we shall never want ruined villages.'"

4831. SABBATH, absurdly observed. Among the first settlers in Connecticut the observance of the Sabbath was carried to even a higher pitch of absurdity than among the Jews. The law said, "No one shall run on the Sabbath, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church. No one shall travel, cook victuals, or make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath. No husband shall kiss his wife and no mother her child upon the Sabbath-day."

4832. SABBATH, appointed of God. The Governor Turnusrupis once asked Rabbi Akiba, "What is this day you call the Sabbath more than any other day?" The Rabbi responded, "What art thou more than any other person?" "I am superior to others," he replied, "because the Emperor has appointed me governor over them." Then said Akiba, "The Lord our God, who is greater than your Emperor, has appointed the Sabbath-day to be holier than the other days."—*Talmud.*

4833. SABBATH, and the resurrection. Mr. Philip Henry used to call the Lord's Day the queen of days, the pearl of the week, and observed it accordingly. His common salutation of his family

or friends on the Lord's Day, in the morning, was that of the primitive Christians—"The Lord is risen; He is risen indeed;" making it his chief business on that day to celebrate the memory of Christ's resurrection; and he would say sometimes, "Every Lord's Day is a true Christian's Easter Day."—*Whitecross.*

4834. SABBATH, Desecration of. By records which have been kept in a particular place near one of our large rivers, it appears that more than twice as many have been drowned there on the Sabbath than on any other day of the week. And those who were thus drowned were cut off as in a moment while breaking the command of God.

4835. SABBATH, Every day a. There is an anecdote of his (a Chinese convert's) grandmother, who also became a Christian, that will illustrate the simple faith of the people; for when her memory decayed and all the devices by which she had tried to remember the Lord's Day broke down, she said at last, "It would be simpler to keep every day a Sabbath," which she did until she died.—*W. Fleming Stevenson.*

4836. SABBATH, forgetfulness of its claims. One Sunday afternoon a clergyman was returning home from church, which was at some little distance from his house, when a man in working clothes stopped him and said, "Beg pardon, sir, but have you seen my boy on the road?" "Was he driving a cart?" asked the clergyman. "Yes, sir." "And were there some hurdles and a pitchfork in the cart?" "Yes, that's it," said the man. "A little boy with a short memory?" continued the clergyman. The man stared, and seemed surprised. "Well, I don't know that he is specially forgetful; but what made you think he had a short memory?" "I know he had, and, more than that, I think he belongs to a family that have very short memories." The man showed his extreme surprise at this statement, and said, "Why, what in the world makes you think so, sir?" The clergyman looked him full in the face, and replied with calm solemnity, "Because God has said, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,' and I think you have forgotten all about it."—*Preacher's Promptuary of Anecdote.*

4837. SABBATH, Honouring. When King George II. was repairing his palace at Kew, one of the workmen, a pious man, was particularly noticed by His Majesty, and he often held conversations with him upon serious subjects. One Monday morning the King went as usual to watch the progress of the work, and not seeing this man in his customary place, inquired the reason of his absence. He was answered evasively, and for some time the other workmen avoided telling His Majesty the truth; at last, however, upon being more strictly interrogated, they acknowledged that, not having been able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night, they had returned to finish it on the following morning. This man alone had refused to comply, because he considered it a violation of the Christian Sabbath; and, in consequence of what they called his obstinacy, he had been dismissed entirely from his employment. "Call him back immediately," exclaimed the good King; "the man who refused doing his ordinary work on the Lord's Day is the man for me. Let him be sent for." The man was accordingly replaced, and the King ever after showed him particular favour.

4838. **SABBATH, is the Lord's.** A gentleman who had been using the boat of Thomas Mann, a pious waterman on the Thames, asked him if he did not work seven days in a week. "No, sir," replied Thomas; "*that would be taking what does not belong to me.* The Lord's Day is not mine; and, therefore, I never work on that day."

4839. **SABBATH, kept under difficulties.** The "Mayflower," a name now immortal, had crossed the ocean. It had borne its hundred passengers over the vast deep, and after a perilous voyage had reached the bleak shores of New England, in the beginning of winter. The spot which was to furnish a home and a burial-place was now to be selected. The shallop was unshipped, but needed repairs, and sixteen weary days elapsed before it was ready for service. Amidst ice and snow it was then sent out, with some half a dozen pilgrims, to find a suitable place where to land. The spray of the sea, says the historian, froze on them, and made their clothes like coats of iron. Five days they wandered about, searching in vain for a suitable landing-place. A storm came on; the snow and the rain fell; the sea swelled; the rudder broke; the mast and the sail fell overboard. In this storm and cold, without a tent, a house, or the shelter of a rock, the Christian Sabbath approached, the day which they regarded as holy unto God; a day on which they were not to "do any work." What should be done? As the evening before the Sabbath drew on they pushed over the surf, entered a fair sound, sheltered themselves under the lee of a rise of land, kindled a fire, and on that little island *they spent the day in the solemn worship of their Maker.* On the next day their feet touched the rock, now sacred as the place of the landing of the pilgrims. Nothing more strikingly marks the character of this people than this act, and I do not know that I could refer to a better illustration, even in their history, showing that theirs was the religion of principle, and that this religion made them what they were.—*Barnes.*

4840. **SABBATH, Necessity for.** An agricultural labourer named Alègre, about sixty years of age, was arrested during the French Revolution, and put in prison for not having worked on a Sunday. A week after his enlargement he presented himself, dressed in his Sunday clothes, before the Committee. On being asked what he wanted, he replied that he was getting old, and that when he had worked all the week *he was tired out and wanted rest*, so that if he went to labour on Sunday he should rob his employer, and that therefore he preferred to come and be put in prison. The Committee, who no doubt thought the man had come to make a denunciation, were nonplussed at the strange humour of this singular request, shrugged their shoulders, and bade their petitioner go about his business.—*Sunday at Home.*

4841. **SABBATH, Non-observance of.** William Wilberforce said, "I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable." When Sir Samuel Romilly, Solicitor-General during Fox's administration, committed suicide, Mr. Wilberforce said, "If he had suffered his mind to enjoy such occasional remission, it is highly probable that the strings of life would never have snapped from over-tension." The celebrated Castlereagh, who was Foreign Secretary in 1812, committed suicide in 1822. Wilberforce said, "Poor fellow! he was

certainly deranged—the effect, probably, of continual wear of the mind and the non-observance of the Sabbath."—*J. B. Gough.*

4842. **SABBATH, Observance of.** Both at Strathfieldsaye and Walmer the Duke of Wellington was a regular attendant at public worship, and received the sacrament as often as it was administered. He was very particular, also, in requiring that his guests should attend Divine Service somewhere. It happened on one occasion that Count Nugent, an Irish gentleman, but an Austrian general, paid him a visit at Walmer Castle. Sunday morning came, and His Excellency said, "Duke, do you go to church?" "Always; don't you?" "I can't go to church with you, for you know I'm a Catholic." "Oh! very well," was the answer, and he rang the bell. When the servant entered the Duke said, "His Excellency wants to go to the Roman Catholic chapel; you can show him where it is." And, sure enough, to the Roman Catholic chapel His Excellency was marched. The Duke, as he walked to church, observed, "I knew he did not want me to go to church, nor to go himself either, but I thought it best that we should both go."—*Gleig's Life of Wellington.*

4843. **SABBATH, Observance of.** A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that 'if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath-day, he may pull him out'?" "Yes," answered the convert; "but *if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath-day*, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

4844. **SABBATH, Profanation of.** Mr. Dod, one of the Puritan ministers, having preached against the profanation of the Sabbath, which much prevailed in his parish, and especially among the more wealthy inhabitants, the servant of a nobleman came to him and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord to-day." Mr. Dod replied, "I should not have offended your lord except he had been conscious to himself that he had first offended my Lord; and if your lord will offend my Lord, let him be offended."

4845. **SABBATH, Respect for.** Some time ago I got up a petition in favour of the opening of the British Museum on Sundays, and sent it into our printing-office for the men to sign, when, judge of my astonishment, the foreman came to me and said, "If you please, sir, *do you press for the signing of this petition?* For, unless you do, the men had rather not sign it." "What in the world do they mean by that? Why, it's for *their* benefit that we want the museums opened on Sunday!" "Well, sir," replied the foreman, "the men think *that* would not be the end of it—it would only be the thin end of the wedge, and that, before long, workshops, offices, and all kind of places as well as museums would be open on Sunday too." That petition was never signed.—*Mark Lemon, Editor of Punch.*

4846. **SABBATH, respected for the sake of others.** A chief of Huakine once asked me whether it would be right, supposing he was walking in his garden on that day (the Sabbath), and saw ripe plantains hanging from the trees that grew by the side of the path,

to gather and eat them. I answered that I thought it would not be wrong. "I felt inclined to do so," said he, "last Sabbath, when walking in my garden; but on reflecting that I had other fruit ready plucked and prepared, I hesitated, not because I believed it would be in itself sinful, but lest my attendant should notice it, and do so too, and it should be a general practice with the people to go to their gardens and gather fruit on the Sabbath, which would be very unfavourable to the proper observance of that sacred day."—*Ulis, South Sea Islands.*

4847. SABBATH, The, and children. That Sunday of my childhood; the marvellous stillness of that day over all Litchfield town hill; that wondrous ringing of the bell; the strange interpretation that my young imagination gave to the crowing of the cock and to the singing of the birds; that wondering look which I used to have into things; that strange lifting half-way up into inspiration, as it were; that sense of the joyful influence that sometimes brooded down like a stormy day, and sometimes opened up like a gala-day in summer on me, made Sunday a more effectually marked day than any other of all my youthful life, and it stands out as clear as crystal until this hour. It might have been made happier and better if there had been a little more adaptation to my disposition and my wants; but, with all its limitations, I would rather have the other six days of the week weeded out of my memory than the Sabbath of my childhood. And this is right. Every child ought to be so brought up in the family, that when he thinks of home the first spot on which his thought rests shall be Sunday, as the culminating joy of the household.—*Beecher.*

4848. SABBATH, Use of. Stations on the line of your journey are not your journey's end, but each one brings you nearer. A haven is not *home*; but it is a place of quiet and rest, where the rough waves are stayed. A garden is a piece of common land, and yet it has ceased to be common land; it is an effort to regain paradise. A bud is not a flower, but it is the promise of a flower. Such are the Lord's Days; the world's week tempts you to sell your soul to the flesh and the world. The Lord's Day calls you to remembrance, and begs you rather to sacrifice earth to heaven and time to eternity, than heaven to earth and eternity to time. The six days not only chain you as captives of the earth, but do their best to keep the prison-doors shut, that you may forget the way out. The Lord's Day sets before you an open door. Samson has carried the gates away. The Lord's Day summons you to the threshold of your house of bondage to look forth into immortality—*your immortality*. The true Lord's Day is the eternal life; but a type of it is given to you on earth, that you may be refreshed in the body with the anticipation of the great freedom wherewith the Lord will make you free.—*Pulsford.*

4849. SABBATH, views of heaven then enjoyed. When a gentleman was inspecting a house in Newcastle, with a view to hiring it as a residence, the landlord took him to the upper window, expatiated on the extensive prospect, and added, "You can see Durham Cathedral from this window on a Sunday." "Why on a Sunday above any other day?" inquired our friend, with some degree of surprise. The reply was conclusive enough. "*Because on that day there is no smoke from those tall chimneys.*" Blessed is the Sabbath to us, when the earth-smoke of care and

turmoil no longer beclouds our view; then can our souls full often behold the goodly land and the city of the New Jerusalem.—*Spurgeon.*

4850. SABBATH, Who gave the? In one of the most densely populated parts of the city a gentleman lately visited the house of a poor, hard-working, infidel cobbler. The man was busy at his last, and had scarce time to look up at his unwelcome visitor. "That is hard work." "It is, sir." "For how many hours a day have you to labour here—twelve?" "Yes, and more, sir. I am never off this seat under a fourteen or fifteen hours' spell of it." "That is sore toil for a bit of bread." "Indeed it is, sir; and very thankful am I when the week's end comes. *What would become of me, and the likes of me, without that rest?*" "And who, friend, think you, gave you that rest? Came it by accident, or arrangement, or how?" There came no answer to that; the cobbler hung his head; the man was honest; the sceptic was ashamed.

4851. SABBATH-BREAKER, Fate of a. A man at New Orleans set out on a Sabbath morning to cross a river, on some worldly business. As he could find no boat but one which was fastened to a tree by a lock, he attempted to get that. Some persons who were present requested him to desist from his purpose. But he replied that he would either go to the other side of the river or to hell. He therefore broke the lock and entered the boat. But he had not gone far when it upset; and the spectators were so impressed that it was a judgment from God that they stood amazed, till it was too late to afford him any help. Thus he was launched into eternity, without a moment's warning, in the very act of transgression.

4852. SABBATHS, Record of. In one of the English coal-mines there is what the miners call a Sunday stone. Water charged with lime is trickling through the rocks, and, as it falls, is making constant deposit of pure white limestone. But when the miners are at work, and are scattering the coal-dust all about, the water becomes charged with coal as well as lime, and the stone, which otherwise were white, takes upon itself the black coal-hue. But when the Sabbath comes, and the men cease working, and the whirring coal-dust settles, then upon the blackness of the deposit of the day before begins to drop the clean lime-water, leaving, as it trickles off, *the pure white stone*. And so, by the regularly recurring line of whiteness, record is made of the coming to the tired miners of God's day of rest.

4853. SABBATHS, should be made desirable. Sunday! I used to be a pin-cushion, and duties used to be pins, when I was a boy; and I did not like it when they stuck them into me. Therefore, Sunday was the dreadful day of the week to me. There were some Sundays of my boyhood which stand in my memory as among the most beautiful things in the world; and yet, while I believe that the world would suffer irreparable loss in the abolition of Sunday, or in its secularisation, on the other hand, in order to preserve Sundays, *you must make them beautiful, honourable, and desirable*. Intelligent natures must find in them that which feeds the really best things which are in them. If these days are only hoops, strings, manacles; if they are only "Thou shalt not, thou shalt not, thou shalt not;" if they are burdensome, it is worse than if

you were to eradicate their existence altogether.
—*Becher.*

4854. SABBATH-SCHOOL, Origin of. A young scholar in a French Sabbath-school was asked with whom and where had the Sabbath-school its origin. The little fellow replied, "I do not know, sir; but *if it is in the Bible*, I will tell you next Lord's Day." Next Sunday the question was duly repeated, and with the vivaciousness and exactitude characteristic of his race, the small man clearly set forth the three following propositions: *premièrement*, that the temple at Jerusalem was the place where the first school of the sort was held; *secondement*, that Jesus Christ Himself was the first Sabbath-school-teacher; and *troisièmement*, that He had for His scholars the Jewish rabbis and doctors of the law, of whom He asked and to whom He answered astonishing questions. The boy was right. We believe the Lord instituted the teaching of children as truly and formally as He did the preaching of His gospel to adults.

4855. SABBATH-SCHOOLS, Value of. One day, as I was going to church, I overtook a soldier just entering the door. This was on a week-day. As I passed him I said that it gave me pleasure to see that he was going to a place of worship. "Ah! sir," said he, "I may thank you for that." "Me!" said I; "why, I do not know that I ever saw you before." "Sir," said he, "when I was a little boy I was indebted to you for my first instruction in my duty. I used to meet you at the morning service in this cathedral, and was one of your Sunday scholars. My father, when he left this city, took me into Berkshire, and put me apprentice to a shoemaker. I used often to think of you. At length I went to London, and was there drawn to serve in the Westminster militia. I came to Gloucester last night with a deserter, and took the opportunity of coming this morning to visit the old spot, and in hopes of once more seeing you." He then told me his name, and brought himself to my recollection by a curious circumstance which happened whilst he was at school. His father was a journeyman currier—a most vile, profligate man. After the boy had been some time at school, he came one day and told me that his father was wonderfully changed, and that he had left off going to the alehouse on the Sundays. It happened soon after that I met the man in the street, and said to him, "My dear friend, it gives me great pleasure to hear that you have left off going to the alehouse on the Sunday; your boy tells me that you now stay at home, and never get tipsy." "Sir," said he, "I may thank you for it." "Nay," said I, "that is impossible; I do not recollect that I ever spoke to you before." "No, sir," said he; "but the good instruction you give my boy *he brings home to me*, and it is that, sir, which has induced me to reform my life."—*Robert Raikes (founder of Sunday-schools).*

4856. SACRAMENT, Gift in. No words can describe Father Taylor's manner at a sacramental occasion in his own Bethel. It was not so much what he said as himself—his whole bearing, his impassioned and incarnated sentiment. "I have got something for you, children," he once said, as he followed me with the cup; "it is a present from Jesus, something which He has sent to remember Him by." He held the cup under his outer coat, pressed to his heart, as if he would suddenly surprise them by bringing the precious gift out before their

eyes; then he looked up and burst into tears as he pronounced His name. "*He sends it to you*, children, and tells me to say to you, 'Drink of this in memory of me.'"—*Dr. Pierce.*

4857. SACRAMENT, Word of. Question was made touching the words "*given for you*," whether they were to be understood of the present administering, when the sacrament is distributed, or of when it was offered and accomplished on the cross. I said, "I like it best when they are understood of the present administering, although they may be understood as fulfilled on the cross; it matters not that Christ says, 'Which is given for you,' instead of, 'Which shall be given for you;' for Christ is *Hodie et Heri*, to-day and yesterday. 'I am,' says Christ, 'He that doeth it.'"—*Luther.*

4858. SACRAMENTS, are public ceremonies. Mr. Philip Henry declined the private administration of the Lord's Supper to sick persons, as judging it not consonant to the rule and intention of the ordinance. He very rarely, if ever, baptized in private; but would have children brought to the solemn assembly on the Lord's Day, that the parents' engagement might have the more witnesses to it, and the child the more prayers put up for it, and that the congregation might be edified. He very much persuaded his friends to put off feasting till another occasion, observing that Abraham made a great feast the same day that Isaac was *weaned*, not the same day that he was *circumcised*.—*Whitecross.*

4859. SACRIFICE, for others. Last summer, in California, a gentleman who had just returned from the Sandwich Islands told me this incident. He said one of the Sandwich Islands is devoted to lepers. People getting sick of the leprosy on the other islands are sent to that isle of lepers. They never come off. They are in different stages of the disease, but all that die on that island die of leprosy. On one of the healthy islands there was a physician who always wore his hand gloved, and it was often discussed why he always had a glove on that hand under all circumstances. One day this physician came to the city authorities, and he withdrew his glove, and he said to the officers of the law, "You will see on that hand a spot of the leprosy, and that I am doomed to die. I might hide this for a little while, and keep away from the isle of lepers; but I am a physician, and I can go on that island and administer to the sufferings of those who are further gone in the disease, and I should like to go now. It would be selfish in me to stay amid these luxurious surroundings when I might be of so much help to the wretched. Send me to the isle of lepers." They, seeing the spot of leprosy, of course took the man into custody. He bade farewell to his family and to his friends. It was an agonising parting. He could never see them again. He was taken to the isle of lepers, and there wrought among the sick until prostrated by his own death, which at last came.—*Talmage.*

4860. SACRIFICE, for the king. Xerxes, fleeing from his enemy, got on board a boat. A great many Persians leaped into the same boat, and the boat was sinking. Some one said, "Are you not willing to make a sacrifice for your king?" and the majority of those who were in the boat leaped overboard and were drowned to save their king.—*Talmage.*

4861. SACRILEGE, False protection in. Many

Italians are well inclined to the Protestant religion, and would have been well satisfied therewith had I not touched the Mass, to reject which they hold to be an abominable heresy. They depend thereon so surely, that they think he who has heard Mass is free from all danger, *and cannot sin, whatsoever he take in hand*, and that no evil can befall him; hence it comes to pass that after hearing Mass many sins and murders are committed. When I was at Rome there was one who had sought his enemy two whole years, to be revenged upon him, but had not been able to find him out; at last he spied him in the church, where he himself had heard Mass, having just risen from before the altar; he forthwith stepped to him, stabbed him to death, and fled.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

4862. SAFE, at last. There has died, in his early prime, a minister of the gospel, who was first the victim, and at last the conqueror, of drink. Some years ago, after a severe illness, he "stimulated," by medical advice. When he had fairly recovered from his disease he found himself in the coils of a serpent. It was the old story; he fell, struggled to rise, stumbled, and fell again. He never resigned himself to his bondage for any considerable length of time; he resolved, and resisted, and prayed, and then in exhaustion yielded. At length he went, as the last resort, to an inebriate asylum. His high Christian character secured for him the respect and esteem of all the inmates and officers. When, after about a year, his cure was supposed to be complete, he was desired to remain as chaplain of the institution. But his heart was in the work of the regular pastoral ministry, and he accepted a call to a vacant pulpit. When he began his labours there, he made a *full and frank statement of his infirmity* to the congregation. He told them he felt his weakness, by which he *must fall unless he was sustained by the grace of God* and the sympathies and prayers of good men. This appeal won for him the heart of the whole community. He became immensely popular, and laboured with untiring zeal for the salvation of the people. God gave him great success. The church was revived, and in numbers largely increased. The pastor's labours exceeded his strength. He flagged, was tempted to take stimulants—and resisted. By the help of Divine grace and human sympathy, *he stood.* That church enjoyed his services only about a year. He sickened and died; but he died a hero; for he conquered the foe which conquered Alexander the Great, and by which "many strong men have been slain." At his funeral his wife seemed composed, and almost happy. The officiating clergyman, wondering at this, inquired of her about it. "Oh, said she, 'HE'S SAFE! You don't know anything about what we have passed through. For years he and I have been standing on the brink of a precipice, trembling with apprehension that at any time he might go over. But now he's safe.'—*Cyrus D. Foss.*

4863. SAFETY, depends on constant care. Woe to the man, in the old Corinthian games, who allowed his competitor to catch him off his guard. Woe to the man who turned to look on father, mother, wife, or mistress. Woe to the man who lifted his eye but for a moment from the glaring eyeball of his antagonist; that moment a ringing blow fells him to the earth—he bites the dust. Not less does our safety depend on constant care and watchfulness.—*Guthrie.*

4864. SAFETY, ensured. The son of a chieftain of the Macgregors, residing on his freehold at Glenorchy, went in the shooting season with a party of young associates to the moors in the braes of the country. They met with a young gentleman of the name of Lamont, from Cowal, who, attended by a servant, was going to Fort William. They all went to a sort of inn that was in the place, and took refreshments together. While there a quarrel unfortunately arose between Lamont and young Macgregor. Dirks were drawn, and before friends could interfere, Macgregor fell, mortally wounded. In the confusion Lamont escaped, and though pursued, under cover of the night got securely to the house of Macgregor, which happened to be the first habitation that met his eye at the dawn of morning. The chieftain had got up, and was standing at the door. "Save my life," said the stranger, "for men are in pursuit of me to take it away." "Whoever you are," says Macgregor, "*here you are safe.*" Lamont was just brought to an inner apartment and introduced to the family, when a loud inquiry was made at the door if a stranger had entered the house. "He has," says Macgregor; "and what is your business with him?" "In a scuffle," cried the pursuers, "he has killed your son; deliver him up that we instantly revenge the deed." Macgregor's lady and his two daughters filled the house with their cries and lamentations. "Be quiet," says the chief, with his eyes streaming with tears, "and let no man presume to touch the youth, for *he has Macgregor's word and honour* for his safety, and, as God lives, he shall be safe and secure whilst in my house." In a little while, after Lamont had experienced the most kind and hospitable treatment, the chieftain accompanied him, with twelve men under arms, to Inveraray, and having landed him in safety on the other side of Loch Fyne, took him by the hand and thus addressed him—"Lamont, now you are safe; no longer can I or will I protect you; keep out of the way of my clan. May God forgive and bless you!"

4865. SAFETY, ensured. A traveller relates that among the Alps there is a narrow path along the precipitous slope of a summit which is crossed by a deep and dark defile. When the guides, one before and another behind the traveller, reach this fearful seam they pause upon the dizzy edge to reassure his mind; then the leader makes a swing from a projecting rock and lands upon the opposite side. Immediately turning towards the man he has left, urged forward by his rear guard, he kneels upon the margin of the abyss, extends his hand over it, and says, "Place your foot there, *and trust my arm to bring you over safely.*" It is done, and in a moment the traveller stands on the solid path leading into a sweet and smiling landscape among the mountains—"peace reposing in the bosom of strength." Thus Jesus bridges the gulf of alienation and death with His scarred hand, and invites the sinner to step by faith thereon, trust His Saviour, and be saved.—*Herald of Mercy (condensed).*

4866. SAFETY, Secret of It is said that at the battle of Waterloo a wealthy merchant of Brussels, who had been allowed access to headquarters, asked Wellington whether he was not exposing his person to great danger, as shot and shell were falling around. The general replied, "You have no business here, but I am performing my duty."

So let us never go into spiritual danger from idle curiosity, but only when duty calls; then, and then alone, may we expect to be safe.—*Newman Hall.*

4867. SAILORS, Plea for. Christians send out their missionaries and go on board the vessel before it sails; and go into the cabin and pray for the missionaries; then pray for the captain and mate, and offer no prayer for the sailors. They forgot to put any salt in the forecask. Dark, dark, very dark! I remember when you kept a man at the door of your churches to shut out those who wore a tarpaulin hat and a blue jacket. I remember when I was a sailor-boy, and I had to run the gauntlet to get into your churches. Well, they might sit down in darkness,—in the darkness of despair. Why, it is a great mistake to think of converting the world *without the help of sailors*. You might as well think of melting a mountain of ice with a moonbeam, or think of heating an oven with snow-balls; but get the sailor converted, and he is off from one port to another, as if you had put spurs to lightning. Knock open your boxes of Bibles on the wharves of Boston, and distribute the Word of God among the sailors. What is the use of sending missionaries to the heathen unless you first convert the sailors? A single shipload of sailors, in a single visit to a heathen strand, will do more mischief than the labours of a dozen missionaries will undo in forty years.—*Father Taylor.*

4868. SAINTS, Communion of. A gentleman on his death-bed was told by his friends of the glories of heaven, its golden streets, its river of life, its crowns and harps, and all the delights and joys of that wonderful life. "That is all very well," he said, "and doubtless is perfectly true; but I would rather remain in a world where I am better acquainted." What an argument for keeping intimate communion with Christ and His saints, with the thoughts and principles of heaven!—*Professor Phelps.*

4869. SAINTS, Hindrance to. Circumstances are against the saints. Mr. Ruskin says with equal feeling and humour that his favourite heroine, his mother, would most certainly have been a saint "but for my father and me."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

4870. SAINTS, Invocation of. The papists took the invocation of saints from the heathen, who divided God into numberless images and idols, and ordained to each its particular office and work. One of their priests, celebrating Mass, when about to consecrate many oblations at the altar at once, thought it would not be congruously spoken, or according to grammar rules, to say, "This is my body," so said, "These are my bodies;" and afterwards highly extolled his device, saying, "If I had not been so good a grammarian, I had brought in a heresy, and consecrated but one oblation." *Luther's Table Talk.*

4871. SAINTS, Recognition of, illustrated. Alexander the Great got the hearts of his foot-soldiers by calling them "his fellow-footmen." Aristotle, the better to insinuate into his hearers, read not to them—as other philosophers used to do—from a lofty seat, but walking and talking with them familiarly, *as with his friends* in Apollo's porch; [so] he made them great philosophers.—*Trapp.*

4872. SAINTS, Romish right of making. Pope Alexander III., one of the most profligate of men, was the first who issued a solemn decree reserving to himself the *sole right of making saints*.—*Tyler.*

4873. SAINTS, Worship of, absurd. He (Coleridge) gave us an account of a controversy he had had with a very sensible priest in Sicily on the worship of saints. He had driven the priest from one post to another, till the latter took up the ground that though the saints were not omnipresent, yet God, who was so, imparted to them the prayers offered up, and then they used their interference with Him to grant them. "That is, father," said Coleridge in reply—"excuse my seeming levity, for I mean no impiety—that is, I have a deaf and dumb wife, who yet understands me, and I her, by signs. You have a favour to ask of me, and want my wife's interference; so you communicate your request to me, who imparts it to her, and she, by signs back again, begs me to grant it." The good priest laughed, and said, "*Populus vult decipi, et decipitur!*"—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

4874. SAINTS, what they should be. In the Cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice—a marvellous building, lustrous with an Oriental splendour far beyond description—there are pillars said to have been brought from Solomon's Temple; these are of alabaster, a substance firm and durable as granite, and yet transparent, so that the light glows through them. Behold an emblem of what all true pillars of the Church should be—firm in their faith, and transparent in their character; men of simple mould, ignorant of tortuous and deceptive ways, and yet men of strong will, not readily to be led aside or bent from their uprightness.—*Spurgeon.*

4875. SALT, having lost its savour. In the Valley of Salt, near Gebul, there is a small precipice, occasioned by the continual taking away of salt. In this you may see how the veins of it lie. I broke a piece of it, of which the part that was exposed to the rain, sun, and air, though it had the sparks and particles of salt, had perfectly lost its savour. The innermost, which had been connected with the rock, retained its savour, as I found by proof.—*Maunderell.*

4876. SALVATION, a gift. A Christian lady was visiting a poor sickly woman, and after conversing with her for a little she asked her if she had found salvation yet. "No," she replied; "but I am working hard for it." "Ah, you will never get it that way," the lady said. "Christ did all the working when He suffered and died for us, and made complete atonement for our sins. You must take salvation solely as a gift of free, unmerited grace, else you can never have it at all."—*Clerical Library.*

4877. SALVATION, and the Scriptures. A worthy sufferer of the name of Hawkes was under examination before one of Bonner's chaplains, of whom he ventured to inquire, "Is not the Scripture sufficient for my salvation?" "Yes," replied the chaplain; "it is sufficient for our salvation, but not for our instruction." "Well, then," rejoined the honest but quaint martyr, "God send me *salvation*, and take you the *instruction*."—*Sidney's Life of Sir Richard Hill.*

4878. SALVATION, Angels and the proclamation of. A South Sea Islander, named by the

missionary Williams, on finding Jesus, exclaimed, "Angels would rejoice to be sent by God to proclaim the gospel of salvation to the world. And yet angels have been so employed. The very symbol in the Apocalypse for all world-evangelising agencies is the angel flying in mid-heaven, with the everlasting gospel for all men everywhere."—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

4879. SALVATION, Concern for men's. In one of the states of America there was an infidel who was a great despiser of God. What to do with him the ministers did not know. They met together and prayed for him. But elder B—— rode down to the man's forge, for he was a blacksmith. He left his horse outside, and said, "Neighbour, I am under very great concern about your soul's salvation; I tell you, I pray day and night for your soul's salvation." He left him, and rode home. The man went in to his house and said to one of his friends, "Here's a new argument; here's Elder B—— been down here; he did not dispute, and never said a word to me except this, 'I say, I am under great concern about your soul; I cannot bear you should be lost.' Oh! that fellow," he said, "*I cannot answer him*;" and the tears began to roll down his cheeks. He went to his wife and said, "I can't make this out; I never cared about my soul; but here's an elder that has no connection with me has come five miles this morning on horseback just to tell me he is under concern about my salvation."

4880. SALVATION, Cost of, illustrated. I was reading of a ship that was coming from California during the time of the gold excitement. The cry of "Fire! fire!" was heard on shipboard, and the captain headed the vessel for the shore, but it was found that the ship would be consumed before it reached the beach. There was a man on deck fastening his gold around him in a belt, just ready to spring overboard, when a little girl came up to him and said, "Sir, can you swim?" He saw it was a question whether he should save his gold or save that little child, and he said, "Yes, my darling, I can swim," and he dashed his gold on the deck. "Now," he says, "put your arms around my neck; hold on very hard; put your arms around my neck." And then the man plunged into the sea and put out for the beach, and a great wave lifted him high upon the shore, and when the man was being brought to consciousness he looked up; the little child, with anxious face, was bending over him. He had saved her.—*Talmage.*

4881. SALVATION, delayed. I was closing the meeting one day at our church in Chicago, when a young soldier got up and entreated the people to decide for Christ at once. He said he had just come from a dark scene. A comrade of his, he said, who had enlisted with him, had a father who was always entreating him to become a Christian, and in reply he always said he would when the war was over. At last he was wounded, and was put into the hospital, but got worse, and was gradually sinking. One day, a few hours before he died, a letter came from his sister, but he was too ill to read it. Oh, it was such an earnest letter! The comrade read it to him, but he did not seem to understand it, he was so weak, till it came to the last sentence, which said, "O my dear brother, when you get this letter, will you not accept your sister's Saviour?" The dying man sprang up from his cot and said,

"What do you say?—what do you say?" and then, falling back on his pillow, feebly exclaimed, "It is too late! it is too late!"—*Moody.*

4882. SALVATION, Excluding from. When one at camp-meeting excluded from salvation all Catholics, Unitarians, Universalists, all men who used tobacco, and all women who wore jewellery, Father Taylor broke out, "If that is true, *Christ's mission was a failure*. It's a pity He came."—*Life of Father Taylor.*

4883. SALVATION, Glad tidings of. How sweetly doth music sound in this night season! In the daytime it would not, it could not so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness; thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction; it is ever the same, the difference is in our disposition to receive it.—*Bishop Hall.*

4884. SALVATION, God's way of. A preacher of the gospel had gone down into a coal-mine during the noon-hour to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. Meeting the foreman on his way back to the shaft, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation. The man replied, "Oh, it is too cheap; I cannot believe in such a religion as that." Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked, "How do you get out of this place?" "Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply. "And does it take long to get to the top?" "Oh no; only a few seconds." "Well, that certainly is very easy and simple. But do you not need to help to raise yourself?" said the preacher. "Of course not," replied the miner. "As I have said, *you have nothing to do but get into the cage*." "But what about the people who sunk the shaft and perfected all this arrangement? Was there much labour or expense about it?" "Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at great cost to the proprietors; but it is our only way out, and without it we should never be able to get to the surface." "Just so. And when God's Word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, 'Too cheap; too cheap,' forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a *vast cost*, the price being the death of His own Son."

4885. SALVATION, illustrated. He (Africaner, a converted heathen), in his last hours, supposed in his dream that he was at the base of a steep and rugged mountain, over which he must pass by a path leading along an almost perpendicular precipice to the summit. On the left of the path the fearful declivity presented one furnace of fire and smoke, mingled with lightning. As he looked round to flee from a sight which made his whole frame tremble, one appeared out of these murky regions whose voice, like thunder, said that there was no escape but by the narrow path. He attempted to ascend thereby, but felt the reflected heat from the precipice (to which he was obliged to cling) more intense than from the burning pit beneath. When ready to sink with mental and physical agony, he cast his eyes upwards beyond the burning gulf, and saw a person stand on a green mount, on which the sun appeared

to shine with peculiar brilliancy. This individual drew near to the ridge of the precipice, and beckoned him to advance. Shielding the side of his face with his hands, he ascended, through heat and smoke, such as he would have thought no human frame could endure. He at last reached the long-desired spot, which became increasingly bright, and when about to address the stranger he awoke.—*Maffat*.

4886. SALVATION, Importance of. Massilon, in the first sermon he ever preached, found the whole audience, upon his getting into the pulpit, in a disposition no way favourable to his intentions. Their nods, whispers, or drowsy behaviour showed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his sowing in a soil so improper. However, he soon changed the disposition of his audience by his manner of beginning. "If," says he, "a cause, the most important that could be conceived, were to be tried at the bar before qualified judges; if this cause interested ourselves in particular; if the eyes of the whole kingdom were fixed upon the events; if the most eminent counsel were employed on both sides; and if we had heard from our infancy of this yet undetermined trial,—would you not all sit with due attention and warm expectation to the pleadings on each side? Would not all your hopes and fears be hinged on the final decision? And yet, let me tell you, you have this moment a cause where not one nation but all the world are spectators; tried not before a fallible tribunal, but the awful throne of heaven, where not your temporal and transitory interests are the subject of debate, but your eternal happiness or misery; where the cause is still undetermined, but, perhaps, the very moment I am speaking may fix the irrevocable decree that shall last for ever; and yet, notwithstanding all this, you can hardly sit with patience to hear the tidings of your own salvation. *I plead the cause of heaven, and yet I am scarcely attended to.*"

4887. SALVATION, in Christ. A man had been condemned in a Spanish court to be shot, but being an American citizen, and also of English birth, the consuls of the two countries interposed, and declared that the Spanish authorities had no power to put him to death. What did they do to secure his life when their protest was not sufficient? They wrapped him up in their flags, they covered him with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, and defied the executioners. "Now fire a shot if you dare, for if you do so, you defy the nations represented by those flags, and you will bring the powers of those two great empires upon you." There stood the man, and before him the soldiery, and though a single shot might have ended his life, yet he was as invulnerable as though encased in triple steel. *Even so Jesus Christ has taken my poor guilty soul ever since I believed in Him, and has wrapped around me the blood-red flag of His atoning sacrifice; and before God can destroy me or any other soul that is wrapped in the atonement, He must insult His Son and dishonour His sacrifice, and that He will never do, blessed be His name.*—*Spurgeon*.

4888. SALVATION, Knowledge of. There was one coloured woman in the Southern States who, after the emancipation was proclaimed, *could not believe she was free*. Her master told her she was not; her coloured brethren told her she was. For two years she had been free without knowing it

She represents a great many in the Church to-day.—*Moody*.

4889. SALVATION, loftiness of its source. All great rivers, unlike some great men who have begun life in lowly circumstances, boast a lofty descent. It is after the Alpine traveller has left smiling valleys beneath him, and toiling along rugged glens and through deep mountain gorges, reaches at length the shores of an icy sea, that he stands at the source of the river, which, cold as the snows that feed it, and a full-grown torrent at its birth, rushes out from the cavern of the hollowed glacier. Yet such a river, in the loftiness of its birth-place, is but an humble image of salvation. How high *its source*! "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—*Guthrie*.

4890. SALVATION, Man's part and God's part in. A ship is stuck on a mudbank, and, the tide going out, it careens over, and there it lies, like many discouraged Christians. They do not need the anchor. The anchor is out, though. By-and-by the tide begins to come in, little by little. The captain calls up the crew, and orders them to hoist in the anchor. It is hoisted in and stowed away. "Trim the sails," is the next command, and that is obeyed. The tide is still coming in, coming in, coming in; and by-and-by the vessel floats off; and the crew look up with admiration, and say, "What a captain we have! It was the hauling in of the anchor and the trimming of the sails that saved us. The captain gave his orders, they were obeyed, and then she floated." No, it was not the captain's doings. The Lord God, who swings the stars through the heavens and exerts His power upon the ocean, did it. The captain merely foresaw the coming of the tide, and adapted the circumstances of the vessel to influences which existed before.—*Beecher*.

4891. SALVATION, Neglect of. An old Welsh minister of a former generation once began a sermon thus:—"Leaning over the pulpit, he said, with earnest voice, "I am going to ask you one question, a question which I cannot answer, which you cannot answer, which devils cannot answer, which no angel can answer, which God himself cannot answer, *HOW SHALL YOU ESCAPE IF YOU NEGLECT SO GREAT SALVATION?*"

4892. SALVATION, No other way of. Mrs. Bennet, wife of John Bennet, minister of an Independent church in Cheshire, the day before she died, raised herself into a very solemn attitude, and with most striking emphasis delivered, in the following language, her dying testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus:—"I here declare it before you that I have looked on the right hand and on the left—I have cast my eyes before and behind—to see if there was any possible way of salvation but by the Son of God; and *I am fully satisfied there is not*. No! none on earth, nor all the angels in heaven, could have wrought out salvation for such a sinner. None but God Himself, taking our nature upon Him, and doing all that the holy law required, could have procured pardon for me, a sinner. He has wrought out salvation for me, and I know that I shall enjoy it for ever."—*Clerical Library*.

4893. SALVATION, not of works. Philip of Spain (the husband of our Queen Mary), on his

death-bed, *did everything he could for salvation.* The following protestation, a curious morsel of bigotry, he sent to his confessor a few days before he died. "Father confessor! as you occupy the place of God, I protest to you that I will do everything you shall say to be necessary for my being saved; so that what I omit doing will be placed to your account, as I am ready to acquit myself of all that shall be ordered to me."—*I. D'Israeli.*

4894. SALVATION, Offer of, neglected. A young man in India received a letter from his father in England, but he refused to read it as it contained no money. Something like a year afterwards he was unwell, and while lying helpless in the hospital he was led to read that letter. It told him that his father had purchased an estate for him, and had sent out the money to bring him home, and affectionately begged him to return. *But, alas! it was too late!* So with men who neglect God's invitations and discard this Word of Divine truth. They may come to know of the way of salvation, but may either lack the opportunity or the desire to avail themselves of it. *It is too late!*—*B.*

4895. SALVATION, our own, Look to. To one that asked him (Sir Henry Wotton) whether a papist may be saved, he replied, "You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself."—*Isaac Walton.*

4896. SALVATION, Pledge of. During a violent storm in November 1821 a vessel was driven on shore near Beachy Head. Four of the sailors escaped from the wreck to the foot of the cliffs, but only to find, when they had climbed up the highest of the low rocks, that the waves were rapidly encroaching on their asylum; and they doubted not that, when the tide should be at its height, the whole range would be entirely covered with water. The darkness of the night prevented anything being seen beyond the spot upon which they stood; the violence of the storm left no hope that their feeble voices, even if raised to the uttermost, could be heard on shore; and they knew that, amidst the howling of the blast, their cries could reach no other ear than that of God. At this moment one of these wretched men—while they were debating whether they should not, in this extremity of ill, throw themselves upon the mercy of the waves, hoping to be cast upon some higher ground, as, even if they failed to reach it, a sudden would be better than a lingering death—in this dire extremity one of these despairing creatures, to hold himself more firmly to the rock, grasped a weed, which even, wet as it was, he well knew, as the lightning's sudden flash afforded a momentary glare, was not a fucus, *but a root of samphire*; and he recollected that this plant never grows under water. This then became more than an olive-branch of peace, a messenger of mercy; by it they knew that He who alone can calm the raging of the seas, at whose voice alone the winds and the waves are still, had placed His landmark, had planted His standard here, and by this sign they were assured that He had said to the wild waste of waters, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further." Trusting then to the promise of this angel of the earth, they remained stationary during the remainder of that dreadful but then comparatively happy night; and in the morning, they were seen from the cliffs above, and conveyed in safety to the shore.—*Burnett.*

4897. SALVATION, Providential. One day, while they were still children, John and Edward Irving are said to have strayed down upon those great sands (in the Solway Firth) with the original intention of meeting their uncle, George Lowther, who was expected to cross Solway at the ebb on his way to Annan. In that wilderness of sand and shingle, with its gleaming salt-water pools clear as so many mirrors, full of curious creatures still unknown to drawing-room science, but not to school-boy observation, the boys presently forgot all about their immediate errand, and, absorbed in their own amusements, thought neither of their uncle nor of the rising tide. While thus occupied a horseman suddenly came up to them at full gallop, seized first one and then the other of the astonished boys, and throwing them across the neck of his horse, galloped on without pausing to address a word to them, or even perceiving who they were. When they had safely reached the higher shingly bank out of reach of the pursuing tide, he drew bridle at last and pointed back breathless to where he had found them. The startled children, perceiving the danger they had escaped, saw the tawny waves pursuing almost to where they stood, and the sands on which they had been playing buried far under the impetuous sea; and it was only then that the happy Hercules-uncle discovered that *it was his sister's sons whom he had saved.* Had George Lowther been ten minutes later, one of the noblest tragic chapters of individual life in the nineteenth century need never have been written; and his native seas, less bitter than the sea of life that swallowed him up at last, would have received the undeveloped fortunes of the blameless Annan boy.—*Mrs. Oliphant's Life of Edward Irving.*

4898. SALVATION, Sign of. When one has wandered a night and a day in the wilderness, is discouraged, is on the point of giving up the struggle for rescue, and he sees, suddenly, the gleam of a light, he knows that the road is near, and a dwelling-house. He exclaims, "Thank God! I am saved."—*Beecher.*

4899. SALVATION, take it. "About twenty years ago," says a servant of Christ, "when I was coming out of the service that had been held at the Victoria Theatre, I saw an old man looking very unhappy. So I said, 'My friend, you are not happy.' 'No,' he replied, 'I am not.' I added, 'You are not saved.' 'No,' said he; 'I have been praying for it for twenty years.' 'What!' said I, 'praying for it for twenty years! Let me tell you a story; for you remind me of the circumstance. I saw a gentleman recently who was paralysed on one side, and was wheeled about in a bath-chair. As he was out one day he saw a poor man sitting by the roadside afflicted in the same manner, and calling out, 'Oh! for God's sake, give me a ha'p'ney!' He was blind. The gentleman said, 'Here, my good fellow, is half-a-crown for you.' But the poor man was deaf, and still he kept calling out for a halfpenny. The servant wheeled the gentleman nearer, and at last he made the poor man hear, and then he thankfully took the half-crown. Now, my friend, this is just what you are about. God is offering you salvation as a free gift, and you keep asking for it.' 'What!' said he, interrupting me, 'can I have salvation without asking for it?' 'Of course you can,' I replied. 'The gift of God is eternal life through our Lord

Jesus Christ. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. He that believeth on Him hath everlasting life.' 'O sir!' said he, 'I see it all now.'

4900. SALVATION, Type of. Twenty years ago a venturesome whale-ship, driven from her course, found a deserted brig drifting among the ice-floes of the polar sea. Deserted by her crew, her rudder guided by no human hand, she had sailed, like the ship of the "Ancient Mariner," into that silent sea. Her gallant discoverers brought their prize through untold perils into port. But the tidings spread that the staunch ship, which for well-nigh two years had sailed among the frozen horrors of the northern seas, without a living soul within her open sides, was one of an English fleet that the British Government had sent to rescue the heroic Franklin. Then it was that our country did a beautiful as well as noble act. Our Government fitted up the vessel in every minutest detail. From stern to stern her old aspect was restored. On her deck, in her cabin, not an article was lacking to render her complete. And then, with graceful courtesy, the costly gift was sent across the ocean and given back, a free-will offering to the Government of England. The glory of the deed belonged to America alone. No British seaman had helped to save her. Not a farthing of English money had aided in her restoration. Even in her voyage across the Atlantic, the crew that manned, the officers that commanded her were of our own country's navy. For England there remained nothing to do. *She could only accept the salvation of her vessel as a free and generous gift.* O type of God's work for man! image of the simplicity of man's accepting faith!—*Chas. E. Cheney, D.D.*

4901. SALVATION, undecided with some to the last. The Venetian worker in opal glass can be certain beforehand only of his form. In colour his tazza may vary from the faintest and most delicate blush to a thick creamy opaque, like a prism melted into cloud. It will pass from one to another in his hands, changing its hues with the rapidity of a dying dolphin, and all that he can be sure of is, that as it cools so it will remain. How like the uncertainty which haunts so many lives concerning salvation to the last! This only we know, that as life ends so it is, and is for eternity.—*B.*

4902. SALVATION, what it cost. "Mamma," said a little child to her mother when she was being put to bed at night—"Mamma, what makes your hand so scarred and twisted, and unlike other people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "my child, when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night, after I had put you to bed, I heard a cry, a shriek, upstairs. I came up, and found the bed was on fire, and you were on fire; and I took hold of you, and I tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off and trying to get you away I burned my hand, and it has been scarred and twisted ever since, and hardly looks any more like a hand; but *I got that, my child, in trying to save you.*" I wish to-day I could show you the burned hand of Christ—burned in plucking you out of the fire; burned in snatching you away from the flame. Ay, also the burned foot, and the burned brow, and the burned heart—burned for you. By His stripes we are healed.—*Talmage.*

4903. SALVATION, without works. "Don't tell me that I can be saved without doing anything," said an old man to a Christian lady who was trying to comfort him and point out to him the way of salvation. As he was saying this a little boy of about eleven years of age, who had been looking out a passage in his Bible, touched the lady, and holding the Bible open, said, "Please read that to him." It was Rom. iv. 5. The lady read it. The man listened most attentively, and after a little exclaimed, "It's a fact! God says it: '*To him that worketh not.*'" The Word to all appearance entered his soul with saving power, and then, in the warmth of his gratitude, grasping the lady's hand, he said, "I'll thank you all the days of my life!"

4904. SAMARITAN, A good. Oberlin was travelling on one occasion from Strasbourg. It was in winter. The ground was deeply covered with snow, and the roads were almost impassable. He had reached the middle of his journey, and was so exhausted that he could stand up no longer. He commended himself to God, and yielded to what he felt to be the sleep of death. He knew not how long he slept, but suddenly became conscious of some one rousing him up. Before him stood a waggon-driver, the waggon not far away. He gave him a little wine and food, and the spirit of life returned. He then helped him on the waggon, and brought him to the next village. The rescued man was profuse in his thanks, and offered money, which his benefactor refused. "It is only a duty to help one another," said the waggoner; "and it is the next thing to an insult to offer a reward for such a service." "Then," replied Oberlin, "at least tell me your name, that I may have you in thankful remembrance before God." "I see," said the waggoner, "that you are a minister of the gospel. Please tell me the name of the Good Samaritan." "That," said Oberlin, "I cannot do, for it was not put on record." "Then," replied the waggoner, "until you can tell me his name, permit me to withhold mine."

4905. SANCTIFICATION, what it is. There is an anecdote of the saintly and learned Archbishop Usher, not unfamiliar to religious readers, which is meant to illustrate his spiritual modesty. It relates how a friend frequently urged him to write his thoughts on sanctification, which at length he engaged to do; but, a considerable time elapsing, the performance of his promise was importunately claimed. The Bishop replied to this purpose—"I have not written, and yet I cannot charge myself with a breach of promise, for I began to write; but when I came to treat of the new creature which God formeth by His own Spirit in every regenerate soul, I found so little of it wrought in myself that I could speak of it only as parrots, or by rote, but without the knowledge of what I might have expressed; and, therefore, I durst not presume to proceed any further upon it." Upon this his friend stood amazed to hear such a confession from so grave, holy, and eminent a person. The Bishop then added, "I must tell you, we do not well understand what sanctification and the new creature are. *It is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his own will to the will of God, and to live in the offering up of his soul continually in the flames of love, as a whole burnt-offering to Christ; and oh! how many who profess Christianity are, unacquainted, ex-*

perimentally, with this work upon their souls!"—*Huntington.*

4906. SANCTIFICATION, what it is. I do not know that a better definition of holiness could possibly be given than was once given by an unlearned, ignorant, poor man, a candidate for the post of missionary. The examining clergyman had asked him to define justification, and he had done it to his satisfaction. Then his examiner said, "Now, my brother, what is sanctification?" The answer was a memorable one; it will be worth while to carry it away. "Sanctification, sir, is a God-possessed soul."—*Rev. E. W. Moore.*

4907. SANCTUARY, Absence from. A distinguished nobleman, having observed, one Lord's Day at church, that the greater part of his servants were absent, on his return home inquired the reason. On the butler's stating that it was owing to the wetness of the roads, his lordship replied, "Well, this shall soon be remedied;" and on the next wet Sabbath-day that occurred he ordered the servants to take their places in a large covered cart, while he followed them *on foot* all the way to church.

4908. SANCTUARY, Absence from. One Sabbath morning a lady, stepping into a hackney-coach, in order to ride to a place of worship, asked the driver if he ever went to church. She received the following reply:—"No, Madam; *I am so occupied in taking others there, that I cannot possibly get time to go myself!*"

4909. SANCTUARY, Absence from. Of the late venerable Dr. Waugh, his biographer records that, in his ministerial visitations, his nationality was often strongly displayed, and this with most beneficial effect, both in sentiment and language. When, without any adequate cause, any of his hearers had failed to attend public ordinances so regularly as he could have wished, and would plead their distance from the chapel as an excuse, he would exclaim, in the emphatic northern dialect which he used on familiar occasions to employ, "What, you from Scotland! from Melrose! from Gala Water! from Selkirk! and it's a hard matter to walk a mile or two to serve your Maker one day in the week! How many miles did you walk at Selkirk?" "Five," "Five!" "And can ye no walk twa here? Man! your father walked ten or twal (twelve) out, and as many hame, every Sunday i' the year; and your mither too, aften. I've seen a hunder folk and mair, that aye walked six or seven—men, women, and bairns too; and at the sacraments folk walked fifteen, and some twenty miles. How far will you walk the morn to mak' half-a-crown? Fie! fie! But ye'll be out wi' a' your household next Sabbath, I ken. O my man, mind the bairns! If you love their souls, dinna let them get into the habit of biding awa' fra the kirk. All the evils among young folk in London arise from their not attending God's house." Such remonstrances, it may easily be imagined, were not often urged in vain.

4910. SANCTUARY, Claims of. A new student had come to the University, and some time after his arrival he called to see Professor Tholuck. After a while the professor asked him where he went to church. "Oh," said he, "I do not attend preaching. Instead of confining myself to the four walls of a building, I go out into the green fields and under the lofty arches of the forest trees. I

listen to the singing of the birds and the countless melodies of God's creatures, where everything that has breath praises the Lord." The professor allowed him to go on in this strain for a while, and when he had finished he quietly asked him, "*But what do you do when it rains?*"

4911. SANCTUARY, Influence of. Ruskin discovered a very ancient inscription on the Church of St. Giacomo di Rialto, Venice, which reads, "Around this temple *let the merchant's law be just*, his weights be true, and his covenants faithful"—a beautiful epitome of the influences which ought to radiate from the sanctuary, to elevate and purify the world around. He says of the discovery, it is "the pride of my life."

4912. SANCTUARY, lights to be always burning. A blacksmith can do nothing when his fire is out, and in this respect he is the type of a minister. If all the lights in the outside world are quenched, the lamp which burns in the sanctuary ought still to remain undimmed; for that fire no curfew must ever be rung.—*Spurgeon.*

4913. SANCTUARY, Love of. One of the few remarks we now remember of all we have read of the country parson is the declaration that a plain old woman whose life has been spent among the peasantry, and whose mind has always remained in ignorance, is vastly profited by going to church and listening to a sermon not one word of which she may understand. She feels that *she is in the sanctuary*, listening to what she knows must be the truth, and taking part in the more devotional part of the worship, and she goes away better and more elevated—so thinks the parson at least—than when she entered the sanctuary. And we believe him, though we know the old lady is none the gainer intellectually by the incomprehensible sermon. We remember well a parishioner we once had who was so deaf that he could not understand even the music or hear a word we said; and when we asked him one day to explain his unailing regularity in attending the services, he replied that *he knew he was surrounded by others who could hear and were true worshippers*, and that the Word was preached, and that it was God's will he should be in His courts on His day. We never saw the man before us in his place in the church afterward when he did not preach to us by his steady eye, calm, sweet face, and the beautiful words he had said in private.

4914. SANCTUARY, Motto of. The Rev. Samuel Bottomley, for the long period of fifty-seven years the pastor of a Christian congregation at Scarborough, in the beginning of his ministry, had inscribed on the dial in his chapel the impressive sentiment, "On this moment eternity depends."

4915. SANCTUARY, Respect for. Robert Hall once addressed a smart reproof to some sleepers in his congregation, saying he held it to be a scandalous thing to turn the house of God into a dormitory.

4916. SATAN, Deceit of. King Canute promised to make him the highest man in England who should kill King Edmund, his rival; which, when he had performed, and expected his reward, he commanded him to be hung on the highest tower in London. So Satan promises great things to people in pursuit of their lusts, but he puts them off with greater mischief. The promised crown turns to a halter, the

promised comfort to a torment, the promised honour into shame, the promised consolation into desolation, and the promised heaven turns into a hell.

4917. SATAN, Deceit of. During the past week I had a nosegay of flowers brought me. I handled them, and they passed through the hands of my household. They had been in the house four-and-twenty hours, when, going into the room where they were, I observed a serpent issuing from among the flowers. When I approached it darted about the room, shooting out its poisoned fangs. I thought, "How like the 'old serpent the devil,' coming to us hidden in those beautiful flowers, where we least expected to find anything so dangerous!"—*Rev. J. Stuchbery.*

4918. SATAN, Deceit of, illustrated. Diocletian is said to have engaged a number of his soldiers in the building of his baths, and when the stately erections for his pleasure were completed, he *put those to death who had been engaged in the work.*

4919. SATAN, Our danger from. Perhaps very few of you know how a man feels when, for the first time, he finds himself, as I remember finding myself, within a few inches of a serpent—when he sees the cobra di capella rearing its head ready to strike, and knows that one stroke of those fangs is death—certain death. That moment he experiences a varied passion, impossible to describe. Fear, hatred, loathing, the desire to escape, the desire to kill, all rush into one moment, making his entire being thrill. Now take two men: one is in the face of that serpent; the other is in the presence of the old serpent called Satan, the devil; one is in danger of the sting; the other is in danger of committing sin. Which of the two has most reason to flee?—*W. Arthur, D.D.*

4920. SATAN, Service of, illustrated. Tradition tells us of a certain robber named Scirion, who, after intimidating the strangers that he met, would make them wash his feet, and while they were performing the act would push them into the sea and destroy them.—*New Handbook of Illustrations.*

4921. SATAN, Snares of. Williamson, in his "Oriental Sports," says:—"When the track of a tiger has been ascertained the peasants collect a quantity of the leaves of the *prauus*, which are like those of the sycamore, and are common in most underwoods, as they form the largest portion of most jungles in the north of India. These leaves are then smeared with a species of bird-lime, made by bruising the berries of an indigenous tree by no means scarce; they are then strewed, with the glutin uppermost, near to that shaded spot to which it is understood the tiger usually resorts during the noontide heats. If by chance the animal should tread on one of these smeared leaves *his fate is considered as decided.* He commences by shaking his paw to remove the encumbrance; but, finding no relief from that expedient, he rubs the nuisance against his face, by which means his eyes, ears, &c., become smeared over with gummy matter, which occasions such uneasiness as causes him to roll, perhaps, among many more of the smeared leaves, till at length he becomes completely enveloped, and is deprived of sight. In this situation he may be compared to a man who has been tarred and feathered. The anxiety produced by this strange and novel predicament soon discovers itself in dread-

ful howlings, which serve to call the peasants, who in this state find no difficulty in shooting the mottled object of detestation." So doth Satan lay in the path of men numerous temptations. If but one is succumbed to others will follow, and with them, it is to be feared, the sinner's destruction.

4922. SAVED, as by fire. When I was stationed at East Cambridge, being then chaplain of the penitentiary and jail there, I learned that one of the prisoners, soon to be executed, had formerly been an attendant on Father Taylor's preaching and prayer-meetings. He thought he had experienced religion; but embracing the idea of our Lord's second advent in 1843, and being disappointed, he finally lost his religious feelings, and fell into the awful crime of murder. I obtained his leave, after some hesitation, to invite the venerable man over from Boston to see him. I did so; but Father Taylor, eyeing me sharply and with emotion, answered, "No; I have had one such case, and I will never attend another!" But I suggested, should God so bless the effort as to cause the wretched man to repent and be saved, it would set up for ever in heaven a monument of the power of Divine grace to save the chief of sinners and bring new glory to the Son of God. He paused in silence for a moment, and it was but for a moment, as he was pacing his parlour. Then, with deep and plaintive tenderness, he said, "You have conquered me; I will go." The time was set, and he came to my house. We went down to the jail together. On opening the door of the cell, Father Taylor fixed his eyes upon the prisoner for a whole minute or more, the prisoner meanwhile staring at him, when he commenced in a subdued, melting tone of voice, "I did not know it was you, my son! I did not know it was you! I heard of the awful murder; but I did not know it was you who committed it, my son! Oh, I did not know it was you!" And he rushed to him, threw his arms around his neck, hugging him to his breast with great emotion, and continued saying, "O my son, my son! I did not know it was you. I am glad you are here; *God has got you now.* He has put you here to save you. Had he not got you here you would have been damned. He has got you here to save you. You had better be saved and go to heaven, by these stone walls and the halter, than to go to hell on a bed of roses, my son!" and the tears fell down his furrowed cheeks. The miserable man broke down, and melted into convulsive weeping."—*Dr. W. J. Merrill.*

4923. SAVED, by destruction of works. As is well known, Sir James Thornhill painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral. After having finished one of the compartments, he gradually retired backwards, to see how it looked at a distance. Intent on the painting, he had approached to the very edge of the scaffolding, and was in the utmost danger of falling from it, when a person, perceiving his situation, and fearing to alarm him by calling out, snatched up a brush and disfigured his painting. The artist sprang forward in great displeasure, but was soon impressed with gratitude, when he discovered the danger in which he had been placed, and saw that, by this way, his life had been preserved.

4924. SAVED, Might have been. Some years ago, when autumn floods wrought great havoc in

our country, a strong man was swept away into the swollen river. It bore him, as he and others thought, by good fortune, to a tree which stood stoutly up amidst the sea of waters. He eagerly embraced it; and climbed up into a bough, where he sat and stretched out his arms to the distant banks. Attempts were made to rescue him before nightfall; but all made in vain. . . . Morning at length arrived; the man was gone, tree gone, and where it stood they saw but the whirling waves of a red roaring flood. At this moment one, considered little else than a fool, stepped forward to say, "I could have saved him." Any other but that broken-hearted group would have laughed him to scorn; and yet he showed them how, by attaching a rope to a float, and sending that away from the grassy bank where the lost man had been swept off, he could have saved him, since the current that bore the man to the tree would have been certain to convey to him this means of communication with the shore. The plan was perfect, no doubt of it. *But it came too late;* and they had to leave the scene with their grief exasperated and embittered by the thought that had they possessed but the wisdom of this fool their desolate home had received a joyous family, to give God thanks for the dead that was alive again and the lost that was found.—*Guthrie.*

4925. SAVED, or lost? In the frescoes on the walls of the Campo Sancta, at Pisa, Solomon is represented in the resurrection at the last day as looking ambiguously to the right and to the left, not knowing on which side his lot will be cast.—*Stanley.*

4926. SAVED, the, Gratitude of. The Marshal D'Armont, having taken Crodon, in Bretagne, during the League, gave orders to put every Spaniard to death who was found in the garrison. Though it was announced to be death to disobey the orders of the general, an English soldier ventured to save a Spaniard. He was arraigned for this offence before a court-martial, when he declared himself ready to suffer death, provided they would still save the life of the Spaniard. The Marshal, being much surprised at such conduct, asked the soldier how he came to be interested in the preservation of the Spaniard. "Because, sir," replied he, "in a similar situation *he once saved my life.*" The Marshal, greatly pleased with the soldier, granted him pardon, saved the Spaniard's life, and highly commended them both.

4927. SAVED, to do a great work. Many years have now elapsed since three young subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena. One of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. So utterly impotent to aid himself was he, that those endeavouring to rescue them left his companions to assist him first. He was saved, but as by fire, to live, not for an age, but for all time; and to leave to posterity a name graven on the scroll of fame, in characters imperishable, as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.—*Dr. Anliff.*

4928. SAVING men, and etiquette. If you see a man drowning, have you not a right to pull him out? Or, like the Frenchman who saw a man drowning, will you say, "Won't some one introduce me to that gentleman? I want to pull him out of the water."—*Dr. S. H. Tyng.*

4929. SAVING souls, how accomplished. When the King of Greece came over to this country, a member of his suite had a most beautiful dog, which during the voyage fell overboard. His master entreated the captain to stop the ship and rescue the dog; but the captain did not deem the matter of so much importance, and having the King on board, refused to stop. What did the master do? He asked, "Would you stop the ship if it had been a man?" "Certainly." And before they could hinder him *he had flung himself into the sea.* The ship was stopped, and not only the man but the dog was rescued too. And all because the man, devoted to the dog, identified himself with him in his peril, and braved even death itself to save him. Even a King was stopped by such devotion. How much better is a man than a dog! Go thou and do likewise.—*W. Y. Fullerton.*

4930. SAVIOUR, a, Self-denial of. It is related, in the Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More, that the captain of one of Commodore Johnson's Dutch prizes breakfasted at Sir Charles Middleton's, and related the following anecdote:—One day he went out of his own ship, to dine on board another. While he was there a storm arose, which in a short time made an entire wreck of his own ship, to which it was impossible for him to return. He had left on board two little boys, one four, the other five years old, under the care of a poor black servant. The people struggled to get out of the sinking ship into a large boat, and the poor black took his two little children, tied them into a bag, and put in a little pot of sweetmeats for them, slung them across his shoulder, and put them into the boat. The boat by this time was quite full; the black was stepping into it himself, but was told by the master there was no room for him, that either he or the children must perish, for the weight of both would sink the boat. The exalted heroic negro did not hesitate a moment. "Very well," said he; "give my duty to my master, and tell him I beg pardon for all my faults." And then—guess the rest—plunged to the bottom, never to rise again till the sea shall give up her dead. "I told it," says Mrs. More, "the other day, to Lord Monboddo, who fairly burst into tears."

4931. SAVIOUR, Clinging to. A sea captain recently related a thrilling incident in his own experience:—"A few years ago," said he, "I was sailing by the island of Cuba, when the cry ran through the ship, 'Man overboard! man overboard!' It was impossible to put up the helm of the ship, but I instantly seized a rope and threw it over the ship's stern, crying out to the man to seize it as for his life. The sailor caught the rope just as the ship was passing. I immediately took another rope, and making a slip-noose of it, attached it to the first, and slid it down to the struggling man, and directed him to pass it over his shoulders and under his arms, and he would be drawn on board. He was rescued; but he had grasped the rope with such firmness, with such a death-grip, that it took hours before his hold relaxed and his hand could be separated from it. With such eagerness, indeed, had he clutched the object that was to save him, that the strands of the rope became imbedded in the flesh of his hands."

4932. SAVIOUR, Generosity of. Two houses were wrapped in flames at Auch, in France, and

from one of them was heard the piteous cry, "Save my child!" The Archbishop came hurrying to the place, and worked as long as his strength would allow in helping to put out the fire, when he said, "I will give twenty-five louis d'or to the man who will save this woman and her child." At this appeal several of the crowd came a few steps nearer to the burning building, but the heat was so great they as quickly retreated from the danger. "Fifty louis d'or to the man who will save the mother and the child!" shouted the Archbishop, still louder than before; but no one moved. Now, by the lurid light of the fire, the Archbishop himself was seen to take a cloth, and having dipped it in a bucket of water, to wrap it round his body, and then to mount the ladder which had been placed against the shaking wall. Soon he reached a window, which he bravely entered, and in a few moments more a group was seen at this window—the Archbishop, the mother, and the little child. The good man had scarcely reached the ground before he sank on his knees to bless God for His protecting care, and then, rising, he said to the poor mother, who had lost everything by the fire except her precious child, "My good woman, I offered fifty louis d'or to the man who would save you. I have won the sum, and now I present it to you."—*Biblical Treasury*.

4933. SAVIOUR, a, Haste of. I cannot refrain from giving one beautiful illustration of devoted duty and affection in the instance of the Countess Confalonieri. The moment she heard that the Count was condemned to death she flew to Vienna, but the courier had already set out with the fatal mandate. It was midnight, but her agonies of mind pleaded for instant admission to the Empress. The same passionate despair which won the attendants wrought its effects on their royal mistress. She hastened that moment to the Emperor, and having succeeded, returned to the unhappy lady with a commutation of the sentence: her husband's life was spared. But the death-warrant was on its way—could she overtake the courier? Throwing herself into a conveyance, and paying four times the amount for relays of horses, she never, it is stated, stopped or tasted food till she reached the city of Milan. The Count was preparing to be led to the scaffold; but she was in time—*she had saved him*. During her painful journey she had rested her throbbing brow upon a small pillow, which she bathed with her tears in the conflict of mingled terror and hope, lest all might be over. This memorial of conjugal tenderness in so fearful a moment was sent by his judges to the Count to show their sense of his wife's admirable conduct.—*Sir William Jones*.

4934. SAVIOUR, Invitation of. It is recorded of Thorwaldsen, that in modelling his great statue of Christ, which now stands in the "Lady Church" of Copenhagen he had striven to gain the requisite expression of benignity by making the hands up-raised as if for benediction. The effect of the attitude was sublime, conjoined as it was with the compassionate sweetness of the kingly countenance; but the soul of the sculptor was not satisfied. At last, as if by a sudden flash of genius, he depressed the arms of the clay model into a *posture of yearning entreaty*; and so the statue was wrought, an image to every hushed beholder of the Redeemer's

appeal, in perfect sympathy conjoined with royal might, to the woe-stricken race of men.—*S. G. G.*

4935. SAVIOUR, Joy of. As the Rev. Joseph Davis, an excellent Baptist minister in London, was walking along one of the crowded streets of that city, his attention was arrested by the circumstance that a carriage with several horses was just about to pass over a little girl who was slowly crossing the road. He strongly felt the danger of the child, and forgetting his own, he ran, snatched her up in his arms, and hastened with her to the side-path, when the thought struck him—how would the parents of this dear child have felt had she been killed! At this moment he looked in the face of the little girl, which had been concealed from his view by her bonnet, and imagine, if you can, what his feelings were *when he discovered that she was his daughter!*—*Arvine*.

4936. SAVIOUR, Mission of. When a magistrate, with a serene and pure and lofty brow, and with a calm and cool eye, recites the sentence to the poor sinner of the streets, reprobating her conduct and reprimanding her in the severest tones, and then says, "Let me advise you to sin no more," she straightens up, and says, "If I have sinned I will bear the penalty; and then it is my business, and not yours, whether I sin any more or not." But if in the hour of her arrest and anguish her mother, who knew not where she was, has tracked her, and breaks in, and with tears and love says to her, throwing her arms about her, "Come home, my daughter, and I will arrange all this; I will pay the bail, I will satisfy justice, I will shield you from harm," is it in the nature of human obduracy, even under such circumstances, that the child should not confess her wrong, and fall down on her knees and say, "Be merciful to me a sinner?" And is there not hope, if the nature of our God and our Saviour be such, for those that have gone wrong?—*Beecher*.

4937. SAVIOUR, Name of. The Esquimaux have no word in their language to represent the Saviour, and I could never find out that they had any direct notion of such a Friend. But I said to them, "Does it not happen sometimes when you are out fishing that a storm arises, and some of you are lost and some saved?" They said, "Oh yes, very often." "But it also happens that you are in the water, and owe your safety to some brother or friend who stretches out his hand to help you." "Very frequently." "Then what do you call that friend?" They gave me in answer a word in their language, and I immediately wrote it against the word Saviour in Holy Writ, and ever afterwards it was clear and intelligible to all of them.—*Colenicester*.

4938. SAVIOUR, Recognising a. Dr. Knox, of New York, relates that a gentleman was travelling in a stage-coach, and while passing over a bridge the latter gave way, and the coach with the passengers were precipitated into the stream beneath. The passengers were the gentleman already spoken of, with a lady and child. By great exertions he succeeded in rescuing the child, but its mother was drowned. As the gentleman was, some years after, relating the incident and describing the scene, a young lady who was present was observed to listen to the recital with great eagerness and emotion; and when he had concluded, throwing herself into his arms, she exclaimed, "*I am that child*, and

never, till this moment, did I know my deliverer, or had an opportunity to thank him ! ”

4939. SAVIOUR, Sufferings and resignation of. James Waddell, a blind man, tall in person, with shrivelled hands and a voice shaking under the influence of palsy and age, was about to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, when he represented, in graphic and sublime language, the sufferings and the resignation of the Saviour, till he burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief, while the house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs of the congregation. When silence was restored, so that he could proceed, the first sentence that he uttered was a quotation from Rousseau : “ Socrates died like a philosopher, but *Jesus Christ like a God !* ” The effect is described as overwhelming ; nor did it end with the occasion.

4940. SAVIOUR, Waiting for the. Little wonder that great excitement gathered about the little country chapel in Bavaria. Many found the Saviour when he (Martin Boos) preached ; persons came long journeys to hear so strange and blessed a doctrine, and the chapel was thronged with men and women who had gone about anxious, heavy-laden, and hopeless for years. Feneberg heard of it, longed for more than he had yet found, and wrote that he was like Zaccheus, “ waiting in the tree till Christ should pass by. ” “ Then wait quietly in the tree, ” Boos wrote back ; “ Christ will soon enter thy house and thy heart. ” — *Dr. Stephenson.*

4941. SAVIOUR, Work of a. A noble incident is recorded of a chief of the Pawnee nation, the son of Old Knife. At the age of twenty-one his heroic deeds had acquired for him in his nation the rank of “ the bravest of the brave. ” The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this nation. An unfortunate female, taken in war, of the Padua nation was destined to this horrible death. The fatal hour had arrived ; the trembling victim, far from her home and her friends, was fastened to the stake ; the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain to witness the awful scene. Just when the wood was about to be kindled, and the spectators were on the tiptoe of expectation, the young warrior, who sat composedly among the other chiefs, having before prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, loosed the victim, seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the captive. The multitude, dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as an act of their deity, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their village. The released victim was accompanied through the wilderness towards her home, till she was out of danger. He then gave her the horse which he rode, with the necessary provisions for the remainder of her journey, and they parted. On his return to the village, such was the respect entertained for him that no inquiry was made into his conduct—no censure was passed upon it ; and since this transaction no human sacrifice has been offered in this or in any other of the Pawnee tribes.

4942. SCANDAL, Influence of. Scandal, hydra-headed, poison-fanged, lives on the garbage of the

world, and slays even after it is seemingly killed. There is a story of a cobra which got into a West Indian church during service. Some one saw it, went quietly out, procured a weapon, and coming back, cut off the snake's head. After the service the people went to look at the animal, and a native touched the dead head with his foot. He drew it back with a cry of pain, and in an hour he was dead. *The poison-fangs had power to kill*, though their owner was dead.—*Christian Age.*

4943. SCEPTIC, End of. A reliable informant, Voltaire's own physician, writes to a friend as follows :—“ When I compare the death of a righteous man, which is like the close of a beautiful day, with that of Voltaire, I see the difference between bright, serene weather and a black thunderstorm. It was my lot that this man should die under my hands. Often did I tell him the truth, but, unhappily for him, I was the only person who did so. ‘ Yes, my friend, ’ he would often say to me, ‘ you are the only one who has given me good advice. Had I but followed it, I should not have been in the horrible condition in which I now am. I have swallowed *nothing but smoke* ; I have intoxicated myself with the incense that turned my head. You can do nothing more for me. Send me a mad doctor ! Have compassion on me, I am mad ! I cannot think of it without shuddering. ’ As soon as he saw that all the means which he had employed to increase his strength had just the opposite effect death was constantly before his eyes. From this moment madness took possession of his soul. Think of the ravings of Orestes. He expired under the torments of the furies. ” — *Professor Christlieb.*

4944. SCEPTIC, Influence of. Vernon was the son of an English squire. He was brought up in great elegance. In that family there was a working man by the name of Ralph, with whom the son of the squire frequently held intercourse. After a while the son, Vernon, went off to college. He got full of scepticism. He came back. He talked it in the presence of the working man. He went away again. Years after he came back and said, “ Where is Ralph ? ” “ Oh, ” said they, “ he is in prison, waiting for the hour of execution. ” Vernon hastened to the prison. Ralph said, “ How good you are to come ! I don't blame you—I don't blame anybody—I only blame myself—but you will remember you used to come home from college and talk about the Bible's being false, and about there being no truth in religion, and I thought it over, and I went into the tap-room, and I went from bad to worse, until I am here waiting for the gallows. Now, Vernon, ” said Ralph, looking through the wicket of the prison, “ for the love you once had to me, I want you to promise me that you will never talk against the Bible, or talk against the Christian religion, in the presence of other people. It may do them damage. It destroyed me. ” By almost superhuman effort the sentence of that man was changed to transportation to some other country for life. The ship carrying him was wrecked on Van Dieman's Land. Among those that perished was Ralph, the victim of Vernon's scepticism. Vernon tells the story to-day with tears and a breaking heart ; but, alas ! it is too late. Beware how you talk scepticism.—*Talmage.*

4945. SCEPTIC, rebuked. A person, alike cele-

brated for his eloquence and for his scoffings of everything pertaining to religion, was, upon one occasion, announced to deliver a discourse in defence of his opinions. His fame as well as the interest manifested in the subject were instrumental in bringing together a vast concourse of people. The speaker entered upon his subject with his usual eloquence and energy. In the course of his remarks he exclaimed, "We are told by the clergy and canting hypocrites that all infidels are harassed by fears of an approaching future. Sirs, I stand here before you to-night a witness to the falsity of the assertion; for even I, although leader among those who espouse infidel doctrines, can proudly exclaim, 'I fear no evil.'" At this point a little boy sitting in one of the front-seats said in a voice, tiny and timid, yet so sonorous and distinct as to be heard throughout the vast edifice, "But, sir, you have never yet entered the valley of the shadow of death."—*Christian Age*.

4946. SCÉPTIC, refuted. It is related that a Western sceptic once said, *if he could only see plan and order in nature* he would believe in God. Just then, as if taken at his word, he saw a plant known as the Texas star at his feet. Picking it up, he counted its petals, and found there were five. He then counted the stamens, and found five. He then counted the divisions at the base, and found five. Desiring to find in nature some evidences of intelligence superior to human, and other than mechanical force, he determined by multiplying to see how many chances there were of this flower, having in it these three fives, being brought into existence without the aid of intelligence. He found, of course, the chances to be as a hundred and twenty-five to one. Then multiplying this number by itself, he saw that the chances of there being two such flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers, are as fifteen thousand to one. Looking over the fields and on the roadside, he saw thousands of this plant about him, evidences of supreme intelligence. Kissing the flower, he cried out, "Bloom on, little flower, *you* have a God; I have a God; your God and Maker is my God and Maker."

4947. SCÉPTICISM, Effects of. It was in the grey, rough, dry, frosty days of February and March that I read the book (Strauss's "Life of Jesus"), and just as grey and rough, just as dry and frosty, as the country air without did this criticism blow upon me, which swept over the green pastures of the four gospels and caused those miracles of Divine love, those living words, full of grace and truth, as if touched by a fatal frost, to be pitilessly shrivelled up. With a desolate feeling of *having been robbed and orphaned*, I put down the book. The foundation of my religious life and of my future calling trembled beneath my feet, and had I been at the beginning of my student course instead of the end, who knows whether I might not have sought another career?—*Karl Von Gerok*.

4948. SCÉPTICISM, too sturdy for woman. Mr. Hume was one day boasting to Dr. Gregory that, among his disciples in Edinburgh, he had the honour to reckon many of the fair sex. "Now, tell me," said the Doctor, "whether, if you had a wife or a daughter, you would wish them to be your disciples? Think well before you answer me; for I assure you that, whatever your answer is, I will

not conceal it." Mr. Hume, with a smile and some hesitation, made his reply:—"No; I believe scepticism may be too sturdy a virtue for a woman."—*Sir W. Forbes*.

4949. SCÉPTICS, cannot overcome their own fears. A lively and late proof of this we had in a certain writer (Hobbes), who set up for delivering men from these vain fantastic terrors, and was on that account, for a season, much read and applauded. But it is plain that he could not work that effect in himself which he pretended to work in others; for his books manifestly show that his mind was overrun with gloomy and terrible ideas of dominion and power, and that he wrote in a perpetual fright against those very principles which he pretended to contradict and deride. And such as knew his conversation well have assured us that nothing was so dreadful to him as to be in the dark, and to give his natural fears an opportunity of recoiling upon him. That he was timorous to an excess is certain; he himself owns it, in the account which he wrote of himself, and which is in every one's hands.—*Atterbury*.

4950. SCÉPTICS, silenced. A couple of commercial travellers went to hear a minister preach. He explained that men don't find out God; that it is God who has to reveal His nature to man; that it is all a matter of revelation; that God reveals Christ to man. When they went back to the hotel they began to talk the matter over, and both maintained that they could not believe anything except they could reason it out. An old man there heard the conversation, and remarked, "I heard you say you could not believe anything except you could reason it out. Now, when I was coming down in the train I noticed in the fields some geese, and sheep, and swine, and cattle eating grass. Can you tell me by what process that grass is turned into hair, and bristles, and feathers, and wool?" They could not. "Well, do you believe it is a fact?" "Oh yes, we can't help but believe that." "Well, then, I can't help but believe in the revelation of Jesus Christ. I have seen men who have been reclaimed and reformed through it, and who are now living happy, when before they were outcasts from society." The two commercial men were silenced by that old man's outspoken faith.—*Moody*.

4951. SCIENCE, and Christianity. A few evenings since my door-bell rang violently, and a young man, trembling in every limb and with quivering lips, said, "Will you go and pray with a dying woman?" I said, "Yes," and made all haste to the chamber of death. *But how could I have gone had I been a mere preacher of science?* What consolation and hope would disquisitions upon science, however elaborate and learned, have afforded that dying woman? I fancy she would have turned her pallid, ghastly face upon me in disappointment and reproach, and said, "Mock me not by reading my death-warrant. I know there is law. Law has placed me here, reduced me to a mere skeleton; ay, it is the grasp of a broken law that wrings my soul with agony and rends it with fearful forebodings. But tell me, is there no hope? Is there no power above law, and mightier than law?" How my heart exulted that I could offer her a Saviour that was able to snatch her from the very jaws of death and bear her to the joys and

blesedness of paradise ! And as I talked to her about Jesus her bosom heaved, her eyes filled with tears, her lips trembled in earnest prayer, and by faith grasping Him, she shouted in the swelling joy of conscious pardon and salvation, and died in the triumphs of faith. Oh, what a difference there is between science and Christianity ! The one is cold, heartless, inexorable ; the other warm, loving, and merciful. The God that pure science reveals is an inflexible autocrat, demanding an eye for an eye, and reaping where he has not sown. The God the Bible reveals is a tender-hearted, compassionate Father, gathering His children in His arms and carrying them in His bosom !—*Dr. Chapman.*

4952. SCIENCE, Ardent pursuit of. The elder Pliny lost his life from an earnest curiosity to be near and see the eruption of Vesuvius which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii. He had desired and determined to write an account of the scene in his *Natural History*. For that reason he rushed eagerly into the danger from which others were escaping. He was suffocated by a cloud of sulphurous vapour.

4953. SCIENCE, Changing. A sceptical hearer once said to a minister, "How do you reconcile the teachings of the Bible with the latest conclusions of science ?" "I haven't seen this morning's papers," naively replied the minister. "What are the latest conclusions of modern science ?"

4954. SCIENCE, Hasty generalisations from. In the year 1798 Bonaparte, with his army, entered the town of Denderah, in Central Egypt. There he found two interesting and seemingly ancient temples. From one of them—the smaller—the roof, carved with certain figures, was carefully taken down and carried to Paris. When examined there by learned men, it was found to be what is technically termed a zodiac, and from certain marks they inferred that it was at least seventeen thousand years old. Soon after this discovery, and under its influence, a professor in the University of Breslau wrote a book with the title, "*An Invincible Proof that the world is at least Ten Times Older than Moses supposed when he wrote the Book of Genesis.*" Many believers in the Bible were very much startled by this discovery, and for a time they were in much fear of mind. But some time later Champollion discovered the method of reading such inscriptions as were found on this zodiac ; when he carefully examined it he discovered, among other things, the name of Augustus Cæsar inscribed upon it, proving that it was no older than the Christian era.—*Sinclair Paterson, M.D.*

4955. SCIENCE, Hasty inference from. Several years ago Mr. Horner went to Egypt to investigate the rate of deposit in the Nile valley. He calculated that a very small number of inches was deposited, in the form of mud, each century. In digging down through the mud he brought up a piece of pottery from a great depth. On calculating the number of feet, and reducing them to inches, he came to the conclusion that this piece of pottery was ten or twelve thousand years old. . . . Later still, however, a piece of burnt brick, undeniably Roman, was brought up from a lower depth, proving that Egypt had been subjugated by the Romans a great many thousands of years before Rome became a nation.—*Sinclair Paterson, M.D.*

4956. SCIENCE, higher claims than its. At the very extremity of the nave of Westminster Abbey there is a monument erected to a young philosopher and clergyman who in his short space of life, which lasted only twenty-one years, made discoveries in science of a most surprising kind. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. There was one thing which he felt ever had a higher claim upon him even than science. It was to do his duty in the humble sphere in which he found himself ; and when he was on the eve of watching the transit of the planet Venus across the sun, and was waiting with the utmost keenness of observation for this phenomenon, he put even all these thoughts aside, and went on the Sunday on which this sight was to be observed to perform his humble parish duty in the church where he was pastor. He mentions it in his "Journal," in words which are now written over his monument—"Called aside to greater things which ought not to be neglected for the sake of subordinate pursuits."—*Dean Stanley.*

4957. SCIENCE, Insanity of. In Scotland, not so long ago, wretched old women were supposed to run about in the country in the shape of hares. At this very hour the ablest of living natural philosophers is looking gravely to the courtships of moths and butterflies to solve the problem of the origin of man and prove his descent from an African baboon.—*Froude.*

4958. SCIENCE, Irreverent. Is it a good winding up of life's labours in the barren realms of irreverent science—that of Goethe's "Stars silent above ; graves silent beneath ?" That of Professor Clifford's—"This is the end of my philosophy : a soulless earth, looked down upon by a Godless heaven !"—*Author of The Harvest of a Quiet Eye.*

4959. SCIENCE, Progress of. An Arab chief, taken to behold a steamship, was unmoved for a while. After viewing it from every point he merely observed, "It is well ; but you have not brought a man to life yet."—*B.*

4960. SCIENCE, Realm of. Professor Tyndall, on the Alps, in company with one of his friends, was requested by the latter to tell him what is behind the keyboard of the nerves in man, or, in other words, what causes in the substance of the brain the molecular motions which are supposed to be the basis of thought, choice, and emotion. Pushed from point to point, and failing to give a satisfactory answer, the author of the Belfast address at last burst out with these incisively frank words, "I view nature, existence, the Universe, as the keyboard of a pianoforte. What came before the bass I don't know and don't care. What comes after the treble I equally little know or care. The keyboard, with its black and white keys, is mine to study."—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

4961. SCOFFER, punished. In the Hague *Tageblatt* appeared the following :—In our country, at a certain town lived a paper manufacturer—a man who did not fear God. His infidel teaching had caused many relations and servants to become infidels. Some months since he said to himself, "I will have machinery, and work Sunday and week-day alike, and where I now get hundreds I shall make thousands. The day arrived for the introduction of the machinery, and many friends came to drink success to the mill-owner. Much

mirth was caused by the manufacturer crying, "It is said there is a hell." Then, pointing to his glow-boiler, he continued.—"Here we have also a hell; so you see hell cannot be so bad as we are told." A general laugh greeted his remarks, but amid the mirth a loud noise. The papermaker ran to know the reason; he had but just reached the boilers when a loud explosion occurred. Fire and smoke filled the building, and fear seized every heart. The owner was found under a beam mangled and dead. No argument of man can alter facts, and I, the undersigned, vouch for the truth of what I have written.—*Dr. Cupadose.*

4962. SCRIPTURE difficulties, and hypocrisy. While Dr. Chalmers was very busily engaged one forenoon in his study a man entered, who at once propitiated him, under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him he called under great distress of mind. "Sit down, sir; be good enough to be seated," said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly, and full of interest, from his writing-table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion, and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedek being without father and mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, "Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way." At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street-door, these words escaping among others—"Not a penny, sir! not a penny! It is too bad! it is too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek!"

4963. SCRIPTURE difficulties, How to deal with. An old man who had for a long time puzzled himself about the difficulties of Scripture at last came to the conclusion that reading the Bible was like eating fish. "When I find a difficulty I call it a bone, and lay it aside. Why should I choke over the bone when there is so much nourishment to be had?" Whilst, however, we avoid "choking over" or growing lean by lingering exclusively over bones, let us see that we do not lay the bones aside till we have picked off most of the nutritious food upon them.—*Rev. D. Longwill, M.A.*

4964. SCRIPTURE, Ignorance of. Sir Joshua Reynolds is said to have been asked by a "fashionable lady," in reference to his picture of the praying child, "*And who was Samuel?*"—*Good Words.*

4965. SCRIPTURE, Is it in? On one occasion, in a large clerical meeting to which he (Rev. W. Marsh) had been invited, a discussion arose with respect to a quotation which presented a difficulty to the minds of many assembled. He suggested that they should look at the passage to see the precise words, and on referring to it the difficulty at once disappeared, as no such passage was to be found.—*Life of Rev. William Marsh.*

4966. SCRIPTURE, Misapplication of. "Ah, Doctor," said a woman one day who was extremely reticent in the use of soap and water in her house-

hold. "we're glad to see ye; and had I known ye would come I would ha' scrubbed the children's faces so ye could see their smiles. Maybe ye will just take them for granted, for ye know we go by faith, and not by sight." The Doctor (Guthrie) remarked that the faces as well as the smiles were largely a matter of faith.—*H. D. Northrup.*

4967. SCRIPTURE, Misapplication of. An elderly woman having heard the doctrine of the new birth insisted on in a sermon from 2 Cor. v. 17, upon leaving the place of worship. was overheard to address herself with much apparent seriousness, in words to this effect, "Well, this cannot be true, for the wise man says, '*There is nothing new under the sun.*'"

4968. SCRIPTURE, Misuse of. The aged Chancellor, Le Tellier, was so overjoyed at the measure (the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes) that on affixing the great seal of France to the deed he exclaimed, in the words of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."—*Smiles.*

4969. SCRIPTURE, Plainness of. A lady of suspected chastity, and who was tinctured with infidel principles, conversing with a minister of the gospel, objected to the Scriptures on account of their obscurity, and the great difficulty of understanding them. The minister wisely and smartly replied, "Why, Madam, what can be easier to understand than the seventh commandment, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery?'"—*Buck's Anecdotes.*

4970. SCRIPTURE, Power of. When I read the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters of the Epistle to the Romans to that fine old man, Mr. —, at Ramsgate, he shed tears. Any Jew of sensibility must be deeply impressed by them.—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

4971. SCRIPTURE, Power of. It is well known that the Earl of Rochester was for many years of his life an avowed infidel, and that a large portion of his time was spent in ridiculing the Bible. One of his biographers has described him as "a great wit, a great sinner, and a great penitent." Even this man was converted by the Holy Spirit in the use of His Word. Reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, he was convinced of the truth and inspiration of the Scriptures, the Deity of the Messiah, and the value of His atonement as a Rock on which sinners may build their hopes of salvation. On that atonement he rested, and died in the humble expectation of pardoning mercy and heavenly happiness.

4972. SCRIPTURE, Promise within promise in. A silver egg was once presented to a Saxon princess. Open the silver by a secret spring, and there was found a yoke of gold. Find the spring of the gold, and it flew open and disclosed a beautiful bird. Press the wings of the bird, and in its breast was found a crown, jewelled and radiant. And even within the crown, upheld by a spring like the rest, was a ring of diamonds which fitted the finger of the princess herself. Oh, how many a promise there is within a promise in the Scripture, the silver around the gold, the gold around the jewels; yet how few of God's children ever find their way far enough among the springs to discover the crown of His rejoicing or the ring of His covenant of peace!

4973. SCRIPTURES, an unknown book. The Papists of the sixteenth century seem to have made a virtue of their total ignorance of the contents of the Sacred Books. Robert Etienne, born in 1503, speaking of the attainments of the doctors of the Paris Sorbonne in his earlier days, remarks :—"In these times, as I can affirm with truth, when I asked them in what part of the New Testament some matter was written, they used to answer that they had read it in St. Jerome or in the Decretals, but that they did not know what the New Testament was, not being aware that it was customary to print it after the Old. What I am going to state will appear almost a prodigy, and yet there is nothing more true nor better proven. Not long since a member of their college used daily to say, 'I am amazed that these young people keep bringing up the New Testament to us. *I was more than fifty years old before I knew anything about the New Testament!*'"—*Anecdotes of the Reformation.*

4974. SCRIPTURES, and men's books. There is gold in the rocks which fringe the Pass of the Splügen, gold even in the stones which mend the roads, but there is too little of it to be worth extracting. Alas! how like too many books and sermons! Not so the Scriptures; they are much fine gold; their very dust is precious.

4975. SCRIPTURES, and Providence. Fifteen years ago I was engaged in examining some ancient manuscript of the Bible, from which, however, several consecutive leaves were missing. About two years ago a Turk came to me at the British Museum and pulled from a pocket a number of manuscripts and loose leaves, which were purchased for a comparative trifle, and were the actual leaves that were missing from the manuscript above alluded to, all having even the same mark of water-stain.—*Dr. Ginsburg.*

4976. SCRIPTURES, and the Fathers. Supposing that all the New Testaments in the world had been destroyed at the end of the third century, could their contents have been recovered from the writings of the three first centuries? The question was novel, and no one even hazarded a guess. About two months after, I received a note from Lord Hailes, inviting me to breakfast next morning. He had been of the party. During breakfast he asked me if I recollected the curious question about the possibility of *recovering the contents of the New Testament from the writings of the three first centuries.* "I remember it well, and have thought of it often without being able to form any opinion or conjecture on the subject." "Well," said Lord Hailes, "that question quite accorded with the turn of my antiquarian mind. As I knew I had all the writings of these centuries, I began to collect them, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible." Pointing to a table covered with papers, he said, "There have I been busy for these two months, searching for chapters, half chapters, and sentences of the New Testament, and have marked down what I have found, and where I have found it; so that any person may examine and see for themselves. I have actually discovered the whole New Testament from those writings, except seven or eleven verses (I forget which), which satisfies me that I could discover them also."—*Life of the Rev. J. Campbell.*

4977. SCRIPTURES, Cultivate an acquaintance with. At the time when the celebrated Dr. Franklin, of America, lay upon his death-bed he was visited by a young man who had a great respect for his judgment, and having entertained doubts as to the truth of the Scriptures, he thought that this afforded a suitable opportunity of consulting the Doctor on the subject. Accordingly he inquired of Franklin what were his sentiments as to the truth of the Scriptures. Although he was in a very weak state and near his decease, he replied, "Young man, my advice to you is, that you *cultivate an acquaintance with and a firm belief in the Holy Scriptures*: this is your certain interest."

4978. SCRIPTURES, Difficulties in, and the common people. In a conversation with the vice-patriarch at the Greek convent at Cairo and his secretary, Mr. Jowett intimated that it would be desirable that the Greeks in Cairo should possess the Holy Scriptures. "These artisans," observed the secretary, "how can they understand the Scriptures unless we explain them? How would a common man understand that passage, 'The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart?' Would he not be led to think that God was the author of Pharaoh's sin?" "On this show of controversy I retired," says Mr. Jowett, "for a few moments into my own thoughts; and having paused in that way, which the long pipe with which I was furnished gave an opportunity of doing, I turned to the secretary, and asked how he would explain that passage, which was certainly a difficult one. He replied, 'God permitted Pharaoh to remain in his hardened state of nature.' 'Very well,' I said, 'the explanation which satisfies you *would most probably satisfy every common reader of the Bible, as it does me.*'"

4979. SCRIPTURES, for the common people. A priest observing to William Tyndale, "We are better without God's laws than the Pope's," "I defy the Pope and all his laws," he replied; and added, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause the boy which driveth the plough to know more of Scripture than you do."—*Quarterly Review.*

4980. SCRIPTURES, how dealt with. Do you not remember the astute old German professor in his lecture-room introducing the Apostle Paul as examining with ever-increasing wonder the various contradictory systems which the perverseness of exegesis had extracted from his epistles; and at length, as he saw one from which every feature of Christianity had been erased, exclaiming, in a fright, "*Was ist das?*"—*Rogers.*

4981. SCRIPTURES, how dealt with often. I remember, in Archbishop Magee's book on the Atonement, allusion to a commentary upon a very difficult text, which seemed to the person who was handling it certainly to maintain the doctrine of our Lord's pre-existence and divinity. The man who found this a hard nut to crack had no way of solving it except by saying that probably the old apostle had dictated one thing and his amanuensis had written down another.—*Archbishop Tait.*

4982. SCRIPTURES, Ignorance of. "I thank God," said the Bishop of Dunkeld, "that I have lived well these many years, and never knew either the Old or the New Testament."—*Dr. Fish (The Scottish Pulpit).*

4983. SCRIPTURES, Indirect influence of. A young man, the son of a heathen priest, came to me during the year and asked to be baptized. After a lengthy and careful examination I found his knowledge of the New Testament surprisingly accurate and extensive. I questioned him as to how he acquired his knowledge, and his reply was, "Some years since the Rev. M. Phillips gave a Bible to my father, but he, without reading it, threw it away; then I took the Bible and read it from *beginning to end.*"—*Rev. W. Robinson, India.*

4984. SCRIPTURES, Knowledge of, how diffused. Dr. McCrie, in his "Life of Knox," represents one copy of the Bible as commonly supplying several families at the beginning of the Scottish Reformation; and adds, "At the dead hour of night, when others were asleep, they assembled in a private house; the sacred volume was brought from its concealment, and while one read the rest listened with mute attention. In this way the knowledge of the Scriptures was diffused at a period when it does not appear that there was a single public teacher of the truth in Scotland."—*David King, LL.D.*

4985. SCRIPTURES, Love of. When the arrival of the cart which carried the first sacred load of the Scriptures to Wales in 1816, sent by the British and Foreign Bible Society, was announced, the Welsh peasants went out in crowds to meet it, welcomed it as the Israelites did the ark of old, drew it into the town, and eagerly bore off every copy as rapidly as they could be dispersed. The young people were to be seen spending the whole night in reading it. Labourers carried it with them to the field, that they might enjoy it during the intervals of their labour, and lose no opportunity of becoming acquainted with its sacred truths.—*Whitecross.*

4986. SCRIPTURES, not contradictory. Justus Jonas asked Luther if these sentences in Scripture did not contradict each other where God says to Abraham, "If I find ten in Sodom, I will not destroy it;" and where Ezekiel says, "Though these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, yet would I not hear;" and where Jeremiah says, "Therefore pray not thou for this people." Luther answered, "No, they are not against one another; for in Ezekiel it was forbidden them to pray, but it was not so with Abraham. Therefore we must have regard to the Word; when God says, 'Thou shalt not pray,' then we may well cease."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

4987. SCRIPTURES, Power of. The Bible is never so true to me as when I am in trouble; it is never so true to me as when I am conscious of my weakness, and of the unsatisfying nature of everything that there is in this world. And hundreds of persons learn, when brought into trouble, to esteem it and lean upon it who have despised it and thrown contempt upon it. Many a man who has cursed it has gone home from the burial of his companion or the entombing of his child disconsolate, and taken up his mother's old Book, and dropped silent tears as he read then for the first time, with an understanding heart, its comforting messages. There is some mysterious emanation or power that finds its way to the soul in reading the Scriptures under such circumstances; and how ill

can any man afford to reject that which is such a balm in his sorest need!—*Beecher.*

4988. SCRIPTURES, Reading of. Lord Bacon tells of a certain bishop who used to bathe regularly twice every day, and on being asked why he bathed thus often, replied, "Because I cannot conveniently do it three times." If those who love the Scriptures were asked why they read the Bible so often, they might honestly reply, "Because we cannot find time to read it oftener."—*Spurgeon.*

4989. SCRIPTURES, Study of. To some the Bible is uninteresting and unprofitable, because they read too fast. Amongst the insects which subsist on the sweet sap of flowers, there are two very different classes. One is remarkable for its imposing plumage, which shows in the sunbeams like the dust of gems; and as you watch its jaunty gyrations over the fields and its minuet dance from flower to flower, you cannot help admiring its graceful activity, for it is plainly getting over a great deal of ground. But in the same field there is another worker, whose brown vest and business-like, straightforward flight may not have arrested your eye. His fluttering neighbour darts down here and there, and sips elegantly wherever he can find a drop of ready nectar; but this dingy plodder makes a point of alighting everywhere, and wherever he alights he either finds honey or makes it. If the flower-cup be deep, he goes down to the bottom; if its dragon-mouth be shut, he thrusts its lips asunder; and if the nectar be peculiar or recondite, he explores all about till he discovers it, and then having ascertained the knack of it, joyful as one who has found great spoil, he sings his way down into its luscious recesses. His rival of the painted velvet wing has no patience for such dull and long-winded details. But what is the end? Why, the one died last October along with the flowers; the other is warm in his hive to-night, amidst the fragrant stores which he gathered beneath the bright beams of summer. To which do you belong?—the butterflies or bees? Do you search the Scriptures, or do you only skim them?—*Dr. Hamilton.*

4990. SCRIPTURES, Superstitious use of. The Bible is used as a book of magic. Many open it at random, expecting to be guided by the first passage that they see, as Peter was told to open the mouth of the first fish that came up, and he would find in it a piece of money. A missionary of high standing with whom I am acquainted was cured of this form of superstition by consulting the Bible on an important matter of Christian duty, and the passage that met his gaze was, "Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming."—*J. M. Buckley.*

4991. SCRIPTURES, Use of. Hume, being asked which he thought was better for the common people, to believe in the Scriptures or disbelieve, instantly said, "Why, to believe."

4992. SCRIPTURES, Value of. An old and blind man thirty years ago came into possession, through a countryman stopping over night at his house, of a book printed in Burmese, and containing only the Psalms and a part of the Prophets. Before he had finished the Psalms he cast away his idols and Buddhism, and believed in a living God—Creator, Preserver, and Judge of men; and from that time he has worshipped and prayed to the Eternal God.

He committed many of the Psalm-prayers to memory, and daily offered them, especially the fifty-first. For twenty years he lived in this way before ever hearing of Christ and the Atonement. Coming then from the interior to Promé, he heard of a foreign teacher residing there, and from him received a copy of the New Testament. He says that if a man should go about and attend to his business twenty years by starlight, and *the sun should then rise on him in all its glory*, he thinks it would produce about such a change in his eyes and vision as the Gospel of Matthew produced on his mind; that then the long night of praying to God and hoping for mercy without a mediator or an atonement came to an end, and for the past ten years his hope has been firmly fixed on Christ, and there it rests.—*Burman Missionary.*

4993. SCRIPTURES, Wisdom of. Dr. Jonas Justus remarked at Luther's table, "There is in the Holy Scripture a wisdom so profound that no man may thoroughly study it or comprehend it." "Ay," said Luther, "we must ever remain scholars here; we cannot sound the depth of one single verse in Scripture; we get hold but of the A B C, and that imperfectly. Who can so exalt himself as to comprehend this one line of St. Peter: '*Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings*?' Here St. Peter would have us rejoice in our deepest misery and trouble, like as a child kisses the rod."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

4994. SCRUPLES, Clerical, how met. When Molière, the play-writer died the Archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. Louis XIV., being informed of this, sent for the Archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but, finding the prelate inflexible, His Majesty asked how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached. This question coming by surprise, the Archbishop replied, "About eight." "Well," answered the King, "I find there is no getting the better of your scruples; therefore let his grave be dug twelve feet deep—that's four below your consecrated ground—and let him be buried there."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

4995. SEARCH, the Scriptures. A gifted lady who devotes herself to Bible study tells how new light came to her upon the word *search*. She was in Sweden, and though she knew but little of the language, yet she liked to read her chapter in Swedish every day. One morning she came upon the words which stand in our translation, "Search the Scriptures," and found that the first word of that passage was one which we render in English "ransack." Ransack is a very strong word. It means to search up and down, high and low, from right to left, and in the corners and by-places! It means to search with the purpose to find; and he who searches the Scriptures thus will not fail of his reward.

4996. SECRET, The grand. Hannah More, upon a bed of sickness, from which she afterwards recovered, said, "Oh! what will it be when our eyes close on this scene, and open upon the world of spirits! I have often thought, since I have been lying here, of poor Thistlewood's expression, '*We shall soon know the grand secret.*'"

4997. SECT, forgotten in death. A young man was brought into one of the great hospitals in New

York seriously injured. Feeling that he was fast sinking, he asked for a clergyman. One was brought quickly, the pastor of a neighbouring Baptist church. As he spoke earnestly of Christ's love, several pale faces were raised from the rows of beds that lined the ward, many of them with eyes wet with tears. "Lord, I believe!" whispered the dying man. Then the clergyman knelt, praying that God might receive the soul of his departing brother. At the bedside also knelt the Episcopalian matron, two Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, and from the beds of the patients came hearty Methodist amens! When the little company rose from their knees and looked down upon the calm dead face, they did not remember that they belonged to different sects. *They were all children of one Father, and He was very near.*

4998. SECTARIANISM, Conflicts of, illustrated. I recollect on one occasion conversing with a marine, who gave me a good deal of his history. He told me that the most terrible engagement he had ever been in was one between the ship to which he belonged and another English vessel, when, on meeting in the night, they mistook each other for enemies. Several persons were wounded, and both vessels were much damaged by the firing. When the day broke great and painful was the surprise to find the English flag hoisted from both ships. They saluted each other, and wept bitterly together over their mistake.—*Rev. W. Williams.*

4999. SECTARIANISM, Cure of. It is said in a book of Sir Samuel Baker, that when he was far up the Nile they were looking for a time when the river was to come down. Everywhere there were little pools, and some animals were disporting themselves in these little pools—all separate pools; but there they were, and they were waiting for the coming of the Nile. They heard the noise like the noise of thunder. Down came the waters some twenty feet in depth, pushing on and mightily prevailing, and the pools were all lost. The hippopotami and other creatures came out from the little pools, and were disporting themselves in the great river everywhere. We want the coming down of God's blessed river, so that our little pools may, to a large extent, be lost sight of, and that we may come forth by the power of this living water, and find ourselves there in the fulness of blessing unto the glory of God, no longer standing aloof, but all with the same stream, and all possessed of the same blessing.—*Dr. Brown.*

5000. SECTARIANISM, to be left behind. It was but the other day that there was recorded ("Reminiscences of the Pen-Folk") the saying of an old Scottish Methodist, who in his earlier years had clung vehemently to one or the other of the two small sects on either side of the street—"The street I'm now travelling in, lad, has nae sides; and if power were given me, I would preach *purity of life* and *purity of doctrine* less than I did." "Are you not a little heretical at your journey's end?" said his interlocutor. "I kenna. Names have not the same terror on me they once had, and since I was laid by here alone I have had whisperings of the still small voice telling me that the footfall of faiths and their wranglings will ne'er be heard in the Lord's kingdom, whereunto I am nearing. And as love cements all differences, I'll per-

haps find the place roomier than I thought in times by-past."—Dean Stanley.

5001. SECTS, difficult to reconcile. Massillon showing his gardens one day to a stranger, who expressed his surprise at their beauty, he promised to show him in a side-walk something much more astonishing. The alley was shaded over, and his guest wondered to see nothing in it worthy of notice. "What!" exclaimed the Bishop, "do you not perceive a Jesuit and an Oratorian playing bowls together? See how I have tamed them!"—*Abbé de Berius.*

5002. SECTS, Future of. A sceptic once said, "What will become of all the sects into which your Christians are split at the judgment day of Christ?" The ingenious yet scriptural answer was, "God will say to one, 'What are you?' 'I am an Independent.' 'Sit you there.' To another, 'What are you?' 'I am a Presbyterian.' 'Sit you there.' Another will be asked, 'What are you?' The answer will be, 'I am a Christian;'" and the commission will be given him by God, "Walk about heaven in any place you like."—*Dr. Cumming.*

5003. SECTS, Undue claims of. The Abbé Moigno tells us that, at Faraday's request, he one day introduced him to Cardinal Wiseman. The interview was very cordial, and his eminence did not hesitate frankly and good-naturedly to ask Faraday if, in his deepest conviction, he believed all the Church of Christ—holy, catholic, and apostolical—was shut up in the little sect in which he bore rule. "*Oh no,*" was the reply; "*but I do believe from the bottom of my soul that Christ is with us!*"

5004. SECURITY, Christian. A poor woman, we are told, made the complaint to the Sultan that when she slept she awoke to find everything lost. "Wherefore did you sleep?" inquired the Sultan. "Sir," was the response, "*I slept because I thought you were awake.*" The monarch restored to her that which she had lost. The Christian may, with equal confidence, lie quietly down, knowing God's watchfulness to be his security, comfort, and joy.—*Christian Age.*

5005. SECURITY, False. During a commercial crisis, when there was a general rush upon the banks for payment of deposits, a rustic in Aberdeenshire, who possessed £100 in bank, hearing of the scramble, hastened to town, and presenting his deposit-receipt at the bank office, demanded payment. It was tendered in the notes of the bank. Bundling up the notes, he was heard to exclaim as he retired, "Ye may break noo when ye like."—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

5006. SECURITY, Sign of. It is related of Abraham Lincoln that, when he was a young man, he boarded with a deacon, who came one night to his room and told him to rise, for the stars were falling, and the judgment day had come. Young Lincoln rose and looked out of the window, and, sure enough, the stars seemed to be falling in showers. But when he looked away towards the celestial distances, far above the flying meteors, he saw the grand old constellations firm in their places, shining just as he had seen them from his childhood. So he returned quietly to his bed, feeling that there was nothing to fear, that all was well.

5007. SECURITY, The Christian's. Were you

ever at sea in a storm, when the ship reeled to and fro like a drunken man, and struggling, as for life in the arms of death, now rose to the top of the billow, and now plunged into the trough of the sea? Partially infected with others' terror, did you ever leave shrieking women and pale men below, to seek the deck and look your danger bravely in the face? In such circumstances *I know nothing so reassuring as . . . the calm confidence* that sits on the brow of that weather-beaten man who with iron strength leans upon the wheel and steers our ship through the roaring billows. Such, only much higher, is the confidence we draw from the confidence of God, as expressed in the words, "I have spoken, and I will do it."—*Guthrie.*

5008. SEED, Long-buried. Between thirty and forty years ago a young lad attended a Sabbath-school, where he was under the care of an earnest teacher and a faithful superintendent, but, like many other boys, was not very serious. The only tangible impression he carried with him from the school was the scene of the baptism of Christ, when the Spirit came down upon Him like a dove. The words, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," were impressed on his mind. *Thirty years after this,* while sick, and lying on his bed thinking of the past, this scene of the baptism came up in his mind with great vividness and power, and there seemed to be a voice from heaven saying to him personally, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!" This verse, in the hands of the Holy Spirit, so affected Him that he very soon gave his heart to Christ.—*Christian Age.*

5009. SEED, take care what you sow. Sandy Mackay had gone out from "auld Scotland" to settle in Australia. What did he care for the gum-trees and the acacias. He wanted a thistle!—a real old-fashioned Scotch thistle! So the worthy man sent home for the seed, and sowed it carefully, doubtless thinking it made the place look "mair hamely." If only it would have consented to remain a garden flower. But no! the wind carried it far and wide, and soon the new land came under the old prophecy, "Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee," while Sandy earned an unexpected fame by the thistle getting the name of "Sandy Mackay's curse."

5010. SEED, Vitality of, may be destroyed. Ants bite off all the buds before they lay it up, and therefore the corn that has lain in their rests will produce nothing.—*Addison.*

5011. SELF, Abnegation of. When in the neighbourhood of Augsburg (on his way to meet the papal ambassador) Luther was overcome by bodily weariness. Faint-hearted friends had often warned him on the way not to enter Augsburg. But in reply to them he said, "In Augsburg, even *in the midst of mine enemies, Jesus Christ also reigns.* May Christ live, even if Martin should die."—*Rein.*

5012. SELF, Coming to. I have seen men come over from their business in New York to attend the funeral of a brother—of some eminent Christian—and shed tears in this house. When, for instance, Brother Coming was buried I saw hard-faced men cry. And I know what we should hear such men say if we could listen to their conversation as they walk away on such occasions. "Dear brother," says one, "we have been working for

money; but that is not the main thing. It is only a little while that it can do us any good." "That is true," says another. "We must die soon. It will not be long before there will be just such a funeral for us. And are we ready?" And so these two men, grey-haired, it may be, very simple and very much in earnest, give expression to their feelings as they go down to Fulton Ferry. And as they cross over they say to themselves, "I will think of these things, and try to carry the impression of them with me." But when they go up the street on the other side they meet this man and that man, and their minds are distracted from these serious thoughts; and when they get back into their counting-room they forget all about them. They did think they would tell their wives all about it when they got home at night; but when, at the supper-table, they were asked, "Husband, did you go to the funeral to-day?" they said, "Yes." "Was it a good funeral?" "Very, very." That was all they had to say about it! And yet they had had a revelation. They had come to themselves, though it was but for an hour.—*Beecher*.

5013. SELF, Denial of. Tom Baird, the carter, the beadle of my working man's church, was as noble a fellow as ever lived—God-fearing, true, unselfish. I shall never forget what he said when I asked him to stand at the door of the working man's congregation, and when I thought he was unwilling to do so in his working clothes. "If," said I, "you don't like to do it, Tom, if you are ashamed—" "Ashamed!" he exclaimed, as he turned round upon me; "I'm mair ashamed o' yersel', sir. Div ye think that I believe, as ye ken I do, that Jesus Christ, who died for me, was stripped o' His raiment on the cross, and that I— Na, na, I'm proud to stand at the door." Dear, good fellow! There he stood for seven winters, without a sixpence of pay; all from love, though at my request the working congregation gave him a silver watch. When he was dying from smallpox the same unselfish nature appeared. When asked if they would let me know, he replied, "There's nae man leevin' I like as I do him. I know he would come. But he shouldna come on account of his wife and bairns, and so ye maunna tell him!" I never saw him in his illness, never hearing of his danger till it was too late.—*Norman Macleod*.

5014. SELF, Examining. At a friend's house lately I saw what was apparently a little book lying on the table, and I took it up. On the outside was, "The Portrait of an Angel." On opening it I found that it was a mirror. And oh! what an angel I saw in it! If a man takes the mirror of an ideal Christian manhood and looks at himself in it, what he sees himself to be is not exactly his pattern of a man in Christ Jesus. All the way through life, if you measure yourself by the law of God, or by the ideal manhood that is in Christ Jesus, there is nothing but despondency, nothing but despair, nothing but hopelessness that can come from it; but if there sits in the centre of the universe a great Soul of Love, which, through the long ages, lives but to form and fashion and bring home, finally, sons and daughters to glory, then no man who wants to be a man need have occasion to despair.—*Beecher*.

5015. SELF, Fear of. "I am more afraid of my own heart than of the Pope and all his cardinals. I have within me the great pope, SELF."—*Luther*.

5016. SELF, given to Christ. A beautiful incident of his visit to a State convention in Minnesota is related by Mr. Ralph Wells. After one of the sessions a little girl stepped forward and presented him a small bouquet of ordinary flowers, doubtless the only one she could well procure at that season. He inquired why she gave him the bouquet. "Because I love you," the child answered. "Do you bring any little gifts to Jesus?" said Mr. Wells. "Oh," said the little child, "I give myself to Him."

5017. SELF, is put first. When they (the Athenians, after a battle with Xerxes) came to the Isthmus, and every officer took a bullet from the altar to inscribe upon it the names of those who had done the best service, every one put himself in the first place, and Themistocles in the second.—*Plutarch*.

5018. SELF, Knowledge of. My heart has yearned (says Mr. Cecil) at marking a great man, wise in his generation, skilfully holding the reins of a vast enterprise, grasping with a mighty mind its various relations, and penetrating with an eagle's eye into—What? Everything but HIMSELF.

5019. SELF, Mastery of. "So long as I have lived," said the King (Alfred) as life closed about him, "I have striven to live worthily." . . . It was this grand self-mastery that gave him his power over the men about him.—*History of English People*.

5020. SELF-COMMAND, not indifference. It is related of the Duke of Wellington that, in the Peninsular campaign, he was once sitting at breakfast with Picton and other officers, just before an important engagement. Orderlies were riding up to the tent every few minutes with news of the steady approach of the enemy. The Duke did and said nothing, but by the knitting of his brows was supposed to be deep in thought. Presently he turned to his companion and asked, "Was your egg well cooked, Picton? because mine was abominable." The "Iron Duke" was not cruelly careless of the issue of the battle about to be fought; only he had made all his arrangements long before, and he knew exactly how the enemy would advance, and what he should do to counteract them.—*Daily Telegraph*.

5021. SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, in death. "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French monarchy; the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factions." Or again, when he heard the cannon fire, what is characteristic too: "Have we the Achilles' Funeral already?" So likewise, while some friend is supporting him: "Yes, support that head; would I could bequeath it thee!" For the man dies as he has lived; self-conscious, conscious of a world looking on.—*Carlyle's Death of Mirabeau*.

5022. SELF-CONTROL, A Christian's. Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid by one public man to another was this. When a speaker in the House had sought to sneer down Wilberforce as "the honourable and religious gentleman," the taunt was replied to in a strain of bitter and wrathful sarcasm—that a "British senate should be required to consider piety a reproach." When a member expressed his astonishment at the power of sarcasm then—for the first time—used by Wilberforce, Romilly remarked that it illustrated the virtue even more than the genius of Wilberforce;

"for who but he has ever possessed so formidable a weapon and never used it?"—*S. C. Hall.*

5023. SELF-CONTROL, a power. Dumont remembers hearing him (Mirabeau) deliver a report on Marseilles; every word was interrupted by abusive epithets; calumniator, liar, assassin, scoundrel: Mirabeau pauses a moment, and in honeyed tone, addressing the most furious, says, "I wait, Messieurs, till these amenities be exhausted."—*Carlyle's French Revolution.*

5024. SELF-CONQUEST, Difficulty of. Peter the Great made a law in 1722 that if any nobleman beat or ill-treated his slaves he should be looked upon as insane, and a guardian should be appointed to take care of his person and of his estate. This great monarch once struck his gardener, who, being a man of great sensibility, took to his bed and died in a few days. Peter, hearing of this, exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "Alas! I have civilised my own subjects; I have conquered other nations; yet have I not been able to civilise or to conquer myself."—*Cheever.*

5025. SELF-DECEPTION, Instance of. Louis XV., in his disgusting depravity, exposed himself to the smallpox, then the dread of all society. Though flattered for a time into the belief that there was no danger, he was at length undeceived, but owing to the prevalence of court intrigue it was at the latest possible moment. He caused his guilty companions to be sent away, telling them that he would recall them should he recover from his disorder. Just before dismissing one of the most degraded among them, he said, "I would fain die as a believer, and not as an infidel. I have been a great sinner, doubtless; but I have ever observed Lent with a most scrupulous exactitude; I have caused more than a hundred thousand masses to be said for the repose of unhappy souls; I have respected the clergy, and punished the authors of all impious works; so that I flatter myself I have not been a very bad Christian."

5026. SELF-DENIAL, a means of discipline. Napoleon, when about fifteen years of age, was in the military school at Paris. He complained to the superintendents of the school about its arrangements. He said the fare of the scholars was too luxurious. It could not prepare them for the hardships of the camp. He urged that, instead of having two courses a day, they should have ammunition, bread and soldiers' rations, and that they should be compelled to mend and clean their own stockings and shoes. He chose what was painful to what was pleasant. And because he did so, he was able hereafter to trample upon those peoples and monarchs who accounted pleasure the end of life, whose great desire was to avoid pain. Only when he encountered men who had learned, as he had, to claim dominion over circumstances, to endure suffering for the sake of a higher end, could that strength which he had won through his asceticism be broken.—*Maurice's Conscience (abridged.)*

5027. SELF-DENIAL, Example of. When, on a journey through a forest, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed, Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him, and slept on the ground.—*Froude.*

5028. SELF-DENIAL, for Christ. The Rev.

Henry Townley is said to have been passionately fond of music, and played the violin, not only with considerable skill, but greatly to his own delectation. For his own instrument he gave £120. But when his purpose was fixed to enter the ministry he deliberately laid it aside, and never touched it as long as he lived. He did not judge it wrong to play, but he suspected that an innocent amusement might become a snare to himself and a danger to others; "for if," said he, "the shepherd fiddles the flock will take license to dance." The violin, I believe, was subsequently sold for £80, which was given to the Bible Society in some special emergency, and at the same time Mrs. Townley sold her jewels for the same reason.

5029. SELF-DENIAL, for Christ. A few years ago, in the United States of America, a young woman of taste and genius burst into sudden and great celebrity as a brilliant writer in the periodical literature of the day. After a youth of constant and oppressive struggle she found herself at length an object of admiration and envy throughout her native land. The world was all before her; the ball was at her foot. Fanny Forester's troubles were over and her fortune made; she has reached the throne at last, and may now sit as a queen in the highest circles of American society. The fashionable world had no sooner recognised and accepted their favourite than rumours began to spread, muffled at first, but anon breaking out in clear tones and distinct articulation, that their chosen heroine had consented to become the wife of Judson, now far advanced in life, and to plunge with him into the darkest heart of heathendom, there to burn her life-lamp down to the socket, learning a barbarous language, taming a cruel race, and contending with a pestilential climate, all that she might make known the love of Jesus to an uncivilised and idolatrous nation. To Burmah she went, did and bore her Saviour's will there till life could hold out no longer, and then came home to die. "The woman is mad!" rang from end to end of America, echoing and re-echoing through the marts of trade and the salons of fashion—"The woman is mad!" Herself taught the Word and the thought, and like the liberated Hebrews in the wilderness, consecrated what she had borrowed from the Egyptians to the service of the Lord. She wrote and published an essay on "The Madness of the Missionary Enterprise," in which she effectively turned the money-making and pleasure-loving world of her own people upside down. The missionary cleared herself and her cause, leaving the imputation of madness lying on the other side.—*Arnot.*

5030. SELF-DENIAL, Fruits of. It is related of a wealthy Philadelphian who has been dead these many years that a young man came to him one day and asked for help to start in business. "Do you drink?" inquired the millionaire. "Occasionally." "Stop it! stop it for a year, and then come and see me." The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year again presented himself. "Do you smoke?" asked the great man. "Yes, now and then." "Stop it! stop it for a year, and then come and see me." The young man went away and cut loose from the habit, and after worrying through another twelve months once more faced the philanthropist. "Do you chew?" "Yes." "Stop it! stop it too for a year, and then come and see me." But the young man never called again.

When some one asked him why he didn't make one more effort he replied, "Didn't I know what he was driving at? He'd have told me, that as I had stopped chewing, drinking, and smoking, I must have saved enough money to start myself."

5031. SELF-DENIAL, Influence of. Fowell Buxton used to ridicule his eldest sister for refusing to eat slave-grown sugar; but he adds, in mentioning this, that "her doing so *made me think*."—*Life of Fowell Buxton*.

5032. SELF-DENIAL, Instance of. A Silesian girl, whilst her neighbours and family were contributing in different ways to the expenses of the war to resist the French, was for some time in the greatest distress at her inability to manifest her patriotism, as she possessed nothing which she could dispose of for that purpose. At length the idea struck her that her hair, which was of great beauty, and the pride of her parents, might be of some value; and she accordingly set off one morning privately for Breslau, and disposed of her beautiful tresses for a couple of dollars. The hairdresser, however, with whom she had negotiated the bargain, being touched with the girl's conduct, reserved his purchase for the manufacture of bracelets and other ornaments; and as the story became public, he, in the end, sold so many that he was enabled, by the maiden's locks alone, to subscribe a hundred dollars to the exigencies of the State.

5033. SELF-DENIAL, Mistaken and unnatural. It is said that St. Francis Xavier, on his way to leave Europe for ever, passed by the abode of his aged mother without stopping, conceiving that he did God service in denying himself the melancholy consolation of a last farewell.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

5034. SELF-DENIAL, the first law of grace. A number of ministers were once dining together after an ordination, and when one of them seemed unduly attentive to the good things before him he met with the approval of the host, who said, "That's right! to take care of self is the first law of nature." "Yes, sir," said an old minister sitting near, in reply; "*but to deny self is the first law of grace*."—*G. B.*

5035. SELF-DENIAL, the sign of a Christian. The devil once met a Christian man, and said, "Thou sayest I am a servant of God. What doest thou more than I do? You say that you fast; so do I. I neither eat nor drink." He went through a whole list of sins, of which he said he was clear, but at last the Christian said, "I do one thing thou never didst. *I deny myself*." There was the point in which the Christian came out.—*Spurgeon*.

5036. SELF-DEPENDENCE, Extreme. There is a famous speech recorded of an old horseman thoroughly characteristic of the Teuton. "I believe neither in idols nor demons," said he; "I put my sole trust in my own strength of body and soul."—*Smiles*.

5037. SELF-DEPRECIATION, Extreme. Etiquette requires that in Chinese conversation each should compliment the other, and everybody belonging to him, in the most laudatory style, and depreciate himself, with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:—"What is your honourable name!" "My insignificant

appellation is Wong." "Where is your magnificent palace?" "My contemptible hut is at Suchou." "How many are your illustrious children?" "My vile, worthless brats are five." "How is the health of your distinguished spouse?" "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."

5038. SELF-DISSATISFACTION, a spur. "During the nine years that I was his wife," says the widow of the great artist Opie, "*I never saw him satisfied with one of his productions*; and often, very often, have I seen him enter my sitting-room, and throwing himself in an agony of despondence on the sofa, exclaim, 'I never never shall be a painter as long as I live!'" It was a noble despair, such as is never felt by the self-complacent daubers of signboards, and it bore the panting aspirant up to one of the highest niches in the artistic annals of his country. The selfsame dissatisfaction with present attainments is a potent force to bear the Christian onward to the most eminent degree of spirituality and holiness.—*Spurgeon*.

5039. SELF-EXAMINATION, Constant. One of the holiest of the Church's saints, St. Bernard, was in the habit of constantly warning himself by the solemn query, "*Bernarde, ad quid veniste?*"—"Bernard, for what purpose art thou here?" Self-examination could assume no more searching form.—*Canon Farrar*.

5040. SELF-EXAMINATION, its right office. A Highlander who purchased a barometer under a mistaken idea of its purpose, complained that he could not see that it had made any improvement in the weather; and *those who use signs and evidences* for an intent which they will never answer will be sure to complain that their faith is not increased, though they are always practising self-examination. Yet a barometer has its uses, and so have evidences of grace. To feel the pulse is an admirable thing; the mistake is to put this in the place of strengthening food or tonic medicine.—*Spurgeon*.

5041. SELF-FORGETFULNESS, at the loss of others. Turenne was surveying from an eminence the deposition of the hostile army, when he was struck by a cannon-ball, which also cut off the arm of an officer who was near him. The son of that officer ran to his father's aid, and shed over him a flood of tears. "It is not for me, my son, that you ought to weep," said the wounded officer, "but for that great man whom France has lost."—*Dr. Fish*.

5042. SELF-FORGETFULNESS, in pain. Dr. Arnold gives, in one of his letters, an account of a saintly sister. For twenty years, through some disease, she was confined to a kind of crib; never once could she change her position for all that time. "And yet," he says, "I never saw a more perfect instance of the power of love and of a sound mind. For twenty years she adhered to her early-formed resolution of *never talking about herself*."

5043. SELF-FORGETFULNESS, in preaching. A converted Parisian operative, a man of a wilful but frank disposition, full of energy and spirit, who had often spoken with great success at the clubs composed of men of his own class, was asked by the preacher who had led him to God to inform him by what instrumentality he, who had once been so far estranged from religion, had eventually been restored to the faith. "Your doing so," said his in-

terrogator, "may be useful to me in my efforts to reclaim others." "I would rather not," replied he, "for I must candidly tell you that you do not figure very conspicuously in the case." "No matter," said the other, "it will not be the first time that I have heard the same remark." "Well, if you must hear it, I can tell you in a few words how it took place. A good woman had pestered me to read your little book—pardon the expression, I used to speak in that style in those days. On reading a few pages I was so impressed that I felt a strong desire to see you. "I was told that you preached in a certain church, and I went to hear you. Your sermon had some further effect upon me; but, to speak frankly, very little; comparatively, indeed, none at all. What did much more for me was your open and simple and good-natured manner, and, above all, your ill-combed hair; for I have always detested those priests whose heads remind one of a hairdresser's assistant; and I said to myself, 'That man forgets himself on our behalf, we ought, therefore, to do something for his sake.' Thereupon I determined to pay you a visit, and you bagged me. Such was the beginning and end of the affair."—Abbé Mullois.

5044. SELF-FORMATION, Passion of. Bayard Taylor, the American traveller, lecturer, poet, when he was but three-and-twenty years of age wrote these words—"I will become the sculptor of my own mind's statue;" and you cannot read his biography without seeing that the hammer and chisel were often in his hands, and that he was trying to hew himself into shape, to frame himself into correspondence with his ideal. In his "Memoirs" Mark Pattison says of himself—"I have really no history but a mental history. . . . I have seen no one, known none of the celebrities of my own time intimately or at all, and have only an inaccurate memory of what I hear. *All my energy was directed upon one end—to improve myself to form my own mind, to sound things thoroughly, to free myself from the bondage of unreason and the traditional prejudices which when I began first to think constituted the whole of my intellectual fabric.*"—Samuel Cox, D.D.

5045. SELF-GLORIFICATION, a disqualification for God's work. Dare any of us say with the French King, "*L'état c'est moi*"—"The State is myself"—"*I am the most important person in the Church?*" If so, the Holy Spirit is not likely to use such unsuitable instruments; but if we know our places, and desire to keep them with all humility, He will help us, and the Churches will flourish beneath our care.—*Spurgeon.*

5046. SELF-HELP, enforced. A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with fish he sighed, "If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them and buy food and lodgings." "I will give you just as many, and just as good," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favour." "And what is that?" asked the other. "Only to tend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand." The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to get impatient. Meanwhile the fish snapped greedily at the hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of

pulling them in; and when the owner returned he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said, "I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in foolish wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

5047. SELF-HELP, to be encouraged. An eminent teacher said, "*I am trying to make myself useless*; that is, of course, I am trying to carry forward my pupils to a point where they can do without my help—can be teachers unto themselves." So the physician, so the parent, so the good ruler. And eminently so the faithful and wise minister.

5048. SELFISHNESS, Extreme. It is recorded of a venison and turtle fed alderman of London that, on being importuned for alms by a starving woman in the street, he exclaimed, "Go away, my good woman; you don't know how you distress me. I'd give ten pounds to have your appetite!"

5049. SELFISHNESS, in so-called Christians. The Emperor Constantine said to one who was dissatisfied with every church he had attended, "Some are so supremely selfish that they would construct a special heaven for themselves and their friends."—*Milner.*

5050. SELFISHNESS, Natural and spiritual. I was as much struck, when I travelled in England, with the stinginess of the people there, in respect of their gardens, as with anything else. It was afterwards explained to me as owing partly to conditions of climate and partly to the notions of the people. I travelled two miles along a park shut in by a fence, that was probably twelve feet high, of solid brick, and coped with stone. On the other side were all sorts of trees and shrubs, and though I was skirting along within a few feet of them I could not see a single one of them. There were fine gardens in which almost all the fruits in the world were cultivated either under glass or against walls or out in the open air; and a man might smell something in the air, but what it came from he had to imagine. There were plants and shrubs drooping to the ground with gorgeous blossoms, and there might just as well as not have been an open iron fence, so that every poor beggar child might look through and see the flowers, and feel that he had an ownership in them, and congratulate himself, and say, "Are not these mine?" Oh! I like to see the little wretches of the street go and stand before a rich man's house, and look over into his grounds, and feast their eyes on the trees, and shrubs, and plants, and piebald beds, and magnificent blossoms, and luscious fruit, and comfort themselves with the thought that *they can see everything that the rich man owns*; and I like to hear them tell what they would do if they were only rich. And I always feel as though, if a man has a fine garden, it is mean for him to build around it a close fence, so that nobody but himself and his friends can enjoy it. But oh! it is a great deal meaner, when the Lord has made a garden of Eden in your soul, for you to build around it a great dumb wall so close and so high that nobody can look through it or over it, and nobody can hear the birds singing in it.—*Beecher.*

5051. SELF-KNOWLEDGE, and nature. It is a subtle and profound remark of Hegel's, that the

riddle which the Sphinx, the Egyptian symbol for the mysteriousness of Nature, propounds to Edipus is only another way of expressing the command of the Delphic oracle, "*Know thyself.*" And when the answer is given the Sphinx casts herself down from her rock. When man does know himself, the mysteriousness of Nature and her terrors vanish also; and she too walks in the light of knowledge, of law, and of love.—*Julius C. Hare.*

5052. SELF-KNOWLEDGE, Importance of. He (Socrates) did occupy himself with physics early in his career. In after-life he regarded such speculations as trivial. "I have not leisure for such things," he is made to say by Plato; "and I will tell you the reason; I am not yet able, according to the Delphic inscription, to *know myself*; and it appears to me very ridiculous, while ignorant of myself, to inquire into what I am not concerned in."—*G. H. Lewes.*

5053. SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS, Instance of. Rabbi Simeon, son of Jochai, said, "The world is not worth thirty righteous persons such as our father Abraham. If there were only thirty righteous persons in the world, I and my son should make two of them; and if there were only twenty, I and my son should be of the number; and if there were only ten, I and my son would be of them; and if there were only five, I and my son would be of the five; and if there were but two, I and my son would be those two; and if there were but one, *myself should be that one.*"—*Beresith Rabbi.*

5054. SELF-SACRIFICE, A boy's. The roof of Bridgenorth Church was being repaired, when two boys from the adjoining grammar-school went in. The coast being clear—for the workmen had all gone off to dinner—they climbed the ladders, got on the scaffolding, and had a fine scamper in and out amongst the rafters. At length, when it was nearly time for the men to return to their work, a plank, loosened by their scampering about, happened to give way. In falling, the younger of the boys managed to lay hold of a beam, whilst the elder saved himself by catching the younger by the legs. And there they hung, hoping each moment that the workmen might return and release them from their perilous position; but still they came not. After a time the elder thought he perceived signs of the younger's relaxing his grasp of the beam, and at once he asked him if he thought he could hold on ten minutes longer *if freed from his weight.* After a few moments' hesitation he faintly said that he thought he could. Then the elder boy sent a message to his mother, said "Good-bye!" and loosed his hold of his companion. There was heard a dull thud on the floor of the church, and all was over. Shortly afterwards the workmen returned to their work, and rescued the younger and survivor from his perilous position. Death comes amid our play. Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.—*Preachers' Promptuary of Anecdote.*

5055. SELF-SACRIFICE, A noble. Caius Gracchus, who was the idol of the Roman people, having carried his regard for the lower orders so far as to draw upon himself the resentment of the nobility, an open rupture ensued; and the two extremities of Rome resembled two camps, Opimius the consul on one side, and Gracchus and his friend Fulvius on

the other. A battle ensued, in which the consul, meeting with more vigorous resistance than he expected, proclaimed an amnesty for all those who should lay down their arms, and at the same time promised to pay for the heads of Gracchus and Fulvius their weight in gold. This proclamation had the desired effect. The populace deserted their leaders; Fulvius was taken and beheaded; and Gracchus, at the advice of his two friends, Licinius Crassus, his brother-in-law, and Pompeius, a Roman knight, determined to flee from the city. He passed on his way through the centre of the city, and reached the bridge Sublicius, where his enemies, who pursued him close, would have overtaken and seized him if his two friends had not opposed their fury; but they saw the danger he was in, and they determined to save his life at the expense of their own. They defended the bridge against all the consular troops till Gracchus was out of their reach; but at length, being overpowered by numbers and covered with wounds, they both expired on the bridge which they had so valiantly defended.—*Biblical Treasury.*

5056. SELF-SACRIFICE, and self-denial. The mortar with which the swallow builds is the mud from cart-wheels, sides of wells, and such-like places. This it makes more adhesive by moistening it with its own saliva. As the bird parts with a portion of its own substance to cement its nest, so should we be prepared to give up, *not that which costs us nothing*, but which may involve much self-denial and self-sacrifice on our part, that which we love and cherish most, as Abraham was prepared to offer up Isaac at the bidding of God.—*Rev. H. MacMillan.*

5057. SELF-SACRIFICE, Effects of. A clergyman, after winning the highest honours at Oxford, volunteered to go to India, and there undertook the presidency of the college at Agra for training native missionaries. When the fort of that city was closed, in immediate expectation of a siege by the mutineers, five hundred native Christians, many of whom were members of his own congregation, came beneath its walls, entreating to be permitted to take refuge there. The Governor feared that the supply of provisions would prove totally inadequate to meet the wants of the members already within the walls, and thought it was his duty to refuse admission. "Then," said the faithful pastor, "*I will go out and perish with them.* They shall not be left as sheep without a shepherd in their hour of peril." But before he could fulfil the word the eloquence of the intended self-sacrifice had prevailed, and the Governor ordered the gates to be thrown open, saying, "Mr. French has saved the native Christians."—*Miss Marsh.*

5058. SELF-SACRIFICE, illustrated. I never understood Christ's emphasis upon self-sacrifice till I had a dear friend shot within an inch of his heart with a double charge of pigeon-shot. The case was desperate. A messenger was sent in great haste to bring a famous surgeon from a neighbouring city. But the gruff old man refused to come. "You must bleed him to death to save his life," was all he would say. And so we did bleed him to the very edge of death, and saved his life. I understood then what Christ meant by, "*He that would save his life must lose it.*"—*Rev. E. P. Powell.*

5059. SELF-SACRIFICE, Instance of. It was

at the relief of Lucknow, in the terrible Indian Mutiny. Some English troops were holding a building opposite to a strongly garrisoned post of the enemy. An attack on this post had just been made, and had failed. Suddenly some one came in with the news that an English soldier was lying out in the open, wounded but still alive. "Who's coming with me?" cried a young officer, who afterwards received the Victoria Cross from the Queen's hands for his bravery. Two gallant artillerymen volunteered, and these three, with the lieutenant who had brought the news, went out into the open; across a road, over a ditch, then across a piece of open ground, then over a wall, and there in an orchard they found the wounded man. He was still alive, and by his side was a brave lad belonging to the band of the 23rd Fusiliers. He had gone out with the "dholies" for the wounded, and in returning he had found the man lying there alone. Instead of seeking his own safety, he had stayed by the man until found there by the party of four. The wounded man was got under shelter again, and not one of the six received a single wound.—*Biblical Treasury.*

5060. SELF-SACRIFICE, necessary. Pousa, the Chinese potter, being ordered to produce some great work for the Emperor, tried long to make it, but in vain. At length, driven to despair, he threw himself into the furnace, and the effect of his self-immolation on the ware, which was then in the fire, was such, that it came out the most beautiful piece of porcelain ever known. So in Christian labour, *it is self-sacrifice* that gives the last touch and excellence and glory to our work.

5061. SELF-SACRIFICE, Noble. A sad interest attaches to the island of Molokai. It is the leper settlement, and to it all the victims of this terrible, loathsome, and incurable disease, unhappily so prevalent in the Hawaiian archipelago, are sent, in order to prevent the spread of the contagion. A French priest has nobly devoted himself to the religious and secular instruction of the lepers, and up to the present time has enjoyed complete immunity from the disease; but even if he escapes this danger he can *never* return to his country and friends.—*A Voyage in "The Sunbeam."*

5062. SELF-SACRIFICE, recognised. There is a pathetic story in the *Youth's Companion* of a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigour, who married and had four children. In course of time the husband died penniless, and the mother made the most heroic efforts to educate the children. She taught school, painted, sewed, and succeeded in sending the boys to college and the girls to a boarding-school. The story concludes:—"When they came home, pretty, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn-out, commonplace old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died, of some sudden failure in the brain. The shock woke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her, as she lay unconscious, in an agony of grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried, 'You have been a good mother to us!' Her face coloured again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, 'You never said so before, John.' Then the light died out, and she was gone."

5063. SELF-SEEKING. A certain King had a minstrel whom he commanded to play before him. It was a day of high feasting; the cups were flowing, and many great guests were assembled. The minstrel laid his fingers among the strings of his harp, and woke them all to the sweetest melody, but the hymn was to the glory of himself. It was a celebration of the exploits of song which the bard had himself performed, and told how he had excelled high-born Hoel's harp and emulated soft Llewellyn's lay. In high-sounding strains he sang himself and all his glories. When the feast was over the harper said to the monarch, "O King, give me thy guerdon; let the minstrel's meed be paid." Then the monarch replied, "*Thou hast sung unto thyself; pay thyself.* Thine own praises were thy theme; be thyself the paymaster." The harper cried, "Did I not sing sweetly? O King, give me thy gold." But the King answered, "So much the worse for thy pride, that thou shouldst lavish such sweetness upon thyself. Get thee gone, thou shalt not serve in my train."

5064. SELF-SEEKING, condemned. An ancient bishop (Ivo) met a woman one day of solemn and thoughtful mien, carrying in one hand a vessel of fire, and in the other a vessel full of water. He asked her what it was for. She said the fire she carried in the one was to burn up heaven, and the water she carried in the other was to extinguish hell, in order that men might serve the Saviour, not from the love of heaven, nor from the fear of hell, but out of love to Christ.—*Dr. Cumming.*

5065. SELF-SEEKING, End of. Parker, Bishop of Oxford, being asked by an acquaintance what was the best body of divinity, answered, "That which can help a man to keep a coach and six horses."—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

5066. SELF-SURRENDER, the beginning of a new life. Horace Bushnel was a teacher in Yale College at a time of a religious awakening there, and although not an infidel, was greatly disturbed by doctrinal unrest. He was passing through that tumultuous period known in the experience of most diligent inquirers in which he could raise more questions than he could answer. His pupils were profoundly affected by the religious movement, and it caused him extreme pain that he seemed to stand in the way of the reformation of his own scholars. He paced up and down his room meditating on his personal duty, and finally came to this proposition:—"I have perfect confidence that there is a distinction between right and wrong; am I willing to throw myself over the line between the wrong and the right, toward the side of the right, and hereafter consecrate myself irrevocably, utterly, affectionately, to the following of the *best religious light I possess*?" He knelt down. He consecrated himself to the performance of *all duty known to him*. He rose with a forehead white and the light of a star in his soul. Were all his doubts dissipated at an instant's notice? Not at all. But they were like the mighty pines on the mountain-tops after the lightning has smitten them. They do not fall, but they cease to grow. They are no longer trees; they are timber. He went on and on until he came to be a prince with God, one of the leaders of religious thought, one of the most spiritually-minded of theologians.—*Rev. Joseph Cook (condensed).*

5067. SELF-WATCHFULNESS, Daily. A friend

once asked an aged man what caused him so often to complain of pain and weariness in the evening. "Alas!" said he, "I have every day so much to do; for I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon." "Why, you must be joking," said his friend; "surely no man can have all these things to do at once." "Indeed, I am not joking," said the old man; "but what I have told you is the sad and sober truth; for the two falcons are my two eyes, which I must diligently guard, lest something should please them which may be hurtful to my salvation; the two hares are my feet, which I must hold back lest they should run after evil objects, and walk in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my two hands, which I must train and keep to work in order that I may be able to provide for myself and for my brethren who are in need; the serpent is my tongue, which I must always keep in with a bridle, lest it should speak anything unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which *I have to maintain a continual fight in order that vanity and pride may not fill it*, but that the grace of God may dwell and work there; the sick man is my whole body, which is always needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength."—*Preacher's Promptuary of Anecdote.*

5068. SELF, Worth of. General Fisk says that he once stood at a slave-block where an old Christian minister was being sold. The auctioneer said of him, "What bid do I hear for this man? He is a very good kind of a man; he is a minister." Somebody said, "Twenty dollars" (he was very old, and not worth much); somebody else, "Twenty-five," "Thirty," "Thirty-five," "Forty." The aged Christian minister began to tremble; he had expected to be able to buy his own freedom, and he had just seventy dollars, and expected with the seventy dollars to get free. As the bids ran up the old man trembled more and more. "Forty," "Forty-five," "Fifty," "Fifty-five," "Sixty," "Sixty-five." The old man cried out, "*Seventy.*" He was afraid they would outbid him. The men around were transfixed. Nobody dared bid; and the auctioneer struck him down to himself—"Done—done!"—*Talmage.*

5069. SENSES, Failure of. Very beautiful is the simile used by a departed authoress—Mrs. Gaskell—when, alluding to the decay of sight and hearing which is natural to extreme old age, she remarks that God acts towards His feeble servants as a tender mother does towards her child as the time for rest approaches; she draws the curtain to shut out the light, and stills every sound in the chamber, that, the outer world excluded, her beloved may more quietly sink into sweet sleep. "*So He giveth His beloved sleep.*" When the memory, from a failure of one or more of the senses, ceases to retain its grasp upon what were once objects of interest, what is it but the same loving Parent gently taking from the child the toys of life's day as the evening shadows fall around, and laying aside whatever might keep the mind restless and awake?—*A. L. O. E.*

5070. SENSES, how they deceive. When Lord Anson published his voyage round the world, one of the sailors is reported to have said, "What a liar that captain of ours is! I went with him all the

way, and I declare all the way it was as flat as this bit of earth here."—*Paxton Hood.*

5071. SENSES, may be deceived. There is more meaning and philosophy than at first sight appears in Coleridge's answer to Lady Beaumont, when she asked him whether he believed in ghosts. "Oh no, Madam, *I have seen too many to believe in them.*" He had sense enough to see that his senses had been deceived.—*Horace Smith.*

5072. SENSES, Slave of. "*Ede, libe, lude, post mortem nulla voluptas*"—an inscription found to this hour on the tombstone of a Roman Epicurean in the Vatican.—*Van Doren.*

5073. SENSUALITY, Dislike to. His (Antisthenes') contempt of all sensual enjoyment was expressed in his saying, "*I would rather be mad than sensual.*"—*G. H. Lewes.*

5074. SENSUALITY, of priests. In his "Acts and Monuments" Foxe tells of a council of French bishops which met at Avignon in 1540 for the purpose of devising the best means of encompassing the ruin of the Lutherans of Merindol. After they had dined, says the martyrologist, they fell to dancing, playing at dice, and such other pastimes as are commonly wont to be frequented at the banquets and feasts of these holy prelates. After this they walked abroad to solace themselves, and to pass the time till supper. As they passed through the streets, every one leading his minion upon his arm, they saw a man who sold base images and pictures, with filthy rhymes and ballads annexed to the same, to move and stir up the people to whoredom and knavery. All these goodly pictures were bought up by the bishops, which were as many as a mule could well carry; and if there were any obscure sentence or hard to understand in those rhymes or ballads, the same these learned prelates did readily expound, and laughed pleasantly thereat.

5075. SENTIMENT, must not interfere with duty. When Frederick the Great was leading his little army to overthrow the Austrians in the field of Leuthen he heard the sound of loud singing, and asked what it was. The answer was, "The soldiers, as they march, are singing Luther's hymn, '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*' ('Our God is a strong city'). They can't fight without." "Very well," he said; "as much psalm-singing as they like, provided they fight."

5076. SEPARATION, A last. Three-quarters of a century ago there were bloody times in France. So many were killed that in some places the streets ran with blood. In one village the soldiers made use of a shocking plan; they bade all the people come out of their houses and stand on the green, that they might look at them, and decide who were to be shot and who were to be saved. A path ran across the green; and as the soldiers made up their minds what to do with one and another, they put those who were to be saved on the right side of the path, and those they meant to kill were sent to the left. When all were thus parted the soldiers made those on the left side stand in rows, ten abreast; and loading their own guns, they stood a little way off from their unhappy victims, and fired at them till all were killed. The shrieks of the wounded before they were quite dead, the streaming of blood, the agony of their poor friends, who stood on the

other side of the path, but did not dare to stir for their help, were more horrible than pen can tell or mind conceive. A day is coming when we shall all be parted on two sides; not by man, but by God. He will put on His left hand those who have served Satan, and His own dear servants and children on His right. If you care to know which side you shall be on *then*, you must look to it which side you join *now*.—*Preacher's Lantern*.

5077. SEPARATION, between good and evil. The Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, formerly president of Princeton College, America, was once on board a packet-ship, where, among other passengers, was a professed Atheist. This unhappy man was very fond of troubling every one with his peculiar belief, and of broaching the subject as often as he could get any one to listen to him. He did not believe in a God and a future state, not he! By-and-by there came on a terrible storm, and the prospect was that all would be drowned. There was much consternation on board, *but not one was so greatly frightened as the professed Atheist*. In this extremity he sought out the clergyman, and found him in the cabin, calm and collected in the midst of danger, and thus addressed him, "O Doctor Witherspoon! Doctor Witherspoon! we are all going; we have but a short time to stay. Oh how the vessel rocks! We are all going! Don't you think we are, Doctor?" The Doctor turned to him with a solemn look, and replied in broad Scotch, "Nae doubt, nae doubt, man, we're a' ganging; but *you and I dinna ganging the same way*."

5078. SEPARATION, Man's, what it means. "I separate thee from the Church-militant," said the officiating bishop. "But *thou canst not separate me from the Church-triumphant*," replied Savonarola. Being asked by a priest if he met death with composure, he said, "Should I not willingly die for His sake who willingly died for me, a sinful man?" To the inquiry if he had any statement to make before he died, he answered, "Pray for me, and tell my friends that they take no offence at my death, but continue in my doctrine and in peace." Then, repeating the Apostles' Creed, he ascended the fatal ladder.—*Newman Hall*.

5079. SEPARATION, of Christians. Two aged and feeble ministers met near the close of their earthly career. One was able to repeat from memory whole chapters and favourite hymns; the other to offer connected prayer. They shook hands previous to what proved their final separation for this life, one of them saying, in the most solemn, affecting, and collected manner, "*Brother, we part at the footstool; we shall meet at the throne!*"—*Leifchild* (abridged).

5080. SEPULCHRE, and the Church. An unbeliever has said with a sneer, "It is upon an empty tomb that the Christian Church is founded." He might have said more on that point had he considered it longer, for *it was on the discovery of the fact that the tomb was empty that Mary's trembling and bewildering love sprang into triumphant faith*.

5081. SERIOUSNESS, Incentive to. The godly Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, kept a portrait of the heroic missionary, Henry Martyn, hanging on the wall of his room. Looking up toward it, he would often say, "There! See that blessed man!

What an expression of countenance! No one looks at me as he does. He seems always to be saying to me, '*Be serious; be in earnest; don't trifle.*'" Then, bowing toward the benign, thoughtful face of Martyn, Simeon would add, "No, I won't, I won't trifle."—*Dr. Cuyler*.

5082. SERIOUSNESS, looked upon as madness. The effects produced by Whitefield's first effort in the pulpit were such that a complaint was made to the bishop that he had driven fifteen persons mad with his first sermon; and the bishop's reply was, that he "hoped the madness might not be forgotten before the next Sunday."—*J. R. Andrews*.

5083. SERMON, A short. One morning, as two men near New York were going into the field, their attention was attracted by the long beard and shabby appearance of a man who was journeying along the way. One of the men, with an oath, asked, "Who is that?" The other, whose name was Barton, said, "From the description I have heard, I think it is Dow." The stranger then addressed them with a very courteous salutation, and said, "Gentlemen, did you ever hear Dow preach?" "No," was the reply. "Would you like to hear him preach?" he continued. "Yes," was the answer. Lorenzo Dow then reverently removed his hat, and after prayer preached the following sermon:—"Gentlemen, you were born into the world naked; you go through the world in trouble; and if you do well, it will be *well* with you." He stopped, and in a moment was on his way to Mayville, and they saw him no more. But there was something in the fervency of his prayer and the manner in which he spoke, as he looked them in the eye, that caused the men to tremble. So deep was the impression made upon their minds, that they did not go into the field that morning to mow, as they had intended. "And though that was thirty-five years ago," says Mr. Barton, "it was the greatest sermon I ever heard. It is true we came into the world naked; we brought nothing with us; and though we may do the very best we can in this world, yet trouble is unavoidable. And I have thought a thousand times, if I could be found doing well, I can trust for the future that it will be well with me hereafter."

5084. SERMON, Effects of. At a session of the General Synod of the Reformed Church Dr. Welch asked Mr. Bourne, "Do you remember, when your home was in Germantown, your preaching a sermon to young men in Dr. Stoughton's church in Sansom Street, Philadelphia, where there was an immense assembly present?" "Yes, very well," said Mr. Bourne. "Have you that sermon with you?" "Yes, *here*," putting his finger up to his head. "Will you preach it in my pulpit next Sabbath evening?" "Where's your church?" "In this street, sir." "Then I will do as you wish." The arrangement was made. On the Sabbath morning Dr. Welch, then in the height of his popularity, drawing large congregations, invited the great assembly to attend in the evening to hear the same sermon under which, more than twenty years ago, their pastor had been converted unto God. The church was thronged. Mr. Bourne preached the sermon. At the close Dr. Welch rose and told the congregation that they had now heard substantially the same sermon which was God's instrument whereby he had been brought to receive

Christ Jesus as his Saviour. Then, turning round, he addressed Mr. Bourne, and told him that when he preached "that sermon in Sansom Street church about twenty young men were hopefully brought to Christ, of which number I am one; and nearly all of us have become ministers of the gospel of the Blessed God."—*Christian Age*.

5085. SERMON, in stone, A. The sculptor, Dan-necker, whose famous statue of Christ stands in the gallery at Stuttgart, told a friend, with reference to this statue, that he had a strong desire to leave something that should immortalise him; but in vain attempting to satisfy himself, travelled in Italy, but none of the splendid works he saw there seemed to reach his ideal. Then he devoted him-self to the study of the Gospels. At first he could see nothing in them but beautiful disjointed frag-ments, until one text became a keynote to him: "*God manifest in the flesh.*" He became a devout Christian; but the subject he had proposed to him-self seemed too great for him. Afterwards, how-ever, he reflected that as others could preach and write on Christianity, which he could not do, he should do something to express his faith, and con-sequently determined to design the statue.—*Life of Mary Carpenter*.

5086. SERMON-MAKING, Insight into. I remember to have been tried rather sharply upon one occasion, and had I not been versed in im-promptu address I know not how it would have sped with me. I was expected to preach in a cer-tain chapel, and there was a crowded congregation; but I was not in time, being delayed by some blockade upon the railroad; so another minister went on with the service, and when I reached the place, all breathless with running, he was already preaching a sermon. Seeing me appear at the front-door and pass up the aisle, he stopped and said, "There he is;" and looking at me, he added, "I'll make way for you; come up and finish the sermon." I asked him what was the text, and how far he had gone with it. He told me what the text was, and said he had just passed through the first head. Without hesitation I took up the discourse at that point, and finished the sermon; and I should be ashamed of any man here who could not have done the same, the circumstances being such as to make the task a remarkably easy one. In the first place, the minister was my grandfather; and in the second place, the text was: "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." He must have been a more foolish animal than that which Balaam rode if at such a juncture he had not found a tongue. "By grace are ye saved," had been spoken of as indicating the source of salvation; who could not follow by describing the next clause, "through faith," as the channel? One did not need to study much to show that salvation is received by us through faith. Yet on that occasion I had a further trial; for when I had proceeded a little, and was warning to my work, a hand patted my back approvingly, and a voice said, "That's right—that's right; tell them that again, for fear they should forget it." There-upon I repeated the truth; and a little farther on, when I was becoming rather deeply experimental, I was gently pulled by my coat-tail, and the old gentleman stood up in front and said, "Now, my grandson can tell you this as a theory, but I am here to bear witness to it as a matter of practical

experience; I am older than he is, and I must give you my testimony as an old man." Then, after having given us his personal experience, he said, "There, now, my grandson can preach the gospel a great deal better than I can, but he cannot preach a better gospel, can he?"—*Spurgeon*.

5087. SERMON, Unpremeditated. Whilst stop-ping at a friend's house in Cornwall, after preaching, a person who had attended the service observing to him that he had on that occasion surpassed his usual ability, and other individuals concurring in the opinion, Mr. Drew said, "If it be true, it is the more singular, because my sermon was entirely unpremeditated. I went into the pulpit designing to address you from another text, but looking upon the Bible, which lay open, that passage from which you heard me speak just now, '*Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel,*' arrested my attention so forcibly as to put to flight my former ideas; and though I had never considered the passage before, I resolved in-stantly to make it the subject of my discourse."—*Life of Samuel Drew*.

5088. SERMONS, Brilliant but useless. Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon *en chef* of the empire how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, but, Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty time. How many times did you save life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?" "Ah, Monsieur, I lose dem all; but *de operation was very brilliant.*" Of how many popular ministries might the same verdict be given! Souls are not saved, but the preaching is very brilliant.—*Spurgeon*.

5089. SERMONS, Controversial. A Christian brother of some originality was once asked when coming out of church whether he had been edified by the sermon. He replied, "It was very fine and orthodox, and the minister seemed to be filled with holy indignation. First he made war upon the wicked Darwin, then the blows came down upon Hæckel and Schleiermacher. Thereupon he in-veighed against the spirit of the time and against certain abuses. But as for me and all the poor servant-girls, the workmen and the busy house wives, who had had quite a job to get ready for church, *we were waiting for bread from heaven*—and it never came. We had to go home a-hungering, and were poorer than we had been before."—*Pastor Funcke*.

5090. SERMONS, How to compose. There were some features in the character of Massillon by no means of an ordinary kind. When he was once asked where a man like him, whose life was dedi-cated to retirement, could borrow his admirable de-scriptions of real life, he answered, "*From the human heart*; however little we may examine it, we shall find in it the seeds of every passion. When I com-pose a sermon, I imagine myself consulted upon some doubtful piece of business. I give my whole application to determine the person who has re-course to me to act the good and proper part. I exhort him, I urge him, and I quit him not till he has yielded to my persuasions."

5091. SERMONS, Long. The peculiar danger of advancing years is *length of discourse*. Two honoured brethren have lately fallen asleep whose later years were an infliction upon their friends. To describe one is to depict the other. He is so good and great, and has done such service, that you must ask him to speak. He expects you to do so. You make bold to propose that he will occupy only a few minutes. He will occupy those few minutes, and a great many more minutes, and your meeting will die out under his protracted periods. Your audience moves, all interest is gone, your meeting is a failure, and all through a dear old man whose very name is an inspiration. The difficulty is not to start these grand old men, but to stop them when started; they appear to be wound up like clocks, and they must run down. This is a seductive habit to be guarded against when years increase: it may be wise to resolve upon being shorter as age inclines us to be longer. It would be a pity to shorten our congregation by lengthening our discourse.—*Spurgeon*.

5092. SERMONS, Long. Many of Barrow's sermons were of extraordinary length, and one of them, the Spital sermon, preached before the Lord Mayor of London and the Corporation, occupied *three hours and a half* in its delivery. Being asked, after he came down from the pulpit, if he was not tired, he replied, "Yes, indeed; I began to be weary in standing so long."

5093. SERMONS, must have the gospel in them. A friend called on the Rev. T. Charles, of Bala, on Sunday afternoon, September 11, 1814, after having been in church. "Well," said he, "how did you like Mr. M——? Was there enough of gospel in the sermon to save a sinner? If not, it was of little consequence what was preached. I hope Bala people will never take up with anything short of that."

5094. SERMONS, Reading. In reading the "Life of Bishop Shirley" of Sodor and Man, my eyes happened to fall on a passage describing a difficulty into which he fell by losing his sermon on his way to a country church. When the prayers were over and the psalm was nearly sung, he put his hand into his pocket for his manuscript, and to his dismay it was gone. There was no time to continue his search; so he gave out a text, and preached, as he said, in dependence upon God, and *never wrote a sermon afterwards*. . . . Once I was tempted to take a book up into the pulpit, feeling I had nothing to say, when something said to me, "Is that the way you depend upon God?" Immediately I put the volume on the floor, and standing on it, gave out my text and preached without hesitation.—*W. Haslam*.

5095. SERMONS, Simplicity in. Wesley preached at Lincoln on the text, "One thing is needful." When the congregation were retiring a lady exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise, "Is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we hear so much in the present day? *Why, the poorest might have understood him.*" The gentleman to whom this remark was made replied, "In this, Madam, he displays his greatness; that, while the poorest can understand him, the most learned are edified, and cannot be offended."

5096. SERMONS, Useful. Speaking about ser-

mons, he remarked, "So far as ever I observed God's dealings with my soul, the flights of preachers sometimes entertained me; but it was *Scripture expressions* which did penetrate my heart, and that in a way peculiar to themselves."—*Life of Rev. John Brown, of Haddington*.

5097. SERVANTS, Care for. The celebrated Earl of Chesterfield left, by his will, legacies to all his menial servants, equal to two years' wages each, considering them "*as his unfortunate friends*, equal by birth, and only inferior by fortune." John Claude, when on his dying bed, thus addressed his son, who, with an old servant, was kneeling before him—"Be mindful of this domestic; as you value my blessing, take care that she wants nothing as long as she lives."

5098. SERVANTS, Conversion of. A worldly man began to taunt a celebrated preacher, and, among other things, told him it was true his congregation was large, but it was chiefly made up of servants and low people. "I know it is," said the sagacious divine. "My church is composed of such converts as Jesus Christ and His apostles gained; and as for servants, I had rather be instrumental in converting them than their employers." "Why so?" inquired the man. "Because," observed the minister, "*they have the care of all the children.*"

5199. SERVANTS, how dealt with. Dr. Luther's wife complaining to him of the indocility and untrustworthiness of servants, he said, "A faithful and good servant is a real God-send, but, truly, 'tis *a rare bird in the land*. We find every one complaining of the idleness and profligacy of this class of people; we must govern them, Turkish fashion, so much work, so much victuals, as Pharaoh dealt with the Israelites in Egypt"—*Luther's Table Talk*.

5100. SERVANTS, Secret of faithfulness in. "Robert," said a man, winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance, "you must give me good measure; your master is not in." Robert looked solemnly into the man's face, and replied "*My Master is always in.*" Robert's Master was the all-seeing God.—*New Handbook of Illustration*.

5101. SERVICE, A slight, duly rendered. The great and good Dr. Guthrie was staying with the Duke of Argyll, when, at the close of the evening, the Duke said that before they retired he should be glad if the Doctor would conduct family worship. The Doctor replied that he would do so with much pleasure, but that in the Castle of Inveraray they must have worship in the good old Presbyterian fashion, and commence with singing a psalm. This occasioned some dilemma. Who should raise the tune? After several great personages had been appealed to in vain, Mr. Gladstone, who was one of the company, said, "I'll raise the tune, Dr. Guthrie."

5102. SERVICE, Christ's, and pay. Billy Bray was once preaching with great effect to a large congregation, principally miners. In that neighbourhood there were two mines, one very prosperous and the other quite the reverse, for the work was hard and the wages low. He represented himself as working at that mine, but on the "pay-day" going to the prosperous one for his wages. But had he

not been at work at the other mine, the manager inquired. He had, but he liked the wages at the good mine the best. He pleaded very earnestly, but in vain. He was dismissed at last, with the remark, from which there was no appeal, that *he must come there to work if he came there for his wages*. And then he turned upon the congregation, and the effect was almost irresistible, that they must serve Christ here if they would share His glory hereafter; but if they would serve the devil now, to him they must go for their wages by-and-by. — *The King's Son*.

5103. SERVICE, Christian. A device found on an ancient medal represents a bullock standing between a plough and an altar, with the inscription, "Ready for either—for toil or for sacrifice." This is the motto of the Baptist Missionary Society. How appropriate to true Christian service! — *B*.

5104. SERVICE, Formal. Never shall I forget the occasion of my first visit to the Old South Church in Boston—a small but magnificent building, as you know, erected at a cost of upwards of £100,000. Everything had been done that wealth and taste could do for the building, but cold, hard, and icy was the service. First of all a young lady, a Boston *prima donna*, stood up before the organ, and adapting her voice to Mendelssohn's music, she advised us to "Rest in the Lord;" she repeated this advice over and over again—this most exquisite solo of our great musician was declaimed in the most heartless and unimpressive manner, while the congregation sat still and apparently sleepy. The minister then pronounced a few words of prayer and read a few words of Scripture, after which there stood forth a quartette choir of professional singers, who informed us in the beautiful language of Sir John Bowring that they came forth "From the recesses of a lowly spirit"—a beautiful hymn, and indeed a beautiful tune—the congregation all sitting still, and doing their praise by proxy, while the four voices held on their way in time to the murmurings of the organ. Only once, and that in the last hymn, did the congregation rise to join in the service of song. — *Paxton Hood*.

5105. SERVICE, Interested. A man coming to the water-side is surrounded by all the crew; every one is officious, every one making applications, every one offering his services; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the water-side, no noise made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect. — *Pope*.

5106. SERVICE, Love of. It is related of Archbishop Leighton that, unlike some good people we have seen, he looked sad, rather than happy, on his recovery from a dangerous illness. A strange circumstance, and so unexpected that his attendants could not conceal their surprise. Whereupon the good man said something to this effect:—"I thought the voyage of life was over, and that, done with its sins and sorrow, I was about to cast anchor and go home; but now, though I had reached the harbour's mouth, I find myself once more driven out to sea, amid the billows and buffetings of a stormy world." Beautiful saying! Yet hers was a nobler piety who was not happy, like the good Archbishop, in the prospect of death—not happy to die, but wished rather to live . . . With the ties

that bound her to this world few and feeble, . . . she surprised the loved ones around her—but by expressing a wish to live! Had her faith failed? Was this the darkest hour that ushers in the dawn? No; it was the bright flash and leaping up of the flame before the light expires for ever. "I wish to live," she said. "Yonder I shall wear the crown, but *here only I can bear the cross*; and were it God's will, I would stay here to toil, sacrifice, and suffer yet more for Him, my dear Lord and Saviour, who sacrificed and suffered so much for me." — *Guthrie*.

5107. SERVICE, Profuse offers of. There are many persons who are ready to do some tremendous thing for us, when we don't want anything tremendous to be done. I have sometimes thought that the poor negro said for me all I want to say upon this subject. His old master lay a-dying, and he called his servant and told him that he had arranged in his will that he, the servant, was ultimately to be buried in the family grave. The old slave said, "Ten dollars would suit Cato better." — *Dr. Joseph Parker*.

5108. SERVICE, rendered to God. After the completion of his great picture of "The Last Judgment" for the altar of the Sistine Chapel (which had occupied him eight years), Michael Angelo devoted himself to the perfection of St. Peter's, of which he planned and built the dome. *He refused all remuneration* for his labours, saying he regarded his services as being rendered to the glory of God.

5109. SERVICE, Self-sacrificing. A heathen king who was wounded in battle sent in his dying hours for his trusted servant, and said to him, "Go, tell the dead I come." The soldier-servant, without hesitating for a moment, drew his sword and stabbed himself to the heart, that he might go to the dead before his master, and prepare them for his coming. Oh that we had this spirit of service and of sacrifice for the King of kings! In His dying hour He also said to us, "Go, tell the dead I come." — *Clerical Library*.

5110. SEVERITY, an evil unless it make men better. It is as unreasonable for a man to go into a Carthusian convent for fear of being immoral as for a man to cut off his hands for fear he should steal. There is, indeed, a great resolution in the immediate act of dismembering himself; but when that is once done he has no longer any merit; for though it is out of his power to steal, yet *he may all his life be a thief in his heart*. So when a man has once become a Carthusian, he is obliged to continue so, whether he chooses it or not. We read in the Gospel of the apostles being sent to preach, but not to hold their tongues. All severity that does not tend to increase good or prevent evil is idle. I said to the lady abbess of a convent, "Madam, *you are here not for the love of virtue, but the fear of vice*." She said she would remember this as long as she lived. — *Johnson*.

5111. SHAME, The proper direction of. A British nobleman, seeing his nephew leaving a house of ill-fame, said to him, "Do not be ashamed to come out of that place; rather, in future, be ashamed to go in." — *Biblical Museum*.

5112. SHEPHERD, known of the sheep. A man in India was accused of stealing a sheep. He was brought before the judge, and the supposed owner

of the sheep was present. Both claimed the sheep, and had witnesses to prove their claims; so it was not easy to decide to whom the sheep belonged. Knowing the habits of the shepherds and the sheep, the judge ordered the animal to be brought into court, and sent one of the two men into another room, while he told the other to call the sheep, and see whether it would come to him. But the poor sheep, *not knowing "the voice of a stranger,"* would not go to him. In the meantime the other man in the adjoining room, growing impatient, gave a kind of a "chuck," upon which the sheep bounded away towards him at once. This "chuck" was the way in which he had been used to call the sheep, and it was at once decided that he was the real owner.

5113. SHEPHERD, The true. A traveller once asserted to a Syrian shepherd that the sheep knew the *dress* of their master, not his *voice*. The shepherd, on the other hand, maintained it was the voice they knew. To settle the dispute, he and the traveller exchanged dresses, and went among the sheep. The traveller in the shepherd's dress called on the sheep, and tried to lead them, but "they knew not his *voice*," and never moved. On the other hand, they ran at once at the call of their owner, though thus disguised.

5114. SHODDY, End of. Shoddy doesn't exactly get threadbare; you can scarcely say that it has threads in it to do so. It falls to pieces at last very much like the famous one-horse shay. What of society when this element comes to the front? You may read the history of the French nation as it preceded the Revolution for an answer to that question.—*B.*

5115. SICKNESS, and religion. Dr. Johnson once adverted, in conversation with Seward and Boswell, to the evil life he led until sickness wrought a reformation, which in his case had been lasting. Mr. Seward thereupon observed "One would think that sickness and the view of death would make more men religious." But Johnson replied to this, "Sir, they do not know how to go about it; they have not the first notion. A man who has never had religion before no more grows religious when he is sick than a man who has never learnt figures can count when he has need of calculation." The Doctor had previously made the observation, "I myself was for some years totally regardless of religion. It had dropped out of my mind. It was at an early part of my life. Sickness brought it back, and I hope I have never lost it since."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

5116. SICKNESS, Comfort in. Some time ago I was asked to visit a dying woman. When I entered her house I was surprised at the cheerful aspect which it had; all was bright and pleasant. Two little children were playing with the fire-irons, as though such things as sickness and death were unknown in that house. I found the woman in bed. At once she began to speak about some friends in Liverpool, and taking everything quite lightly. I at once concluded that she was not a Christian, and felt bound to speak to her so that she might know her condition both of mind and body. I said, "Mrs. Campbell, how is your soul? You are surely not aware that the doctor has given you up." "The doctor given me up! No, sir; I have given the doctor up. He came in one day when I

was reading the Bible, and said, 'Mrs. Campbell, you must not read such a gloomy book as that; put it aside at once, and I will bring you a nice lively novel.' When I heard him speaking of my precious Bible like that, although I had very little money, I scraped enough to pay him his fees at once, and then put him aside instead of the Bible." I read the Twenty-third Psalm to her. When I had finished she said, "Ah, that's an easy seat." "What do you mean by an easy seat, Mrs. Campbell?" "I mean, though I am dying poor and and helpless, and my two children will be left without either father or mother in a very short time, yet *I know* that the Lord will provide for them, and that lets me sit easy."—*Captain Hatfield.*

5117. SICK, Kindness to. The incumbent of Osborne had occasion to visit an aged parishioner. Upon his arrival at the house, as he entered the door where the invalid was, he found, sitting by the bedside, a lady in deep mourning reading the Word of God. He was about to retire, when the lady remarked, "Pray remain. I should not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford." The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book with texts of Scripture adapted to the sick; and he found that out of that book portions of Scripture had been read by the lady in black. That lady was the Queen of England.

5118. SILENCE, and speech. Some men remind me of the young man who was sent to Socrates to learn oratory. On being introduced to the philosopher he talked so incessantly that Socrates asked for double fees. "Why charge me double?" said the young fellow. "Because," said the orator, "I must teach you two sciences: the one how to hold your tongue, and the other how to speak." The first science is the more difficult.—*Spurgeon.*

5119. SILENCE, and thought. Bees will not work except in darkness; thought will not work except in silence; neither will virtue work except in silence. Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.—*Carlyle.*

5120. SILENCE, Expressive. At Trafalgar, when a shot from Villeneuve's flag-ship, the "Bucentaure," at length went through the "Victory's" main-top-gallant sail, affording to the enemy the first visible proof that his shot would reach, and that, indeed, it had already told on Nelson's own ship, we read that "a minute or two of *awful silence* ensued" before the whole van of the French fleet opened a crashing fire on that one vessel, which for forty minutes, and notwithstanding the loss of fifty men, attempted no return.—*Francis Jacob.*

5121. SILENCE, Golden. A good woman of Jersey was sadly annoyed by a scolding neighbour who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. He advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney-corner the next time the woman called, take the tongs in her hands, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbour's lips, gently snap the tongs without saying a word. A day or two afterwards the good woman came again to her pastor with a bright and laughing face to communicate the effects of this new antidote for scolding. Her neighbour had visited her, and, as

usual, commenced her tirade. Snap went the tongs. Another volley—snap. Another still—snap. "Why don't you speak?" said the woman, more enraged. Snap. "Speak." Snap. "Do speak; I shall split if you don't speak." And away she went, cured of her malady by the magic power of silence.

5122. SILENCE, is golden. Addison professes to have been wonderfully delighted with a masterpiece of music, when, in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden, and after a little pause recovered themselves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. "Methought this short interval of silence has had more music in it than any one short space of time before or after it." . . . Burns, at St. Mary's Isle, was asked to recite his ballad of "Lord Gregory." He did recite it, and such was the effect that a dead silence ensued. "It was such a silence," explains one who was present, "as a mind of feeling naturally produces when touched with that enthusiasm which vanishes every other thought but the contemplation and indulgence of the sympathy evoked."—*Francis Jacob.*

5123. SILENCE, Power of. The Rev. William Tennant, of New England, once took much pains to prepare a sermon to convince a celebrated infidel of the truth of Christianity. But in attempting to deliver this laboured discourse he was so confused as to be compelled to stop and close the service by prayer. This unexpected failure in one who had so often astonished the unbeliever with the force of his eloquence, led the infidel to reflect that Mr. Tennant had been at other times aided by a Divine power. This reflection proved the means of his conversion. *God accomplished by silence what his servant wished to effect by persuasive preaching.* Mr. Tennant used afterwards to say his dumb sermon was one of the most profitable sermons that he had ever delivered.

5124. SILENCE, Wisdom of. A story is told of Zeuxis, how he reproved a certain Megabyzus, high priest of great Diana of the Ephesians, who discoursed of pictures in the painter's studio with so reckless an audacity of ignorance, that the very lads who were grinding colours there could not refrain from giggling; whereupon quoth Zeuxis to his too-eloquent friend, "*As long as you kept from talking, you were the admiration of these boys, who were all wonder at your rich attire and the number of your servants; but now that you have ventured to expatiate upon the arts, of which you know simply nothing, they are laughing at you outright.*"—*Francis Jacob.*

5125. SIMPLE, invited to Christ. Plato had inscribed on the door of his school, "Let none but geometricians enter here;" but on the portals of the Christian school is written, "*Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither.*"—*Biblical Museum.*

5126. SIMPLETONS, Vanity of. Pedley, who was a well-known natural simpleton, was wont to say, "God help the fool." None are more ready to pity the folly of others than those who have a small share of wit themselves.—*Spurgeon.*

5127. SIMPLICITY and cunning, contrasted. It is the saying of Dio Chrysostom, a heathen orator, that "simplicity and truth are great and wise things, but cunning and deceit are foolish and mean; for," saith he, "observe the beasts; the

more courage and spirit they have, the less art and subtilty they use; but the more timorous and ignoble they are, the more false and deceitful."—*Stillingfleet.*

5128. SIMPLICITY, and experience. There is a picture in the corridor at Windsor Castle, not of any great excellence in point of art, but affecting and interesting from the higher human charm which gives these public pageants of succession a quite new and peculiar attraction. It is called "The Queen's First Council," and shows us the girl-Queen, so young and slight and childlike in appearance, seated with a grave simplicity among the veterans of the Council. It would be difficult to imagine anything more touching.

5129. SIMPLICITY, may be assumed. Brissot, to whose writings and conduct the horrid massacres of the Tuileries on the 10th of August 1792 have been principally ascribed, exclaimed, in defending himself, to Dumont, "Look at the extreme simplicity of my dwelling, and see whether you can justly reproach me with dissipation or frivolity. For two years I have not been near a theatre!"—*Horace Smith.*

5130. SIMPLICITY, Power of. Dr. Chalmers moved a whole congregation to tears by the few simple words, "It was because God was very good to him."—*Denton.*

5131. SIMPLICITY, the strength of faith. "Give me a bairn's hymn," said the late Dr. Guthrie one evening near his last, to the friends who gathered in his chamber; and the simple strain, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me," soothed and strengthened the dying man.—*Sunday at Home.*

5132. SIN, a deceiver. Martha Browning, a young woman, aged twenty-four, was executed many years ago for murder. The fatal deed was committed to obtain possession of a £5 note; but when the tempting bait was at last really possessed, *it proved to be not a note of the Bank of England, but a flash note of the Bank of Elegance!*

5133. SIN, a delusion. Transport yourself to such scenes as Hogarth painted. Here is a man in a damp, dark cell, seated on a heap of straw, and chained like a wild beast to the wall. He smiles, sings, laughs; his bare cell a palace; these rough keepers obsequious courtiers; and he himself a monarch, the happiest of mortals, an object of envy to crowned kings. Strange delusion! Yet is that man not more beside himself who, with a soul formed for the purest enjoyments, delights in the lowest pleasures, who, content with this poor world, rejects the offer of heaven; who, surest sign of insanity, hates in a Heavenly Father and a Saviour those who love him; who, in love with sin, hugs his chains; lying under the wrath of God, is merry, sings, and dances on the thin crust that, ever and anon breaking beneath the feet of others, is all that separates him from an abyss of fire?—*Biblical Museum.*

5134. SIN, a disease of the heart. Some malady which you do not understand troubles and alarms you. The physician is called. Thinking that the illness proceeds from a certain inflammatory process on a portion of your skin, you anxiously direct his attention to the spot. Silently but sympathisingly he looks at the place you have bidden him look, and because you have bidden him look there, but soon

he turns away. He is busy with an instrument on another part of your body. He presses his trumpet-tube gently to your breast, and listens for the pulsations which faintly but distinctly pass through. He looks and listens there, and saddens as he looks. You again direct his attention to the cutaneous eruption which annoys you. He sighs and sits silent. When you reiterate your request that something should be done for the external eruption, he gently shakes his head, and answers not a word. *From this silence* you would learn the truth at last; you would not miss its meaning long. Oh, miss not the meaning of the Lord when He points to the seat of the soul's disease: "*Ye will not come.*" These, His enemies, dwell in your heart.—*Dr. Arnot.*

5135. SIN, a fatal hindrance. One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last passover was eaten (a precious relic which had long remained concealed from human eyes because of the sins of the land), suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry and *pure and guiltless of evil conversation*. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplishments were therefore rendered vain by his intrigue with Queen Guenever; and in his holy quest he encountered only disgraceful disaster.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

5136. SIN, a poison. The poison of sin is like the poison of a serpent, which is radically the same in all of the same species.—*Charnocke.*

5137. SIN, a punishment to the Christian. The Emperor of Constantinople had become greatly offended with the saintly Chrysostom. Violently enraged, he said to his courtiers, "I wish I could be avenged of that bishop!" Each gave his opinion as to the most effectual mode of punishing one to whom their master had so great an aversion. The first said, "Banish him, so that you will never see him again." The second said, "No; confiscate all his property." "Throw him into prison," said a third. "Why not put him to death?" exclaimed a fourth. A fifth speaker, however, shrewdly said, "You are all under a great mistake. The Emperor may find a much better way of punishing the bishop. For this man, if sent into exile, would take God with him. If you confiscate his goods, you rob the poor, not him. If thrown into a dungeon, he would have time and solitude for communion with his God. Condemning him to death would be to open the gates of heaven to him. No, no! If the Emperor really wishes to be revenged upon Chrysostom, *he must force him to commit some sin*, for he is a man who fears neither exile, poverty, chains, nor death, being afraid of nothing but sin."—*Christian Family (from the French).*

5138. SIN, an inseparable companion. I shall never forget a sermon I heard from a negro clergyman in Chicago, in the course of which he said, "You who are wicked mind what you are about. How would you like to have your sins as your companions, to live with them for ever and ever?"—*Newman Hall.*

5139. SIN, and Christ's blood. There is a legend

of Luther, that during a serious illness the Evil One seemed to enter his sick-room, and looking at him with a triumphant smile, unrolled a vast roll which he carried in his arms. As the fiend threw one end of it on the floor, and it unwound itself with the impetus he had given it, Luther's eyes were fixed on it, and to his consternation he read there the long and fearful record of his own sins, clearly and distinctly enumerated. That stout heart quailed before that ghastly roll. Suddenly it flashed into his mind that there was one thing not written there. He said aloud, "One thing you have forgotten: the rest is all true; but one thing you have forgotten: 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'" As he said this the "accuser of the brethren" and his heavy roll of "lamentation and mourning and woe" disappeared together.

5140. SIN, and danger easily fallen into. A captain of a French vessel was once walking carelessly along the bank of a river, near the mouth, when the tide was low. He was looking about him, and did not observe in front, on the ground, a great chain, one end of which was fastened to a stone in the bank, and the other end to an anchor sunk in the river. Against this chain he stumbled, and his foot passed through one of the links of the chain, and he could not get it back again. He struggled violently, turning his foot first one way and then the other, to get it free, but he could not. Some men happened to be passing, so he hailed them. They ran up and tried to help him, but failed. His foot had begun to swell, and all their efforts were in vain. What was to be done? To unfasten the chain was impossible, for it was a huge mass of iron, which could only be moved by the aid of a capstan, and there was no capstan near. Besides, the tide was coming in, and there was no time to be lost. "Let us call a blacksmith to saw the chain," said the men. One of them ran off to the nearest village, two or three miles away, and brought the smith. Alas! the tools he had were not powerful enough. Meanwhile the tide was rising higher and higher, and coming nearer, slowly but surely. To get into this dreadful danger had been the work of a moment; hours of toil had not got the poor man out. What was to be done? How answer the wretched man's prayers? "Save me! save me! *Do something! do anything!* Do not leave me here to die. There was but one thing to try: fetch a surgeon to amputate the foot. Would he endure that? Endure that! Yes, anything; he would put up with any loss, any sacrifice, if only he could be saved. The surgeon was fetched. By the time he came the tide had risen. To reach the wretched man they had to go in a boat, and it was—*too late!* The waves rolled over him, and he was gone.—*Rev. G. Litting, LL.B.*

5141. SIN, and forgiveness. Mr. French quoted a saying of old Fuller's—"He that falls into sin is a man; he that grieves at sin is a saint; he that boasts of sin is a devil." My father (Rev. W. Marsh, D.D.) replied, "Only one thing more: *He that forgives it is God.*"—*Miss Marsh.*

5142. SIN, and its treatment. "How do you make your living?" "I hang about the drinking saloons," she replied. Not quite taking in the meaning of this answer, I asked her again, "What are your means of life?" But she laughed, and gave no further answer. Hereupon the master of the lodging, having probably overheard the ques-

tions and answers, came in from the next room. He cast a stern look at her, and said to me, "She is a prostitute, sir." After saying that to me with a respectful smile on his lips, he turned to the woman, and spoke to her fast and roughly, as one might speak to a dog. "You hang about the drinking saloons. Well!—give the answer you ought to give—prostitute. She does not know her own name!" His tone pained me. "We have no right to insult her," I said. "If we men lived as God would have us live, there would be no prostitutes. We ought rather to pity them than to blame them." I had no sooner said this than I heard the boards of the beds creaking in the next room. Above the partition (which did not reach the ceiling) there appeared a curly head, with little swollen eyes and a dark red face; then another head popped up; and still another. These women had doubtless got up on their beds to look over. All these stared at me earnestly. There was an awkward silence. The master of the lodging cast his eyes down in confusion. The women drew in their breath and waited. I felt more confused than any of the rest. I had never thought that a word dropped thus casually could have produced such an effect. It was almost like the movement of the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision. *I had uttered without thought a word of love and pity, and that word had thrilled them all.* They all looked at me as if they expected me to speak the words and do the deeds whereby these bones might come together, cover themselves with flesh, and live again.—*Count Tolstoi.*

5143. **SIN, and judgment.** The tale of the goblet which the genius of a heathen fashioned was true, and taught a moral of which many a death-bed furnishes the melancholy illustration. Having made the model of a serpent, he fixed it in the bottom of a cup. Coiled for the spring, a pair of gleaming eyes in its head, and in its open mouth fangs raised to strike, it lay beneath the ruby wine. Nor did he who raised the golden cup to quench his thirst and quaff the delicious draught suspect what lay below, *till, as he reached the dregs,* that dreadful head rose up, and glistened before his eyes. So, when life's cup is nearly emptied, and sin's last pleasure quaffed, and unwilling lips are draining the bitter dregs, shall rise the ghastly terrors of remorse and death and judgment upon the despairing soul. Be assured a serpent lurks at the bottom of guilt's sweetest pleasure.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

5144. **SIN, and punishment.** There was a man who committed a foul murder in a Scottish castle upon a young bridegroom, at whose marriage festivities he had hypocritically assisted. The assassin took horse in the dead of night and fled for his life through wood and winding path. When the sun dawned he slackened his pace, and behold! he was emerging from a thicket in front of the very castle whence he had fled, and to which, by tortuous paths, he had returned. Horror seized him: he was discovered, and condemned to death.

5145. **Sin, Cleansing of.** Captain Hedley Vicars, when under deep conviction of sin, one morning came to his table almost broken-hearted and bowed to the dust with a sense of his guilt. "Oh, wretched man that I am!" he repeated to himself, at the same time glancing at his Bible, which lay open before him. His eyes suddenly rested on that beautiful verse, "*The blood of Jesus Christ His*

Son cleanseth from all sin." "Then," said he, "it can cleanse me from mine;" and he instantly believed with his heart unto righteousness, and was filled with peace and joy. From that time to the hour in which he lay bathed in his own blood, in the trenches before Sebastopol, he never doubted his forgiveness, or God's ability and willingness to pardon the chief of sinners.—*S. M. Haughton.*

5146. **SIN, Consciousness of.** A good Quaker told me once how he visited a sick neighbour, and began to talk to the man about soul-matters. Religion was all very good, the poor sick man acknowledged, but he could not see what need he had to concern himself about it, for he had never done anybody any harm in his life. The good Quaker tried to convince him that he had lived without hope and without God in the world, and that he was not fit to die; that he had neither prayed nor worshipped, nor read his Bible, nor trained up his children in the fear of God, and he ought to feel himself a sinner in the sight of his Maker. The good Quaker knelt and prayed with him, and visited him again and again, and began to observe that the man gradually forgot to boast of his innocence, and at last seemed to be growing very tender, for he observed him in tears. At last he could conceal his state no longer, but burst out into weeping. "I am too great a sinner," said he; "there is no mercy for me!" "Thank God!" said the good Quaker, "*I have hope of thee now.* Let us pray once more, and see if there be no mercy for thee." The Quaker prayed, and the poor sinner prayed; and before they gave over the sinner's soul was set free, and he rejoiced in the pardoning love of God.—*Thomas Cooper.*

5147. **SIN, Conviction of.** It was a significant remark made by Tholuck, the beloved professor at Halle, and made at a time which gave it increased significance, that in reviewing the manifold blessings which God had bestowed upon him during a long life, *the one thing for which he had most to thank Him was the "conviction of sin."* The acknowledgment had unusual emphasis given it by the fact that it was made in the hearing of a great multitude of his students, and of the learned men of Germany, gathered together in the fiftieth anniversary of his career as professor in the University of Halle. In the presence of that vast assembly he was not ashamed to confess that the personal consciousness of sin, as sin is seen in the illumination thrown upon it by the Holy Ghost, was the chiefest of the blessings which had been vouchsafed to him in the mercy of his Heavenly Father.

5148. **SIN, covered.** Certain great iron-castings have been ordered for a railway bridge. The thickness has been calculated according to the extent of the span and the weight of the load. The contractor constructs his moulds according to the specification, and when all is ready pours in the molten metal. In the process of casting, through some defect in the mould, portions of air lurk in the heart of the iron, and cavities, like those of a honey-comb, are formed in the interior of the beam; but all defects are hid, and the flaws are effectually concealed. The artisan has covered his fault, but he will not prosper. As soon as it is subjected to a strain the beam gives way. Sin covered becomes a rotten hollow in a human soul, and when the strain comes the false gives way.—*W. Arnot.*

5149. SIN, Deadliness of. The blossoms of the Judas-tree appear before the leaves, and they are of brilliant crimson. The flaming beauty of the flowers attracts innumerable insects; and the wandering bee is drawn to it to gather honey. But every bee that alights upon the blossoms imbibes a fatal poison, and drops dead. Beneath this enticing tree the earth is strewn with the victims of its fatal fascinations.—*Denton*.

5150. SIN, Deceitfulness of. It is not only a *crime* that men commit when they do wrong, but it is a *blunder*. "The game is not worth the candle," according to the French proverb. The thing that you buy is not worth the price you pay for it. Sin is like a great forest tree that we sometimes see standing up green in its leafy beauty, and spreading a broad shadow over half a field; but when we get round on the other side there is a great dark hollow in the very heart of it, and corruption is at work there. It is like the poison-tree in travellers' stories, tempting weary men to rest beneath its thick foliage, and insinuating death into the limbs that relax in the fatal coolness of its shade. It is like the apples of Sodom, fair to look upon, but turning to acrid ashes on the unwary lips. It is like the magician's rod that we read about in old books. There it lies; and if tempted by its glitter or fascinated by the power that it proffers you, you take it in your hand, the thing starts into a serpent with erected crest and sparkling eye, and plunges its quick barb into the hand that holds it, and sends poison through all the veins.—*MacLarin*.

5151. SIN, Deceptive nature of. I heard a minister not long since, while preaching on the nature and deceptive influence of sin, make use of the following illustration:—"Suppose," said the preacher, "an individual should go to a blacksmith and say to him, 'Sir, I wish you to make me a very long and heavy chain; here are the dimensions. Have it done at such a time, and I will pay you the cash for it.' The blacksmith is pressed with other and more important work, but for the sake of the money he commences the chain, and after toiling hard many days, finishes it. The individual calls. 'Have you made that chain?' 'Yes, sir; here it is.' 'That is very well done. A good chain; but it is not long enough.' 'Not long enough! Why, it is just the length you told me to make it.' 'Oh yes, yes; but I have concluded to have it much longer than at first; work on it another week. I will then call and pay you for it.' And thus, flattered with praise and encouraged with the promise of full reward for his labour, he toils on, adding link to link, till the appointed time when his employer calls again, and, as before, praises his work; but still he insists that 'the chain is too short.' 'But,' says the blacksmith, 'I can do no more. My iron is expended, and so is my strength. I need the pay for what I have done, and can do no more till I have it!' 'Oh, never mind; I think you have the means of adding a few links more; the chain will then answer the purpose for which it is intended, and you shall be fully rewarded for all your labour.' With his remaining strength and a few scraps of iron, he adds the last link of which he is capable; then says the man to him, 'The chain is a good one; you have toiled long and hard to make it. I see that you can do no more, and now you shall have your reward.' But, instead of paying the money, he takes the chain, binds the labourer hand

and foot, and casts him into a furnace of fire! *Such*," said the preacher, "*is a course of sin!* It promises much, but its reward is death!"—*C. Field*.

5152. SIN detected, illustrated. When Canova was about to commence his great statue of the great Napoleon, his keenly observant eye detected a tiny red line running through the upper portion of the splendid block that at an infinite cost had been fetched from Paros, and he refused to lay a chisel on it.—*Grosart*.

5153. SIN, Dissatisfaction with. A boy eighteen years of age said in my presence, "Why, these missionaries are breakin' up our business." "What is your business?" "Well, me an' my mates, we haven't got no character, so we has to get a livin', an' we steals; we thieves; but the missionaries have been about breakin' up our business." "How?" "Well, sir, *they've been tellin' of us that God Almighty sees us*, an' I tell you, sir, when I get my hand in a gentleman's pocket an' I think God is lookin' at me, it takes all the pluck out of me, an' I never steals now, unless I'm starvin'."—*J. B. Gough*.

5154. SIN, Effects of. The Egyptian queen was a fool when she dissolved a priceless pearl into a single cup of pleasure! The Indian chief was a fool when he, underrating the momentum of the current, and thinking he could stem the mighty flood, launched his canoe into the rapids and went over Niagara! He is a fool who sports with a deadly serpent! A man is a fool who, unarmed and alone, springs to combat with a lion! But SIN is stronger than a lion, and more venomous than a serpent! The momentum of its destroying flood is mightier than Niagara's, and, more precious than all queenly regalia, it dissolves in one cup of evil gladness "*the Pearl of Great Price!*"—*Talmage*.

5155. SIN, Entanglements of. The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stranger snare.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

5156. SIN, Exposure of. When a bookcase, standing long in one place, was removed there was the exact image left on the wall of the whole, and of many of its portions. But in the midst of this picture was another, the precise outline of a map which had hung on the wall before the bookcase was placed there. We had all forgotten everything about the map until we saw its photograph on the wall. Thus, some day or another, we may remember a sin which has been covered up, when this lower universe is pulled away from before the wall of infinity, where the wrong-doing stands self-recorded.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

5157. SIN, feared. When Endocia angrily threatened St. Chrysostom with banishment he calmly replied, "Go, tell her *I fear nothing but sin.*"—*Seeker*.

5158. SIN, Fear of. Count Godomar, a foreigner of note, often professed, in his declining years, when death and the eternal world seemed near, that he feared nothing more in the world than sin; and whatever liberties he had formerly taken,

he would rather now submit to be torn to pieces by wild beasts than knowingly or willingly commit any sin."—*Christian Age*.

5159. SIN, First entrance of. I have seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighbouring gardens; but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

5160. SIN, Glamour of. A few years ago two friends were visiting Niagara Falls. While there one went out on that frail narrow bridge that connects Goat Island with the tower-rock, where the torrent precipitates itself into the fearful abyss at your feet. There he stood on the edge of life, gazing spell-bound into the jaws of death ready to receive him. Deafened by the incessant roar, half blinded by the spray, fragments of rainbows flashing out of the mist like spirit-hands beckoning him to leap into the flood, his brain began to whirl, sense grew dim, and his body slowly waved to and fro over the yawning gulf. His friend from the shore saw his peril. *He shouted to him in vain*; his voice was swallowed up in the din and rush of that tremendous cataract. He sprang upon the bridge, and reaching the end of the platform, seized his friend by the arm, and the dazed man was saved.

5161. SIN, God's testimony against. I heard Dr. Parker once describe hell according to the Biblical description, "The worm that dieth not, the fire that is not quenched." "I will not," said he, "abate one word, or explain away the awful meaning of 'the weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth'; of the 'bottomless pit,' for it must be bottomless, if the soul is immortal. I will bring them all before you—this fire, this weeping and wailing, this undying worm, this bottomless pit;" and then with an indescribable gesture, with his finger pointing as if towards this aggregation of horrors, he said, "There—*there is God's testimony against sin*."—*J. B. Gough*.

5162. SIN, Hatred of. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in the beginning of the twelfth century, said, "If I should see the shame of sin on the one hand, and the pain of hell on the other, and must of necessity choose one, *I would rather be thrust into hell without sin than go into heaven with sin*."

5163. SIN, Hatred of. Cato, it is said by Plutarch, never gave his opinion in the Senate upon any other point whatever without adding these words—"And my opinion is, that Carthage should be destroyed." And our hatred of sin ought to be as persistent and as uncompromising. But, alas! in our actions at least, if not in our words, we are more like Scipio, who used always to reply, "And my opinion is, that Carthage should be left standing."—*B.*

5164. SIN, Hold of, illustrated. I knew of one who, while wandering along a lonely and rocky shore at the ebb of tide, slipped his foot into a

narrow crevice. Fancy his horror at finding he could not withdraw the imprisoned limb! Dreadful predicament! There he sat, with his back to the shore and his face to the sea. . . . How he shouted to the distant boat! how his heart sank as her yards swung round and she went off on the other tack! how his cries sounded high above the roar of breakers! how bitterly he envied the white sea-mew her wing, as, wondering at this intruder on her lone domains, she sailed above his head, and shrieked back his shriek! how at length, abandoning all hope of help from man, he turned his face to heaven and cried loud and long to God! All that God only knows. But as sure as there was a terrific struggle, so sure, while he watched the waters rising inch by inch, these cries never ceased till the wave swelled up, and washing the dying prayer from his lips, broke over his head with a melancholy moan. There was no help for him. *There is help for us*, although fixed in sin as fast as that man in the fissured rock.—*Guthrie*.

5165. SIN, how dealt with. A snake may be so handled by taking out the sting or teeth that it cannot hurt us though it touch us; yet we abhor it for the nature of it, and are afraid to have it come near us, and it's but our fear. So sin is in such sort handled by our Saviour Christ, that though it touch us and hiss at us, yet it cannot hurt us.—*Elnathan Parr*.

5166. SIN, how we should think of. I once walked into a garden with a lady to gather some flowers. There was one large bush whose branches were bending under the weight of the most beautiful roses. We both gazed upon it with admiration. There was one flower on it which seemed to shine above all the rest in beauty. This lady pressed forward into the thick bush, and reached far over to pluck it. As she did this a black snake, which was hid in the bush, wrapped itself round her arm. She was alarmed beyond all description, and ran from the garden screaming, and almost in convulsions. During all that day she suffered very much with fear; her whole body trembled, and it was a long time before she could be quieted. That lady is still alive. Such is her hatred now of the whole serpent race, that she has never since been able to look at a snake, even though it were dead. No one could ever persuade her to venture again into a cluster of bushes, even to pluck a beautiful rose. Now this is the way the sinner acts who truly repents of his sins. *He thinks of sin as the serpent that once coiled itself round him*. He hates it. He dreads it. He flies from it. He fears the places where it inhabits. He does not willingly go into the haunts. He will no more play with sin than this lady would afterwards have fondled snakes.—*Bishop Meade*.

5167. SIN, Hypocritical confessions of. A man comes to me and confesses that he has lied to me and defrauded me, and I may have a time with him to begin with; but when it is all over I say to him, "There, that ends it; it is all rubbed out." But he comes around again to-morrow, and says, "Now, Mr. Beecher, about that lying and defrauding which rests so heavily on my mind." "Well," I say, "do not talk any more about that; we got through with that yesterday." To-morrow he comes again, and very soon breaks through the conversation, and says, "Well, now, you know I lied to you

and defrauded you." I say, "Well, I told you I didn't want you to talk about that any more." But the next day he comes again, and says, "I feel that I am a miserable, unworthy man, having lied to you and defrauded you;" and I say to him, "Now, I don't want to see you any more; I am tired of you; go away!" But we seem to think that it is pleasing to God for us to come to Him continually and repeat the same strain, telling Him what sinners we are, and how unworthy we are. Do not you suppose God knows what sinners we are, and how unworthy we are? Having once addressed you on the side of magnanimity, and said, "I pardon your transgressions, I take away your sins, I will bury them in the depths of the sea, I will never make mention of them again;" when once He has presented Himself as a God of grace, that ought to be enough; and *we ought not to come to Him for ever iterating and reiterating our sense of unworthiness.* And the worst of it is, you do not think so. There would be some reason in it if you did; but you do not. It is a thing that has become a mere ritual; and we go into the presence of God, and tell Him how low we are living in the light of our privileges, and how sinful we are, and pray and pray for His mercy. The attitude is not worthy of ourselves, and certainly is not worthy of our Lord and Master.—*Beecher.*

5168. SIN, in the heart. There once sailed from the city of New Orleans a large and noble steamer, laden with cotton, and having a great number of passengers on board. While they were taking in the cargo a portion of it became slightly moistened by a shower of rain that fell. This circumstance, however, was not noticed; the cotton was stowed away in the hold, and the hatches fastened down. During the first part of the voyage all went well, but, far out towards the middle of the Atlantic ocean, all on board were one day alarmed by the fearful cry of "Fire!" and in a few moments the noble ship was completely enveloped in flames. The damp and closely packed cotton had become heated; it smouldered away, and got into a more dangerous state every day, until at last it burst out into a broad sheet of flame, and nothing could be done to stop it. The passengers and crew were compelled to take to the boats; but some were suffocated and consumed in the fire, and many more were drowned in the sea. Now, the heated cotton, smouldering in the hull of that vessel, is *like sin in the heart of a man.*

5169. SIN, in the heart. After the Great Fire of London in 1666 the common London rocket sprang up in abundance; the seeds had lain in the ground for centuries; and when the houses were burned down the plants sprang up. There are worse seeds in our hearts, which, unless the grace of God prevent, will germinate, grow, and blossom, and bear the fruit of self-righteousness.—*George Walker, B.A.*

5170. SIN, in the heart. A large oak-tree was recently felled in the grove adjoining Avondale, near the centre of which was found a small nail, surrounded by twenty-nine cortical circles, the growth of as many years. The sap, in its annual ascents and descents, had carried with it the oxide from the metal, till a space of some three or four feet in length and four or five inches in diameter was completely blackened.—*Preacher's Lantern.*

5171. SIN, its own punishment. A gentleman once said to a wicked man, "You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness." "I have not prospered at it," cried the man. "With half the time and energy I have spent I might have been a man of property and character. But I am a homeless wretch; twice I have been in State prison. I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries; but I tell you, *my worst punishment is in being what I am.*"—*Christian Age.*

5172. SIN, loathed by a Christian. An Arminian, arguing with a Calvinist, remarked, "If I believed your doctrine, and were sure that I was a converted man, I would take my fill of sin." "*How much sin,*" replied the godly Calvinist, "do you think it would take to fill a true Christian to his own satisfaction?" Here he hit the nail on the head. "How can we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" A truly converted man hates sin with all his heart, and even if he could sin without suffering for it, it would be misery enough to him to sin at all.—*Spurgeon.*

5173. SIN, lurking in the soul. A man went into a jeweller's shop in Paris and asked to see some rings. A number were brought for him to choose from. Amongst others was an ancient gold ring, handsome and very curiously chased, but chiefly remarkable for two little lion's claws on the inside of it. Whilst looking at other rings, the purchaser played with this, slipping it on and off his finger. He bought another ring, and left the shop. Soon his hand, then his side, and next his whole body became numb, as though smitten with paralysis. The physician who was called in thought him dying, and said, "You must surely have taken poison." The sick man protested that he had not. At length he bethought himself of the ring; and then it was discovered that it was what was used to be called a death-ring, such as were often used in Italy. For four hundred years this ring ad kept its poison, and at the end of that time was strong enough to well-nigh kill the man who accidentally scratched his finger with its claw. So sin may slumber for a time, but it is a deadly poison that will surely slay the soul.

5174. SIN, may be committed by proxy. According to an old writer, no Capuchin among the Papists may take or touch silver. This metal is as great an anathema to them as the wedge of gold to Achan, at the offer whereof they start back as Moses from the serpent; yet the monk has a boy behind him who will receive and carry home any quantity, and neither complain of metal nor measure.—*Spurgeon.*

5175. SIN, Monstrous doctrine concerning. Schenck proceeds in a most monstrous manner, haranguing, without the least discernment, on the subject of sin. I myself have heard him say, in the pulpit at Eisenach, without any qualification whatever, "Sin—sin is nothing. God will receive sinners; He himself tells us they shall enter the kingdom of heaven." Schenck makes no distinction between sins committed, sins committing, and sins to be committed; so that when the common people hear him say, "Sin, for God will receive sinners," they very readily repeat, "Well, we'll sin then." 'Tis a most erroneous doctrine. What is announced as to God's receiving sinners applies

to sinners who have repented; there is all the difference in the world between *agnitum peccatum*, attended by repentance, and *velle peccare*, which is an inspiration of the devil.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

5176. SIN, must be renounced. I met to-day with a picture of what we must do in order to be saved. There was a large regiment of soldiers in India who did not receive their pay for six months, getting only their rations. The men suspected the commanding officer had kept back the money, he being a notorious gambler. They met together, and determined next day, when called out, they would not obey orders, but they would all march in a body to the general's house, some six miles distant, and present a complaint against their commanding officer of having robbed them of their pay. The day came; the officer gave his orders as usual; the officers and non-commissioned officers did their duty, but the men stood still. He ordered every tenth man to be locked up; it was done; no resistance being made. The drum played, and the rest marched away in good order, and filed off to the general's house. They presented their petition, and reported against their commanding officer. The general thought, "Well, if we let them do this all discipline will be broken. We must put this down. They ought to have had their pay; but they must not disobey orders." Next morning, to their great surprise, they saw a black army of Sepoys, with field-pieces in front, and cavalry, all ready for action. They formed into a line and saluted the general. The black men got ready, and so did the regiment; they fixed their pieces ready for the charge, when the commanding officer said, "Twenty-third, obey me! Handle arms! Ground arms!" Then he ordered the Sepoys to charge them, and drive them from their weapons, and gave further command that they should be stripped of all their accoutrements. Then, having disarmed and dishonoured them, he said, "I will forgive you." I think that is just what God would have us do. We have revolted and rebelled against Him. "Ground arms," said He. "Put your sins away, put your drunkenness, your self-righteousness away. Ground arms." And when sin is renounced, and we are ready to perish, and we think that the law is ready to blow us in pieces, then He says, "I will forgive you."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

5177. SIN, One, the soul's ruin. There was but one crack in the lantern, and the wind has found it out and blown out the candle. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us!—*Spurgeon.*

5178. SIN, Origin of. At a missionary station among the Hottentots the question was proposed, "Do we possess anything that we have not received of God?" A little girl of five years old immediately answered, "Yes, sir, *sin*."

5179. SIN, Original. A minister having preached on the doctrine of original sin, was afterwards waited on by some persons, who stated their objections to what he had advanced. After hearing them he said, "I hope you do not deny actual sin too?" "No," they replied. The good man expressed his satisfaction at their acknowledgment; but, to show the absurdity of their opinions in denying a doctrine so plainly taught in Scripture,

he asked them, "*Did you ever see a tree growing without a root?*"

5180. SIN, Playing with, illustrated. The newly caught cobra was brought out with the others, and the man, spirit-valiant, commenced to handle the stranger like the rest. But the cobra darted at his chin and bit it, making two marks like pin-points. The poor juggler was sobered in an instant. "*I am a dead man*," he exclaimed. . . . ! In two hours he was a corpse.—*Philip H. Gosse, F.R.S.*

5181. SIN, Pleasures of. Three young men, bathing one sunny day in a beautiful river, allowed themselves to float downwards towards a waterfall some distance below. At length two of them made for the shore, and to their alarm found that the current was stronger than they had supposed. They immediately hailed the other, and urged him also to seek the shore. But he smiled at their fears, and floated on. "It is pleasant floating," he said, and seemed to enjoy it much. Soon several persons were gathered on the bank of the river, and, alarmed for his safety, they cried out in deep earnestness, "Make for the shore, make for the shore, or you will certainly go over!" But he still floated on, laughing at their fears. Soon he saw his danger, and exerted his utmost energies to gain the bank. *But, alas! it was too late!* The current was too strong. He cried for help, but no help could reach him. His mind was filled with anguish, and just as he reached the fearful precipice he threw himself up with arms extended, gave an unearthly shriek, and then was plunged into the boiling abyss below.—*Biblical Museum.*

5182. SIN, Retribution in. A bag of gold stolen from a Western steamer was found bound to the neck of the robber, his treasure having sunk him.—*Van Doren.*

5183. SIN, Secret. Some shepherds once saw an eagle soar out from a crag. It flew majestically, far up into the sky, but by-and-by became unsteady, and began to waver in its flight. At length one wing dropped, and then the other, and the poor bird fell swiftly to the ground. The shepherds sought the fallen bird, and found that a little serpent had fastened itself upon it while it rested on the crag. The eagle did not know that the serpent was there. But it gnawed in through the feathers, and while the proud monarch was sweeping through the air its fangs were thrust into his flesh, and he came reeling down into the dust. It is the story of Samson; it is the story of many a life. For a time the promise is great, then suddenly it falls. *Some secret sin* has long been eating its way into the heart, and at last the proud life lies soiled and dishonoured in the dust.

5184. Sin, Service of. In New York the people who were tried in the police court, on being sentenced had to pass over a high bridge on their way to prison. On one side of that bridge was a large poster which said, "The Bridge of Sighs;" and upon the other side was one which said, "The way of transgressors is hard." He said to the officer of the prison, "Why did you put that up there?" and he said, "The most of those convicted here are young men, and they generally wept on being brought over this bridge, and we call it the Bridge of Sighs." The yoke of Satan was hard, and there was not a

drunkard, a harlot, or a libertine but *knew* it was hard.—*Moody*.

5185. SIN, Sickening of. A man mad with brandy leaped into the harbour at Boulogne. A poor fisherman plunged in, and lifted him out. In a few minutes the poor lunatic repeated the act, and was again rescued. This did not suffice, for he was over the boat's side again, and more than ever likely to be drowned. He who undertook to save him this time was a wise man, and therefore saved him on a better system than before. He ducked him beneath the waves again and again, sousing, saturating, and filling him with the brine, so as to give him a sickening of it. Thus we have seen your easy converts return to the danger from which we hoped they had escaped; but by deep convictions, and a sense of Divine wrath, the Holy Spirit makes surer work of those upon whom He operates; for thus He sickens men of venturing again into the deep from which they have been drawn with difficulty. Any true conversion is good, but we confess our liking to the old-fashioned Bunyan-like experience. A little drenching and half-drowning in terror nauseates men of iniquity, and this is a great point gained.—*Spurgeon*.

5186. SIN, Stealthy approach of. When the wild horses of Mexico are grazing unconsciously in a prairie, there may sometimes be seen gathering in the distance a troop of wolves, whom hunger has driven out after food. At first the horses snuff up the scent and become alarmed, and as long as they continue so all is safe; for their fleetness puts a barrier between themselves and their assailants, which the latter are wholly unable to surmount. But so grave and innocent do the wolves look—so solely graminivorous and gentle—that their intended victims soon become relieved from all fear, and begin again quietly to graze upon the same spot. Presently two of the older and more wary of the wolves stroll forth, as it were listlessly, and apparently for the mere purpose of pastime, sometimes advancing, sometimes retreating, and every now and then stopping to gambol with each other, as if to show their disengaged simplicity and buoyancy of heart. Again the horses become alarmed; but again, observing how very friendly and innocent their visitors appear, they fall once more to grazing secure on the fields. But the fatal moment has now come; and with unerring spring, the nearest of the victims finds the fangs of one of his gaunt and wily pursuers fastened in his haunches, and those of another in his neck, and in a moment he is covered by the whole of the greedy pack that had been thus waiting till this moment to dash upon his prostrate frame. So it is that sin presents itself to the incautious soul.—*Preacher's Lantern*.

5187. SIN, sure to be found out. When Dr. Donne took possession of his first living, he walked into the churchyard as the sexton was digging a grave; and on his throwing up a skull, the Doctor took it into his hands, to indulge in serious contemplation. On looking at it, he found a headless nail sticking in the temple, which he secretly drew out, and wrapped it in the corner of his handkerchief. He then asked the gravedigger whether he knew whose skull it was. He said he did, adding it had been a man's who kept a brandy-shop—a drunken fellow, who one night, having taken two quarts of ardent spirits, was found dead in his bed

the next morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "Is she living?" "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "A very good one; only her neighbours reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the Doctor, who, in the course of visiting his parishioners, called on her. He asked her several questions, and, among others, of what sickness her husband died. She giving him the same account, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried, in an authoritative voice, "*Woman, do you know this nail?*" She was struck with horror at the unexpected question, instantly acknowledged that she had murdered her husband, and was afterwards tried and executed.

5188. SIN, Tampering with. A little newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in the Sabbath-school. "Would you tell a lie for a penny?" asked a teacher of one of the boys. "No, ma'am," answered Dick, very decidedly. "For a shilling?" "No, ma'am." "For a sovereign?" Dick was staggered. A sovereign looked big. Oh, would it not buy lots of things! While he was thinking, another boy behind him roared out "No, ma'am." "Why not?" asked the teacher. "Because when the sovereign was all gone, and all the things got with it gone too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy.

5189. SIN, the source of vanity and pride. A young minister, addressing a rather fashionable audience, attacked their pride and extravagance, as seen in their dresses, ribbons, ruffles, chains, and jewels. In the afternoon an old minister preached powerfully on the corruption of human nature, the enmity of the soul towards God, and the necessity of a new heart. In the evening, as they sat together in private, the young minister said, "Father D., why do you not preach against the pride and vanity of the people for dressing so extravagantly?" "Ah, son Timothy," replied the venerable man, "while you are trimming off the top branches of the tree, I am endeavouring to cut it up by the roots, and then the whole top must die."

5190. SIN, to be striven with. As Father Taylor was going away to Europe, he gave the church-charge, and said, "Brethren, you'll of course have some quarrel while I'm gone. *Now, begin to quarrel with your sins.* I give you full scope. Begin now, and keep it up till I come back, or till you haven't one sin left."—*Life of Father Taylor*.

5191. SIN, Vitality of. The yew-tree appears to renew itself out of its own decay; the decayed wood at the centre of an old yew is gradually formed into rich vegetable mould, and fresh verdure springs from it. How like is this to our inward corruptions, which have a marvellous vitality, so that *one sin feeds upon the death of another!* If we are cured of some one fault, we grow proud of the amendment; or if we perceive ourselves to be in the wrong and strive against the evil, we are too apt to despond and become unbelieving. So pride and unbelief, two master evils, grow out of the decay of other sins.—*Spurgeon*.

5192. SIN, Wages of. Walking in the country, I went into a barn, where I found a thresher at his work. I addressed him in the words of Solomon. "In all labour there is profit." Leaning upon his

flail, with great energy he answered, "Sir, that is the truth; but there is one objection to it; I have long laboured in the service of sin, but I have got no profit by my labours."—*Rev. W. Jay.*

5193. SIN, Wedded to. When the physicians told Theotimus, that except he abstained from drunkenness and licentiousness he would lose his eyes, his heart was so wedded to his sins that he answered, "*Then farewell, sweet light.*"

5194. SIN, will be sure to find us out. Do you remember that poem of Southey's about Sir Ralph the Rover? On the east of Scotland, near Arbroath, in the old days, a good man had placed a float with a bell attached on the dangerous Inchcape Rock, so that the mariners hearing it might keep away. This Sir Ralph the Rover, in a moment of devilry, cut away both float and bell. It was a cruel thing to do. Years passed. Sir Ralph roamed over many parts of the world. In the end he returned to Scotland. As he neared the coast a storm arose. Where was he? Where was the ship drifting? Oh that he knew where he was! Oh that he could hear the bell on the Inchcape Rock! But years ago, in his sinful folly, he, with his own hands, had cut it away. Hark! to that grating sound heard amid the storm, felt amid the breakers; the ship is struck; the rock penetrates her, she goes to pieces, and with curses of rage and despair, the sinner's sin has found him out; he sinks to rise no more until the great day of judgment.—*Rev. G. Litling, LL.B.*

5195. SIN, will find men out. I was once applied to by a stranger for a sight of a letter which I had received calumniating his character. I looked at the man and pitied him, and coolly replied, "It would be a breach of the common principles of society to show confidential letters written to us for the purpose of our doing people good." He retorted, "I demand a sight of it, sir, as an act of justice due to an injured man." I replied, "How did you know that I had received a letter concerning you?" "Know!" said he; "it was impossible not to know it; your language and manner were so pointed." I rejoined, "Do not be too positive; you have been deceived before now, I suppose; you may be so again." "It is not possible," said he; "you described the sin in the clearest language, and looking me in the face, and pointing towards me, you said, 'Sinner, be sure your sin will find you out.' I therefore expect from you, sir, as a Christian minister, that you will give me a sight of the letter, that I may know its contents and repel its charge." I observed, "I do not know your name; to my knowledge I never saw you before; and as you have not told me in what part of the sermon it was I was so pointed, if I show you any letter I may show you the wrong one; I shall, therefore, certainly not exhibit any of my letters to you, nor satisfy you whether I have received any one about you, till you describe the case alluded to." He hesitated, but afterwards described the sin of which he was accused. When he had finished, looking him full in his eyes, assuming a solemn attitude, and using a grave and serious tone of voice, I said, "Can you look me full in the face, as you must your Judge at the great day of God, and declare that you are innocent of this sin laid to your charge?" He trembled, turned pale, his voice faltered, and, summoning up his remaining courage, he said, "I am not bound to

make any man my confessor; and if I were guilty, no man has a right to hold me up to public observation, as you have done." Softening my tone, I said, "Do you believe the passage I cited—'*Be sure your sin will find you out*'—is the word of God?" He said, "It may be." "Surely it is," said I. "He that made the ear, shall He not hear? He that made the eye, shall He not see? Can He have any difficulty in bringing your sin to light? Now I will tell you honestly *I never received any letter or information about you whatever*, but I am persuaded your sin has found you out; the preaching of the Word is one method by which God makes men's sins find them out. Let me entreat you seriously to consider your state and character. Who can tell?—God may have intended this sermon for your good; He may mean to have mercy on you; this may be the means of saving your neck from the gallows, and your soul from hell; but you are not there yet, there still is hope." He held down his head, clenched his hands one into the other, and bursting into tears, said, "I never met with anything like this. I am certainly obliged to you for your friendship. I am guilty, and hope this conversation will be of essential advantage to me!"—*Rev. Mr. English (condensed).*

5196. SINS, avoided. When Venice was in the hands of the Austrians, those alien tyrants swarmed in every quarter; but the Venetians hated them to the last degree, and showed their enmity upon all occasions. When the Austrian officers sat down at any of the tables in the square of St. Mark, where the Venetians delight on summer evenings to eat their ices and drink their coffee, the company would immediately rise and retire, showing by their withdrawal that they abhorred their oppressors. After this fashion will every true Christian treat his inbred sins; he will not be happy under their power, nor tolerate their dominion, nor show them favour. If he cannot expel them, *he will not indulge them.*—*Spurgeon.*

5197. SINS, covered. They tell us that cloth which has been dyed red can never be restored to its original purity. But when a piece of red cloth is viewed through ruby glass, the colour is lost, and it appears white. So sins—red like crimson—are white as wool when the blood of Christ is interposed.—*W. F.*

5198. SINS, hard to destroy. A cat once sprang at my lips while I was talking, and bit me savagely. My friend in whose house it occurred decreed that the poor creature should die. The sentence he executed personally, to the best of his ability, and threw the carcass away. To his surprise, the cat walked into the house the next day. Often and often have I vowed death to some evil propensity, and have fondly dreamed that the sentence was fulfilled; but, alas! in weaker moments I have had sad cause to know that *the sinful tendency still survived.*—*Spurgeon.*

5199. SINS, hidden. A lady, whose portrait had often been successfully taken before, paid a visit one day to the photographer's for the purpose of having a new one taken. After she had sat for it in the usual way, the photographer retired with the plate to examine the picture which the sun's light had drawn there, but as the lines gradually developed in the chemical bath a strange sight was revealed.

In the portrait the lady's face appeared covered with a number of dark spots; but yet no one looking at her that day was able to detect the slightest trace of them in her face! But the next day the explanation came. *The spots had then become distinctly visible.* The lady was ill of smallpox, of which she died. The faint yellow of the spots, some time before human eyes could discern it, had been marked by the pure light of the sun, and traced in darkened spots in that inexorably true picture drawn on the photographic plate, revealing the horrible disease that already, though as yet invisible to human eyes, was seated there.—*Biblical Treasury.*

5200. SINS, how God deals with. A woman came to a minister one day carrying a bundle of wet sand. "Do you see what this is, sir?" said she. "Yes," was the reply; "it is wet sand." "But do you know what it means?" "I do not know exactly what you mean by it, woman; what is it?" "Ah, sir," she said, "that's me; and the multitude of my sins cannot be numbered." And then she exclaimed, "O wretched creature that I am! how can such a wretch as I ever be saved?" "Where did you get the sand?" asked the minister. "At the Beacon." "Go back, then, to the Beacon. Take a spade with you; dig, dig, and raise a great mound; shovel it up as high as ever you can, then leave it there. Take your stand by the sea-shore, and watch the effect of the waves upon the heap of sand." "Ah, sir," she exclaimed, "I see what you mean—the blood, the blood, the blood of Christ, it would wash it all away."

5201. SINS, how they should be treated. A great warrior was once persuaded by his enemies to put on a beautiful robe, which they presented him. Not suspecting their design, he wrapped himself tightly in it, but in a few moments found that it was coated on the inside with a deadly poison. It stuck to his flesh as if it had been glued. The poison entered into his flesh, so that, in trying to throw off the cloak, he was left torn and bleeding. But did he for that reason hesitate about taking it off? Did he stop to think whether it was painful or not? Did he say, "Let me wait and think about it a while?" No; he had more sense than that. *He tore it off at once,* and threw it from him, and hastened away from it to the physician. Sinner, this is the way you must treat your sins if you would be saved. They have gone into your soul. If you let them alone you perish. You must not fear the pain of repentance. You should cast them from you as poison, and hasten away by faith to Jesus Christ, the only Physician who can cure you, by His own blood applied to your hearts. Do this or your sins will consume you like fire.—*Bishop Maade.*

5202. SINS, Little. Did you ever see an oyster-shell, the whole shell, without an oyster in it? How did the oyster get out? The oyster-man did not take it out with his knife, for the two parts of the shell are still together. If you look you will see there is a small hole in the top of the shell. How came this? A little creature, called a whelk, made it. This animal has an instrument like a small auger or gimlet. With this it bores a hole into the shell of the oyster. Then it sucks the oyster through the hole, and little by little eats it up. The whelk is little, but it does great harm. If we want to save

the oysters we must kill the whelks. If we wish to have any grapes we must take the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines.

5203. SINS, little, Danger of. A famous ruby was offered to this country. The report of the crown jeweller was, that it was the finest he had ever seen or heard of, but that one of its facets was slightly fractured. The result was, that almost invisible flaw reduced its value by thousands of pounds, and *it was rejected from the regalia of England.*—*Grosart.*

5204. SINS, little, Power of. A merchant of San Francisco, during the infant days of the State of California, having escaped disastrous fires, grew rich and prosperous. He built a fine warehouse, partly upon solid rock and partly upon piles, as it was convenient to have a portion of his establishment extend over the water of the harbour. One night a messenger came to him with the intelligence that the whole concern had fallen to the ground, and that bales and boxes of merchandise were thrown into the water. What was the cause? A worm, a mere mite when young, but nearly as large as one's finger when grown, and growing most rapidly, and multiplying in almost incredible numbers, had entered the piles. *They had completely honeycombed the interior,* rendering them incapable of sustaining any weight. Is not this like little sins? Does not one beget another, and then another, multiplying to an alarming extent?

5205. SINS, of presumption. Dr. Parker was once speaking of *sins of presumption.* "Deliberate, wilful sin—what is it? It is a shut hand, a clenched fist, an upraised arm, the muscles to their full tension, and the object God Almighty's face," he said. A thrill passed through the audience; there was a deep-drawn sigh audible in every direction; and I must confess that never before had I such an idea of sin—presumptuous sin against God.—*J. B. Gough.*

5206. SINS, Record of. It is said that the Bank of France has an invisible studio in a gallery behind the cashiers, so that, at a signal from one of them, any suspected customer can instantly have his picture taken without his own knowledge. So our sins and evil deeds may be registered against us, and we ourselves altogether unconscious of the fact.—*B.*

5207. SINS, Small, and their results. How the world was agape when it came out that a neglected handful of some foreign aquatic seed dropped into one of our English canals had grown and gradually multiplied, until miles were being choked up with the pestiferous weed; and just so "small sins" have this very principle of growth and increase, growing with our growth.—*Rev. A. B. Grosart.*

5208. SINS, The most attractive, the most deadly. It is notable that nearly all the poisonous fungi are scarlet or speckled, and the wholesome ones brown or grey, as if to show us that things rising out of darkness and decay are always most deadly when they are well dressed.—*Ruskin.*

5209. SINCERITY, leading to God and duty. Not long ago a certain man, who had repeatedly and openly avowed himself a disbeliever in Christianity, in worship, and in the very being of a God—of active powers, large intelligence, and an average

conscience—began to see the truth he had so long kept covered up. He began to believe himself mistaken, and to think that God, and the law of God, and Revelation, and the Future Life, might be realities after all. It was borne in, strongly, irresistibly; he hardly knew how, except as he did know and see that it was through the sympathies and intercessions of some about him that he loved and trusted. He was troubled to agony. Such inward revolutions as that do not come about without straining the sensitive parts of the soul, breaking up the frozen fountains of penitence and self-reproach, and shaking the whole nature with pain. Dealing quite honestly with himself, he went into solitude and prayed. He prayed only this, that *if there was a God, he might know and believe in Him*. He prayed rather into the wide heavens than to a Heavenly Father. But after this first and single act towards his Maker, he said, "I know little yet of religion; there is evidently something here that I never dreamed of yet; but if I am going to pray to God, I must settle my difficulties with my fellow-man. There is my former partner in business, whom I quarrelled with a year ago, and whom I have been hating ever since; the first thing for me to do now is to go and confess my wrong, and be at peace with him. No more prayers till that is done; no falsities left behind; no sins reserved; a clean beginning or no religion." He went to his partner, and was forgiven, and forgave. He went to his God, and was sure he was forgiven there; and then he went on into a sound, consistent, spiritual life. Old things passed away, and all things became new. This is Christianity.—*Huntington*.

5210. SINCERITY, Meaning of. In the palmy days of Roman prosperity, when her merchants lived in their marble palaces on the banks of the Tiber, there was a sort of emulation in the grandeur and artistic adornment of their dwellings. Good sculptors were eagerly sought after and employed. But tricks were sometimes practised then as now; thus, if the sculptor came upon a flaw in the marble, or chipped a piece out by accident, he had a carefully prepared wax with which he filled in the chink, and so carefully fixed it as to be imperceptible. In process of time, however, heat or damp would affect the wax, and reveal its presence there. The consequence was, that when new contracts were made for commissioned works of art, a clause was added to the effect that they were to be *sine cerâ*, or without cement. Hence we have here a word-picture of great moral significance.—*Rev. J. Tesseyman*.

5211. SINCERITY, tested. An old Methodist preacher once offered the following prayer in a prayer-meeting:—"Lord, help us to trust Thee with our souls." "Amen," was responded by many voices. "Lord, help us to trust Thee with our bodies." "Amen," was responded with as much warmth as ever. "Lord, *help us to trust Thee with our money*;" but to this petition the "Amen" was not forthcoming. Is it not strange that when religion touches some men's pockets it cools their ardour at once and seals their lips?

5212. SINFUL heart, No room for God in. Travellers tell us that there is a tribe in Africa so given to superstition that they fill their huts and hovels with so many idols that they do not even leave room for their families. How many men

there are who fill their hearts with the idols of sin, so that there is no room for the living God, or for any of His holy principles!—*John Bate*.

5213. SINFUL pleasures, Image of. Manfred, the lord of Fuenza, after many cruelties, turned friar. Reconciling himself to those whom he had so often opposed, to celebrate the renewal of their friendship, he invited them to a magnificent banquet. At the end of the dinner the horn blew to announce the dessert; but it was the signal of this dissimulating conspirator!—and the fruits which that day were served to his guests were armed men, who, rushing in, immolated their victims.—*I. D'Israeli*.

5214. SINGING, Congregational. One Sunday morning, about ten years ago, I was walking with him (Dr. Lowell Mason) from his house on the mountain-side at Orange down through a strip of grand old woods in the valley, on our way to worship in the quaint stone Congregational chapel which he had helped to found. We were talking of the sublimity of congregational singing as compared with the mere prettiness of quartette singing. Suddenly stopping, he said, in his abrupt, striking way, "This is congregational singing; these grand old trees, this tangled wildwood. Yonder garden, with its flowers and evergreens of formal cut, is quartette singing. Which of these two places would we choose as aids to worship?"—*C. M. Cady*.

5215. SINGING, Love of. At a gathering of children on Christmas Day a gentleman present related a very interesting incident:—A little girl, but three years of age, was very curious to know why Christmas evergreens were so much used, and what they were intended to signify. So Mr. L— told her the story of the babe of Bethlehem—of the child whose name was Jesus. The little questioner was just beginning to give voice to the music that was in her heart; and after Mr. L— concluded the narrative, she looked up in his face and asked, "Did Jesus sing?" Who had ever thought of that? If you look at Matt. xxvi. 30, you will find almost conclusive proof that Jesus sang with His disciples. Is not that encouragement for us to sing—not with the understanding only, but with the heart also?

5216. SINNER, A superior. I remember a gentleman taking exception to an address based upon the words of God concerning Jew and Gentile, *that both are guilty before God*. I remarked, "But the Word of God distinctly says, 'There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God'" (Rom. iii. 23, 23). My friend replied, "Do you mean to say that there is no difference between an honest man and a dishonest one, between an intemperate man and a sober man?" "No," I remarked; "I did not affirm that there was no room for comparison between such cases; but my position is, that if two men were standing here together, one an intemperate man and the other a sober man, I should say of the one, 'This man is an intemperate sinner, the other is a sober sinner.'" My friend did not know how to meet the difficulty, but answered, "Well, I don't like such teaching." Very quietly I replied, "Then I will make some concession, and meet your difficulty. I will admit that many are 'superior sinners,' and

that you are a superior sinner." I shall not soon forget my friend's expression of countenance when he had taken stock of the argument.—*Henry Varley.*

5217. **SINNER, and God.** A burglar, not long ago, rifled an unoccupied dwelling by the seaside. He ransacked the rooms, and heaped his plunder in the parlour. There were evidences that here he sat down to rest. On a bracket in the corner stood a marble bust of Guido's "Ecce Homo"—Christ crowned with thorns. The guilty man had taken it in his hands and examined it. It bore the marks of his fingers, but he replaced it *with its face turned to the wall*, as if he would not have even the sightless eyes of the marble Saviour look upon his deeds of infamy. So the first act of the first sinner was to hide himself at the sound of God's voice.—*Professor Phelps.*

5218. **SINNER, and hatred to Christianity.** Before he (Photsia, a Chinese convert) was a Christian he set his heart on a concubine, according to native custom. His wife strongly opposed. Since he became a Christian her superstitious horror is so great that she says, "Welcome to the concubine, if only you will renounce Christianity!"—*Rev. J. Sadler, Amoy.*

5219. **SINNER, and the love of God.** A gay votary of fashion in Paris, a woman of this world, living for it, and giving herself up to it, was slightly indisposed and lying in bed, when her sisters came in full of merriment and laughter. "Have you heard," said they, "the last joke?" "No; what is it?" "Oh! there is a mad fellow come over from England, preaching what he calls 'the gospel'; he preaches in English, and one of the French *pasteurs* interprets for him. It is the most ridiculous thing out. We are going to hear him." By-and-by they were gone; and as this poor girl was lying alone in her bed there came into her heart, she did not know why, an indescribable desire to go too. She rang her bell for her maid, and said, "I want you to dress me." The servant looked surprised, and said, "You are not fit to get up, Ma'am." "Never mind; send for a carriage." The servant expostulated, but she drove to the hall. There was but one vacant seat, just in front of the platform, and she was shown into it. There was a dead silence as the strange preacher came to the front of the platform, and looked her full in the face. He paused for a moment, and as she looked up wondering, her eye met his. Gazing at her, as though he would read the secrets of her heart, he suddenly exclaimed, "Poor sinner! God loves thee." "I do not know," she afterwards stated, "what more he said. I sat there sobbing as if my heart was broken. As I sat there, it seemed as though my whole life passed before me—a loveless, godless life. I had turned my back on God, lived for the world, lived for pleasure, lived in sin. That voice kept ringing in my ears over and over again. I could hear nothing else: 'Poor sinner! God loves thee.' How I got out of the room I do not know. I found myself by-and-by kneeling at my own bedside. At last, conscious of my own utter unworthiness; I dared to look up, and I cried out, 'O my God, if Thou lovest me, I have never loved Thee before; but now, from this time, I take Thee at Thy word; I trust Thy love; I cast myself on Thy love.'" Then the world faded away from her; its attractions lost

their charm; the empty gaieties of life in which she had been living passed away like a dream of the morning; and she went on her way a new woman, born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the received love of God.—*Clerical Library (condensed).*

5220. **SINNER, Coming to Christ as.** A great monarch was accustomed on certain set occasions to entertain all the beggars of the city. Around him were placed his courtiers, all clothed in rich apparel; the beggars sat at the same table in their rags of poverty. Now it came to pass that on a certain day one of the courtiers had spoiled his silken apparel, so that he dared not put it on, and he felt, "I cannot go to the king's feast to-day, for my robe is foul." He sat weeping till the thought struck him, "To-morrow, when the king holds his feast, some will come as courtiers happily decked in their beautiful array, but others will come and be made quite as welcome who will be dressed in rags. Well, well," said he, "so long as I may see the king's face and sit at the royal table, I will enter among the beggars." So, without mourning because he had lost his silken habit, he put on the rags of a beggar, and *he saw the king's face as well as if he had worn his scarlet and fine linen.* My soul has done this full many a time, when her evidences of salvation have been dim; and I bid you do the same when you are in like case: if you cannot come to Jesus as a saint, come as a sinner; only do come with simple faith to Him, and you shall receive joy and peace.—*Spurgeon.*

5221. **SINNER, Danger of.** In our country there were two millers, who used to take charge of a mill on a stream, the one relieving the other. One of them used to row down the stream at night, within about a hundred yards of the dam, hitch the boat, and then go into the mill and take his comrade's place, while he would take the boat and row up the stream to his home. One night, as he was coming to relieve the other as usual, he fell asleep, when all of a sudden the noise of the waters rushing over the dam woke him, and in an instant he realised his perilous position, and seizing the oars, began to pull against the current for his life; but it was too late. He knew full well that if he went over that dam it was sure and instant destruction. So he tried to swing his boat to the shore, but nearer and nearer he went to the dam. At last, with a despairing effort, he got alongside the steep and rocky bank, and laid hold of a twig. With this he tried to pull himself up, but he felt it giving way, and he dared not try again, and could not find another. All he could do was to clutch it, and hold on by it, and raise a cry for help. "*Help! help! help!*" he shouted. He had no other hope for life. And when, at last, that cry of distress was heard, and, having heard it, ropes were brought and anxiously let down over the rocks below which he was holding on, he let go the twig. And the moment he let go the twig and laid hold of the ropes they began to pull away, and lifted him safely up out of the jaws of death. Now, bear in mind, God will always hear your cry. God's ear has not grown deaf, nor His arm grown short, that He cannot save. The rope is as long to-night as it has ever been, and that rope is Christ Himself. Let go your own twig and lay hold of the rope of eternal life, which is Christ.—*Moody.*

5222. SINNER, Illustration of. When the Bastile was about to be destroyed, a prisoner was brought out who had long been lying in one of its gloomy cells. Instead of joyfully welcoming the liberty which was granted to him, strange to say, he entreated that he might be taken back to his dungeon. It was so long since he had seen the light, that his eye could not endure the glare of the sun. Besides this, his friends were all dead, he had no home, and his limbs refused to move. His chief desire now was, that he might die in the dark prison where so long he had been a captive.—*Denton.*

5223. SINNER, in what his guilt consists. If I ask my little boy, who is but five years old, to repeat the multiplication-table, he is perfectly excusable in answering, "I don't know. I am not old enough to learn it." But if I ask him at twenty years of age to repeat the table, and he cannot do it, then his ignorance would be his fault and his disgrace. It was not his fault to be born in ignorance of the multiplication-table; but it would be his fault to remain so. He had a free choice between instruction and ignorance; his disgrace would be that he chose not to learn. Precisely so it is with every sinner. His guilt does not consist in his being born sinful, but in his *remaining sinful*.—*Cuyler.*

5224. SINNER, Pride of. A woman professing to be under deep conviction went to a minister, crying aloud that she was a sinner; but when he came to examine her in what point, though he went over and explained all the ten commandments, she would not own that she had broken one of them.

5225. SINNER, Ruin of. It is said of some of the heathen that, to please their gods, they put themselves to death by going out on a deep river in a little boat, and with a vessel in their hand filling it with water. By degrees the boat becomes fuller and fuller, sinks to its edge, trembles for an instant, and then goes down with its poor deluded occupant. And this is just what is continually going on with every sinner. Every day, every month, every year, *the soul is filling with sin*, till at last it becomes completely full, and sinks into everlasting ruin.

5226. SINNER, Test of. A young man once said to me, "I do not think I am a sinner." I asked him if he would be willing his mother or sister should know all he had done or said or thought—all his motives and all his desires. After a moment he said, "No; indeed I should not like to have them know; no, not for the world." "Then *can you dare to say, in the presence of a holy God, who knows every thought of your heart, 'I do not commit sin'?*"—*J. B. Gough.*

5227. SINNERS, all are welcomed to Christ. Conversing about the manner in which the gospel-call is addressed to men, he observed, "It has been my comfort these twenty years, that not only sensible sinners, but *the most stupid*, are made welcome to believe in Christ."—*Life of Rev. John Brown, of Haddington.*

5228. SINNERS, Careless. My study-windows used to overlook a rocky point on the coast of Gloucester, Mass., where, some years ago, a vessel was

wrecked in a terrible snow-storm. The villagers went to the sailors' help, and at last they succeeded in getting a rope from the wreck to the shore; and all came safely to land but one, who refused to come. A young man went aboard the wreck, and found this man benumbed and drunken, partly undressed, and about to get into his berth for sleep. He took him by the shoulders, forced him upon deck, and sent him ashore, and in ten minutes the wreck went to pieces. How many sinners are careless, asleep, and wishing to remain in sin, even in the presence of the Saviour!

5229. SINNERS, Chief of. You have heard of stereotype-printing. When the types are set up, they are cast—made a fixed thing, so that from one plate you can strike off hundreds of thousands of pages in succession, without the trouble of setting up the types again. Paul says, "That I might be a plate never worn out—never destroyed; from which proof impressions may be taken to the very end of time." What a splendid thought, that the Apostle Paul, having portrayed himself as the chief of sinners, then portrays himself as having received forgiveness for a grand and specific end, that he might be a standing plate from which impressions might be taken for ever, that no man might despair who had read his biography!—*Dr. Cumming.*

5230. SINNERS, Christ came to save. Thinking how unworthy, how sinful I am, this other thought came into my mind—"Make yourself as black as you may, *you cannot make yourself more than a sinner*; and the gospel is for such as you are—for sinners."—*A. Anderson.*

5231. SINNERS, Christ cannot forsake repentant. I almost gave up all hope, and resolved to sin on and go to hell. . . . "If I go to hell," said I, "I will serve God there; and since I cannot be an instance of His mercy in heaven, I will be a monument of His justice in hell; and if I show forth His glory one way or the other I am content." But I soon recovered my ground. I thought, "Christ died *for all*; therefore *He died for me*."—*Diary of Rev. J. Fletcher, of Madeley.*

5232. SINNERS, Compassion for. Robert Flockhart, of Edinburgh, though a lesser light, was a constant one, and a fit example to the bulk of Christ's street witnesses. Every evening, in all weathers and amid many persecutions, did this brave man continue to speak in the street for *forty-three years*. Think of that, and never be discouraged. When he was tottering to the grave the old soldier was still at his post. "Compassion to the souls of men drove me," said he, "to the streets and lanes of my native city, to plead with sinners and persuade them to come to Jesus. The love of Christ constrained me. Neither the hostility of the police, nor the insults of Papists, Unitarians, and the like could move him; he rebuked error in the plainest terms, and preached salvation by grace with all his might. So lately has he passed away that Edinburgh remembers him still."—*Spurgeon.*

5233. SINNERS, God's dealings with. One day, seeing some men in a field, I made my way to them, and found they were cutting up the trunk of an old tree. I said, "That is slow work; why do you not split it asunder with the beetle and wedges?" "Ah," this wood is so cross-grained

and stubborn that it requires something sharper than wedges to get it to pieces." "Yes," I replied; "and that is the way God is obliged to deal with obstinate, cross-grained sinners; if they will not yield to one of His instruments, you may depend on it He will make use of another."—*G. Grigg.*

5234. SINNERS, Help for. After the Chicago fire took place a great many things were sent to us from all parts of the world. The boxes they came in were labelled, "For the people who were burned out;" and all a man had to do was to prove that he had been burned out, and he got a share. So here you have but to prove that you are poor miserable sinners, and there is help for you.—*Moody.*

5235. SINNERS, how saved. An Indian whose heart had been changed by the grace of God was asked by a white man to tell him how it was done. The Indian said, "I cannot tell you; but if you will go with me into the woods I will show you how it was done." They went. After going some distance the Indian stopped, and raked a number of leaves together, and made a circle of them. He then put a worm in the middle, and set them on fire. When the worm felt the heat it ran to one side, but found itself met by fire. Then it ran to the other, and there was fire there. After two or three trials of this kind, and finding fire all round, and that it could not escape, the worm came back to the centre, and came up in despair to die. At that moment the Indian caught up the worm in his hand and saved it. "There," said he, "*that is the way that God did to me.*" I found myself a sinner. I felt myself in danger of fire. I tried to save myself from wrath. But wherever I went, and whatever I did, I found fire. I ran from one side to the other, but there was fire. At last I gave up in despair to die. I saw how helpless I was. I looked up and said, "Lord Jesus, save a poor sinner." Then Jesus Christ took my soul right up."—*Bishop Meade.*

5236. SINNERS, Need of sympathy for. A man once told me his story. He had unconsciously, by the exigencies of his life, been drawn into the circulation of counterfeit money. By the way, there is a great deal of that done by men who do not make a business of it. I do not wish to be personal. For a man to buy counterfeit money on purpose to circulate it is a criminal offence; but if a man in regular business finds that ten dollars have been passed on him, what does he say, to-morrow, when you ask him, "Where is that ten dollars?" but this—"I guess I let it slide." Now, in law and in morals that man is a counterfeiter, though men do not think so. This man had served out his time, behaving so well as to gain the approbation of every officer in the prison; and he came back to New York. He did not attempt to hide his history. He was willing to do anything. He had commercial talent and tact. He gave me a history of his reception from store to store by his old associates. Everybody felt as though he had a loathsome disease upon him. Everybody suspected him. Nobody was willing to trust him. After he had tried a year to find something to do, discouraged and well-nigh heart-broken as he was, the strongest temptations were held out to him by his old confederates to go into a life of dishonesty. They would give him friendliness. And he said to me, "*I receive sympathy, Mr. Beecher, from none but the worst folks.*" I receive nothing but unkindness and suspi-

cion from the best folks. What am I going to do?"—*Beecher.*

5237. SINNERS, not to be forgotten in preaching. The late Rev. Mr. Brown, of Haddington, towards the close of life, when his constitution was sinking under his multiplied and unintermitted labours, preached on the Monday after the dispensation of the Lord's Supper, at Tranent, a serious and animated sermon from these words: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." After the service was concluded by prayer and praise, and he was just about to dismiss the congregation, it occurred to him that he had made no direct address to those who were destitute of the grace of the Lord Jesus; and though worn out by his former exertions, he, at considerable length, and with most intense earnestness, represented the horrors of their situation, and urged them to have recourse, ere the season of forbearance was past, to the rich and sovereign grace of the long-despised Saviour. This unlooked-for exhortation apparently made a deep impression, and was long remembered by the more serious part of the hearers.—*Whitecross.*

5238. SINNERS, Position of. Mr. Flavel, on one occasion, preached from 1 Cor. xvi. 22. The discourse was unusually solemn, particularly the explanation of the words *Anathema Maran-atha*—"Cursed with a curse, cursed of God with a bitter and grievous curse." At the conclusion of the service, when Mr. Flavel rose to pronounce the benediction, he paused and said, "How shall I bless this whole assembly when every person in it who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ is *Anathema Maran-atha*?"—*Whitecross.*

5239. SINNERS, Reception of, in heaven. I have read of one who dreamed a dream, when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns and bearing the banners of victory; and they passed by him through the gate; and when they vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music. "Who are they?" he asked. "They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets, who have gone to be with God." And he heaved a deep sigh as he said, "Alas! I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there." By-and-by there came another band, equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within. "Who are they?" he asked. "They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles." "Alas!" he said, "I belong not to that fellowship, and cannot enter there." He still waited and lingered, in the hope that he might yet go in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm-branches. He waited still, and saw that the next was a company of godly ministers and officers of Christian churches; but he could not go with them. At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously; and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the thief that died upon the cross, hard by the Saviour; and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and he thought, "There will be no shouting about them." But, to

his astonishment, it seemed as if all heaven was rent with sevenfold shouts as they passed in. And the angel said to him, "*These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace.*" And then he said, "Blessed be God! I can go in with them." And so he awoke.—*Spurgeon.*

5240. SINNERS, scarce. An old Scotch minister remarked, when old John Macdonald preached to his congregation a sermon to sinners, "Well, Mr. Macdonald, that was a very good sermon which you preached; but it is very much out of place, for I do not know one single unregenerate person in my congregation."—*Spurgeon.*

5241. SISTER, Prayers of. I remember, when I was at Nashville, towards the close of the American War, we were holding a soldiers' prayer-meeting, and at the end of the meeting a young officer came forward and showed me a letter he had received from his sister, in which she pleaded with him about his soul, and told him that every night when the sun went down she was on her knees before God praying for him. "Mr. Moody," said he, "I have faced death in many ways, and I have walked up to the cannon's mouth, but I can't stand the thought of my sister's prayer. It has broken my heart."—*Moody.*

5242. SLANDER, cannot be recalled. A lady presented herself to Philip Neri one day accusing herself of being a slanderer. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired he. "Yes, father, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said Philip, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is still greater. For your penance do as follows: go to the nearest market and purchase a chicken, just killed, and still covered with feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along. Your walk finished, you will return to me." Accordingly, she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on the journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered to do. In a short time she returned, anxious to tell of her exactness in performing her penance, and desiring to receive some explanation of one so singular. "Ah," said Philip, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my orders. Retrace your steps, and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered." "But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "I cast them carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in every direction. How can I recover them?" "Well, my child," replied he, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers, they have been scattered. Call them back if you can. Go, and sin no more."

5243. SLANDER, Cup of, full. The ever-to-be-remembered John Wesley, when preaching in Dublin, said, "All crimes have been laid to my charge of which a human being is capable, except drunkenness." The great man, having uttered these words, paused, and in a twinkling a short squat damsel, with somewhat tattered garments and a red plaid wrapped around her head, started, and at the top of her voice screamed, "You old villain! and will you deny it? Didn't you pledge your bands to Mrs. — for a noggin of whisky, and didn't she sell them to our parson's wife?" Having stated her case, she sat down amid a thunder-struck assembly. Mr. Wesley, unmoved, merely thanked

God that his cup was now full.—*Anecdotes of the Wesleys.*

5244. SLANDER, Growth of. I know a fine young man, for whom I predicted a career of usefulness, who fell into great trouble because he at first allowed it to be a trouble, and then worked hard to make it so. He came to me and complained that he had a great grievance; and so it was a grievance, but from beginning to end it was all about what some half-dozen women had said about his procedure after the death of his wife. It was originally too small a thing to deal with. A Mrs. Q — had said that she should not wonder if the minister married the servant then living in his house; another represented her as saying that he ought to marry her; and then a third, with a malicious ingenuity, found a deeper meaning in the words, and construed them into a charge. Worst of all, the dear sensitive preacher must needs trace the matter out, and accuse a score or two of people of spreading libels against him, and even threaten some of them with legal proceedings.—*Spurgeon.*

5245. SLANDER, how to overcome it. Some person reported to the amiable poet Tasso that a malicious enemy spoke ill of him to all the world. "Let him persevere," said Tasso; "his rancour gives me no pain. How much better is it that he should speak ill of me to all the world than that all the world should speak ill of me to him!"—*Spurgeon.*

5246. SLANDER, to be despised. One of our ancient nobility had inscribed over his castle-gate these words, which we commend to all persons who are thin-skinned in the matter of private gossip or public opinion:—"They say. What do they say? Let them say."—*Spurgeon.*

5247. SLANDERER, Courage of. Many were the slanders circulated against John Wesley, and among others that he had attempted to commit suicide. In 1741 he was preaching at Bristol on Trusting in the Lord, and showing what reason Christians had for trusting in the Captain of their salvation, when suddenly one of his auditors cried out, "Who was your Captain when you hanged yourself? I know the man who saw you when you were cut down." Mr. Wesley adds—"This wise story had been diligently spread abroad and cordially believed in by many in Bristol. I desired the audience to make room for the man to come nearer, but the moment he saw the way open he ran away with all possible speed." How true it is that "the wicked flee when no man pursueth," while in a good cause "the righteous are bold as a lion!"—*Anecdotes of the Wesleys.*

5248. SLAVERY, unwarrantable. At the time slaves were held in the State of New York, one of them, escaping into Vermont, was captured and taken before the Court at Middlebury by his owner, who asked the Court to give him possession of his slave property. Judge Harrington listened attentively to the proofs of ownership, but said that he was not convinced that the title was perfect. Then the counsel asked what more was required. "Until you bring me a bill of sale from God Almighty you cannot have this man."—*J. Swinton.*

5249. SLEEP, Secret of. "How did you sleep, general?" asked his guest, Louis Philippe, one morning of the master of the house. "I always

sleep well," replied General Washington; "for I never wrote a word in my life which I had afterwards cause to regret."—*Little's Historical Lights*.

5250. SLEEP, Value of. A renowned French financier once said, "Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold?" Sleep was not in the market, at any quotations.—*Denton*.

5251. SLEEPERS, in sacred places. On the road between Octylus and Thalamia is the temple of Ino. It is the custom of those who consult her to sleep in the temple, and what they want to know is revealed to them in dreams.—*Pausanias*.

5252. SMALL things, Day of. Mr. Williams of Wern, speaking once from the text, "Despise not the day of small things," said, "The Wye and the Severn, when they start from their wild moorland mountain home for the Bristol Channel, are thankful for the aid of the tears of rushes."

5253. SMALL things, Power of. Faraday has shown, many years since, that there is electricity enough in a drop of dew to rend a rock asunder.—*Paxton Hood*.

5254. SOCIETY, Corrupting influences in. We read about the old Minotaur of antiquity that required a virgin to be sacrificed every year, and that was destroyed by Theseus; but we have crawling in the slime at the bottom of society not one, but whole broods of monsters that live by corrupting and devouring men and women. The number that are sacrificed is enormous. The process of destruction is going on all the time. There is the breaking down of habits of industry; there is addiction to vice in its various forms; there is the loss of wealth and reputation; there is the undermining of health; and at last there is death, and damnation after death.—*Beecher*.

5255. SOCIETY, in the family. "Family society," says Henry, "if that be agreeable, is a redress sufficient for the grievance of solitude. He that has a good God, a good heart, and a good wife to converse with, and yet complains that he wants conversation, would not have been easy and content in paradise, for Adam himself had no more."

5256. SOCIETY, Laws of. When Dr. Johnson was asked why he was not invited out to dine as Garrick was, he answered, as if it was a triumph to him, "Because great lords and ladies don't like to have their mouths stopped." In like manner it has been said that the King only sought one interview with Dr. Johnson. The King was more afraid of this interview than Johnson, and went to it as a schoolboy to his task. If he had thought less of the philosopher he would have been more willing to risk the encounter. They had each their places to fill, and would best preserve their self-respect, and perhaps their respect for each other, by remaining in their proper sphere.—*Northcote (condensed)*.

5257. SOCIETY, Mutual dependence of. The story of the decease of the daughter of Sir Robert Peel furnishes a remarkable illustration of the truth, that those of the highest rank cannot selfishly hold themselves aloof from all the trials and troubles of the lowest, even if they desire so to do, since the ties of mutual dependence knit us all together. To his daughter Sir Robert gave a gorgeous riding-habit as a birthday gift; and she, gratified there-

with, at once put it on, and rode out the same day with her father. In a few days she became unwell, then seriously ill, and at length sank under typhus fever in one of its severest forms; and subsequently it was ascertained that this habit, though bought at a handsome establishment in the West End, had been made in a wretched garret, where the husband of the unhappy needlewoman lay, under the dire pressure of this complaint, and the habit had been used to cover him during the paroxysms of shivering.—*Biblical Treasury*.

5258. SOCIETY, Scape-camel of. There is a custom, we are told, in Abyssinia, when factions are ready to tear each other in pieces, to make a camel the representative of their mutual animosities. It is agreed on all hands that nobody has been to blame on either side, but the whole mischief is the work of the camel. The camel set the town on fire; the camel threatened to burn the Aga's house and cattle; the camel cursed the Grand Seignior and Sheriff of Mecca; in short, whatever evil was done was done by the camel. The mode of settling the poor camel is for every man to transfix him with a javelin, and go his way. Some such a scape-camel as this is usually needed in society.—*Paxton Hood*.

5259. SOCIETY, worldly, Going into. A person once, pleading with Bishop Alst for going into worldly society, said, "You know, believers are called to be the salt of the earth." "Yes," said the Bishop; "but if the salt be cast into the ocean, from whence it was first drawn, it will melt away, and vanish entirely."

5260. SOCINIANISM, Description of. Mr. Hall's wit was very pointed and keen. He was walking one day in company with a friend at Brighton, when they passed the Socinian chapel, which has a very imposing front. His friend, being a stranger to the place, asked him what building it was. "The Socinian chapel," replied Mr. Hall; adding, "Very characteristic of the system—a pompous introduction to nothing."

5261. SOLDIER, Christ's. An English captain, in the year 1759, who was beating up for recruits in the vicinity of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, met one day a Moravian Indian, and asked him whether he had a mind to be a soldier. "No," answered he; "I am already engaged." "Who is your captain?" asked the officer. "I have a very brave and excellent captain," replied the Indian. "His name is Jesus Christ. Him will I serve as long as I live. My life is at His disposal." Reproved by the Indian's answer, the officer left him unmolested.

5262. SOLITARINESS, Sins of. More and greater sins are committed when people are alone than when they are in society. When Eve, in paradise, walked by herself, the devil deceived her. In solitary places are committed murders, robberies, adulteries, &c.; for in solitude the devil has place and occasion to mislead people. But whosoever is in honest company is ashamed to sin, or at least has no opportunity for it; and, moreover, our Saviour Christ promised, "Where two or three be gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them." When King David was idle and alone, and went not out to the wars, then he fell into adultery and murder. I myself have found that I never fell into more sin than when I was alone. God has created mankind for fellowship, and not for solitariness, which is

clearly proved by this strong argument : God, in the creation of the world, created man and woman, to the end that the man in the woman should have a fellow.—*Luther.*

5263. SOLITUDE, and art. Whenever Michael Angelo, that "divine madman," as Richardson once wrote on the back of one of his drawings, was meditating on some great design, he closed himself up from the world. "Why do you lead such a solitary life?" asked a friend. "Art," replied the sublime artist, "is a jealous god; it requires the whole and entire man." During his mighty labour in the Sistine Chapel he refused to have any communication with any person, even at his own house.—*I. D'Israeli.*

5264. SOLITUDE, and books. St. Bernard said, in writing to a pious friend, "If you are seeking less to satisfy a vain curiosity than to get true wisdom, you will sooner find it in deserts than in books. The silence of the rocks and the pathless forests will teach you better than the eloquence of the most gifted men."—*Fénelon.*

5265. SOLITUDE, Charms of. Charles the Fifth, after a life spent in military exploits and the active and energetic prosecution of ambitious projects, resigned, as is well known, his crown, sated with its enjoyment. He left these words, as a testimony, behind him:—"I have tasted more satisfaction in my solitude in one day than in all the triumphs of my former reign. The sincere study, profession, and practice of the Christian religion have in them such joy as is seldom found in courts and grandeur."

5266. SON, Desertion of. Franklin's son was a devoted Loyalist. As might be expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty caused an estrangement between them. Dr. Franklin's reply to a letter from his son shows the depth of his feelings on the point. "Nothing," he says, "has ever hurt me so much, and affected me with such keen sensations, as to find myself deserted in my old age by my only son; and not only deserted, but find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good name, fortune, and life were all at stake."

5267. SONG, a source of release. A remarkable incident is that of a Scottish youth who learned with a pious mother to sing the old psalms that were then as household words to them in the kirk and by the fireside. When he grew up he wandered away from his native country, was taken captive by the Turks, and made a slave in one of the Barbary States. But he never forgot the songs of Zion, although he sung them in a strange land and to heathen ears. One night he was solacing himself in this manner, when the attention of some sailors on board of an English man-of-war was directed to the familiar tune of "Old Hundred," as it came floating over the moonlit waves. At once they surmised the truth, that one of their countrymen was languishing away his life as a captive. Quickly arming themselves, they manned a boat, and lost no time in effecting his release.—*Christian Age.*

5268. SORROW, a revealer of character. The old travellers used to tell the story of a wondrous tree in the East which by daylight stood leafless and flowerless, but which after sundown put forth countless white blossoms, shining in the dark like the drops of a crystal fountain. Many a Christian

life has seemed commonplace enough in the garish light of day, which, when sorrow has come in and the shadows gathered around, has shone in its own resplendent worth, as of heaven and of God.—*B.*

5269. SORROW, and joy. Lo! there comes hitherwards, as though making for the door of our house, a dark form. She is slightly bent, but not with age. She has a pale face; her step is languid, like one who has travelled far and is weary; and her tears flow so fast that she cannot wipe them away. Our hearts beat as we watch her coming. Will she pass, or will she stay? "I am a pilgrim," quoth she; "will you lodge me for the night? I am sad, I am weary, for I go round all the world. There are few houses I do not enter, and in some I make a long stay. You ask me for my name. I bear it on my countenance; my name is 'Weeping.' You wish to see my credentials? It is sufficient that none have been able to keep me outside a door inside of which I wished to be; and I know that, notwithstanding your beating hearts, you will not be inhospitable; you will take me in." "Yes, for a little, to refresh you, to dry your tears if we can, and then to bid you farewell." "Nay, I can make no stipulation; I go where I am sent; I depart at the appointed time!" And now "Weeping" has her chamber in the house. And the blinds are drawn down, and hearts are hushed, and feet tread lightly, and, listening all night through, we hear sighs, and sometimes almost sobs, from the chamber where "Weeping" lies sleepless. And we too are sleepless and anxious, and one and another find the tears flowing down their own cheeks as the night goes on; and the house is all full of pain and fear, as the dark thought begins to take shape that she may have come to make a long stay. We are up betimes, for now we are amongst those that "watch for the morning." Some flush of it is in the eastern sky. "And see," we say to each other, "it is beginning to gild yon mountain-peaks, and to flow down into the valleys;" when, hearing some footsteps approaching, lo! there comes one whose step is elastic, whose form is graceful, who bears the dawn on his countenance, who sheds light around him as he walks. Again our hearts begin to beat, but this time it is with fear that he will not have a long stay. "I am a pilgrim," quoth he; "I have long been on the road. I can walk through the darkest night and not stumble; I have come to you this morning with the dawn, and I wish to stay." "Ah! welcome indeed! if we know where to give thee room; we have but one guest-chamber, and it is occupied. There came to us last night about sundown a poor pilgrim named 'Weeping,' who for the first hours of night sighed and wept so sorely that it seemed as if she were breathing her life away. For the last two hours she seems to have fallen asleep, for her chamber is silent, and it would be cruel to awake her." "Weeping. Ah! I know her well. My name is Joy. Weeping and Joy have had the world between them since the world was made. But now, look in your room. You will find it empty. I met her an hour ago on the other side of the hill. She told me she had slipped silently away, and that I would just be in time to smile good-morning to you from my bright face, while she went on her way towards the Valley of Baca, and the deeper, darker Valley of the Shadow of Death. Weeping will not come here again tonight, and I shall stay, or I shall leave some of the

light of my presence to fill your house. Weeping goes westwards, and I go eastwards, and we often meet, and always part. Sometimes my heart is sorry for her, even as her heart longs after me. But—a word in your ear—I have heard it in the Land of Light from which I come, and she knows it too : There is a time approaching, steadily if not quickly, when even she will not know how to weep. "For the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." This weary world shall obtain joy and gladness at last, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. "Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."—*Dr. Raleigh.*

5270. SORROW, Comfort in. A holy man once, in grief for the loss of his children, found his first comfort in making this remark—"It is, at least, better to weep for ten dead children than for one living child."

5271. SORROW, Power of. When Baldur died, Hela, ruler of the dead, promised that he should return to life if everything animate and inanimate wept for him. Thereupon Odin sent the Valkyrs, his messenger-maidens, into all the world, to bid all things mourn, crying, "Weep for Baldur ! Baldur the beautiful is dead !" The death of Baldur ("whiteness" or "brightness"), slain with a bough of mistletoe by the hand of his blind brother Hödur ("darkness"), signifies the chasing away of the perpetual daylight of the summer of the far north by the long night of the sunless winter.

5272. SORROW, The Christian's and the world's. In the Pitti Palace, at Florence, there are two pictures which hang side by side. One represents a stormy sea with its wild waves, and black clouds and fierce lightnings flashing across the sky. In the waters a human face is seen, wearing an expression of the utmost agony and despair. The other picture also represents a sea, tossed by as fierce a storm, with as dark clouds ; but out of the midst of the waves a rock rises, against which the waters dash in vain. In a cleft of a rock are some tufts of grass and green herbage, with sweet flowers, and amid these a dove is seen sitting on her nest, quiet and undisturbed by the wild fury of the storm. The first picture fitly represents the sorrow of the world when all is helpless and despairing ; and the other the sorrow of the Christian, no less severe, but in which he is kept in perfect peace, because he nestles in the bosom of God's unchanging love.

5273. SORROW, soon gone. Athanasius said to his friends, when they came to bewail his misery and banishment, "*It is but a little cloud, and will quickly be gone.*"—*Brooks.*

5274. SORROW, Uses of. Sorrow seems sent for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing.—*Richter.*

5275. SORROWS, How to escape. I have stood upon Mount Holyoke when I heard the thunder below ; and I have seen men travelling up the side, and making haste to get out of the storm. I, standing higher than they, escaped both the rain, the wind, and the pelting thunder ; and they, going up through the storm, got on the top, and were also free from it. Many many storms there are that lie below and hug the ground ; and the way to escape them is to go up the mountain-side and get higher than they are.—*Beecher*

5276. SORROWS, Man of. The only Christian poem we owe to Nonus of Panopolis—a paraphrase, in hexameters, of the Apostle John's Gospel—does all that a bald verbosity and an obscure tautology can do, or undo, to quench the divinity of that divine narrative. The two well-known words, bearing on their brief vibration the whole passion of a world saved through pain from pain are thus traduced :—

"They answered Him,
 'Come and behold.' Then Jesus Himself groaned,
 Dropping strange tears from eyes unused to weep."

"Unused to weep !" Was it so of the Man of Sorrows ? O obtuse poet !—*Mrs. Browning.*

5277. SOUL, A lost. When, a few years ago, a steamer was burned on Long Island Sound, and the hulk of the vessel was afterwards beached, it was said that the bell of that steamer kept tolling through the day and through the night for weeks, solemnly and impressively, to those who passed by on the waters. And I have to tell you that God has so arranged it that right over the place where the soul goes down, or there is a moral shipwreck or awful spiritual catastrophe—that right over it there is a warning that rings through the day, and through the night, and through the years, saying, "Beware ! beware !" —*Talmage.*

5278. SOUL, a serious thing. Cardinal Richelieu, after he had given law to all Europe for many years, acknowledged the unhappy state of his mind to P. du Moulin ; and being asked why he was so sad, replied, "The soul is a serious thing ; it must either be sad here or be sad for ever."

5279. SOUL and body, Adornment of. A godly minister of the gospel, occasionally visiting a gay person, was introduced to a room near to that wherein she dressed. After waiting some hours the lady came in, and found him in tears. She inquired the reason of his weeping. He replied, "Madam, I weep on reflecting that you can spend so many hours before your glass and in adorning your person, while I spend so few hours before my God and in adorning my soul." The rebuke struck her conscience. She lived and died a monument of grace.

5280. SOUL, and Christ. John Newton, the fame of whose piety fills all Christendom, while a profligate sailor on shipboard, in his dream thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring, and put it upon his finger, and said to him, "As long as you wear that ring you will prosper ; if you lose that ring you will be ruined." In the same dream another personage appeared, and by strange infatuation persuaded John Newton to throw overboard that ring, and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire, and the air was lurid with consuming wrath. While John Newton was repenting of his folly in having thrown overboard the treasure, another personage came through the dream, and told John Newton he would plunge into the sea and bring that ring up if he desired it. He plunged into the sea and brought it up, and said to John Newton, "Here is that gem ; but I think I will keep it for you, lest you lose it again ;" and John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all the signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air ; and John Newton said that

he saw in his dream that that valuable gem was his soul, and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan, and that the One who plunged in and restored that gem, keeping it for him, was Christ.—*Talmage*.

5281. SOUL, and its environments. When the battle was fought between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac," the ship "Cumberland" went down in water so shallow that her top-gallants remained above the waves. A surgeon, a friend of Governor Andrew, was in the hold of the ship when she went down; but by keeping in view the light which streamed through the hatchways and aiding himself on the rigging, he at last reached the surface, and was taken into a boat and saved. Now the insidious, the almost insane, persuasion which governs average human nature is, that when we go down in the sea of death and eternity we are to leave ourselves behind ourselves, and swim out of ourselves, and be taken into some lifeboat at the surface of the eternal ocean, and so brought to peace. The trouble with that theory, my friends, is, that we are the "Cumberland," and the "Cumberland" cannot swim out of the "Cumberland." Here is the first axiomatic truth on which the man who really reveres science ought to found himself, and demand, in the name of mere culture, harmony with this portion of the environment of his soul from which he cannot flee. As I clasp my hands together, finger is the environment of finger, and so faculty in the soul is the environment of faculty. We must have harmony with the plan of our own natures, for *we are going to live with ourselves as long as we live at all*. Socrates said there was one wife from whom he could not be divorced, and that was his conscience; and he feared vastly that the lack of harmony between him and that wife might destroy his peace in the eternal mansions.—*Rev. Joseph Cook*.

5282. SOUL, Blindness of. Darwin gives an account of two blind men with whom he was in the habit of conversing for some years. They both told him that "they never remembered having dreamed of visible objects after they became totally blind." So, when men give themselves to lower and meaner things, the higher and nobler faculties of the soul come in to trouble them less and less. By-and-by the spiritual and the unseen is to them as though it were not.—*B.*

5283. SOUL, Care for. A king had an unwise and reckless son—so reckless that when all entreaty and rebuke proved in vain, he condemned him to death. Still he was allowed three months' respite, in which he was to prepare himself for death. After this had flown the father called him again into his presence. But what a change in the appearance of the son! His figure was abject, and his countenance bore the traces of an entire inward transformation. "How comes it now," says the king to him, "that thou, my son, appearest before me in so different a character?" "Ah, my father and king," replied he, "how should I not be changed, having death for three months constantly before my eyes?" "Well," responded the father, "since thou hast so earnestly considered the matter and become of a different mind, thy punishment is remitted; yet see that you keep within thee for ever this new feeling!" "That is too hard for me; how could I, amid the manifold enticements of my newly granted life, possibly be able to stand?" Then the king

ordered a shell to be handed to his son, which was filled up to the brim with oil, and said to him, "Take this, and carry it through all the streets of the city. But two men with drawn swords are to follow immediately behind thee on foot. If thou spillest only one drop of the oil, in the same moment thy head is to roll off into the street." The son obeyed. With slow but sure steps he traversed the streets of the great capital, ever holding the full shell in his hands, followed by the two armed servants, who were ready at any moment to decapitate him. But happily, without having spilled even a drop of the oil, the young man returned to his father's palace. "Tell me, my son," said he, "what hast thou seen in thy wandering through the city?" "Nothing, my father; nothing at all have I seen." "And why not, since, too, this is our yearly market-day? Tell me what kind of shops, wares, people, animals, &c., fell under thy notice." "Indeed, sir, I have seen nothing whatever on the entire route; for my eyes were ceaselessly directed toward the oil in the shell, that it might remain in the right position and not run over. And how should I not have been thus watchful, when the executioners were close behind, and my life hung upon the point of their sword?" Then said the king, "Now keep well in mind what thou hast been forced to learn in this hour. As the shell of oil, so *bear thy soul always in thy hands*; direct thy thoughts away from the distractions of sense and the things of earth, in which they are so easily lost, towards the eternal, which alone has worth; and ever reflect that death's executioners follow at thy heels, and so thou wilt not so easily forget what is needful to thy soul, and so needful to keep thee from the old disorderly life that must necessarily lead to perdition." And the son hearkened, and lived happily.—*A Tamil Parable*.

5284. SOUL, Care for. We once heard a contrite inquirer after spiritual comfort say, "It is ten years since I was received a member of such a church, and during all that time no one has ever said a word to me about my soul."—*Rev. Wm. Arthur*.

5285. SOUL, Care for. Every traveller has something very precious in his custody—*his own soul*. You will lose it, pilgrim, if you go off the way. The miners in the goldfields of Australia, when they have gathered a large quantity of the dust, make for the city with the treasure. The mine is far in the interior, the country is wild, the bush is infested by robbers; the miners keep the road and the daylight. They march in company, and close by the guard sent to protect them. They do not stray from the path among the woods, for they carry with them a treasure which they value, and they are determined to run no risks.—*W. Arnot*.

5286. SOUL, Care of, neglected. Apelles, the famous painter of Greece, having observed that one of his scholars had painted Helen set out with much gold and embroidery, said unto him, "Alas! poor young man, when thou couldst not draw her fair thou hast made her rich." Thus many do set a fair outside on the body, and utterly neglect the inside of the soul.—*Anon*.

5287. SOUL, Claimants for the. When Rowland Hill was preaching on one occasion in the open air he noticed a carriage, and servants dressed in

livery, draw up near to where he was standing. Finding on inquiry that Lady Erskine was the occupant, he spoke as follows :—"I have got something for sale worth more than all the crowns of Europe. It is the soul of Lady Erskine. Who bids? Satan bids. He will give riches, and honour, and pleasure. Another One bids; it is the Lord Jesus. He offers peace and joy which the world knows not of, and eternal life. Who is to have it?" She was so affected that she went to Mr. Hill and said the Lord Jesus should have it if He would accept it.

5288. SOUL, Contest for. Some of you may have seen the celebrated painting by Retsch, in which, with wondrous skill, he has portrayed a game of chess between Satan and a young man, who has staked his soul on the issue. The truth and vivid power of the representation; the different expression in the faces of the players; the gay, heedless look of the young man, all unconscious of his peril; and the cunning, hellish leer of the Fiend, as the chances seemed to turn in his favour, can never be forgotten by any who have once beheld them. But how much more graphic and solemn is the scene which the Divine pencil has drawn—*Christ and Satan battling for the soul of man!* Nor is it picture merely; it is real. The contest is actually going forward, going forward now, going forward in your own spiritual history. Intrenched within your heart, "the Prince of the Power of the Air" plies all his weapons of falsehood and delusion and worldly enchantments to maintain his fatal mastery over you; while at the door stands the crucified One—pity in His eye and salvation in His hands—summoning you to thrust out the deceiver, and yield the palace to the sweet control of His love.—*Dr. G. B. Ide.*

5289. SOUL, conversion of, Worth of. The observation made by Archbishop Williams, who had been Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, as well as loaded with other honours, at the close of his life was truly affecting. "I have passed," said he, "through many places of honour and trust, both in Church and State, more than any of my order in England for the last seventy years. But were I assured that by my preaching I had converted only one soul unto God, I should herein take more comfort than in all the offices and honours that have ever been bestowed upon me."

5290. SOUL, Creatures without. A certain preacher had wrought his best to benefit his audience; but one of them came to him, and somewhat rudely remarked, "Your preaching is of no use to me. I do not believe that I have a soul; I don't want to be talked to about an imaginary hereafter. I shall die like a dog." The minister calmly replied, "Sir, I have evidently failed through misapprehension. I did my best for the good of all my hearers; but I prepared the entertainment under the notion that I was catering for men with souls. Had I known there were creatures present who had no souls, and would die like dogs, I would have provided a good supply of bones for them."—*Spurgeon.*

5291. SOUL, drifting, Danger of. When a ship is sailing the anchor is of no use; but when the ship would be still it is the anchor that holds it.

It is not alone a storm which requires the good offices of an anchor. In the calmness of the harbour a ship needs it. In the fairest weather, when winds are as gentle as if a dove's wings had produced them, a ship will still drift. The silent current, the soft palms of the tiniest ripples that plash against the sides, gradually push her along; and she will ground upon the flats, or strike upon the shore, or grate upon the harsh ledges. So long as a ship is under headway the rudder can hold her to her course; but as soon as she is sheltered and would fain lie still, she must have an anchor. The soul is like a ship. So long as it is moving with strong impulsion it holds its course easily. *When earnest impulses cease*, then, unless something holds the soul steadfast, it drifts; and drifting is far more dangerous to a soul than to a ship. It drifts into doubt; and out of doubts come morbid impulses; and out of morbid impulses come reactions of the most dangerous kind.—*Becher.*

5292. SOUL, Existence of. Some time ago the Rev. James Armstrong preached at Harmony, near the Wabash, when a doctor of that place, a professed Deist, called on his associates to accompany him while he attacked the Methodists, as he said. At first he asked Mr. Armstrong if he followed preaching to save souls. He answered in the affirmative. He then asked Mr. Armstrong if he ever saw a soul. "No." If he ever heard a soul. "No." If he ever tasted a soul. "No." If he ever smelled a soul. "No." If he ever felt a soul. "Yes, thank God!" said Mr. Armstrong. "Well," said the doctor, "there are four of the five senses against one that there is a soul." Mr. Armstrong then asked the gentleman if he was a doctor of medicine; and he also answered in the affirmative. He then asked the doctor if he ever saw a pain. "No." If he ever heard a pain. "No." If he ever tasted a pain. "No." If he ever smelled a pain. "No." If he ever felt a pain. "Yes." Mr. Armstrong then said, "There are also four senses against one to evidence that there is a pain; yet, sir, you know that there is a pain, and I know there is a soul." The doctor appeared confounded, and walked off.—*Whitcross.*

5293. SOUL, God's way of saving, sometimes. God saves men in his own ways and with his own thoughts; but neither the ways nor the thoughts are in stereotype. Sometimes he awakens the slumbering manhood, and in that way saves us. Correggio, beholding a canvas of Raphael, cried in a transport, "I also am a painter," and forthwith became a painter; so it is in the presence of great heroes and heroines men and women are awakened to heroism (which heroism is a kind of salvation), and in that way they are saved. But more often men are saved by being emptied of their self-sufficiency and forced to cry with Peter, "Lord, help me, or I perish."—*A. W. Woods.*

5294. SOUL, Immortality of. An aged Hottentot, when dying, gave to a missionary his views and feelings with regard to the gospel and a future state of being. In his own native language he expressed himself substantially as follows :—"I have at this moment a particular impression of the immortality of the soul, for my body is already half dead. I have lost the use of both legs and one arm, and if my soul were not immortal it would be half dead

also; but instead of that, I am constantly thinking of God and heaven, and I can think with great ease and freedom. I have also a *special conviction that the Bible is God's book*, and its blessed truths are constantly running through my mind, and afford me great comfort in my affliction. I wish to say, further, that *I now see more clearly than ever that the missionaries are not common men*, but the servants of God, sent to declare unto us His Holy Word."—*Missionary Anecdotes.*

5295. SOUL, in preaching. A clergyman of this country states that he once told an affecting occurrence to Mr. Whitefield, relating it, however, with but the ordinary feeling and brevity of a passing conversation; when afterwards, on hearing Mr. Whitefield preach, up came his own story, narrated by the preacher in the pulpit, with such nature, pathos, and power, that the clergyman himself, who had furnished Whitefield with the dry bones of the illustration, found himself weeping like a child. The tones of the soul possess an intensity and penetrating depth of feeling to subdue the soul; and Whitefield, amidst all the thunder of a voice that could be heard to an incredible distance, spake with the *tones of the soul*; and his gestures were impelled by the same spontaneous, magic influence that made *them*, as well as his words, seem *part of the soul*. According to the common saying, so common that we forget the depth of meaning it covers up, he *threw his soul into them*.—*Dr. Cheever.*

5296. SOUL, Looking after. A baker in an English village gave notice to his customers that he would no longer bake dinners on Sunday. The clergyman, finding his morning congregation getting small, and noticing that few women were present, wonderingly inquired the reason, and was informed that the baker was responsible for the change. The rev. gentleman called upon the baker, when the following conversation took place:—"Good-morning, Mr. Dennisen." "Good-morning, sir." "Do you not know what harm you are doing in this parish?" "I am not aware that I am doing harm to any one, sir." "Why, yes; they tell me you have closed your office on the Sabbath, and refuse to bake the people's dinners; so that the females cannot get to church; and if they cannot get to church, we cannot expect them to get good and go to heaven." "But what is to become of the poor baker's soul, sir?" "Oh! he must look out for himself." "That, sir, is just what I intend to do."—*W. Antliff, D.D.*

5297. SOUL, needing something to cling to. The soul of man is a clasp, clinging soul, seeking to something over which it can spread itself, and by means of which it can support itself. And just as in a neglected garden you may see the poor creepers making shift to sustain themselves as best they can; one convolvulus twisting round another, and both dragging on the ground; a clematis leaning on the door, which will by-and-by open and let the whole mass fall down; a vine or a passion-flower wreathing round a prop which all the while chafes and cuts it; so in this fallen world it is mournful to see the efforts which human souls are making to get some sufficient object to lean upon and twine around.—*James Hamilton, D.D.*

5298. SOUL, neglected. A German had his

side torn by a shell in the Battle of the Wilderness, and lay down, sheltered by his blanket from the scorching sun, to die. A burning thirst caused his greatest suffering. A delegate put a canteen to his lips to relieve him. His disappointment and agony were intense when he found that he could not swallow. Every effort was in vain; and death came swiftly on. This case is analogous to the fate of one whose soul-thirst has been neglected till relief is impossible.

5299. SOUL, Pray for my lost. There lives a father who would give every cent of his property if he could recall his son to life. Struck down suddenly by an accident, he was borne home unconscious. The father, in agony, begged the doctor to bring him to life again. His answer was, that he could not last many hours, and whether the young man would return to consciousness or not he could not say. He did, and looking upon his father, said, "Won't you pray for my lost soul?" His parent was speechless. Again he looked towards his mother and made the same request. And she too, wrung with sorrow, could not utter a word. For seventeen long years had he been in constant intercourse with them, and never once had they offered a prayer for him; and now they had come to the last opportunity which they were ever to have, and they were too overwhelmed to avail themselves of it; and their son, sinking again into unconsciousness, passed away to judgment.—*Moody.*

5300. SOUL, Preciousness of. Louis IX., King of France, was found instructing a poor kitchen-boy; and being asked why he did so, replied, "*The meanest person hath a soul precious as my own*, and bought with the same blood of Christ."—*Whitecross.*

5301. SOUL, Problem of. A young man, distinguished for his mathematical attainments, was fond of challenging his fellow-students to a trial of skill in solving difficult problems. One day a class-mate came into his study, and laying a folded paper before him, said, "There is a problem I wish you would help me to solve," and immediately left the room. The paper was eagerly unfolded, and there, instead of a question in mathematics, were traced the lines, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" With a gesture of impatience, he tore the paper to atoms, and turned again to his books. But in vain he tried to shake off the impressions of the solemn words he had read. The Holy Spirit pressed home his convictions of guilt and danger, so that he could find no peace till he found it in believing in Jesus. He subsequently became a minister of the gospel he had once despised, and his first sermon was from the words, so eminently blessed to his own soul: "*What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*"—*F. R. F.*

5302. SOUL, Profanity against. As Mr. Romaine was one day walking in the street with another gentleman he heard a poor man call upon God to damn him. Mr. Romaine stopped, took out half-a-crown, and presenting it, said, "My friend, I will give you this if you will repeat that oath." The man started. "What! sir," said he,

"do you think I will damn my soul for half-a-crown?" Mr. Romaine answered, "As you did it just now for nothing, I could not suppose you would refuse to do it for a reward!" The poor creature, struck with this reproof, as Mr. Romaine intended he should be, replied, "God bless and reward you, sir, whoever you are. I believe you have saved my soul; and I hope I shall never swear again while I live."—*Rev. C. Field.*

5303. SOUL, Saving a. To save a limb is a great thing. A poor young man was in a hospital who had crushed his arm at his work. The doctor said there was no help for it; his arm must be cut off or he must die. But the young man could not bear the thought of losing his arm, and said he would rather die first. But the lady at the head of the hospital did all she could to heal the young man's arm. She dressed it carefully, she watched night and day, and did whatever she could to keep up the young man's strength. And at last the arm was saved. The young man became quite well, and used to call that arm *her arm*, because she had been the means of saving it. It is a great thing to save a limb, but to save a soul is far greater.—*Rev. G. T. Coster.*

5304. SOUL, secure in Christ. The pilot of a United States revenue cutter was asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast where he sailed. He replied, "No; it is only necessary to know where there are no rocks." Looking unto Jesus with simple faith, the soul is secure; whatever the perils that lurk on every hand, there are no rocks ahead.

5305. SOUL, Sin against. When, a half-century ago, the famous Kaspar Hauser appeared in the streets of Nuremberg, having been released from a dungeon in which he had been confined from infancy, having never seen the face or heard the voice of man, nor gone without the walls of his prison, nor seen the full light of day, a distinguished lawyer in Germany wrote a legal history of the case, which he entitled, "A Crime against the Life of the Soul." It was well named. . . . But it is no worse than the treatment some men bestow upon their own souls. . . . As the poor German youth was at length thrust out into the world for which he was unfitted, with untrained senses in a world of sense, without speech in a world of language, with a dormant mind in a world of thought, so many go out of this world with no preparation in that part of their nature that will most be called into use.—*Theodore T. Munger.*

5306. SOUL, Suicide of. The writer was standing one day lately among a crowd of visitors under the dome of St. Paul's, in London, gazing upwards in silence on its grandeur, when a gentleman touched him, and requested him to move his foot. He then pointed to a small cross-mark made by a mason's chisel on the marble pavement, informing the bystanders that a person who cast himself from the dome aloft had fallen there and died. The group of living beings who had gathered around our informant stood instinctively back and sighed. The living were awed in spirit when they found themselves standing on the spot that had been stained by the blood of a self-murdered man. Oh! if there were marks made in the ground at every place stained by the suicide of a soul, how thickly dotted would the world be with the startling symbols!

How fearfully and tremblingly would the living tread their way between!—*Arnot.*

5307. SOUL, without Christ. Our Lord gives us a parable in which He speaks of an evil spirit ejected from a house, leaving it swept, garnished, and empty; but it soon returned, and returned, moreover, with "*seven other spirits more wicked than itself.*" Such is too accurate a picture of a soul destitute of Christ. Ill may be turned out for a little time, but, except the Redeemer be within, it will find its way back, or send a substitute even more baneful than itself. A remarkable illustration of this has been put on record by that profound thinker, John Foster. A young man of large means became the victim of corrupt companions. As is usually the case, having ruined him, they forsook him. Like the shadow on the sun-dial, which departs at the approach of a cloud, they abandoned him. Begged and miserable, he one day wandered forth. He ascended a hill, whence he beheld the estate that had once been his. Deeply impressed with the folly and wickedness of his past course, he made the resolve that he would begin life afresh, and not rest until he had recovered his possessions. The iron will and busy head conquered. He became a rich man; but, mark, he went from one extreme to another. Gold became the end and aim of his being. He conquered his extravagance, but it was at a frightful cost, even at the expense of his generosity. The spendthrift died a perfect miser. *T. R. Stevenson.*

5308. SOUL, Worth of. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had brought a fine point-head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officer. When the wind grew high and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seemed to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress. This easy transition from *her soul to her head-dress*, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value.—*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

5309. SOULS, Aspiring. As birds, when their time of emigration comes, and they feel the impulse to fly to the summer-land, and will not be stopped, either by the snap of the fowler's gun or by the sweep of the hawk, or by any solicitation, but rise, and fly through night and through day to find that summer-land; so souls feel the fascinating call of God, and rising, soar—and must, because the Holy Ghost is upon them.—*Beecher.*

5310. SOULS, Danger of. Xerxes, from an eminence, once looked down on some millions of his people, and wept to think that in thirty years they would be no more. Alas! one might weep tears of blood to think that, except as the faith of the gospel prevents the tremendous issue, in twelve short months twenty millions of souls will be in hell!—*Dr. A. Reed.*

5311. SOULS, desire for their conversion. It was said of Alleine by one who knew him intimately, that "he was infinitely and insatiably greedy of the conversion of souls." When he might have had a fellowship at his university, he preferred a chaplaincy, because he was "inspired with

an impatience to be occupied in direct ministerial work."—*Spurgeon*.

5312. SOULS, Dishonest. When a great musician takes a guitar or touches a harp, and finds that the notes are false, he stays his hand. Some men's souls are not honest; they are sophisticated and double-minded. Christ's Spirit will not be an accomplice with men in the wretched business of shuffling and deceiving.—*Spurgeon*.

5313. SOULS, how converted. There, see! the spell of the drought is broken and it is raining fast. Go out when the showers are over, how fragrant all nature is, the soil how soft and sweet! You watered, but the hot sun licked it up, and the ground seemed parched and hard as ever. So, often when men's best efforts have failed, and a gospel faithfully preached seems of no avail, gracious influences from God have descended, and hardened hearts been broken and subdued, and that in a moment. This work is of Heaven, and He will have it so.—*B.*

5314. SOULS, Love of. John Knox, when he arose on a cold night and knelt down and prayed for Scotland, and his wife importuned him to come back to the pillow, said, "Woman, *how can I sleep when my land is not saved?* O God! give me Scotland, or I die."

5315. SOULS, Love of. One who knew Whitefield well, and attended his preaching more frequently, perhaps, than any other person, said he hardly ever knew him go through a sermon without weeping; his voice was often interrupted by his tears, which sometimes were so excessive as to stop him from proceeding for a few moments. "You blame me for weeping," he would say; "but how can I help it *when you will not weep for yourselves*, though your immortal souls are on the verge of destruction, and for aught you know, you are hearing your last sermon, and may never more have an opportunity to have Christ offered to you?"—*J. R. Andrews*.

5316. SOULS, Love of. When Dr. Bacchus (the President of Hamilton College) was upon his death-bed the doctor called to see him, and after examining the symptoms, left the room without speaking, but as he opened the door to go out, was observed to whisper something to the servant. "What did the physician say to you?" asked Dr. Bacchus. "He said, sir, that you cannot live to exceed half an hour." "Is it so?" said the good man. "Then take me out of my bed, and place me upon my knees; let me spend that time in calling upon God for the salvation of the world." His request was complied with; and his last moments were spent in breathing forth his prayers for the salvation of his fellow-sinners. He died upon his knees.

5317. SOULS, neglected. It is a suggestive story that is told of a good deacon who, going out of a prayer-meeting one evening, said to a young man standing in the porch, "Good evening, friend. Do you live in this vicinity?" "Yes, sir." "Ah," said the deacon, "where do you attend church?" "I come here, sir." "How long have you attended this church?" "Well, sir, I should think it is about fourteen years."

5318. SOULS, Restless. Whereunto shall I liken such unsettled ones? Are they not like those birds which frequent the Golden Horn, and are to be seen

from Constantinople, of which it is said that they are always on the wing and never rest? No one ever saw them alight on the water or on the land; they are for ever poised in mid-air. The natives call them "lost souls," seeking rest and finding none.—*Spurgeon*.

5319. SOULS, Sacrifice of. Travellers who visit the Falls of Niagara are directed to a spot, in the margin of the precipice over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady a few years since lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and her own daring. She leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed; and *she leaned, in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation*, over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful form which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her light feet, and with a shriek she descended, like a falling star, to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death. A life sacrificed for a flower! How like the case of many who, grasping at sin's fatal flower, sacrifice the soul!—*Biblical Treasury*.

5320. SOULS, Saving, the main thing. Some one inquired of Dr. Lyman Beecher, in his old age, "Doctor, you know many things; but what do you think the main thing?" The sturdy old hero of forty revivals answered, "It is not theology; it is not controversy; it is *saving souls*."—*Cuyler*.

5321. SOULS, seeking God. No two souls will ever find God in precisely the same manner, or enter into a great religious blessing in the use of the same means. A certain very wicked man in Indiana, some years ago, went to a Methodist meeting. It was a meeting where there was a great deal of real power. Soon one of his companions came down from the altar all aflame. The Lord, he said, had had mercy on his soul. And now wouldn't his friend come also and share in this same great salvation? Without delay, he arose and followed his rejoicing companion. "Now, then," said the former, "I want you to tell me just how you got your blessing. Take me just where you were. Tell me just where you knelt. Put my knees exactly into the spot where yours were." All this was done. "Now I am fixed." "Yes," was the reply. And then he prayed for the blessing of salvation. But it did not descend. Ah! how many times have persons, in seeking for pardon, or for the richer fulness of blessing, in like manner attempted to reach their object by placing their minds exactly in the same posture somebody else's mind was in when heaven dawned upon his soul, and have as often been sadly disappointed in their search!—*Rev. R. H. Howard*.

5322. SOULS, to be sought after. Sportsmen must not stop at home and wait for the birds to come and be shot at; neither must fishermen throw their nets inside their boats and hope to take many fish. Traders go to the markets; they follow their customers, and go out after business if it will not come to them; and so must we.—*Spurgeon*.

5323. SOULS, Zeal for. Rowland Hill once

commenced a sermon by shouting "Matches! matches! matches! You wonder," continued he, in his usual tone, "at my text; but this morning, while I was engaged in my study, the devil whispered to me, 'Ah! Rowland, your zeal is indeed noble, and how indefatigably you labour for the salvation of souls!' At that very moment a poor man passed under my window, crying, 'Matches!' very lustily; and conscience said to me, 'Rowland, you never laboured to save souls *with half the zeal* that this man does to sell matches.'"—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

5324. SOVEREIGN, Presentation of. In the course of the morning a friend came to invite my old ladies to go with him to a place near, where they could at their ease see the Queen presented to the people. They went into the Park, and stood in front of the window of St. James's Palace, where, among other places, the Sovereigns are proclaimed and presented. Scarcely half a dozen people were there, for very few were aware of the custom. There stood the young creature in the simplest mourning, with her sleek bands of brown hair as plain as her dress. The tears ran fast down her cheeks as Lord Melbourne stood by her side, and she was presented to the half-dozen lookers-on as their Sovereign.—*Harriet Martineau.*

5325. SOWING, for the future. When Captain Cook visited the South Sea Islands, in his wanderings, he scattered grains of corn on the soil. The inhabitants had then no idea what this meant, or that they would derive any benefit from the process. But in the course of years the corn had grown and greatly increased. The people began to eat the fruit of his labours, although all that they remembered of the great circumnavigator, when questioned some years after, was that he was a man of very curious habits, who twitched his pocket with his right hand and waved his hands as he walked along the ground.—*Denton.*

5326. SOWING, out of season. I have noticed that, of the seeds that I sowed this spring on the side hill where there was a strong wind, some did not go into the little furrows that I had made; for now, when I go about the little patch, I find that they have sprung up in other places. And I have noticed that some of the best plants for transplanting, some of the stockiest and strongest and best ones, are those that were chance-sown. While I was sifting the seeds into the furrow, the wind took one and carried it yonder; and another, and carried it yonder; and some of the plants that will be best to set out will be those that were sown "out of season"—out of place.—*Beecher.*

5327. SPEAKERS, Tedious. It has long been a question how to be rid of tedious speakers to children; but we once heard of one of these "distinguished speakers" who found himself a thoroughly extinguished speaker before he had completed his long and prosy harangue. He was addressing a church full of people, most of whom were children, went on and on—all about nothing—till it began to be thought he would never have done, when all at once a bright little urchin bravely struck up the hymn, "There is a happy land." Others caught the sound and quickly joined in, until in a moment the astonished speaker was overwhelmed by a swelling tide of song, which he could

no more stem than Mrs. Partington could sweep back the Atlantic with her famous broom.

5328. SPEAKING, and doing. Two architects were once candidates for the building of a certain temple at Athens. The first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built. The other, who got up after him, only observed that *what his brother had spoken he could do*; and thus he at once gained the cause.

5329. SPEAKING, for Christ. I shall never forget the manner in which a thirsty individual once begged of me upon Clapham Common. I saw him with a very large truck, in which he was carrying an extremely small parcel, and I wondered why he had not put the parcel into his pocket and left the machine at home. I said, "It looks odd to see so large a truck for such a small load." He stopped, and looking me seriously in the face, he said, "Yes, sir, it is a very odd thing; but, do you know I have met with an odder thing than that this very day. I've been about, working and sweating all this 'ere blessed day, and till now I haven't met a single gentleman that looked as if he'd give me a pint of beer till I saw you." I considered that turn of the conversation very neatly managed; and we, with a far better subject upon our minds, ought to be equally able to introduce the topic upon which our heart is set. There was an ease in the man's manner which I envied, for I did not find it quite so simple a matter to introduce my own topic to his notice; yet if I had been thinking as much about how I could do him good as he had upon how to obtain a drink, I feel sure I should have succeeded in reaching my point.—*Spurgeon.*

5330. SPEAKING, to the point. A thief who had picked a gentleman's pocket was rebuked for his dishonesty, at some length, by one who saw him commit the theft; but the robber only laughed at the man's reproof. When another man, however, talked about calling for a policeman, he began to show some symptoms of fear; but no sooner did a third come running towards him, crying, "*Stop, thief!*" than he took to his heels at once as though he were running for his life.—*Geo. Moggridge.*

5331. SPEAKING to the purpose. A deaf man was remarkable for his accurate knowledge of almost all subjects which depended particularly upon his intercourse with others. He was once asked the reason of this when he replied, "*People do not waste their breath talking nonsense to me through a speaking-trumpet.* If they had anything to say, it was always to the purpose, and put in the fewest possible words. The Christian teacher should set before him a direct purpose, a great and lofty object, and make everything bear upon it. His great aim is to explain God's truth, and apply it to the saving of souls.—*Biblical Museum.*

5332. SPECULATIONS, Religious. Gobat, when seeking in vain among the Abyssinian Christians for one whom he could own as a living, loving brother in Christ, was continually assailed on every hand with metaphysical questions about the Person of Christ, such as no European could easily invent. Hebeta Selasse said of Gobat, "This Christian man entirely gained my confidence and affection, for whenever I put questions to him on points which

are not contained in the Bible, it was his saying, "I do not know."

5333. SPECULATIONS, versus duty. While a minister was riding in a railway carriage he was saluted by a member of an exceedingly litigious and speculative sect. "Pray, sir," said the sectary, "what is your opinion of the seven trumpets?" "I am not sure," said the preacher, "that I understand your question; but I hope you will comprehend mine. What think you of the fact that your seven children are growing up without God and without hope? You have a Bible-reading in your house for your neighbours, but no family prayer for your children." The nail was fastened in a sure place; enough candour of mind remained in the professor to enable him to profit by the timely rebuke.—*Spurgeon*.

5334. SPEECH, and silence. The negroes of the Senegal maintain firmly that the monkeys are men just like ourselves; only snarler, because they refrain from speaking in order not to be recognised as men, and not to be forced to work.—*Heine*.

5335. SPEECH for Christ, a duty. Of one of the statues in the Campanile, Florence, it is said that Donatello, when giving it the last stroke of his chisel, exclaimed, in enthusiastic admiration, "Speak!" So Christ, when He calls men from their sins and re-creates them in His own image, says, "Tell what things God hath done for you."—*B.*

5336. SPEECH, may be uninteresting. A gentleman from London was lecturing at Halifax once, and he was laying down the law in the coldest, dullest, and most refined, uninteresting fashion possible, and there was a working man in the audience who seemed to be very uncomfortable, and who kept wriggling himself about. The speaker went on and on, becoming colder and duller, and the man in the audience got more and more uncomfortable, until at last he could not contain himself, and cried out, "Come out with it fast, lad, we can tak' it in."—*Morlais Jones*.

5337. SPEECH, Plain. Archbishop Tillotson regarded it as the highest compliment ever paid him when, on descending from the pulpit, he overheard a countryman who came to London to hear him ask his friend with evident surprise, "Is that your great Archbishop? Why, he talks just like one of ourselves."

5338. SPEECH, Profitable. When you hear divine truth, gather it into your memory and heart; then take it home, and beat it out by meditation, and divide it with any sad-hearted Naomi in godly conversation; yet speak not so much of the corn as of the man in the field—not of men as of the servants there, but of the Lord of the harvest.—*Donald Fraser*.

5339. SPEECH, Unworthy, repudiated. His (the Indian chief Canouchet, then a prisoner) life was offered him if he would procure a treaty of peace; he refused the offer with disdain. Condemned to death, he only answered, "I like it well; I shall die before I speak anything unworthy of myself."—*Bancroft (condensed)*.

5340. SPEECHES, Cost of. Earl Derby is quoted as saying that a speech cost him two nights' sleep—one beforehand in thinking what he should say, and

one afterwards in thinking how much better he might have said it.—*Family Circle*.

5341. SPIRIT, Ceasing to resist the. Every day, from my window, I see the gulls making circuits and beating against the north wind. Now they mount high above the masts of vessels in the stream, and then suddenly drop to the water's edge, seeking to find some eddy unobstructed by the steady-blowing blast; till at length, abandoning their efforts, they turn and fly with the wind. Then how like a gleam of light do their white wings flash down the bay faster than eye can follow! So, when we cease to resist God's Divine influences, and, turning towards Him, our thoughts and feelings are upborne by the breath of His Spirit, how do they make such swift heavenward flight as no words can overtake!—*Beecher*.

5342. SPIRIT, Effects of. Who has not seen the sun on a fine spring morning pouring his rays through a transparent white cloud, filling all places with the purity of his presence, and kindling the birds into joy and song? Such, I conceive, would be the constant effects of the Holy Spirit on the soul were there no evil in the world. As it is, the moral sun, like the natural, though "it always makes a day," is often clouded over.—*Augustus Hare*.

5343. SPIRIT, Fruits of. As oftentimes, when walking in a wood near sunset, though the sun himself be hid by the height and bushiness of the trees around, yet we know that he is still above the horizon, from seeing his beams in the open glades before us, illumining a thousand leaves, the several brightnesses of which are so many evidences of his presence. Thus it is with the Holy Spirit; He works in secret; but His work is manifest in the lives of all true Christians. Lamps so heavenly must have been lit from on high.—*Julius C. Hare*.

5344. SPIRIT, Influence of, inscrutable. Mathematicians can go far in describing the properties of curves; but fire a rifle, twirl a half-crown, or toss a ball into the air, which are the simplest and most familiar of acts, and though every convulsion exactly obeys mathematical and physical laws, yet where is the Newton or the Leibnitz that could trace these in detail, and sum up for us so complex and interwoven a computation? The wind, in like manner, even to its faintest zephyr, obeys the natural laws, chemical and dynamical: "God," as Job tells us, "maketh the weight for the winds;" and in their gentlest incidence, or their fiercest, this balance they obey; but who can pretend to trace these to their millionth part, or see aught in the wind but the symbol of the inscrutable?—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

5345. SPIRIT, Led by. A gentleman in Western Mexico became a Protestant, very much to the alarm of his wife and sisters. They carefully used the remedies for heresy recommended by the *padre*—such as offerings to the image of the Virgin and a preparation of holy water, administered in one of the sweet drinks of the country. Then they sewed a piece of pasteboard with a saint's head upon it into his clothing. The remedies were all in vain. The husband and brother remained obdurate in his Protestantism. Finally, in her sincere grief, the wife prayed that the Holy Spirit might guide them as a family into the truth, which at that time seemed to her Romanism. On that very day she,

with her sisters, became a seeker of salvation through the merits of the Saviour. The whole family is now united with the mission church.

5346. SPIRIT, Manifestation of. The Spirit of God falls like the dew, in mystery and power; but it is in the spiritual world as in the natural: certain substances are wet with the celestial moisture, while others are always dry. *Is there not a cause?* The wind blows where it lists; but if we desire to feel a stiff breeze we must go out to sea or climb the hills. The Spirit of God has His favoured places for displaying His might.—*Spurgeon.*

5347. SPIRIT, may be quenched. A man has lost his way in a dark and dreary mine. By the light of one candle, which he carries in his hand, he is groping for the road to sunshine and to home. That light is essential to his safety. The mine has many winding passages, in which he may be hopelessly bewildered. Here and there marks have been made on the rocks to point out the true path, but he cannot see them without that light. There are many deep pits into which, if unwary, he may suddenly fall, but he cannot avoid the danger without that. Should it go out he must soon stumble, fall, perish. Should it go out that mine will be his tomb. How carefully he carries it! How anxiously he shields it from sudden gusts of air, from water dropping on it, from everything that might quench it! The case described is our own. We are like that lonely wanderer in the mine. Does he diligently keep alight the candle on which his life depends? Much more earnestly should we give heed to the warning, "*Quench not the Spirit.*" Sin makes our road both dark and dangerous. If God gave us no light, we should never find the way to the soul's sunny home of holiness and heaven. We must despair of ever reaching our Father's house. We must perish in the darkness into which we have wandered. But He gives us His Spirit to enlighten, guide, and cheer us.—*Newman Hall.*

5348. SPIRIT of a man, brings content. I have seen a young and healthful person warm and ruddy under a poor and thin garment, when at the same time an old rich person hath been cold and paralytic under a load of sables. It is the body that makes the clothes warm, not the clothes the body; and the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune, wrapped about a sickly and an uneasy soul.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

5349. SPIRIT, Quenching. When some poor distracted one in Paris determines to lift his hand against his own life, he begins by stopping up every nook and cranny in the room which lets in the sweet air of heaven. He closes the door, he closes the windows, he fills in every hole, one by one, before he kindles that fatal fire which by its fumes is to bring destruction. So it is when men deny the Spirit and quench the Spirit. They may not know it, for the madness of sin is upon them, but none the less it is true that one after another *they close those avenues by which He might enter to save them*, until God can do no more than stand apart in judgment, as over Ephraim of old, saying, "*O Ephraim, thou hast destroyed thyself.*"—*B.*

5350. SPIRIT, Waiting for, illustrated. Where tidal rivers meet the sea a sight may often be witnessed which appears very strange to the uninformed spectator. The day is fine, the breeze is steady and

favourable, the rippling waters dance in the sunlight; and as the anxious watcher waits for the long-absent friend who is expected from a distant land, he rejoices in the favourable conditions which will hasten the happy hour of meeting. Eagerly he scans the horizon for the expected ship. Presently it appears, rapidly draws nearer, and the bounding heart shows its restless eagerness by a hundred signs. But, lo! the great vessel slackens her speed, and presently drops an anchor outside the port. Then from the horizon comes another, a stately ship, her snowy sails filled by the breeze. She too draws near and turns away, or furls her sails and waits. And then another and another come, and are stopped in their onward course by some strange unseen barrier. Perplexed and impatient, the watcher appeals to a seaman for information, and gets for answer, "Oh! it is the tide; they are waiting for the tide." And, behold! even while they speak there is a change in the aspect of the shore. The hurrying waters which have been flowing so rapidly down to the sea are stopped; they creep up again over the strand. From far away in the southern ocean a mighty wave is flowing on, unseen. It rises and flows, and fills the channels, and washes against the sea-wall, and reaches almost to the dock-sills, and the gates are opened. And the waiting fleet wakes up to new life; anchors are raised; sails are spread; steam is once more at work; and the stately procession comes up the stream and into harbour—the ocean steamer with its living freight of a thousand souls, the merchantman from the East with precious cargo of silks and spices, and all the tribe of lesser craft from their various voyages and with their various store of goods.—*London Missionary Society Report.*

5351. SPIRIT, Wooings of. Before any daisy or violet, before any blossom is seen in the field, the sun lies with its bosom to the ground, crying to the flower, and saying, "Why tarriest thou so long?" and day after day the sun comes, and pours its maternal warmth upon the earth, and coaxes the plant to grow and bloom. And when days and weeks have passed the root obeys the call and sends out its germ, from which comes the flower. Had it not been for the sun's warmth and light, the flower could never have come to itself. So the Eternal Spirit of God rests on the human soul, warming it, quickening it, calling it, and saying, "O my son! where art thou?" And at last it is this Divine sympathy and brooding influence that brings men to God, and leads them to say, "Am I not sinful?" and to yearn for something higher and purer and holier. It was God's work. He long ago was *working in you, to will and to do of His own good pleasure.*—*Becher.*

5352. SPIRIT'S action, reasonable. Mark the course of a river like the Thames; how it winds and twists according to its own sweet will. Yet there is a reason for every bend and curve: the geologist, studying the soil and marking the conformation of the rock, sees a reason why the river's bed diverges to the right or to the left; and so, though the Spirit of God blesses one preacher more than another, and the reason cannot be such that any man could congratulate himself upon his own goodness, yet there are certain things about Christian ministers which God blesses, and certain other things which hinder success.—*Spurgeon.*

5353. SPIRITUAL children, recognised in heaven. In one of the public conveyances in the metropolis two very respectable women expressed their satisfaction on meeting with me, as the minister of Christ who had brought them to believe on Him to the salvation of their souls. They evidently thought that I must recollect the circumstance of their conversion, although that had taken place many years before. They mentioned their names and many other particulars, which all failed, however, to recall them to my recollection. I then overheard one of them consoling the other by saying, "Ah, well, he will be obliged to acknowledge us for his spiritual children in heaven!"—*Leifchild (abridged)*.

5354. SPIRITUAL distress, How to get rid of. An old Indian convert of David Brainerd's, when asked how she got rid of her spiritual distress, replied in broken English, "Me try, me try save myself; last my strength be all gone, could not me stir bit furdur. Den last me let Jesus Christ alone: glad my heart—Jesus Christ do what He please with me."—*J. R. Andrews*.

5355. SPIRITUAL insight, and the Scriptures. Unsansctified men cannot read the Bible to profit. If you bring me a basketful of minerals from California, and I take them and look at them, I shall know that this specimen has gold in it, because I see there little points of yellow gold, but I shall not know what the white and the dark points are that I see. But let a metallurgist look at it, and he will see that it contains not only gold, but silver and lead and iron, and he will single them out. To me it is a mere stone, with only here and there a hint of gold, but to him it is a combination of various metals. Now take the Word of God, that is filled with precious stones and metals, and let one instructed in spiritual insight go through it, and he will discover all these treasures; while, if you let a man uninstructed in spiritual insight go through it, he will discover those things that are outside and apparent, but those things that make God and man friends, and that have to do with the immortality of the soul in heaven, escape his notice. No man can know these things unless the Spirit of God has taught him to discern them.—*Beecher*.

5356. SPIRITUAL knowledge, must be personal. A little boy was born blind. At last an operation was performed—the light was let in slowly. When, one day, his mother led him out of doors and uncovered his eyes, and for the first time he saw the sky and the earth, "O mother!" he cried, "why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?" She burst into tears, and said, "I tried to tell you, dear, but you could not understand me." So it is when we try to tell what is in the Bible. Unless the spiritual sight is opened we cannot understand.

5357. SPIRITUAL life, Power of. Brainerd, in his narrative of his work among the American Indians, confesses his great embarrassment. "When I have instructed them respecting the miracles wrought by Christ, they have quickly referred to the wonders of that kind performed by their diviner; . . . a fatal obstruction to some of them in the way of receiving the gospel." Yet, though Brainerd could do none of these mighty works, *he was the means of the conversion of that very diviner by the influence of his own life and the spiritual truths which he taught.*—*J. M. Buckley (condensed)*.

5358. SPIRITUAL, No conception of. "What do you mean by the Lords spiritual?" asked Madame de Stael. "Are they so called because they are so *spirituels*?" How exactly do *esprit* and *spiritual* express what the French deem the highest power and glory of the human mind!—*Julius C. Hare*.

5359. SPIRITUAL perception, is it possessed? I read a story once of a deaf and dumb mother who, as soon as she was able to go out of doors after the birth of her child, went and brought in a great stone, and standing at the corner of the cradle of her sleeping child, let the stone drop on the floor, and watched the child. She wanted to find out whether her child had the power of hearing. When the little one turned towards her at the sound she wept for joy. So I look at my child and say, "Shall he have spiritual perception?" I would rather have him an humble, spiritual Christian than wear all the honours this world could lavish on him.—*Dr. Vincent*.

5360. SPIRITUAL realities, unseen before conversion. Once, when I arrived at a friend's house in the Lake district, I was told that there was a most beautiful view of distant mountains to be seen from my window. In the morning I lifted the blind to look, but only saw an ordinary view of green fields, hedges, trees, and a lake. There was nothing else whatever to be seen. In the course of the day a heavy mist which had been hanging over the lake was dispersed, and then I saw the beautiful mountains, which before had been so completely veiled that it was difficult to believe in their existence. So it was with me. I could see ecclesiastical things, but the more glorious view of spiritual realities beyond them, in all their full and vast expanse, was as yet hidden.—*W. Haslam*.

5361. SPIRITUALITY, Morbid. In a certain place where evangelistic meetings were being held the lay preachers, among whom was Mr. Matheson, were sumptuously entertained at the house of a Christian gentleman. After dinner they went to the meeting, not without some difference of opinion as to the best method of conducting the services of the evening. "The Spirit is grieved; he is not here at all; I feel it," said one of the younger, with a whine which somewhat contrasted with his previous unbounded enjoyment of the luxuries of the table. "Nonsense," replied Matheson, who hated all whining and morbid spirituality; "nothing of the sort. You have just eaten too much dinner, and you feel heavy."—*Memoir of Duncan Matheson*.

5362. SPRING, a resurrection. On New Year's Day we were walking in the garden; he discovered a crocus, which had burst through the frozen earth; he stopped suddenly, gazed at it silently for a few seconds, and touching it with his staff, pronounced solemnly, "The resurrection of the world."—*Memoir of Sydney Smith*.

5363. STAND, to be made for Christ. It is said that at the battle of the Alma, when one of the regiments was being beaten back by the Russians, the ensign in front stood his ground as the troops retreated. The captain shouted to him to bring back his colours; but the reply of the ensign was, "Bring up the men to the colours." The dignity of Immanuel's ministry can never

be lowered to meet our littleness. The men must come up to the colours.—*Clerical Library.*

5364. STANDARD, Attachment to. Colonel Miller of the Guards, when lying mortally wounded in the attack on the Bois de Bossa (at Waterloo), desired to see once more the colours of his regiment. They were waved above his head, and he died declaring that he was satisfied.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

5365. STANDARD, Short of the. In Chicago, when our constitution was young, a bill was passed that no man should be a policeman that was not a certain height—five feet six. The commissioners advertised for men to come round and be examined, and they must bring good letters of recommendation with them. Now, as they are passing from one man to another, examining their letters and trying their height, suppose there are two of us want to get in, and I say to my friend, "There is no man has a better chance than I have; I have got letters from the supreme judge, from the Mayor and leading citizens of Chicago; no man can have better letters." He says, "Ah, my friend, my letters are as good as yours." Well, the chief commissioner says, "Look here, Moody, these letters are all right, but you must be up to the standard;" so he measures me, and I am only five feet, and he says, "You are half a foot too short." My friend looks down on me and says, "I have got a better chance than you." Well, he stands up and is measured, and is only one-tenth of an inch short, but he goes with me. *He has come short.* I admit some men have come shorter than others, but that is the verdict God has brought in—all are guilty.—*Moody.*

5366. STAR, A wandering. A seventh comet belonging to our system, called Lexell's Comet, is supposed to have been lost, as it ought to have appeared thirteen times, and has not been seen since 1770.—*Sir David Brewster.*

5367. START, A fresh. As you run your pen through the finished pages of your last year's diaries, as you seal them up and pack them away, and begin a new page in a clean book on the 1st of January, so it is possible for every one of us to do with our lives. We may break ourselves off from all that is sinful in our past, and begin afresh, saying, "God helping me, I will write another sort of biography for myself for the days that are to come."—*Maclaren.*

5368. START, a right, Importance of. That was a good prayer which the old-fashioned Methodist minister prayed, "O Lord, start us right, for if we get started wrong we are hard to turn." Very comprehensive, and suited to all denominations.—*Christian Age.*

5369. STATION, Contented with. "We travel far and travel fast," said the coach one day to his wheels, stopping near an old milestone by the side of the road; to which, calling, it said with a laugh, "Aren't you tired of always standing in one place?" "If you are not tired with running, why should I be of staying?" answered the old milestone gravely. "Ah, but I am on wheels, and my duties require nimbleness," remarked the coach. "Granted," replied the milestone; "but I don't see there is so great a difference between us, after all. You would be as motionless as myself without your horses; and as to usefulness, milestones have their duties as well as stage-coaches. If yours are to carry passengers

from place to place, mine are to afford travellers information on their way. Besides, boast as you may, I have sometimes heard of coaches upsetting, and breaking down, and wearing out, and being stopped and robbed; but I never heard of such things happening unto milestones. Therefore, friend, taking all into consideration, I fancy I am the safer if the quieter of the two; and if you are happy in running, I am contented in staying humbly to do the duties of my station, and perhaps as honourably as yourself, although you are a fast coach, and myself am but a poor milestone on the road."—*New Encyclopædia of Anecdotes.*

5370. STERNNESS, Effects of. It is said of that eminent saint and martyr, Bishop Hooper, that on one occasion a man in deep distress was allowed to go into his prison to tell his tale of conscience; but Bishop Hooper looked so sternly upon him, and addressed him so severely at first, that the poor soul ran away, and could not get comfort until he had sought out another minister of a gentler aspect. Hooper really was a gracious and loving soul, but the sternness of his manner kept the penitent off.—*Spurgeon.*

5371. STERNNESS, Effects of. There was once a stern old school teacher, who said to a little boy, "Boy, do you know who created this great revolving sphere?" The poor boy had no idea what he meant, and when the question was repeated, he thought the best thing he could do was to confess, and so he said, in trembling tones, "I did it, sir; but I'll never do it again."

5372. STOICISM, in death. It is said of the base Duc d'Orleans, that on the way to his death he resembled rather a soldier marching to battle than a prisoner going to execution. Beautifully dressed, he held up his proud head, and bowed to the multitude who crowded to see him.—*Denton.*

5373. STOUT-HEARTEDNESS, Necessity of. There is a fine heraldic motto on a broken helmet in Battle Abbey, "L'espoir est ma force," which might be the motto of every man's life. "Woe unto him that is faint-hearted," says the son of Sirach.—*Smiles.*

5374. STRANGERS, Kindness to. "There is a man," said his neighbour, speaking of a village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer-meeting, and he doesn't very often try. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and it's very little that he can put down on subscription papers for any good object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out, to give them a neighbourly welcome and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbour, and look after his affairs for him; and I've sometimes thought he and his wife keep house-plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse waggon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the streets."

5375. STRENGTH, and tenderness. Martin Luther was wont to smite with his fist at such a rate that they show, at Eisenach, a board—I think a three-inch board—which he broke while hammering at a text. The truth of the legend has been doubted, for it has been asserted that those delicate hands, which could play so charmingly upon the guitar, could hardly have been treated so roughly; but if the hand be an index of its owner's character, we can well believe it, for strength and tenderness were marvellously combined in Luther.—*Spurgeon.*

5376. STRENGTH, Consciousness of. Parmenio having at last awakened him, and seeming surprised to find him in so calm and sweet a sleep, just as he was going to fight a battle, in which his whole fortune lay at stake, "How is it possible?" said Alexander, "for us not to be calm, since the enemy" (Darius with an army fifteen times as large as his own) "is coming to deliver himself into our hands?" *Rollin.*

5377. STRENGTH, derived from resistance. As it is said that ferocious animals are disarmed by the eye of man, and will dare no violence if he but steadily look at them, so it is when right looks upon wrong. *Resist the devil, and he will flee from you;* offer him a bold front, and he runs away. He goes, it may be, uttering threats of rage, but yet he goes. So it is that all the great, efficient men of the world are made. They are not strong, but out of weakness they are made strong.—*Bushnell.*

5378. STRENGTH, in Christ. A. B. was a young woman residing at Acton at the time I was student for the ministry. She was heavily afflicted, paralysed, crippled, deaf, and half blind. Her life was passed in one chamber, for the most part on one couch, but the circle of her influence had a wide radius. In the face of overwhelming infirmities she maintained a spirit of serene and cheerful contentment which no new adversity could break. When her bodily strength rallied a little she filled her room, not with wailing or complaint, but with songs of thankfulness; when the wave of physical vitality ebbd again, the unspoken praise lay in quiet sunshine on the pale but smiling face. When the benumbed fingers recovered for a few days some portion of their former nimbleness, she was happy in resuming the dainty needlework by which her bread was earned. When she could do nothing but suffer, her brave soul shone in undiminished patience. Even among women I have never known another so strong in grace—in "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." And what, think you, was her own explanation of this noble and beautiful strength? She gave it to me one evening after I had watched her through a paroxysm of neuralgic torture: "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."—*W. Woods.*

5379. STRENGTH, in what it lies. A general having gained many victories, his king requested the loan of the sword that had done so much. The weapon was soon returned, with the message, "Tell the general that I find his sword no better than any other." "True," replied the soldier; "but tell the king that he should have sent also for the *arm* that is accustomed to wield it."—*W. P.*

5380. STRENGTH, Our, may be unknown to ourselves. Augustine tells of his friend Simplicius,

who, being asked, could tell all Virgil's verses backward and forward; and yet the same party avowed to God that he knew not that he could do it till they did try him. Sure there is *concealed strength* in men's memories that they take no notice of.—*Thomas Fuller.*

5381. STRENGTH, Renewal of. There are certain spring flowers—the crocus, for example—which in autumn renew their freshness and bloom afresh. So with men of faculty and genius, they become young again in their minds, whose intellectual life acts more vitally and intensely when decay has touched all their physical life. But it is in the sphere of the soul that the autumn crocus blooms most beautiful. The rejuvenescence of the soul, the renewal of strength in old age, may be the experience of all. This youthful victoriousness—the inward man being renewed more while the outward man is decaying—is the glory of every true Christian's old age.—*Rev. H. MacMillan.*

5382. STRENGTH, Secret of. Many small wax lights, which of themselves burn faintly, when put into one torch or taper send forth a bright and shining flame; many little bells, which tinkle together to the pleasing of children, when melted and cast into one great bell do affect the ear in a more solemn and awful sound; and many single threads, which snap asunder with the least touch, when twisted together make a strong cable, which can withstand the fury and violence of a storm. So it is with the mind; the more it is scattered and divided through multiplicity of objects, the *more weak it is*; and the more it is fixed on one single object, the more masculine and strong are the operations of it, either for good or evil.—*W. Spurstowe.*

5383. STRICTNESS, Over. The husband of Mrs. Fry, the celebrated philanthropist, was, of course, a Quaker; and so strict were the views of his friends that Mrs. Fry herself was regarded by them as "gay."

5384. STRIFE, avoided. I commend his discretion and valour who, walking in London streets, met a gallant who cried to him a pretty distance beforehand, "I will have the wall!" "Yea," answered he; "and take the house too, if you can but agree with the landlord."—*Fuller.*

5385. STRIFE, none in heaven. It is related that an old Scotch elder had once a serious dispute with his minister at an elders' meeting. He said some things that nearly broke the minister's heart. Afterward he went home, and the minister went home too. The next morning the elder came down, and his wife said to him, "Ye look sad, John; what is the matter with ye?" "Ah!" he replied, "you would look sad too if you had such a dream as I have. I dreamed that I had been at the elders' meeting, and had said some hard things, and grieved the minister; and when he went home I thought he died and went to heaven; and I thought afterward that I died too, and went to heaven; and when I got to the gate of heaven, out came the minister, and put out his hand to take me, saying, 'Come along, John; there's nae strife up here—I'm happy to see ye.'" The elder went to his minister directly, to beg his pardon, and *found he was dead.* The elder was so stricken with the blow that two weeks after he also departed. "And I should not wonder," said he who related the incident,

"if he met the minister at heaven's gate, and heard him say, 'Come along, John; there's nae strife up here.'"

5386. STRUGGLES, Men's sympathy with. I have known men who had been snared by drink, men born with the stamp of nature's nobility upon them, fight and fall a dozen times, and bravely renew the struggle, *and triumph at last*. "Hopeless reprobate!" exclaims the Pharisee, as he passes him by on the windward side, "Courage, my brother!" says the Christian Samaritan. "At it again; fight it out in God's name, and in God's strength, and never despair!"—*John Guthrie, M.A.*

5387. STUDIES, should be practical. I received a most useful hint from Dr. Bacon, then father of the University, when I was at college. I used frequently to visit him at his living, near Oxford; he would frequently say to me, "What are you doing? What are your studies?" "I am reading so-and-so." "You are quite wrong. When I was young I could turn any piece of Hebrew into Greek verse with ease; but when I came into this parish, and had to teach ignorant people, I was wholly at a loss. I had no furniture. They thought me a great man, but that was their ignorance, for I knew as little as they did of what it was most important for them to know. Study chiefly what you can turn to good account in your future life."—*Cecil.*

5388. STUDY, easy. A spruce macaroni was boasting one day that he had the most happy genius in the world. "Everything," said he, "is easy to me. People call 'Euclid's Elements' a hard book; but I read it yesterday from beginning to end in a piece of the afternoon, between dinner and tea-time." "Read all Euclid," answered a gentleman present, "in one afternoon! How was that possible?" "Upon my honour I did, and never read smoother reading in my life." "Did you master all the demonstrations and solve all the problems as you went?" "Demonstrations and problems! I suppose you mean the a's and b's and c's, and 1's and 2's and 3's, and the pictures of scratches and scrawls? No, no; I skipped all these. I only read Euclid himself; and all Euclid I did read; and in one piece of the afternoon too."

5389. STUDY, Law of. The Russians have a story about three pearl-divers. The first used to lounge about the beach in hopes that the waves would wash a pearl ashore. The second thought nothing of hard work, but dived only in moderate depths. The third set himself to obtain only the rarest pearls, and so plunged into unknown depth and was lost. In study it is as over the gates of that Eastern city. Over the first was written, "Be bold;" over the second, "Be bold;" but over the last was written, "Be not too bold."—*B.*

5390. STUDY of Divine Word, necessary. After a visitation discourse by the Bishop of Lichfield upon the necessity of earnestly studying the Word, a certain vicar told his lordship that he could not believe his doctrine; "for," said he, "often when I am in the vestry I do not know what I am going to talk about; but I go into the pulpit and preach, and think nothing of it." His lordship replied, "And you are quite right in thinking nothing of it, for your churchwardens have told me that they share your opinion."

5391. STUDY, Prayer necessary to. "September 23.—Was quite dull and lifeless in prayer, and in consequence had no success in study."—*Payson's Diary.*

5392. STUDY, True use of. Some one asked Dr. Arnold, head-master of Rugby, why he continued to study for his pupils, "as though he should not have enough to give them." "It is not," was his reply, "because I fear I should not have enough to give them, but because I prefer that *they should be supplied from a running stream* rather than from a stagnant pool."

5393. STUMBLING-BLOCKS. How to deal with. Two persons were on their way home, one a few feet in advance of the other. In their pathway upon the sidewalk lay a small piece of orange-peel, a little thing, but not so small but that it might have—often has—caused a vast amount of mischief. The first one walked over it, passed on—if thought she had, was glad she escaped a fall—reached her home in safety, not thinking or caring, perhaps, for the many travellers on the same road, liable, if less fortunate than herself, to slip and fall. The other passed over safely, and then, as if by second thought, stepped back and moved the stumbling-block out of the way.

5394. SUBJECT, may be unsuitable. I hope you have been as much amused as I am by the account of the Bishop of —'s visit to my particular friend Mr. George Moore's schools. It strikes me as the funniest thing I ever saw—his addressing those unfortunate children concerning Colenso. I cannot get over the ridiculous image I have erected in my mind of the shovel-hat and apron holding forth, at that safe distance, to that sage audience. There is nothing so extravagant in Rabelais, or so satirically humorous in Swift or Voltaire.—*Dickens (to Forster).*

5395. SUBJECTS, Rights of. "Who are you," said she (Mary) once, "that presume to school the nobles and Sovereign of this realm?" "Madam, a subject born within the same," answered he (Knox).—*Carlyle.*

5396. SUBMISSION, to the Divine Will. Payson was asked, when under great bodily affliction, if he could see any particular reason for this dispensation. "No," replied he; "but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand; *God's will is the very perfection of all reason.*"—*Spurgeon.*

5397. SUBSCRIPTION, A strange. Two young ladies in the Isle of Man once solicited a farmer for a subscription to a charity; he declined to give them money, but proposed to the ladies that, if they would drive home in daylight a pig to which he pointed, they might constitute it an addition to the funds of the society they collected for. Much against his expectations, the ladies thankfully accepted this kind offer, and started with their not very tractable companion for their destination, which they reached in triumph, after a tedious journey of about two miles.—*Clerical Library.*

5398. SUBSTANCE, may be consecrated. John Crossley, the founder of the firm of the Crossleys of Halifax, married a Yorkshire farmer's daughter, a woman of genuine piety and strong common sense. Crossley was frugal and thrifty. He got on well, laid by his earnings, and at length was able to rent

a wool-mill and dwelling-house. When the couple were about entering their new quarters a holy purpose of consecration took possession of the young wife. On the day of entering the house she rose at four o'clock in the morning and went into the doorway. There in the early twilight, before entering the house, she kneeled on the ground and gave her life anew to God. She vowed most solemnly in these words, "If the Lord does bless me at this place the *poor shall have a share of it.*" That grand act of consecration was the germ of a life of marvellous nobility.—*F. G. Clarke, D.D.*

5399. SUBSTITUTION, and Christ. A regiment in the Austrian army was guilty of mutiny. They did not wish to inflict the penalty of death upon the whole regiment, so decided that one man in every ten should be shot. There was a father and a son. The son knew he could be spared better than his father. He was so anxious that he watched the officer, and saw that the lot would fall upon his father. As the officer came nearer, the son stood behind his father and pushed him into his own place, and took the place of death himself. So we were condemned to die, and Christ came from heaven and died in our stead.

5400. SUBSTITUTION, and conversion. One morning I took the "casuals," poor desolate fellows, fallen very low in the world. There were two very remarkable conversions in church; one a clergyman, who had preached the truth without ever realising it; and the other a convict, eight times in prison, with close-cropped hair and the real criminal stamp. Poor fellow! his agony about sin kept him awake four nights. He was so ignorant that he asked one of the workers whether our Lord was a man or a woman; and yet, directly the Holy Spirit had conquered his heart, he threw up two plans for house-breaking, and cut himself off from his companions except to get them to the free tea. He makes his living now by chopping firewood. I had one talk with him alone since his life was changed, and he said, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, "They say He don't make count whether He forgives much or little. I don't want to be half good, nor three-quarters, *I want to go the whole pitch.*" I was telling him very simply about Christ's substitution, and that now He lives for us, as our 'counsel,' a word familiar to a prisoner; and he said, "It's as if you had a great rich friend as backs you up."—*Esther Beamish.*

5401. SUBSTITUTION, and its recognition by man. In the time of Napoleon I. a certain man agreed to join the ranks in the place of a comrade who had been drafted. The offer was accepted, the battle took place, and the man was killed. Some time after another draft was made, and they wanted a second time to take the man, whose substitute had been shot. "No," said he, "you can't take me; I'm dead. I was shot at such a battle." "Why, man, you are crazy. Look here, you got a substitute; another man went in your place, but you have not been shot." "No, but he died in my place; he went as my substitute." They would not recognise it, and it was carried up to the Emperor; but the Emperor said the man was right. Napoleon the First recognised the doctrine of substitution.—*Moody.*

5402. SUBSTITUTION, and salvation. During

the Civil War in America a farmer was drawn to be a soldier. He was much grieved about it, not because he was a coward, but on account of his motherless family, who would have no bread-winner in his absence. The day before he had to start for the campaign young Mr. Durham, a neighbour, came, saying, "Farmer Blake, I will go instead of you." It seemed too good to be true; but he grasped the hand of young Durham and praised God. The young fellow went, feeling that he was doing a noble thing, and all the village came out to bid him "God speed." Alas! in the first battle he was shot and killed. When the farmer saw the name of Charles Durham in the list of "missing," he at once saddled his horse and went off to the battlefield, and after searching for some time, found the body of his friend. He brought it to his village, to the little churchyard; and from the quarry up on the hill he cut out a plain marble tablet, on which he carved an inscription with his own hand. It was roughly done, but with every blow there fell a tear. There, in the little churchyard, he placed the body of his devoted friend, and covered the grave with grass sods from his garden. Then he put the marble tablet on the grave, and when the villagers stooped to see the little monument they wept. It did not say much, but it deeply touched them; it said:—

"C. D.
He died for me."

5403. SUBSTITUTION, Bond of. In Abyssinia, when a man is convicted of an offence for which he has to pay a fine, *he must find a friend who will offer himself as a security* that the culprit will not run away till the fine be paid. The prisoner and the man who has the misfortune to be his friend are then chained leg to leg and turned loose to roam about, more faithful in their friendship than Pleiades and Orestes, sharing one another's misfortunes, and begging together the money necessary to pay the fine; . . . until either they are able to regain their liberty or the death of one puts an end to their double existence.—*E. A. De Cosson, F.R.G.S.*

5404. SUBSTITUTION, Christ's. A soldier, worn out in his country's service, took to the violin as a mode of earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna playing his violin; but after a while his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could no more make music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along and said, "My friend, you are too old and too feeble; give me your violin;" and he took the man's violin and began to discourse most exquisite music, and the people gathered around in larger and larger multitudes, and the aged man held his hat, and the coin poured in and poured in until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pockets." The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again, and the violinist played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and some shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went, "Who is it? who is it?" and some one just entering the crowd said, "Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm; yes, that is the great violinist." The fact was, he had just taken that man's place, and assumed his poverty, and endured his disgrace, and played his music, and

earned his livelihood, and made sacrifice for the poor old man. So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and He finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the strings of His own broken heart He strikes a strain of music which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrow. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you.—*Talmage*.

5405. SUBSTITUTION, in payment. In the debtor's prison at Sheffield, Howard found a cutler plying his trade who was in jail for thirty cents. The fees of the court amounted to over a pound, and this sum he had been for several years trying to earn. In another jail there was a man with a wife and five children, confined for court-fees of about five shillings, and jailer's fees of about eightpence. This man was confined in the same apartment as robbers. *All such debtors*—and they were numerous in England—*Howard released by paying their debts.*—*Cyclopædia of Biography*.

5406. SUBSTITUTION, in punishment. Dr. Guthrie tells us of a ragged-school boy who had committed an offence so bad that his teacher felt it necessary to make an example of him. The punishment was to be publicly inflicted. He was condemned to receive a certain number of stripes; but when the culprit was stripped, he was such a living skeleton that the master had not the heart to beat him. Turning to the others, he said, "It goes against my heart to lay a hand on that miserable creature. *Will any one take his place, and be punished in his stead?*" The words had hardly left his lips when, with tears of pity brimming in his eyes, a boy stepped bravely out, pulled his jacket off, and offered his own back to the rod. A ragged-school boy, he was a hero in his way, presenting an example of courage and kindness, of sympathy and unselfishness, rare in schools, or anywhere else.—*Denton*.

5407. SUBSTITUTION, in the family. Militiades, a famous Athenian commander, died in prison, where he had been cast for debt. His son Simon, to redeem his father's body for burial, voluntarily submitted himself a prisoner in his room, where he was kept in chains till the debt was paid.—*Buck*.

5408. SUBSTITUTION, Type of Christ's. When the Californian gold fever broke out a man went there, leaving his wife in New England with his boy. As soon as he got on and was successful he was to send for them. It was a long time before he succeeded, but at last he got money enough to send for them. The wife's heart leaped for joy. She took her boy to New York, got on board a Pacific steamer, and sailed away to San Francisco. They had not been long at sea before the cry of "Fire! fire!" rang through the ship, and rapidly it gained on them. There was a powder magazine on board, and the captain knew the moment the fire reached the powder every man, woman, and child must perish. They got out the life-boats, but they were too small! In a minute they were overcrowded. The last one was just pushing away, when the mother pled with them to take her and her boy. "No," they said, "we have got as many as we can hold." She entreated them so earnestly, that at last they said they would take one more. Do you think she leaped into that boat and left her

boy to die? No! She seized her boy, gave him one last hug, kissed him, and dropped him over into the boat. "My boy," she said, "if you live to see your father, tell him *that I died in your place.*" That is a faint type of what Christ has done for us.—*Moody*.

5409. SUCCESS, and failure. Jacob Astor, the millionaire, who had raised himself by his own abilities from a position of poverty to become one of the foremost citizens of the United States, when on his dying bed, asked for paper and pencil, and wrote, "*My life has been a failure.*"

5410. SUCCESS, Assurance of. There is a story told of England's greatest admiral, that when he was leading his fleet to attack the French ships at the battle of the Nile there lay the long line of the French line-of-battle ships. Their decks were cleared for action, the guns were loaded, the gunners were at their posts. The low sand-hills of Egypt were crowded with Arabs looking on at the coming battle; and just then, impressed with the scene, his flag-captain said to him, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" And Nelson replied, "If! There is no if in the case; *we shall succeed.*"—*W. S. Allen, M.P.*

5411. SUCCESS, Danger of. Tradition relates that Draco, on his appearance in the theatre at Ægina, where he is said to have carried his laws, was suffocated amidst the applause of the people, who, according to custom, threw their garments and caps upon him.

5412. SUCCESS, Danger of. When Timon, famed for his misanthropy, saw Alcibiades conducted home with great honour from the place of assembly, he did not shun him, as he did other men, but went up to him, and shaking him by the hand, thus addressed him, "Go on, my brave boy, and prosper; for your prosperity will bring on the ruin of all this crowd."—*Plutarch*.

5413. SUCCESS, depends upon God. Here let us set before you one of those critical occasions (Battle of Entzeim) when he attacks with a small number of troops the entire forces of Germany! With numbers on one side, and valour on the other, fortune is long doubtful. At last courage fires the multitude; the enemy is confused, and begins to yield. "Victory!" shouts a voice. At once the General (Turenne) checks all emotions which give ardour to battle, and in a severe tone says, "Silence! Our fate is not in our own hands, and we ourselves shall be vanquished if God does not succour us!"—*Flechiér's Funeral Oration for Turenne*.

5414. SUCCESS for Christ, Secret of. An American pastor relates the following experience:—"I once knew a beloved physician. His practice was large and very exacting. But he was almost never absent from the prayer-meeting and from his large Bible-class. He was always bringing in sheaves. I never knew a drought in that class. I had had six months of earnest discussion with a sceptical young friend on the fundamentals of religion. At length I got him to go with me to the doctor's class. He was converted, and has been a consistent Christian ever since. He said that the doctor's was the argument he couldn't get over."

5415. SUCCESS in writing, Secret of. An aspiring author once asked Horace Greeley for advice how to write for the newspapers. "*Have something to say, and then say it,*" was the laconic reply.—*Christian Union*.

5416. SUCCESS, Necessity for. "*There is no going back now*" (after the execution of Louis XVI.), exclaimed Marat; "we must either prevail or perish!" And the army sent a deputation to thank the Convention for having reduced them to the necessity of conquering.—*Student's France*.

5417. SUCCESS, needs to be followed up. After Hannibal's great success in vanquishing the Romans, his friends advised him to *pursue his fortune*, and to enter Rome, assuring him that in five days he might sup in the Capitol. It is not easy to conjecture what his reason was for not taking this step. On this account it was that a Carthaginian named Barca said to him, with some heat, "Hannibal, you know how to gain a victory, but not how to use it."—*Plutarch (condensed)*.

5418. SUCCESS, One secret of. He (Mirabeau) mounts the Tribune; grim, resolute, murmuring aside to his friends that speak of danger, "I know it: I must come hence either in triumph, or else torn in fragments," and it was in triumph that he came.—*Carlyle's French Revolution*.

5419. SUCCESS, Secret of. Doctor Brown, of Cheltenham, at a Sunday-school conference, said that a clergyman who stated that he was one of the wranglers of his college put the question to him, "How is it that a certain member of your church, who is an ignorant man, is so successful in the villages as a preacher, when I cannot command a congregation?" "Well," said the Doctor, "the reason is this: the member of my congregation that you refer to is touched with the power of the gospel, and speaks from heart to heart; that is the secret of his success."—*Clerical Library*.

5420. SUCCESS, Secret of. Of Mr. John Shepherd, of the United States, it is recorded that he was greatly distinguished for his success in the pulpit. When on his death-bed he said to some young ministers who were present, "The secret of my success is in these three things:—1st. The studying of my sermons very frequently cost me tears. 2nd. Before I preached a sermon to others I derived good from it myself. 3rd. I have always gone into the pulpit as if I were immediately after to render an account to my Master." All who knew that devoted man would have united in expressing his secret in three words—"In the closet."—*Clerical Library*.

5421. SUCCESS, Secret of. When the eminent physician Dr. James Hope was about to commence his labours in that profession to which he did so much honour, his father, who had a supreme contempt for the medical profession, took him for a walk in the adjoining parks of a nobleman. For some time they talked on indifferent subjects. Suddenly Mr. Hope stopped, drew himself erect with an air of great dignity, and, as if preparing for an important speech, said, "Now, James, I shall give you the advice that I promised, and if you follow it you will be sure to succeed in your profession:—1st. Never keep a patient ill longer than you can possibly help. 2nd. Never take a

fee to which you do not feel yourself to be justly entitled. 3rd. Always pray for your patients." A short time before his death Dr. Hope said that these maxims had been the rule of his conduct, and that he could testify to their success.—*Memoir of Dr. Hope*.

5422. SUCCESS, Secret of. Staunch old Admiral Farragut—he of the true heart and the iron will—said to another officer of the navy, "Dupont, do you know why you didn't get into Charleston with your ironclads?" "Oh, it was because the channel was so crooked." "No, Dupont, it was not that." "Well, the rebel fire was perfectly horrible." "Yes, but it wasn't that." "What was it, then?" "*It was because you didn't believe you could go in.*" That is just the trouble with our work in winning men and building up Christ's kingdom. We don't believe we can succeed. And, of course, often we fail.

5423. SUCCESS, What contributes to. An English judge, being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by the influence of friends, some by a miracle, but the majority by *commencing without a shilling.*"

5424. SUFFERING, Christ's help in. "It takes a brave soul to bear all this so grandly," said a tender-hearted doctor, stooping over his suffering patient. She lifted the heavy eyelids, and looking clear and steady into the doctor's face, replied, "It is not the brave soul at all; Jesus does it all for me."

5425. SUFFERING, Contempt for. Leopold (the Austrian Crusader) had stuff in him too. Falling with his horse I think in some siege or other, he had got his leg hurt, which hindered him fighting. Leg could not be cured: "Cut it off, then!" said Leopold. This also the leech could not do, durst not, and would not, so that Leopold was come quite to a halt. Leopold ordered out two squires, put his thigh upon a block, the sharp edge of an axe at the right point across his thigh. "Squire first, hold that axe; steady! Squire second, smite you on it with forge-hammer, with all your strength, heavy enough!" Squire second struck heavy enough, and the leg flew off; but Leopold took inflammation, died in a day or two, as the leech had predicted.—*Carlyle (condensed)*.

5426. SUFFERING, Discipline of. We tell the surgeon to hurt us that we may live. Physical vitality is often undermined unconsciously. To avert that process by a pang, by a period of needful and saving agony, we account a blessing. After the first stages of suffocation, the drowning, on their own testimony, pass into a state of insensibility to suffering, or even, as many maintain, of positive and exquisite pleasure. Adam Clarke, who went through it, says, in his autobiography, it was like being borne gently through the most luxurious tropical verdure,—the keenest enjoyment. And when this swift, easy passage to destruction is interrupted, and friendship applies restoratives, *there are spasms, tortures*; the sufferer begs to be let alone, to die. It is not otherwise with the spiritual sensibilities. It is their coming back from death to life that makes distress. But no wise man, only the demented man, regrets that distress. Paul, with his singular exactness of expression, says

that the sorrow that is *unto life* the price of living for ever needeth not to be repented of, not to be sorrowed for. The pain that rescues life is a good. —*Huntington.*

5427. SUFFERING, Fellowship of. A dear, suffering Christian on a bed of sickness, which has now proved the portal of heaven, shrank for a while from the prospect of prolonged anguish which opened before her. In the vision of the morning there appeared to her a minute crown twined here and there with thorns, and by the side of this tiny ensign of the Saviour's deep, abounding love lay another crown, composed wholly of thorns, large, murderous spines, such as doubtless composed the wreath of painful mockery that bound the brow of the holy Son of God. "I thought," said she, "the angels might have brought it; for some One seemed to say, pointing to the large heavy crown, '*I wore this for thee; wear thou thine for me;*'" and meekly she bent her head, and wore the wreath, and now she has laid it by for the crown for which she waits. —*Anna Shipton.*

5428. SUFFERING for Christ, not to be feared. When Richard Cameron, a noble Scotch martyr, had fallen mortally wounded on Airdsmoss, he said, "I am dying, happy—happy; and if I had a thousand lives, I would willingly lay them all down one after another for Christ. Oh! He is near me; I think I see Him! I am just coming, Lord Jesus." And he added, "Tell my parents not to weep, but continue steadfast in the faith, and *not to fear a suffering lot for Christ.*"

5429. SUFFERING, Influence of. Suffering humanises us. In that beautiful German story, "Undine," a wild, weird, soulless water-sprite is transformed into a sweet, gentle child of earth, endowed with all the mysteries of life, and death, and immortality by the simple power of love. Mr. Hawthorne has followed out the same idea in his "Marble Faun," where the gay and rollicksome Donatello, a creature who in some way seems to have been preserved from "our Adam's taint and woe," possessed of a paradisaical innocence and simplicity, is by a great crime made kin to mankind and heir to the fearful responsibilities and destinies of our fallen race. But neither love nor crime so bring us into fellowship with our kind as suffering.

5430. SUFFERING, Perfect through. "Unaccountable this!" said the Wax, as from the flame it dropped melting upon the Paper beneath. "Do not grieve," said the Paper; "I am sure it is all right." "I was never in such agony!" exclaimed the Wax, still dropping. "It is not without a good design, and will end well," replied the Paper. The Wax was unable to reply at once, owing to a strong pressure; and when it again looked up it bore a beautiful impression, the counterpart of the seal which had been applied to it. "Ah! I comprehend now," said the Wax, no longer in suffering. "I was softened in order to receive this lovely durable impress. Yes; I see now it was all right, because it has given to me the beautiful likeness which I could not otherwise have obtained."

5431. SUFFERING, rendered painless. Livingstone, the traveller, describes in one of his letters his experience when he was struck down by a lion. It has been supposed that it must be a terrible experience to be in the clutches of a lion and about

to be destroyed; but he testifies that, when he was set upon and borne down by a lion's spring, and seized in his jaws, and dragged by him, from the moment that he was struck by the lion's paw all fear and all trouble left him. It was a dream of peace with him. His intellect remained, and he supposed that he was about to be killed; but he seemed to be under a magnetic charm until some time after he was rescued by the fidelity of one of his attendants, and the lion was driven off. He says that when he was in the clutches of the lion *he was in a state of perfect peace.* It seemed as though there was a provision by which, under the influence of magnetism or mesmerism, or something of the sort, the suffering was taken away from the prey while it was in the jaws of the devourer. And that which he found to be true in the case of a literal lion thousands of men have felt in the moral kingdom. When the lion they feared in the way set upon them, God either stopped his mouth or rendered the stroke of his paw painless. —*Beecher.*

5432. SUFFERING, the common lot. The Mexicans say to their new-born offspring, "Child, thou art come into the world to suffer. *Endure and hold thy peace.*" —*Longfellow.*

5433. SUFFERING, true service. Old Betty was converted late in life, and though very poor, was very active. She visited the sick; out of her own poverty she gave to those who were still poorer; collected a little money from others when she could give none of her own, and told many a one of the love of the Saviour. At last she caught cold and rheumatism, and lay in bed month after month, pain-worn and helpless. A good minister went to see her, and asked if, after her active habits, she did not find the change very hard to bear. "No, sir, not at all. When I was well I used to hear the Lord say day by day, 'Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this; Betty, do that;' and I used to do it as well as I could; and now I hear Him say every day, *Betty, lie still and cough.*" —*James Hamilton, D.D.*

5434. SUFFERINGS, and everlasting joy. In the year 1542 the brother, Leonard Bernick, was apprehended, on account of the faith, at Salzburg. Many attempts were made to draw him away; but as he continued steadfast in the strait and narrow way of God's truth, and no hope remained of his forsaking it, they pronounced sentence of death upon him. He was led to the place of execution, and a fire made on one side of him, so that he was, as it were, roasted; but he cleaved fast to the Lord. He said to the bloodhounds and the servants of the executioner, "This side is roasted enough; turn me round. Through the power of God, *the suffering I feel is but little, and it is light compared with everlasting joy.*" He thus obtained the victory over the beast and his image, the abomination of desolation and his mark; and rather than receive his mark, or do aught contrary to God, his Heavenly Father, he suffered his body, after the example of the valiant, God-fearing seven sons, to be roasted and broiled by the fire, which could in no wise separate him from the love of God. Therefore shall his hand receive the harp of God, and with all the conquerors in the faith, who have come through great tribulation, his mouth shall be filled with laughter and his tongue with praise. He shall sing the new song with the servants of God, and the song of the Lamb;

yea, the Almighty God shall they behold through the ages of eternity.—*The Bloody Theatre ; or, The Martyr's Mirror.*

5435. SUFFERINGS, concealed. Students of Heine's works and of Heine's life remember the beautiful relation that always existed between mother and son. In all literature there is perhaps nothing more touching than the heroic deception by which for eight mortal years of agony *the poet managed to keep his mother in ignorance of his sufferings.* Those "merry letters" written from that bed where, as Theophile Gautier says, "the living poet lay like a dead man nailed into his coffin," who can think of them unmoved?—*Literary World.*

5436. SUFFERINGS, Difference in. To give strength in suffering is the peculiar glory of Christ. St. Felicitas, being seized with the pangs of childbirth while she lay in prison awaiting the hour of martyrdom, filled the prison with her moans. One who stood by said, "If you cry thus now, what will you do when being torn by the wild beasts?" "What I now suffer," she replied, "I suffer for nature ; but when I am with the lions I shall suffer for Christ!"—*The Christian Family.*

5437. SUFFERINGS, for Christ. Jan Claeson now ascended the scaffold, and spoke to the people in plain and distinct language—"Hear, citizens of Amsterdam ; know that I do not suffer as a thief or a murderer, or because I have sought the goods of others, or another's blood ; nor think ye that I justify or exalt myself, but I come as the prodigal son, and stand alone on the pure Word of God." The executioner now laid him bare on his breast ; Jan Claeson, turning himself round, exclaimed with a loud voice, "*O Lord, forsake me not now, nor in eternity.* O Lord, Thou Son of David, receive my spirit."—*The Bloody Theatre ; or, The Martyr's Mirror.*

5438. SUFFERINGS, Heroic bearing of. Strange and sometimes pathetic are the ways of those royal households of which only the cold stately splendour meets the eye. How few, seeing the Empress of Germany fulfilling all the duties of her station, every inch a queen, would guess that for eighteen months, since her accident, she has been racked with almost intolerable pain. Unable to walk or leave her chair at first, *she had herself carried once a week to the hospitals* she has founded, where she dispensed consolation, advice, and commands. Every Sunday, well or ailing, she attends divine service, not in her private chapel or oratory, but in one of the public churches. . . . Those who see her covered with priceless jewels, robed in her purple mantle fringed with heavy sables, do not realise that the regal train, intentionally thrown over her feet, hides the maimed, tortured limb as effectually as her sufferings are concealed under her smiles.—*Christian World Family Circle (condensed).*

5439. SUFFERINGS of Christ, Sympathy with. An intimate friend of Handel's called upon him just as he was in the middle of setting the words of "He was despised" to music, and found the great composer sobbing with tears, so greatly had this passage and the rest of his morning's work affected the master.—*Musical Anecdotes.*

5440. SUFFERINGS, Reward of. Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, once expressed a desire that

his friend Caligula might soon come to the throne. Old Tiberius, the reigning monarch, felt such a wish, however flattering to Caligula, to be so little kindly to himself that he threw the author of it into a loathsome dungeon. But the very day Caligula reached imperial power Agrippa was released. The new Emperor gave him purple for his rags, tetrarchies for his narrow cell, and carefully weighing the gyves that fettered him, for every link of iron bestowed on him one of gold. Think you that day Agrippa wished his handcuffs and his leg-locks had been lighter? Will Jesus forget the well-wishers of His Kingdom, who, for His sake, have borne the burden and wore the chain? His scales will be forthcoming, and assuredly those faithful in great tribulation shall be beautified with greater glory.—*S. Coley.*

5441. SUFFERINGS, Teaching from. In the "Sentimental Journey" Sterne depicts a poor negress in a butcher's shop flipping the flies off the meat with gentleness and care, and remarks, "She had suffered persecution and learned mercy."

5442. SUN, Worshipping the. An Armstrong gun fires a bullet at the rate of four hundred yards a second. At this rate it would take thirteen years to reach the sun, and the sound of the explosion would reach it half a year later. In other words, those men who worshipped the sun and raised their voices in prayer to him, if their voices could have been heard, and there was an atmosphere by which the sound of their voices could reach him, in thirteen and a half years would have reached their god. Feeling is conveyed along the nerves ten times slower than sound travels. If, therefore, an infant was born having an arm of the inconvenient length of 91,000,000 miles, so as to reach the sun, and if in the cradle he were to stretch out his arm and touch the sun, the infant might grow the seventy years allotted to him, but he would never be conscious of the fact that his fingers were burned. He would live one hundred and thirty-five years before that would be suspected.—*Prof. Proctor.*

5443. SUNDAY, a true rest. Few trains of logic, however ingenious and fine, have given me so much pleasure—and yet a good argument is, among dainties, one of the daintiest—very few have so much pure truth in them as the exclamation, "How good it was of God to put Sunday at one end of the week! For if He had put it in the middle, He would have made a broken week of it."—*Julius C. Hare.*

5444. SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher, Use of. President Harrison taught, for several years, in a Sabbath-school on the banks of the Ohio. The Sabbath before he left home for Washington, to assume the duties of chief magistrate of the nation, he met his Bible-class as usual ; and his last counsel on the subject to his gardener, at Washington, it may be hoped, will never be forgotten by the nation. When advised to keep a dog to protect his fruit, he replied, "Rather set a Sunday-school teacher to take care of the boys."

5445. SUNLIGHT, Health-giving properties of. It is with trees just as it is with men. A forest-grown tree ; a tree that is not sound from top to bottom ; a tree that has not grown, and become seasoned, as it were, in the sun, is never so tough, is never so elastic, is never such good timber, as a

pasture-grown tree. Pasture-grown oak brings a higher price in the navy-yards, because it is stronger and more enduring for being grown in the sunlight. And what is true of timber is just as true of men. Sunlight men, who have lived in the sun, are sturdier than men who are deprived of the sunlight. And statistics show that men who live in north rooms, in rooms facing the north, in any street, are more addicted to illness than men who live in rooms facing in the other direction. It seems as though this was carrying things too far. Not at all. Statistics show that among men in unsunned quarters of barracks or hospitals there is some twenty per cent. more mortality than in quarters where the sun rests the greater part of the day. The fact is, the best medicine in the world is sunlight. The best doctor is the sun, and he does not charge anything for giving the medicine either. There is nothing better for health than the sun. And there is nothing worse for health than the want of the sun.—*Beecher*.

5446. SUN, Return of. To-day, blessed be the Great Author of Light! I have once more looked upon the sun. . . . It was a Sunday act of worship. I started off at an even run, and caught him as he rolled slowly along the horizon and before he sank. It is the third sun I have seen rise for a moment above the long night of an Arctic winter.—*Dr. Kane*.

5447. SUPERFLUITIES, in life. Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimeracks; and having observed them, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!"—*Izaak Walton*.

5448. SUPERSTITION, and guidance. Charles II., when about to flee his kingdom, consulted by a female agent, an astrologer, to ascertain where he should seek refuge.—*Little's Historical Lights*.

5449. SUPERSTITIONS, Gross and ignorant. Hospinian (who wrote so successfully against the Popish ceremonies) was first convinced of the necessity of such a work by the talk of an ignorant country landlord, who thought that religious fraternities were as old as the creation, that Adam was a monk, and that Eve was a nun.

5450. SURRENDER, must be complete. It is related in Roman history, that when the people of Collatia stipulated about their surrender to the authority and protection of Rome the question was asked, "Do you deliver up yourselves, the Collatine people, your city, your fields, your water, your bounds, your temples, your utensils, all things that are yours, both human and divine, into the hands of the people of Rome?" And on their replying, "We deliver up all," they were received.—*Harris*.

5451. SURRENDER, must be complete. At the battle of Fort Donelson, when ready for the final assault, General Buckner, the Confederate commander, proposed an armistice to settle terms of capitulation. Grant wanted no armistice. He knew his advantage, and replied, "No terms but unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Buckner surrendered.—*Little's Historical Lights*.

5452. SURRENDER, must be complete. Free-born Garretson, a Maryland farmer, riding homeward through a lonely wood, was so agonised by the sense of sin that he dismounted and began to pray. His prayer, however, was for forbearance that he might yet delay till a "more convenient season." Resuming his ride, he was again arrested with an overpowering consciousness that "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." "I threw," he says, "the reins of my bridle on the horse's neck, and putting my hands together, I cried out, 'Lord, I submit!' . . . The enmity of my heart was slain. . . . My soul was so exceedingly happy that it seemed as if I wanted to take wings and fly away to heaven."—*Stevens (condensed)*.

5453. SURRENDER, must be complete. A French officer, whose ship had been captured by the English, advanced towards Nelson and offered him his hand. "First give me your sword," said the admiral.

5454. SUSPICION, Must be above. He (Cæsar) divorced the unfortunate Pompeia; but he expressed no opinion as to the extent of her criminality, and he gave as his reason for separating from her, not that she was guilty, but that *Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion*.—*Froude*.

5455. SUSPICIONS, Foolish. Diderot wrote a work in which he said that *people who are born blind have some ideas different from those who are possessed of their eyesight*. This assertion is by no means improbable, and it contains nothing by which any one need be startled. The men, however, who then governed France, discovered in it some hidden danger. Diderot, for having hazarded this opinion, was arrested, and without even the form of a trial, was confined in the dungeons of Vincennes.—*Buckle*.

5456. SYCOPHANCY, Illustration of. Niemcewicz describes, in his "Notes of Captivity in Russia," during the closing decade of the eighteenth century, the extreme perplexity of the courtiers at what he styles the "imperfect death" of the Empress Catherine, who for so long a time lay motionless, "except the abdomen, which still continued to heave." The courtiers were in the presence of two sovereigns, of whom the one was, a few hours ago, mistress of their fortunes and life, and might perhaps yet recover, because she still moved; the other, the Grand-Duke, in the vigour of life and health, was already touching with the end of his fingers the sceptre which he would very probably hold firmly and long. Now zeal or indifference for one or the other might equally compromise them, and prove equally dangerous. "In this cruel dilemma, they took the abdomen of their sovereign as a compass to guide their actions and movements. It moved with force—they quickly surrounded the bed, and uttered mournful lamentations; its motion began to slacken, and still more quickly, with an air half joyful, half respectful, they hurried to surround the Grand-Duke. This manœuvring of fear and flattery lasted during thirty hours without intermission, as the abdomen did not cease to move until twelve o'clock on the following morning, when the immortal Catherine died for good and all."—*Francis Jacob*.

5457. SYMPATHY, a stimulus. You have all seen the account printed so many times of the fire-

man going up the burning building. You remember there was a child seen up in the fourth story. The flames had already got around the staircase, and it was supposed that everybody was taken out, when away up in the fourth story was discovered a little child crying for help. What could be done? No one dared venture up the burning building. The walls were almost ready to fall. At last a bold, courageous fireman put up his ladder, and started up for the child; but when he got to the second story the flames were so hot that he wavered and seemed about to come down. If he did the child must perish. Some one in the crowd happened to think, and cried out, "*Cheer him!*" And cheer upon cheer went up; and up the ladder he went, and brought down the child.—*Moody*.

5458. SYMPATHY, Controlling influence of. It was a matter of common remark that when Mendelssohn conducted a perfectly sympathetic band he would at times almost cease to move the *bâton*. Then, with his head a little on one side, himself listening like one entranced, his spirit alone seemed to sway the musicians, who followed every inflection, vibrating to every pulse of his meaning, as though he had placed them under some strange kind of magnetic control.—*H. R. Haweis*.

5459. SYMPATHY, Freaks of. Napoleon could look with perfect composure upon the carnage of the field of battle, and order movements without the tremor of a nerve which he knew must consign thousands to a bloody death; but when some one fell overboard his sympathies were aroused to the highest degree.—*Little's Historical Lights*.

5460. SYMPATHY, how learnt. The story goes that Harry the Eighth, wandering one night in the streets of London in disguise, was met at the bridge-foot by some of the Watch, and not giving a good account of himself, was carried off to the Poultry Compter, and shut up for the night without fire or candle. On his liberation he made a grant of thirty chaldrons of coals and a quantity of bread for the solace of night prisoners in the Compter. *Experience brings sympathy.* Those who have felt sharp afflictions, racking doubts, and violent temptations will be zealous in consoling those in a similar condition.

5461. SYMPATHY, Influence of. The Rev. H. C. Trumbull, preacher to the inmates of a prison, said that the only difference between himself and them was owing to the grace of God. Afterwards one of the prisoners sent for him, and asked, "Did you mean what you said about sympathising with us, and that only the help of God made you differ from us?" Being answered in the affirmative, the prisoner said, "I am here for life; but I can stay here more contentedly now that I know I have a brother out in the world." The prisoner behaved so well that he was pardoned. He died in the last war, thanking God to the last for the preacher's words of sympathy.

5462. SYMPATHY, Law of. When I stood in Germany, in the midst of a foreign people, hearing a foreign tongue not one word of which I could understand, and seeing the affairs of the people go on round about me, I felt how utterly I was disconnected from human life, how I stood apart from it, and how the tide of sympathy that evidently was flowing was not for me. Nor could I intrude into it, or get any lodgment in it. If in this world a

man cannot speak the language of men, he will stand outside of mankind in spite of all that he can do.—*Beecher*.

5463. SYMPATHY, may be aroused in the vilest. I am somewhat pleased when I occasionally hear of a brother's being locked up by the police, for it does him good, and it does the people good also. It is a fine sight to see the minister of the gospel marched off by the servant of the law! It excites sympathy for him, and the next step is sympathy for his message. Many who felt no interest in him before are eager to hear him when he is ordered to leave off, and still more so when he is taken to the station. The vilest of mankind respect a man who gets into trouble in order to do them good, and if they see unfair opposition excited they grow quite zealous in the man's defence.—*Spurgeon*.

5464. SYMPATHY, mutual in distress. At St. Helena Napoleon found a negro slave, a gardener, in whose history he became deeply interested. He was a Malay Indian, of prepossessing appearance, who had been stolen from his native land by a British vessel. The captive Emperor's sympathies were deeply moved by the old man's story. Poor Toby became much attached to the Emperor. *They were fellow-captives.*—*Abbott (condensed)*.

5465. SYMPATHY, One reason of want of. In a railway carriage I once saw a poor man with his leg placed upon the seat. An official happening to see him in this posture, remarked, "Those cushions were not made for you to put your dirty boots on." As soon as the guard was gone the man put up his leg again, and said to me, "He has never broken his leg in two places, I am sure, or he would not be so sharp with me." When I have heard brethren who have lived at ease, enjoying good incomes, condemning others who are much tried, because they could not rejoice in their fashion, I have felt that they know nothing of the broken bones which others have to carry throughout the whole of their pilgrimage.—*Spurgeon*.

5466. SYMPATHY, ought to be rightly directed. During one of the visits which Whitefield paid to Edinburgh an unhappy man was executed in that neighbourhood. Mr. Whitefield mingled with the crowd that was collected to see the execution, and was struck with the solemnity and decorum which were observable on so awful an occasion. His appearance, however, drew the eyes of all upon him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motive which induced him to join the multitude. The next day being Sunday, he preached to a very large congregation near the city, and in the course of his sermon reverted to the scenes of the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you, I know, will say that my moments would have been better employed in praying for the unhappy man than attending him to the fatal tree; and that, perhaps, curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion. Those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me are under a mistake. *I went as an observer of human nature*, and to see the effect that such an example would have on those who witnessed it. I watched the conduct of those who were present on that awful occasion, and I was highly pleased with their demeanour, which has

given me a very favourable opinion of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenances, particularly when the moment arrived that your unhappy fellow-creature was to close his eyes on this world for ever; and then you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different it was when the Saviour of mankind was extended on the cross! The Jews, instead of sympathising in His sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled Him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar they handed Him to drink. Not one, of all that witnessed His pains, even turned his head aside in pity; no, not even in the last pang. Yes, my friends, there was one: that glorious luminary (pointing to the sun) veiled his brightness, and travelled on his course in tenfold night."

5467. SYMPATHY, Personal. My father said to me, when I was a little boy, "Henry, take these letters and go down to the post-office with them." I was a brave boy, and yet I had imagination. And thousands of people are not so cowardly as you think. Persons with quick imaginations and quick sensibility people the heavens and the earth, so that there are a thousand things in them that harder men do not think of and understand. I saw behind every thicket some shadowy form; and I heard trees say strange and weird things; and in the dark concave above I could hear flitting spirits. All the heaven was populous to me, and the earth was full of I know not what strange sights. These things wrought my system to a wonderful tension. When I went pit-a-pat along the road in the dark I was brave enough; and if it had been anything that I could have seen, if it had been anything that I could have fought, it would have given me great relief; but it was not. It was only a vague outlying fear. I knew not what it was. When father said to me, "Go," I went; for I was obedient. I took my old felt hat and stepped out of the door; and Charles Smith (a great thick-lipped black man who worked on the farm, and who was always doing kind things) said to me, "*Look here, I will go with you.*" Oh! sweeter music never came out of any instrument than that. The heaven was just as full, and the earth was just as full, as before; but now I had somebody to go with me. It was not that I thought he was going to fight for me. I did not think there was going to be any need of fighting, but I had somebody to lean on; somebody to care for me; somebody to help and succour me. Let anything be done by direction, let anything be done by thought or rule, and how different it is from its being done by personal inspiration!—*Beecher.*

5468. SYMPATHY, Power of. An eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and holding up his pinched finger, said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, pa, how I hurt it!" The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with the slightest tone of impatience, said, "I can't help it, sonny." The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out, he said in a low voice, "Yes, you could; *you might have said, 'Oh!'*"

5469. SYMPATHY, Power of. A fallen girl of New York, called Wild Maggie, had frequently at-

tended the services of the city missions, and Mr. M., the superintendent, had obtained considerable influence over her, but not sufficient to lead her to reformation. After being missing for some time, Mr. M. heard that she was in the Bellevue Hospital, dying of consumption. He visited her several times, to her great joy. The last time, a little before her death, both conversed as if they should see each other no more. "Mr. M., I'm dying!" she said. "I shall never see you again. Would you—be willing—to stoop down—and kiss—my forehead?" "Most certainly, my child," was the reply; and he reverently kissed the face of the dying girl. "Thank God!" said she; "*if men on earth can so forgive, why should I not trust my Father which is in heaven?*" —*Rev. A. C. Roe.*

5470. SYMPATHY, Power of. When the Queen beheld this venerable man approach, and thought on all he had deserved and all he had suffered (he had been sent back to Spain in irons), she was moved to tears. Columbus had borne up firmly; but he possessed strong and quick sensibilities. When he found himself *thus kindly received* his long-suppressed feelings burst forth; he threw himself on his knees, and for some time could not utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings.—*Washington Irving (condensed).*

5471. SYMPATHY, Secret of want of. Johnson, whose robust frame was not in the least affected by the cold, scolded me, as if my shivering had been a paltry effeminacy, saying, "Why do you shiver?" Sir William Scott, of the Commons, told me that when he complained of a headache in the post-chaise, as they were travelling together to Scotland, Johnson treated him in the same manner. At your age, sir, I had no headache." *It is not easy to make allowance for sensations in others which we ourselves had not at the same time.*—*Boswell.*

5472. SYMPATHY, Sentimental. Haroun Al Raschid opened a volume of poems and read—"Where are the kings, and where are the rest of the world? They are gone the way which thou shalt go. 'O thou who chooseth a perishable world, and callest him happy whom it glorifies, take what the world can give thee, but death is at the end!' And at these words *he who had murdered Yahia and Barmecides* wept aloud."—*Southey.*

5473. SYMPATHY, Strength of. When Lord Cardigan had come back to England he was one day at Windsor Castle. He took two of the young princes in his lap. One of them said to him, "You must hurry back to Sebastopol and take it, *or else it will kill mamma.*"

5474. SYMPATHY, Thankfulness for, avoided. He (Robert Hall), in seasons of affliction, would remarkably identify himself with those who most needed sympathy. He rather avoided than sought expressions of thankfulness; and sometimes, when he became oppressed by them, would hastily say, "Thank you, thank you; you have said more than enough; remember, God has sent into the world a more powerful and noble sentiment than even gratitude."—*Dr. Olinthus Gregory.*

5475. SYMPATHY, the result of suffering. I had just a few weeks before buried a beloved daughter, the light of the household, and the darling

of all in it, and had gone to attend a meeting of Synod, where an honoured minister, who had been through the same trial oftener than once before, came up to me and took me by the hand, and said to me, with a reference to my sorrow, "*By these things men live.*" That was all; but each successive year since then has given a new verification of his words.—*W. M. Taylor, D.D.*

5476. SYMPATHY, True. One day a cat's-meat man stopped his barrow before the office of the "British Workman," and touching his cap to the editor, wished to speak with him about the poor people in Lancashire. (It was the time of the cotton famine.) And he spoke, as literally as can be remembered, in this fashion:—"Ye see, sur, me and my missus we've been thinkin' and talkin' a good bit about them poor men and women as is sufferin' so much down in Lanck'shur, and we wants to do summat to help 'em. Well, ye see, I sells ca's meat, and some time syn I 'tracted for a lot on't for so much a pound; but it's riz, and I gets more for it in consequence. So I says to my wife, and says she to me, 'We'll give the difference to the Lanck'shur sufferers;' and that's what I come for, to ask you to send them this here half-sovereign, as is the difference this last week just gone." . . . Once a week for a considerable period he halted his barrow at the editor's office and deposited his half-sovereign, the extra profit of what he had sold at the advanced rate.—*Elihu Burritt.*

5477. SYMPATHY, True. When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the Queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. This governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness she applied to the Queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a more sacred duty than to her Sovereign. The Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of the most gentle sympathy, "Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so, in any event, let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils." The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother. . . . A year went by; the first anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. . . . Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother in the pleasant crimson parlour looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school-room for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of Divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, "O mother, mother!" One after another the children stole out of the room, and went to their mother to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling; and that kind-hearted monarch, exclaiming, "Oh, poor girl! it is the

anniversary of her mother's death," hurried to the schoolroom, where she found Miss — struggling to regain her composure. "My poor child!" she said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a locket for her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death. What wonder that the orphan kissed, with tears, this gift, and the more than royal hand that bestowed it.—*Grace Greenwood.*

5478. TACT, in enforcing the gospel. As the priest (at a burial) was reading Mass, and the multitude were on their knees, a stranger (Gideon Ouseley) suddenly rode up. Dismounting, he knelt in the midst of the congregation with manifest solemnity. As the priest went on reading in a tongue of which the people knew not a word, the stranger caught up passage after passage, selecting, though unknown to his hearers, those portions which conveyed directly Scriptural truth or solemn warning. He suddenly turned the words from Latin into Irish, and repeated aloud after the priest. Then, with deep feeling, he cried at the end of each passage, "*Listen to that!*" The priest seems to have been overwhelmed and awed, and the people completely melted. When the Mass was ended, and all rose up, Mr Ouseley, with a face beaming with affection, *urged upon the people the necessity of having their peace made with God*, telling them that they must become reconciled to Him, and that it was possible so to do by real repentance and true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. As he was taking his departure the crowd cried to the priest, "Who is that?" "I do not know," said the priest; "he is not a man at all; sure he is an angel. No man could do what he has done."—*Rev. W. Arthur, M.A.*

5479. TACT, in preaching. We have heard of an eccentric preacher who had a church member named Mark, in the habit of sleeping under the discourses of his pastor. One day, in the midst of his sermon, the preacher, being about to enunciate an important text, raised his voice, exclaiming, "Mark! Mark! Mark!" The unfortunate church dreamer, taken suddenly in the depths of a profound nap, started bolt upright, in the midst of the congregation, at the call, when the preacher continued, "*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!*"—*Cyclopædia of Anecdotes.*

5480. TACT, Victory of. The Rev. Edward Irving, the popular minister of the National Scotch Church in London, once managed to inveigle into his church, by talking to him about leather, a cobbler who professed infidelity. Irving's father was a tanner, and his acquaintance with leather was of old standing. "What do ye ken about leather?" was the first word from the cobbler that indicated a breach in his impregnable disdain of the clergy. As the discourse advanced the shoemaker exclaimed, "Odds! you are a decent kind of a fellow? Do you preach?" Finally he was induced to go to church, and he defended himself for so doing by pronouncing the opinion on Irving—"He's a sensible mon—he kens about leather."

5481. TAKE,—in the Bible. When I was in Glasgow a lady said to me, "Mr. Moody, you talk about 'taking,' as if all you had to do was to take. Is that in the Bible?" I said, "Yes; I do not make up texts. There are plenty of texts in the Bible; and if I lived to be as old as Methuselah I could find enough texts." "Well," she said, "I should like to find it." I said, "Why, the book is sealed up with it." "Well, I wish you would show it to me." I said, "Turn to the last chapter of the Revelation, and the seventeenth verse: '*And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*'" "Well," she said, "I never noticed that before." I said, "That is a good thing to notice. John is in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and God said to him, 'You write these things to the Churches.' So he took up his pen and began to write, and he kept on writing, writing, writing, and before he closed the book he put in one invitation so broad that no one can think he has been left out."—*Moody.*

5482. TALK, Idle. There is a little machine known as "the Phonograph" which is able to catch the wave-motion of the air when any one speaks and record it, so that at any time afterwards the words of the speaker may be reproduced. Just think of bottling up all your careless, idle talk, and keeping it against you. Would you be willing?—*Mrs. Kennedy.*

5483. TALENT, may be misdirected. He (Alexander the Great) despised certain trifling feats of dexterity that were of no use. Much admiration was lavished on a man who employed himself very earnestly in throwing small peas through the eye of a needle, which he would do at a considerable distance, and without once missing. Alexander, seeing him thus engaged, ordered him, as we are told, a *present suitable to his employment*—a basket of peas.—*Rollin.*

5484. TASK-WORK, Danger in doing. We trace the fate of all task-work in the history of Poussin, when called on to reside at the French court. Labouring without intermission, sometimes on one thing and sometimes on another, and hurried on in things which required both time and thought, he saw too clearly the fatal tendency of such a life, and exclaimed, with ill-suppressed bitterness, "If I stay long in this country I shall turn dauber like the rest here."—*I. D'Israeli.*

5485. TEACHERS and ministers, Duty of. On Egypt's far-off soil, away from friends and home, just as the morning beams lit up the Eastern sky, an officer lay dying. With gallant daring he had led his followers through many a devious path, guided alone by the pale starlight of the heavens, until at last they reached the enemy; and now the strife is over, but he is wounded, mortally! As the general, his cheeks bedewed with tears, gazed down with sadness on his face, a sudden radiance illumined for a moment the youth's countenance as, looking up to Wolseley, he exclaimed, "*General, didn't I lead them straight?*" and so he died. "O brothers, when o'er our eyes there steals the film of death, and when the soul flits solemnly from time into eternity, may it be ours to say in truthful earnestness to Christ concerning those committed

to our care, "*We led our people straight!*"—*Rev. Hugh D. Brown, B.A.*

5486. TEACHING, and living Christian doctrines. In how quick a time a man can take round the hands of a watch when he has the key! But who can tell the hour from that? It is a different thing when slowly, moment by moment, the machinery within works them round so that every hour and every minute is marked correctly. So a man may run the whole round of Christian doctrines in speech, but it is not half so effective as when he lives and shows them forth day by day, and as events arise, in this difficult life of ours.—*B.*

5487. TEETOTALER, how made. In a journey in Ireland in 1840, in an open car, the weather was cold, with a lashing rain. By the time we reached a small inn we were soaking with water outside, and as those days were days not of tea and toast, but of toddy-drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whisky inside. Accordingly we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got out tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to our car-driver, we called him in. He was not very well clothed—indeed he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my ragged-school in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought that what was "sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander;" but the car-driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. He would not taste it. "Why?" we asked. "What objection have you?" Said he, "Plase, your rivrence, I am a teetotaler, and won't taste a drop of it." Well, that stuck in my throat, and went to my heart and (in another sense than drink, though!) to my head. Here was an humble, uncultivated, uneducated Roman Catholic carman, and I said, "If that man can deny himself that indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister?" I remembered that; and I have ever remembered it to the honour of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by the poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labour daily for years, made me a teetotaler.—*Guthrie.*

5488. TEMPER, An irritable. The celebrated Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun was possessed of a very irritable temper. His butler intimated his intention of seeking another place, when Mr. Fletcher proceeded gently to urge him to continue in his service. "I cannot bear your temper, sir," said the butler. "I am passionate, I confess," said Mr. Fletcher; "but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," rejoined the butler; "but then it's no sooner off than it's on again!"—*Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D.*

5489. TEMPER, and forgiveness. Philip of Macedon, at the close of an audience which he gave to some Athenian ambassadors, asked whether he could do them any service. "The greatest service thou couldst do us," said Demochares, "would be to hang thyself." Philip, though he perceived all the persons present were highly offended at these words, answered with the utmost calmness of temper, "Go, tell your superiors that those who dare make much use of insolent language are more haughty and less peaceably inclined than those who can forgive them."

5490. TEMPER, Command of. The Duke of Marlborough possessed great command of temper, and never permitted it to be ruffled by little things, in which even the greatest men have been occasionally found unguarded. As he was one day riding with Commissary Marriot it began to rain, and he called to his servant for his cloak. The servant not bringing it immediately, he called for it again. The servant, being embarrassed with the straps and buckles, did not come up to him. At last, it raining very hard, the Duke called to him again, and asked him what he was about, that he did not bring his cloak. "You must stay, sir," grumbles the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The Duke turned round to Marriot, and said very coolly, "Now I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."—*Buck's Anecdotes.*

5491. TEMPER, Command of. It is related of the celebrated John Henderson that he had acquired such ascendancy over his temper that his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected. As he was distinguished for his scholastic attainments, a student of a neighbouring college was desirous of a private disputation with him. The subject was selected, and they argued for some time in presence of friends with candour and moderation. But the student soon lost command of his temper, and at length perceiving that defeat was inevitable, he so far forgot the character of a gentleman as to throw a glassful of wine in Henderson's face. Henderson, without changing his countenance or varying his position, gently wiped his face, and very coolly replied, "That, sir, is a digression; now for the argument."

5492. TEMPER, Control of. When M. de Persigny was French Minister of the Interior he received a visit one day from a friend. A warm discussion arose between them. Suddenly an usher entered and handed the Minister a note. On opening it he at once changed his tone of voice and assumed a quiet and urbane manner. Puzzled as to the contents of the note, and by the marked effect it had suddenly produced upon the Minister, his friend cast a furtive glance at it, when, to his astonishment, he perceived that it was simply a plain sheet of paper, without a scratch upon it! More puzzled than ever, the gentleman took his leave, and proceeded to interrogate the usher, to whom he was well known, for he himself had been Minister of the Interior. "You have," said he, "just handed to the Minister a note, folded up, which had a most extraordinary effect upon him. Now, it was a plain sheet of paper, with nothing written upon it. What did it mean?" "Sir," replied the usher, "here is the explanation, which I must beg you to keep secret. My master is very liable to lose his temper. As he himself is aware of his weakness, he has ordered me, each time that his voice is raised sufficiently to be audible in the ante-room, without delay to place a sheet of paper in an envelope and take it to him. That reminds him that his temper is getting the better of him, and he at once calms himself. Just now I heard his voice rising, and immediately carried out my instructions."

5493. TEMPER controlled, Argument from. The Rev. Henry Townley's early scepticism led him all through life to watch intently the currents of infidel opinion, and in his old age he held a

public discussion with Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, which at the time excited much attention. At its close Mr. Holyoake observed that *the temper and Christian courtesy* of Mr. Townley had affected him more powerfully than all the arguments in favour of Christianity he had ever listened to.

5494. TEMPER, Humility on account of. I think it is Hugh Miller who relates that the diary of an old Scotch minister named M—— had in it, at a certain date, the following entry:—"Had a *rippet* with Mrs. M——, for which I desire to be humble." "That was a good man," said a lady who heard the story; and I am quite inclined to adopt her opinion. It is better for ministers (and other men) not to have *rippets* with their wives; but if they do occur, the next best thing to do is to be humble for them and ask forgiveness at once.—*H. F. Hastings.*

5495. TEMPER, Important. The Adige at Verona appears to be a river quite broad and deep enough for navigation, but its current is so rapid as to make it quite unserviceable. Many men are so rash and impetuous, and at the same time so suddenly angry and excited, that their otherwise most valuable abilities are rendered useless for any good purpose.—*Spurgeon.*

5496. TEMPER, Influence of. Mrs. Livingstone (the mother of the missionary) and Mrs. Byron (the mother of the poet) had each put into her hands one of nature's finest gems: the calm Christian temper of the one preserved hers for a life of almost unqualified nobility; the uncontrolled temper of the other made hers little better than a splendid wreck.—*W. G. Blaikie, LL.D.*

5497. TEMPER, Mastery of. An Italian bishop, who had endured much persecution with unruffled temper, was asked how he attained to such a mastery of himself. "*By making a right use of my eyes*," said he. "I first look up to heaven, as the place whither I am going to live for ever. I next look down upon earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look round me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

5498. TEMPER, Subduing. An old gentleman once lived in a large house. He had everything he wanted, and yet he was not happy. When things failed to please him he would get cross and speak sharply. His servants all left him, and he was in great trouble. Discouraged, he went to a neighbour's to tell him of his difficulties. After listening to his story the neighbour said, "It seems to me, my friend, it would be well for you to *oil yourself a little*." "To oil myself! What do you mean?" "Let me explain. Some time ago one of the doors of our house had a creaking hinge. It made such a disagreeable noise whenever it was opened or shut that nobody cared to touch it. One day I oiled its hinges, and since then we have had no trouble with it."

5499. TEMPER, Test of. I heard in conversation of a plan adopted by Matthew Wilks for examining a young man who wanted to be a missionary; the drift, if not the detail, of the test commends itself to my judgment, though not to my taste. The young man desired to go to India as a missionary in connection with the London Mission-

any Society. Mr. Wilks was appointed to consider his fitness for such a post. He wrote to the young man, and told him to call upon him at six o'clock the next morning. The brother lived many miles off, but he was at the house at six o'clock punctually. Mr. Wilks did not, however, enter the room till hours after. The brother waited wonderingly, but patiently. At last Mr. Wilks arrived, and addressed the candidate thus, in his usual nasal tones, "Well, young man, so you want to be a missionary?" "Yes, sir." "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Yes, sir, I hope I do." "And have you had any education?" "Yes, sir, a little." "Well now, we'll try you; can you spell 'cat'?" The young man looked confused, and hardly knew how to answer so preposterous a question. His mind evidently halted between indignation and submission, but in a moment he replied steadily, "C a t, cat." "Very good," said Mr. Wilks; "now, can you spell 'dog'?" Our young martyr hesitated, but Mr. Wilks said in his coolest manner, "Oh, never mind; don't be bashful; you spelt the other word so well that I should think you will be able to spell this. High as the attainment is, it is not so elevated but what you might do it without blushing." The youthful Job replied, "D o g, dog." "Well, that is right; I see you will do in your spelling, and now for your arithmetic. How many are twice two?" It is a wonder that Mr. Wilks did not receive "twice two" after the fashion of muscular Christianity, but the patient youth gave the right reply and was dismissed. Matthew Wilks at the committee meeting said, "I cordially recommend that young man; his testimonials and character I have duly examined, and besides that, *I have given him a rare personal trial* such as few could bear. I tried his self-denial; he was up in the morning early. I tried his temper, and I tried his humility; he can spell 'cat' and 'dog,' and can tell that 'twice two make four,' and he will do for a missionary exceedingly well."—*Spurgeon*.

5500. TEMPERANCE, Advance in. There is another improvement that is very perceptible, lying on the surface of society; I mean the enormous advance you have made in temperance. Eight years ago it was difficult for me to mix in your society without being constantly pressed to drink wine. Now I may say, broadly, I am never asked to touch it, and at many places where I go it is not even on the table.—*Moody* (1884).

5501. TEMPERANCE, and religion. I heard the Hon. Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky, make a ten minutes' speech in Broadway Tabernacle, in which he said, "Were this great globe one chrysolite, and I offered the possession if I would drink one glass of brandy, I would refuse it with scorn; and I want no religion, I want the temperance pledge." With that wonderful voice of his he thundered out, "We want no religion in this movement; let it be purely secular, and keep religion where it belongs." Poor Tom Marshall, with all his self-confidence, fell, and died at Poughkeepsie in clothes given him by Christian charity.—*J. B. Gough*.

5502. TEMPERANCE, by reaction. Anachonis, the philosopher, being asked by what means a man might best guard against the vice of drunkenness, answered, "By bearing constantly in his view the loathsomeness, indecent behaviour of such as are intoxi-

cated." Upon this principle was founded the custom of the Lacedæmonians of exposing their drunken slaves to their children, who by that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational.—*Little's Historical Lights*.

5503. TEMPTATION, and the soul. When at the stake he (Hooper) listened to the bitter laments of the common people, who greatly loved him; a pardon was offered him if he would recant; but he exclaimed, "*If you love my soul, take it away!*"—*Knight*.

5504. TEMPTATION, apparent. A broad-shouldered Scotchman, looking at Ary Scheffer's painting of the "Temptation of the Lord," said, as he pointed to the figure of Satan, "If that chiel cam' to me in sic an ugly shape, I think he wud ha'e a teuch job wi' me too." "I could not," adds John de Liefde, the narrator of the incident, "help smiling, but I felt there was much truth in the remark."—*Biblical Treasury*.

5505. TEMPTATION, Commonness of. A poor wife, endeavouring to shepherd her husband home from his work, said of the public-houses, "I could get him past two, but O sir! I can't get him past ten."—*Ellice Hopkins*.

5506. TEMPTATION, Fleeing from. On the evening of Nisbet the publisher's first arrival in London a young Scottish friend took him about sight-seeing. The walk terminated in a blind alley and a strange-looking house, which instinct at once told him was "the house of the destroyer." He gave up intercourse with his companion, and fled away hastily; and not till some few days afterwards, when he found a refuge in the Swallow Street Chapel, did he recover his equanimity.

5507. TEMPTATION, Freedom from. Shall the rich cut crystal which stands on the table of the wealthy man, protected from dust and injury, boast that it has escaped the flaws and the cracks which the earthen jar has sustained exposed and subjected to general use. O man or woman, thou who would be a Pharisee, consider, oh consider thyself, lest thou also be tempted!—*Robertson*.

5508. TEMPTATION, How to escape. Alypius, a friend of St. Augustine, was accustomed to hold in the utmost horror and detestation the gladiatorial combats which were exhibited in the age in which he lived. Being invited one day by his companions to be a spectator of these inhuman sports, he refused to go. They, however, insisted on his accompanying them, and drew him along against his will. When they had all taken their seats the games commenced. Alypius shut his eyes, that scenes so abominable might not pollute his mind. "Would to God," said Augustine, "he had also stopped his ears!" For having heard a great cry, he suffered himself to be conquered by his curiosity, and opened his eyes to see what it was. One of the combatants was wounded. No sooner did he behold the purple stream issuing from the body of the unhappy wretch than, instead of turning away his eyes, they were fixed on what he saw, and he felt even a pleasure in those brutal combats. He was no longer the same man; he by degrees imbibed the sentiments of the multitude around him, joined in their shouts and exclamations, and

carried away from the amphitheatre a violent passion for these games. And not only did he go the second time with those who had ensnared him, but he himself enticed others. Yet this man began at first with an abhorrence of such criminal amusements, and resolved to take no part in them. But sad experience taught him that the best resolutions are not always sufficient to withstand temptations, and that the only way to escape danger is to keep at a distance from it.

5509. TEMPTATION, Law of. Professor Wyville Thomson remarks that the fact that a shark "can bear without inconvenience the pressure of half a ton on the square inch is a sufficient proof that the pressure is applied under circumstances which prevent its affecting it to its prejudice; and there seems to be no reason why it should not tolerate equally well a pressure of one or two tons. At all events, it is a fact that the animals of all the invertebrate classes which abound at a depth of 2000 fathoms do bear that extreme pressure, and that they do not seem to be affected by it in any way." We turn from the kingdom of nature to the kingdom of grace, and we say to every child of God in the depth of doubts and distresses, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."

5510. TEMPTATION, meth half-way. The author of "Creyson Letters" introduces a daft Scotchman, who claimed to be on terms of peculiar intimacy with the Evil One. "Eh, mon!" said he, "but it's sad to see that man will throw away life, weal, wife, childer, heaven and a', for a gill o' whisky, or a bit rag o' painted wickedness. They say the deil is very busy in tempting men; but he maun ha'e an easy time o't; all of them meet him mair than half-way."—*Christian Globe*.

5511. TEMPTATION, realising its danger. "It is a most touching thing to me," he (Dr. Arnold) said once in the hearing of one of his former pupils on the mention of some new-comers, "to receive a new fellow from his father, when I think what an influence there is in this place for evil as well as for good. I do not know anything which affects me more. . . . No," he said; "if ever I could receive a new boy from his father without emotion, I should think it was high time to be off."—*Dean Stanley*.

5512. TEMPTATION, Resisting. When one of the kings of France solicited a M. Bouquier, who was a Protestant, to conform to the Roman Catholic religion, promising him in return a commission or a governorship, "Sire," replied he, "if I could be persuaded to betray my God for a marshal's staff I might be induced to betray my king for a bribe of much less value."

5513. TEMPTATION, Safety from. In Edinburgh they have a club-room in which reformed men spend their evenings, and young men come there to get away from temptation. One night a man came in very drunk. "Do you know what place this is?" he was asked. "This is a teetotaler's club." "Yes; but you are drunk." "I know I am; I am awfully drunk." "What business have you here?" "I am a teetotaler." "But you are drunk." "What! did you never see a drunk teetotaler? I'm drunk, and I'm a teetotaler." Some one thinking he was chaffing, said, "You had

better go out." "Gentlemen, don't put me out. I am a teetotaler. Here's my pledge. I signed it about an hour ago, and I have not touched a drop since. I have come in here for safety!"—*J. B. Gough*.

5514. TEMPTATION, Seduction of. Of the Lurley-berg on the Rhine, with the whirlpool and the deceitful eddies near it, where many a raft and fishing-boat has gone down, many wild legends are related. Tradition makes the rock the dwelling-place of a syren who, by her sweet songs, enchanted all who heard her. The mariners of the Rhine, heedless of the dangers which beset them at this point, when once (according to legend) they heard the seducing song of the water-nymph, altogether abandoned their charge to the course of the current, and frequently perished in the whirlpool, or were wrecked against the rock.—*Denton*.

5515. TEMPTATION, Sinful hearts invite. No one would make overtures to a bolted door or a dead wall. It is some face at the window that invites proffer.—*Beecher*.

5516. TEMPTATION, Subtlety of. Many horses fall at the bottom of a hill because the driver thinks the danger past and the need to hold the reins with firm grip less pressing. So it is often with us when we are not specially tempted to overt sin—we are the more in danger through slothful ease. I think it was Ralph Erskine who said, "There is no devil so bad as no devil."—*Spurgeon*.

5517. TEMPTATION, to be avoided. When Lochiel went to Borrowdale to meet the Pretender, he went there only with the idea of giving his reasons in person for not joining the rebellion. "I know you better," said his brother Cameron. "If the Prince once sets eyes on you he will make you do what he pleases." And so it turned out.—*Campbell (condensed)*.

5518. TEMPTATION, various. It does not require a devil to tempt you. The smallest thing can tempt. As poor John Bunyan said once, something kept tempting him to sell Christ. If he stooped to pick up a pin the voice said, "*Sell Him for that! sell Him for that!*" And men sell their honour for things as cheap. A pin will do it; a sweet smile; a fair face; the ruby wine; the love of money. Ah! for what has not a man sold his soul!—*George Dawson*.

5519. TEMPTATION, what it may be a sign of. A brother in the Bethel meeting was suffering from severe temptation, and after a full account of his experience was advised to take courage from his own experience; "For," says Father Taylor, "the devil was never known to chase a bag of chaff! You may be sure that there is the pure wheat in your heart, or the Old Serpent would not be after you so hard."—*Life of Father Taylor*.

5520. TEMPTATION, where it assails. There is a deep truth contained in the fabled story of old, where a mother, wishing to render her son invulnerable, plunged him into the Styx, but forgot to dip in his heel, by which she held him. We are baptized in the blood and fire of sorrow, that temptation may make us invulnerable; but let us remember that trials will assail us in our most vulnerable part, be it the head, or heart, or heel.—*Robertson*.

5521. **TEMPTATION**, yielded to. There was a large establishment in New York, that said to a young man, "We want you to start to-morrow afternoon—Sunday afternoon—at five o'clock, for Pittsburg." "Oh," replied the young man, "I never travel on Sunday." "Well," said the head man of the firm, "you must go; we have got to make time, and you must go to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock." The young man said, "I can't go; it is against my conscience; I can't go." "Well," said the head man of the firm, "then you will have to lose your situation; there are plenty of men who would like to go." The temptation was too great for the young man, and he succumbed to it. He obeyed orders. He left on the five o'clock train, Sunday afternoon, for Pittsburg. Do you want the sequel in very short metre? That young man has gone down into a life of dissipation. What has become of the business firm? Bankrupt—one of the firm a confirmed gambler.—*Talmage*.

5522. **TEMPTATIONS**, Abundance of. It was anciently said of Eucrates, "*Eucrates has more tricks than one*." So we may say of the devil, that he hath a thousand ways to deceive.—*Spencer*.

5523. **TENDERNESS**, and strength. Tenderness is doubly tender when we know a rugged and aggressive temper has been subdued to it by that rule over the spirit which is mightier than the taking of cities. The gentleness of heroes, the love of warriors, smiles among sunburnt scars, the piteous tears of the Northmen's gods,—these are the irresistible pleaders. So the arms of the fierce Scotch family of Douglas bore the inscription, "*Tender and True*."—*Huntington*.

5524. **TENDERNESS**, in preaching. I remember on one occasion, when we met, he (M'Cheyne) asked what my last Sabbath's subject had been. It had been, "The wicked shall be turned into hell." On hearing this awful text he asked, "Were you able to preach it *with tenderness*?"—*Andrew Bonar*.

5525. **TENDERNESS**, Secret of. I once asked an aged man, in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man, "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is, our pastor has *never had any trouble*. When misfortune comes upon him his style will be different."—*Talmage*.

5526. **TEST**, Defective, illustrated. No Abyssinian will accept a dollar which is not of the year 1780, and his only test whether a coin be good or bad is counting the number of dots on the tiara and shoulder-knot of the portrait of Maria Teresa. . . . A sovereign is worth little more than a brass button, and even a *clean silver* dollar is put aside as bad. The Abyssinians never think of biting or ringing money as the Chinese do, and I am pretty certain that if my dollars had been lead instead of silver, they would have been regarded with equal satisfaction by the Abyssinian peasant, *so long as they were sufficiently dirty, and had the right number of dots*.—*E. A. De Cosson, F.R.G.S.*

5527. **TEST**, Must stand. Upon one occasion, like the prophet Jeremiah, I visited the potter's house. I admired his ingenuity and the beauty of his work on the wheels. But after a little while I found there was really no reliance to be put on

the results of his labour and ingenuity. When put into the furnace some of the vessels were marred and rendered good for nothing; they cracked and went to pieces. Did not the potter shape them aright? Did he not make them of the same clay? Did he not take the same pains with them? Then what was the defect? *They would not stand fire*.—*Rev. Joseph Irons*.

5528. **TEST**, Put to the. A man came to the late Duke of Wellington with a patented article. "What have you to offer?" "A bullet-proof jacket, your grace." "Put it on." The inventor obeyed. The Duke rang a bell. An aide-de-camp presented himself. "Tell the captain of the guard to order one of his men to load with ball cartridge!" The inventor disappeared, and was never seen again near the Horse Guards. No money was wasted on that invention.

5529. **TESTAMENTS**, Use of. When China became open to the preaching of the gospel and the circulation of the Scriptures, the friends and supporters of the British and Foreign Bible Society devised a plan for sending one million copies of the New Testament into the country. A special fund was raised for this purpose. But this act of Christian benevolence did not pass unchallenged by the Romish priesthood, Cardinal Wiseman declaring, in one of his sermons, that "no apprehension need be felt about the circulation of this million of Testaments, as the Chinese bootmakers and shoemakers were using them up as waste-paper in their respective manufactures." When Dr. Beaumont heard of this strange utterance he wittily remarked, "Then are the feet of the people shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace!"

5530. **TESTIMONY**, A silent. In the last visit but one which Whitefield paid to America he spent a day or two at Princeton, under the roof of Dr. Finley, then President of the College at that place. At dinner the Doctor said, "Mr. Whitefield, I hope it will be very long before you are called home; but when that event shall arrive, I shall be glad to hear the noble testimony you will bear for God." "You would be disappointed, Doctor," said Whitefield; "*I shall die silently*. It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for Him during my life, that He will require none from me when I die." The manner of Whitefield's death verified his prediction.

5531. **TESTIMONY**, and faith. The reply of Treviranus, the famous botanist, to me, when he was in London, is worth recording:—"I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling; and in all reason, therefore, I can neither expect nor wish that you should believe on mine."—*Wesley*.

5532. **TESTIMONY**, Influence of. Of James, brother of John, Clement adds a narrative worthy of note. He says that the man who led him away to the judgment-seat, seeing him bearing his testimony to the faith, and moved by the fact, confessed himself a Christian. Both, therefore, says he, were led away to die. On the way he entreated James to be forgiven of him, and James, considering a little, replied, "Peace be to thee," and kissed him, and then both were beheaded at the same time.—*Eusebius*.

5533. TESTIMONY, Value of. It does my soul good to hear (at a church prayer-meeting) such *cheerful testimony* to the value of Christ's presence and blessing in affliction. At night, when a railroad train, having stopped at a station, is about to start again, in order that the conductor may know that everything is as it should be, the brakeman on the last car calls out through the darkness, "All right here!" and the next man takes up the word, "All right here!" and the next echoes, "All right here!" and so it passes along the line, and the train moves on.—*Beecher*.

5534. TERROR, and conversion. Phoebe Simpson began her life in Christ in a thunderstorm—one of the most terrible hailstorms, I believe, on record having burst over the eastern counties. Thinking the end of the world had come and found her in her sins, she knelt down and cast herself on her Saviour's love. The storm passed, *but the love remained*.—*Ellice Hopkins*.

5535. TERROR, Fleeing at. Horace Walpole in one of his letters says:—"I return to the earthquake; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days 730 coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park Corner, with whole parties removing into the country."

5536. TEXT, Comfort of. To the lot of few does it fall to pass through such a horror of great darkness as that which fell upon me after the deplorable accident at the Surrey Music-Hall. I was pressed beyond measure and out of bounds with an enormous weight of misery. The tumult, the panic, the deaths, were day and night before me, and made life a burden. Then I sang in my sorrow—

"The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but increase my woe,
My spirit languisheth, my heart
Is desolate and low."

From that dream of horror I was awakened in a moment by the gracious application to my soul of the text, "Him hath God the Father exalted." The fact that Jesus is still great, let His servants suffer as they may, piloted me back to calm reason and peace.—*Spurgeon*.

5537. TEXT, Remembrance of. In the battles between the North and South in America, that brought slavery to an end, a soldier was brought in wounded in the fight at Pittsburg Landing. He lay uncared for on the mud floor in a tent held by the South. It was Sabbath night; the rain poured down, and soon the battle was renewed. Amid the roar of artillery and the flood of rain there came back to his memory very vividly a text and a sermon he had heard *twenty years before*. His conscience was awakened as he recalled that past occasion; the seed of the Word, dropped twenty years ago into his memory, sprang up as he lay there. Some of the delegates of the Christian Commission found him in this state; he told them all; and these friends relate how that remembered text and sermon were used by the Holy Spirit for the soldier's conversion.

5538. TEXT, Stick to. An anecdote is told of a young clergyman who said to his tutor, "I am now to enter the ministry; and in the sphere I am going to I shall have to preach twice every Sunday;

and I don't know how in the world I shall ever get variety in my sermons." "Oh," said his tutor, "I will give you a simple rule, which, if you will strictly adhere to, will produce the effect you desire, *Always stick to your text*."

5539. TEXTS, sent of God. When I lived at Cambridge I had, as usual, to preach in the evening at a neighbouring village, to which I had to walk. After reading and meditating all day, I could not meet with the right text. Do what I would, no response came from the sacred oracle, no light flashed from the Urim and Thummim; I prayed, I meditated, I turned from one verse to another, but the mind would not take hold, or I was, as Bunyan would say, "much tumbled up and down in my thoughts." Just then I walked to the window and looked out. On the other side of the narrow street in which I lived I saw a poor solitary canary-bird upon the slates, surrounded by a crowd of sparrows, who were all pecking at it as if they would tear it to pieces. At that moment the verse came to my mind: "Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird: the bird round about are against her." I walked off with the greatest possible composure, considered the passage during my long and lonely walk, and preached upon the peculiar people, and the persecutions of their enemies, with freedom and ease to myself, and I believe with comfort to my rustic audience. The text was sent to me, and if the ravens did not bring it, certainly the sparrows did.—*Spurgeon*.

5540. TEXTS, Useful. It may be affirmed that, of the nearly eight thousand verses of which the New Testament is composed, there are *few that have not touched the hearts*, aroused the conscience, or confirmed the faith of some whose lives were devoted to the Master's service, and who shall shine in His kingdom like the stars for ever and ever. Usher, for example, ascribes his conversion to Romans xii. 1: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Toplady refers for the same purpose to Ephesians xi. 13: "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."

5541. THANKFULNESS, Fruit of. If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the almost invisible particles, by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.—*Beecher*.

5542. THANKFULNESS, Illustration of. The heath in the desert wants rain far more than the water-lily. But let the showers come down upon the heath in the desert, there is no motion, no sign that the shower is welcomed or is working. On the other hand, the moment the rain begins to fall upon the water-lily, though it is rooted in water, and has its chief element in water, its leaves seem to be clapping their hands, and the whole plant rejoices in the falling of the rain.—*Samuel Martin*.

5543. **THANKFULNESS, in difficulties.** There is a picturesque tract of the Western Highlands in passing through which the traveller has to ascend a long winding path, very steep, very rough, and very lonely, leading up a wild and desolate glen. If the traveller goes up that glen on foot his appreciation of the scene around him is gradually overborne by the sense of pure physical fatigue. At last you reach a ridge, whence the road descends steeply on the other side of the hill. And there at this summit you will find a rude seat of stone, which bears the inscription in deeply cut letters, "REST AND BE THANKFUL"—*Counsel and Comfort from a City Pulpit.*

5544. **THANKFULNESS, in poverty.** A poor widow, not having bed-clothes to shelter her boy from the snow which blew through the cracks of her hovel, used to cover him with boards. "Mother," said the boy, "what do poor folks do this cold weather who have no boards to put upon their children?"

5545. **THANKFULNESS, to God.** At Boscastle is an old church, looking off upon the sea from a great headland. Its tower was built for bells, but no peal has ever sounded from it. The townspeople listened with delight and envy to the chimes of Tintagel, whose silvery music occasionally reached their ears, and determined their church-tower should send back an answering peal. A set of bells was cast in London and sent around by sea. When near the coast the Tintagel bells were heard by the pilot. They were to him a welcome home. "Thank God," said he, "I shall be ashore this evening!" The captain, standing by, exclaimed, "Thank the good ship; thank God ashore." "No," rejoined the pilot; "we should thank God on sea as well as on land." The captain persisted in his view, and cursed and swore as the pilot defended his sense of duty and gratitude. The vessel neared the land; but a black cloud gathered in the sky, and out of it burst a hurricane. The storm broke upon the ill-fated ship, and in sight of the steep wall of the coast it sank with all on board—the pilot alone escaping on part of the wreck.—*Elihu Burritt (abridged).*

5546. **THANKSGIVING, Contrast in.** Mr. Henry D. Gough, a Maryland planter, was riding to one of his plantations under a state of religious awakening. He heard the voice of prayer and praise in a cabin, and listening, discovered that a negro from a neighbouring estate was leading the devotion of his own slaves, and offering fervent thanksgivings for the blessings of their depressed lot. His heart was touched, and with emotion he exclaimed, "Alas! O Lord, I have my thousands, and tens of thousands, and yet, ungrateful wretch that I am, I never thank Thee, as this poor slave does, who has scarcely clothes to put on or food to satisfy his hunger."—*Stevens.*

5547. **THANKSGIVING, for work done.** Mr. Telford stated to a friend, only a few months before his death, that for some time previous to the opening of the Menai suspension-bridge his anxiety was so great that he could scarcely sleep, and that a continuance of that condition must have very soon completely undermined his health. We are not, therefore, surprised to learn that when his friends rushed to congratulate him on the result of the first day's experiment, which decisively proved the strength and solidity of the

bridge, they should have found the engineer *on his knees engaged in prayer.* A vast load had been taken off his mind; the perilous enterprise of the day had been accomplished without loss of life; and his spontaneous act was thankfulness and gratitude.—*Smiles.*

5548. **THANKSGIVING, Necessity for.** When the New England colonies were first planted the settlers endured many privations and difficulties. Being piously disposed, they laid their distresses before God in frequent days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation on such topics kept their minds gloomy and discontented, and made them disposed even to return to their fatherland, with all its persecutions. At length, when it was again proposed to appoint a day of fasting and prayer, a plain, common-sense old colonist rose in the meeting, and remarked that he thought they had brooded long enough over their misfortunes, and that it seemed high time they should consider some of their mercies; that the colony was growing strong—the fields increasing in harvests—the rivers full of fish, and the woods of game—the air sweet—the climate salubrious—their wives obedient, and their children dutiful; above all, that they possessed what they came for, full civil and religious liberty. And therefore, on the whole, he would amend their resolution for a fast, and propose in its stead a *day of thanksgiving.* His advice was taken, and from that day to this, whatever may have been the disastrous experience of New England, the old stock of the Puritans have ever found enough of good in their cup to warrant them in appointing this great annual festival.—*Wadsworth.*

5549. **THEATRE, ancient conception of its true use.** The action of the theatre, though modern states esteem it but ludicrous unless it be satirical and biting, was carefully watched by the ancients that it might improve mankind in virtue.—*Bacon.*

5550. **THEATRE, Immorality of.** Dumas (the younger) once replied to one who objected to his drama in this style:—"You will not take your daughter to see my piece. You are quite right. Let me tell you once for all why you should not take your daughter to the theatre. It is not only the piece which is immoral—it is rather the place itself. When we delineate men we are compelled to do so in such coarse features that it is not beneficial for men generally; and where the theatre is truest and good, it can only be so when the colouring of truth is retained. The theatre, which is merely the reflection and satirist of the passions and relations of fashionable life, must of its nature be immoral, because the life and passions which move society are not moral."

5551. **THEATRE, Modern.** One of the most eminent living actresses declares that she only enters the theatre to enact her part, and has but little association with her own profession. A converted actor once pointed me to a play-house in which he used to perform, and said, "Behind those curtains lies *Sodom!*"—*Cuyler.*

5552. **THEATRE, tested.** A friend of mine, a Quaker, was invited by a young gentleman to visit a London theatre. Said the Quaker, "I will go with thee if thou wilt promise to leave as soon as anything is said or done thou wouldst not like

thy sister to see and hear." "Agreed," said the Londoner. He studied the advertisements, and selected a safe play, as he thought, and off they went to the theatre. During the play something *was* said and done, and up got the Londoner, and went out, followed by the Quaker. Tried by honest tests such as this, the theatre *as it is* must be pronounced unworthy of the support of Christians.—*Rev. G. W. McCree.*

5553. THEMES, Difficulty in choosing. I was so much in trouble that I asked my grandfather, who had been in the ministry some fifty years, whether he was ever perplexed in choosing his theme. He told me frankly that this had always been his greatest trouble, compared with which preaching in itself was no anxiety at all. I remember the venerable man's remark—"The difficulty is not because there are not enough texts, but because there are so many, that I am in a strait betwixt them." Brethren, we are sometimes like the lover of choice flowers, who finds himself surrounded by all the beauties of the garden, with permission to select but one.—*Spurgeon.*

5554. THEOLOGIAN, Declaration of. Dr. Alexander, when he came to die, said the wisest thing he ever said. Having been a teacher of theology all his life, he at last declared, "After all, the only two things that I now insist upon are, that I am a sinner, and that Jesus Christ is my Saviour."—*Beecher.*

5555. THEOLOGY, and life. Melancthon is reported to have frequently studied the gravest point of theology with his book in one hand, and in the other the edge of a cradle, which he incessantly rocked; and M. Esprit, a celebrated author and scholar, "has been caught by me," says M. Marville, "reading Plato with great attention, considering the interruptions which he met with from the necessity of sounding his little child's whistle."

5556. THEOLOGY, and the New Testament. The leading principle of Erasmus was, "*Give light and the darkness will disappear of itself.*" It is my desire," he said, on publishing his New Testament, "to lead back that cold disputer of words styled theology to its real fountain."—*B.*

5557. THEOLOGY, Changes in. Linnæus, in his day, organised a metaphysical system of botany, and the scholars that grew up under the old Linnæan system of botany had a vague impression that plants were to grow according to the system of Linnæus. But they did not; they grew according to their own laws. The notion of men was, that plants were beholden to Linnæus instead of to God and to their own nature; and when De Candolle, of the French school, introduced a natural system of botany, it was the cause of a great deal of distress of spirit to some people; and if they had said, "You are going to destroy the vegetable kingdom," they would have been like men nowadays who say, "You are going to destroy religion." As changing botany, or changing the system by which is set forth theories as to the habits of plants, does not change the plants themselves, so *changing theology and church systems does not change human nature* so but that its development may be carried to its utmost limit of power and beauty.—*Beecher.*

5558. THINGS, will come right. "Is the weather ever to clear up, John?" was the question I heard

put in my boyhood by a country parson to his "man." The cautious Scot forbore to prophesy. But he said what suggested much, "It has aye done so hitherto."—*Essays of a Country Parson.*

5559. THINKING, First influence of. Children are almost always graceful; but the moment they come to be neither children nor men, hovering halfway between, in the land of awkwardness, then they think, "What shall I do with my hands when I go into the parlour?" And the moment they begin to think, they do not know how to do anything. They think, "How shall I stand?" or "How shall I speak?" And the moment they think about it, and do it on purpose, how instinctively they do it in an embarrassed and awkward manner! But after they have become wonted to society they never think about these things. Then they fall back and resume their childlike grace and propriety of conduct.—*Beecher.*

5560. THINKING, Christian way of agreement in. A pensioner ran after him, saying, "O Mr. Ouseley, how is your brother? I was under him in the army, and a dear good man he was." Said Ouseley, "He is very well, dear; but how is your soul?" "O sir," said the man, "I'm not of your way of thinking." "Well, and what way of thinking are you, dear? *Don't you wish to go to heaven?*" "Oh, I do," said the man. "Then," said Ouseley, "sure I wish to go there too. Now, dear, *you see we are one way of thinking.*" And still holding him by the hand, he talked to him of the love of Christ, until the tears streamed down the old soldier's face.—*Rev. W. Arthur, M.A.*

5561. THINKING, Fear of, in pleasure-seekers. When I first entered Ranelagh it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind such as I never experienced anywhere else. But as Xerxes, when he viewed his immense army, and considered that not one of that great multitude would be alive a hundred years afterward, so it went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think.—*Dr. Johnson.*

5562. THOUGHT, beyond speech. The great work of a painter is inside of himself. Nobody sees that, because his picture is never half so good as his conception. The noblest thing that Beethoven ever wrote was not comparable to his thought. Oh what sermons I have preached in the solitude of my room! But they always turned out pale and poor when I got them off here. It is mind-work, after all, that is the great work.—*Beecher.*

5563. THOUGHT for the morrow, Blessedness of not taking. The wife of Charles Lloyd, a minor poet, who was subject to mental aberration, was a pious and gifted woman. On one occasion, when her husband's malady had assumed a most affecting form, I was pointing out the difficulties of her situation, with a view of offering advice for her future guidance. "Ah, my dear sir," said she, "you have not had my experience, or you would have learnt the blessedness of following Christ's command, 'Take no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'" So she found it, and by faithful trust in her Saviour, she was supported day by day, and enabled nobly

to "minister to a mind diseased," till she happily witnessed its restoration.—*Leifchild (abridged).*

5564. THOUGHT, inexhaustible. The true thinker is but a shorthand writer endeavouring to report the discourse of God. Shall a child on the banks of the Amazon fear lest he should drink up the stream?—*Beecher.*

5565. THOUGHT, Necessity for. Nelaton, the great French surgeon, once said that if he had four minutes in which to perform an operation on which a life depended, he would take one minute to consider how best to do it.

5566. THOUGHT, Taking no. It is related of the Nonconformist, Mr. Lawrence, of Baschurch, that when some one reminded him that he had eleven good arguments against giving up his living, and asked him how he meant to maintain his wife and ten children, he answered, "They must all live on the sixth of Matthew: 'Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

5567. THOUGHTFULNESS for others, Results of. A young man, deeply concerned for the conversion of his brother, while listening to a discourse addressed by me to the young, was strongly possessed with the idea that if he could obtain permission to publish it, his brother, who was a compositor in a printing-office, might be led to read it first for the press, and afterwards for publication, and thereby the subject might arrest his attention, and impress him with its truth and importance. The success was even beyond his expectation, and he lived to see that brother united to the church of which he himself was a member, and also employed in missionary labours, in which he has now been successfully engaged for many years.—*Leifchild (abridged).*

5568. THOUGHTFULNESS, saves in danger. A great orator was addressing a great crowd, when, in the midst of an impassioned sentence, he suddenly paused. He pressed his hand upon his forehead, as if faint. He said very quietly, "I must pause for a moment—this air is too close; indeed, the crowd is so great that we will adjourn to the open air. I will sit down and rest while, as quietly as possible, you withdraw; and to prevent confusion, and at the same time give me more air, let the audience first remove from the right-hand gallery." What did the man mean? In the midst of his speech he saw that the pillars under that gallery were yielding to the crushing weight, and that a multitude were about to be swallowed up in death. But his thoughtful gentleness saved them. An alarming outcry would have been destruction.—*Wadsworth.*

5569. THOUGHTS, The best. The late Emperor Francis of Austria was wont to say, "The best thoughts are those which a man conceives when on his knees before his God."

5570. THOUGHTS, Vain. Some years ago two pious weavers were conversing together, and complaining of the trouble which they found from vain and evil thoughts in the solemn duties of religion. Another person of the same business overheard them, and rushing forth, said, "I always thought you two

vile hypocrites, but now I know it from your own confessing. For my part, I never had such vain and wicked thoughts in my life." One of the men took a piece of money out of his pocket, and put it into his hand, adding, "This shall be yours if, after you come from the church the next time, you can say you had not one vain thought there." In a few days he came, saying, "Here, take back your money, for I had not been five minutes in the church before I began to think how many looms could be set up in it."

5571. THOUGHTS, Wandering. Dr. John Todd, in one of his sermons, said that one great reason why sinners were not converted was because they did not fix their minds on the subject of religion; that they did not give them undividedly to a single sermon. And, in illustration, he said that he knew a man, a carpenter by trade, who denied the charge, and to prove it groundless, he resolved to make the experiment. But before he was aware, he found that his thoughts were wandering. His eyes were upon the large space in the upper part of the church, and he was calculating how many rooms, of certain dimensions, might be constructed there.—*Christian Age.*

5572. TIME, A minister's. "Having some business," said the Rev. R. Cecil, "to transact with a gentleman in the city, I called one day at his counting-house; he begged I would call again, as I had so much more time to spend than he had, who was a man of business. 'An hour is nothing to you,' said he. 'You seem little to understand the nature of our profession,' I replied. 'One hour of a clergyman's time, rightly employed, sir, is worth more to him than all the gains of your merchandise.'"

5573. TIME, and eternity. One Sabbath morning the Rev. Thomas Pentycross, of Wallingford, while preaching to his own congregation, was so entirely engrossed with the importance of his subject, that he exceeded his usual time, and the clock struck one. After pausing a moment he exclaimed with great energy, "*Time* reproves me; but *eternity* commends me!" and then resumed the discourse with much earnestness, continuing to preach for a considerable time longer in a very impressive manner.

5574. TIME and eternity, Things of. Mrs. Hannah More once took Dr. Sprague to her window to show him what she called her Moral Prospect. Not far from her house was a little clump of trees and bushes, covering a few yards of ground. At some considerable distance was a little forest covering some acres. If one would place this small cluster between him and the larger the latter was quite hidden from view. "So," said Mrs. More, "the things of time, being near, seem great, and so hide from our view the things of eternity."—*Rev. Dr. Plumer.*

5575. TIME, and its loss. "You have made us lose a whole hour," said a gentleman to a lad as he came into a room where an important committee was meeting. "Beg pardon, sir, that is impossible," said the youth, taking out his watch; "I am only five minutes late." "Very true," replied the other, "but there are twelve of us here, and each one of us has lost five minutes; so that makes an hour."—*Dr. Thain Davidson.*

5576. TIME, at an end. "I stopped," says a writer of the last century, "in Clerkenwell Churchyard to see a gravedigger at work. He had dug pretty deep, and was come to a coffin which was quite rotten. In clearing away the rotten pieces of wood the gravedigger found an hour-glass close to the left side of the skull, with sand in it, the wood of which was so rotten that it broke when he took hold of it." A strange custom this to *notify to the dead that their time was at an end.*—*H. Bonar.*

5577. TIME, cannot be lengthened out by man. As the light was fading away (the evening before the battle of Waterloo) he (Napoleon) pointed toward the visible sun, and said, "What would I not give to be this day possessed of the power of Joshua, and enabled to retard thy march for two hours!"—*Abbott.*

5578. TIME, closing in upon us. "*The time is short,*" or as we might perhaps render it so as to give the full force of the metaphor, the time is pressed together. It is being squeezed into narrower compass, like a sponge in a strong hand. There is an old story of a prisoner in a cell with contractile walls. Day by day his space lessens—he saw the whole of that window yesterday, he sees only half of it to-day. Nearer and nearer the walls are drawn together till they meet and crush him between them. So the walls of our home (which we have made our prison) are closing in upon us.—*Maclaren.*

5579. TIME, heals. A person having behaved very rudely to Mr. Boswell, he went to Dr. Johnson, and talked of it as a serious distress. Dr. Johnson laughed and said, "*Consider, sir, how insignificant this will appear twelve months hence.*"

5580. TIME, How to economise. When passing through Clonmel in 1840 Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall called upon Bianconi (the introducer of the car system into Ireland), and went over his establishment. The travellers had a very pressing engagement, and could not stay to hear the story of how their entertainer had contrived to "make so much out of so little." "How much time have you?" he asked. "Just five minutes." "The car," says Mr. Hall, "had conveyed us to the back entrance." Bianconi instantly rang the bell, and said to the servant, "Tell the driver to bring the car round to the front;" adding, "*that will save one minute, and enable me to tell you all within the time.*" This was, in truth, the secret of his success, making the most of time.—*Smiles.*

5581. TIME, Irony of. Prince Napoleon, while a resident in London, was made a victim of a cruel hoax. Some one sent him a forged invitation to a grand party at Windsor Castle. He dressed himself in a court costume, and presented himself at the castle-gate, to be told by the porter that as his name was not down on the list of guests he could not enter; and as the Prince insisted that he had received a card, a higher officer of the royal household was sent for. "Really, sir," said this gentleman, "there must be some mistake. As Her Majesty has not the honour of knowing the Prince Napoleon, she will be unable to receive him." Ten years later this rejected Prince, then Emperor of France, slept in the best "spare room" of the castle, and danced with the Queen in Waterloo

Room. Such is the irony of time.—*Christian Chronicle.*

5582. TIME, not our own. "Go with me to the concert this afternoon?" once asked a fashionable city salesman of a new assistant in the warehouse. "I cannot." "Why?" "*My time is not my own;* it belongs to another." "To whom?" "To the firm, by whom I have been instructed not to leave without permission." The next Sabbath afternoon the same salesman said to this clerk, "Will you go to ride with us this evening?" "I cannot." "Why?" "My time is not my own; it belongs to another." "To whom?" "To Him who has said, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.'" Some years passed, and that clerk lay upon his bed of death. His honesty and fidelity had raised him to a creditable position in business and in society, and, ere his sickness, life lay fair before him. "Are you reconciled to your situation?" asked an attendant. "Yes, reconciled; I have endeavoured to do the work that God has allotted me, in His fear. He has directed me thus far; I am in His hands, and my time is not my own."

5583. TIME, not to be spent in frivolous amusements. On his way to Marengo Napoleon stopped at the door of the barber's shop and asked his former hostess if she remembered a young officer named Bonaparte once quartered in her family. "Indeed I do, and a very disagreeable inmate he was. He was always either shut up in his room" (at study), "or if he walked out he never condescended to speak to any one." "Ah! my good woman," Napoleon rejoined, "*I had I passed my time as you wished to have me, should not now have been in command of the army of Italy.*"—*Abbott (condensed).*

5584. TIME, Only a question of. My friend had gone abroad to try the effects of a sea voyage and a milder air in staying the insidious disease that seemed to be sapping her young life. Meeting her sister some time after, I eagerly asked for news of her. The reply came sorrowfully, while the mist gathered over the eye, and there was a muffled sob in the voice, "It is only a question of time." I was startled at the information, and felt a sudden heart-sinking. And as I went on my way I kept repeating over and over to myself, "Only a question of time. *Only a question of time!*"—*Anon.*

5585. TIME passing, though misemployed. Lord Bacon tells us that Queen Elizabeth, happening to meet Mr. Speaker Popham, asked him what had passed in the Lower House. He replied, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks"—the House having sat for that time and done practically nothing.—*J. A. M.*

5586. TIME, Redeeming. The diligence of Mr. Wesley in redeeming time has been often noticed; but it is scarcely possible, for those who were not intimate with him, to have a just idea of his faithfulness in this respect. In many things he was gentle, and easy to be entreated; in this, decided and inexorable. One day his chaise was delayed beyond the appointed time. He had put up his papers and left the apartment. While waiting at the door he was heard to say by one that stood near him, "*I have lost ten minutes for ever.*"

5587. TIME, Redeeming the. An American clergyman, in the early part of his ministry, being

in London, called on the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. He received him with courtesy, and entered into conversation, which was kept up briskly, till the most important religious intelligence in possession of each had been imparted. Suddenly there was a pause; it was broken by Mr. Wilks. "Have you anything more to communicate?" "No; nothing of special interest." "Any further inquiries to make?" "None." "Then you must leave me; I have my Master's business to attend to. Good-morning." "Here," says the minister, "I received a lesson on the impropriety of intrusion, and on the most manly method of preventing it."

5588. TIME, Responsibility of. Ignatius, when he heard a clock strike, used to say, "Now I have one hour more to answer for."—*Brooks*.

5589. TIME, saved from sleep. General Henry Lee once observed to the chief, "We are amazed, sir, at the vast amount of work that [you accomplish]." Washington replied, "Sir, I rise at four o'clock, and a great deal of my work is done *while others are asleep*."—*Little's Historical Lights*.

5590. TIME-SERVING, Abject. At the time of the "No Popery" riots Delphine, the clown, particularly anxious to win "golden opinions from all sorts of men," since his benefit was close at hand, scrawled upon his house in large letters, "No Religion."—*Horace Smith*.

5591. TIME-SERVING, Instance of. Bray is a village in Berkshire, the vivacious vicar whereof, according to Fuller, lived under the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. Being a time-serving man, he was first a Roman Catholic, then a Protestant, then a Roman Catholic, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt, a mile or two from his vicarage, and found this fire too hot for his tender conscience. When somebody taxed him with being a turncoat, he replied, "I am nothing of the kind; for, though I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die the Vicar of Bray."—*Clerical Anecdotes*.

5592. TIME-SERVING, rebuked. Dean Nowell, perhaps confiding in Elizabeth's puritan aversion to popish pictures, in preaching before Her Majesty, expressed his dislike to the sign of the cross. The Queen confounded him by calling loudly from her closet window to him "to retire from that ungodly digression and return to his text."—*Dr. Halley*.

5593. TIME, should be taken by the forelock. "I will be there to the minute, my lord," said a tradesman to Lord Nelson. "Be a quarter of an hour beforehand," replied the great man; "I owe everything in the world to being always a quarter of an hour beforehand."

5594. TIME, The opportune, to be seized. Eurybiades said, "Do not you know, Themistocles, that in the public games such as rise up before their turn are chastised for it?" "Yes," answered Themistocles; "*yet such as are left behind never gain the crown*." Eurybiades, upon this, lifting up his staff, as if he intended to strike him, Themistocles said, "Strike if you please, but hear me." The Lacedæmonians, admiring his command of temper, bade him speak what he had to say.—*Plutarch*.

5595. TIME, to be rightly and constantly used. When Drexelius was asked by his friend Faustinus how he could do so much as he had done, he answered, "*The year has three hundred and sixty-five days, or eight thousand four hundred and sixty; in so many hours great things may be done; the slow tortoise made a long journey by losing no time*."—*Horne*.

5596. TIME, to be seized and used. On the outer wall of one of the towers of Beverley Minster is a quaint old dial with the pregnant legend, *Now or When?* A simple question it asks, silently, yet continuously—in the morning, at noon, at the setting of the sun—of all the dwellers in that place, of all the strangers that come there, of all the passers-by; a simple question, yet one deep in its suggestiveness.—*Author of The Harvest of a Quiet Eye*.

5597. TIME, to be seized and used. A betting man once remonstrated with him for preaching on a racecourse, quoting the Bible words, "There is a time for everything." "Yes," Bazley replied, "and it also says that *we are to be instant in season and out of season*." Last Sunday I preached in my pulpit—that was *in* season; to-day I am preaching *here*—that is out of season."—*Life of Henry Bazley of Oxford*.

5598. TIME, Trifling with Mormonism owes its birth to trifling employment of time by a minister of the gospel! Its Book of Mormon, on which it is built, was written by one Rev. Solomon Spaulding during a period of delicate health. To beguile the time he composed a silly religious fiction, designing to publish it as a romance. This was certainly a trifling employment for a man of God, a minister of Christ, solemnly consecrated by public and private vows to the work of saving souls from death. What was the result? He died without sending his manuscript to the press. A child of Satan, Joseph Smith, by some means not known to the public, gained possession of it, and conceived the daring scheme of *publishing it as a revelation from heaven*. He executed his plan, published the book, founded a sect, and became the apostle of the most successful and dangerous imposture of modern times.—*Biblical Treasury*.

5599. TIME used, is life. An eminent divine was suffering under chronic disease, and consulted three physicians. They declared, on being consulted by the sick man, that his disease would be followed by death in a shorter or longer time, according to the manner in which he lived; but they unanimously advised him to give up his office, because, in his situation, mental agitation would be fatal to him. "If," inquired the divine, "I gave myself up to repose, how long, gentlemen, would you guarantee my life?" "Probably six years," answered the doctors. "And if I continue in office?" "Three years, at most." "Your servant, gentlemen," he replied; "I should prefer living two or three years in doing some good to living six years in idleness."—*Christian Age*.

5600. TIME, Value of. One morning, when Benjamin Franklin was busy preparing his new paper for the press a loungee stepped into the store and spent an hour or more looking over the books, &c. Finally taking one in his hand, he asked the price. "One dollar." "One dollar!" said he.

"Can't you take less than that?" "No, indeed; that is the price." Another hour was nearly passed, when the loungers said, "Is Mr. Franklin at home?" "Yes, he is in the printing-office." "I want to see him." The boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that there was a gentleman in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounge, book in hand, addressed him thus, "Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?" "One dollar and a quarter." "One dollar and a quarter! Why, your boy here said I could have it for one dollar." "True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to have been taken out of the office." The lounge seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said, "Come, Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for it?" "One dollar and a half?" "A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter!" "Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that than a dollar and a half now!" The lounge paid down the price and went about his business (if he had any), and Franklin returned to the printing-office.

5601. TIME, Value of. Mr. W. M. F. Round relates how, in 1871, being engaged in a series of sketches of eminent Frenchmen, he wrote to Carlyle, asking for the name of an authority, and requested a single line to be enclosed in a directed envelope. In reply he received four pages of valuable information. Some time after, Mr. Round was in London—or, rather, in Cheyne Row—and saw his benefactor for the first time. He was in company with a friend who knew Carlyle, and who told him that Mr. Round was too modest and grateful to trespass on his time, upon which Mr. Carlyle made the following characteristic remark:—"No man can trespass on my time *who comes for anything*, or who can take anything of use away. Only those who come for the less than nothing of looking at me are unwelcome. Come in."

5602. TIME, Value of. The Duke of Wellington wrote to Dr. Hutton for information as to the scientific acquirements of a young officer who had been under his instructions. The Doctor thought he could not do less than answer the question verbally, and made an appointment accordingly. Directly Wellington saw him he said, "I am obliged to you, Doctor, for the trouble you have taken. Is — fit for the post?" Clearing his throat, Dr. Hutton began, "No man more so; I can"—"That's quite sufficient," said Wellington; "I know how valuable your time is; mine, just now, is equally so. I will not detain you any longer. Good-morning."

5603. TIME, Value of. We read of some of old who wished *inducias usque ad mane*—for a truce until morning. "All my possessions for a moment of time," said the dying Queen Elizabeth. "Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth," said Voltaire when dying, "if you will give me six months' life." "Sir, you cannot live six weeks," replied the physician. "Then I shall go to hell," said Voltaire bitterly, and died. "O time! time!" said one of rank, "*it is fit thou shouldst strike thy murderer to the heart*. How art thou fled for ever! Oh for a single week! I ask not for years; though an age were too little for the much I have to do."

5604. Time, Value of. Melanchthon noted down

the time lost by him that he might thereby reanimate his industry and not lose an hour. An Italian sculptor put over his door an inscription intimating that whosoever remained there should join in his labours. "We are afraid," said some visitors to Baxter, "that we break in upon your time." "To be sure you do," replied the disturbed and blunt divine. Time was the estate out of which these great workers, and all other workers, carved a rich inheritance of thoughts and deeds for their successors.—*Smiles*.

5605. TIME, Value of. It is related of the Duke of Wellington that he made an appointment with a city dignitary to meet at a certain hour on London Bridge. The dignitary was five minutes late, and finding the Duke watch in hand and angry, pleaded, "It is only five minutes, your grace." "Only five minutes!" he replied; "five minutes' unpunctuality would have, before now, lost me a battle." Next time the city magnate took care, as he thought, to be on the safe side. When the Duke appeared he greeted him rather triumphantly, "You see, your grace, I was five minutes before you this time." "Shows how little you know time's value," said the old Field Marshal. "*I am here to the moment*. I cannot afford to waste five minutes."—*Sunday at Home*.

5606. TIME, why lengthened. A venerable lady was once asked her age. "Ninety-three," was the reply. "The Judge of all the earth does not mean that I shall have any excuse for not being prepared to meet Him."

5607. TIME, Worth of. Every country that has made a history worth reading has given its best pages to individual acts of heroic daring and dying for its defence and glory. Ancient Rome, perhaps beyond all antecedent nations, studded its annals with the jewellery of these actions. . . . And no instance of individual daring seems to stand out in such full stature of heroism as the feat of Horatius. . . . Rome was crying out, in the agony of the moment, not, "My kingdom for a horse!" but, "My kingdom for an hour, for half an hour; for just time enough to smite this bridge from its buttments into the river." It was a great price to pay for a score of minutes; but the brave Roman at the far end of the bridge did not hear the offer. He thought of no reward but Rome's defence as he fronted, with dauntless face, the head of the mailed column of the foe. Between the blows of his broadsword on their brazen helms he heard the blows of a hundred axes at the other end of the bridge; and when it crashed into the Tiber his work was done. He sprang into the river, accoutred as he was, and made red streaks in its foam from his bleeding veins. He had bought for Rome *the minutes that were worth to her a century* of the time that would have followed if he had not held the bridge until it fell before the on-rushing foe.—*Elihu Burritt*.

5608. TIMIDITY, Fatal. I remember very well, when I first went out to Australia, that one fine evening a little bird was seen to be following the ship, evidently a land-bird driven out to sea. When the little thing got tired it tried to alight on some portion of the rigging, though it seemed afraid to do so. On one occasion the captain stretched forth his hand and tried to take hold of the little bird,

but it eluded his grasp and went back far away into the darkness of the night, falling upon the waves without the hope of rescue.—*Thos. Spurgeon.*

5609. TITHE, for Christ. A rich merchant, who was supporting several native missionaries in India, was asked how he could do it. He replied, "At my conversion I promised to give away a certain part of what business brought in; and every year since it has brought me in about double what it did the year before; so I keep on multiplying my gift to Christ's cause."

5610. TITLES, Useless. Pitt, in ceasing to be the great Commoner, veiled his superiority. "My friend," said Frederick of Prussia on hearing of it, "has harmed himself by accepting a peerage." "It argues," said the King of Poland, "a senselessness to glory to forfeit the name of Pitt for any title." His popularity vanished, and with it the terror of his name.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

5611. TITLES, Vain. A flatterer one day complimented Alphonso V. in the following words:—"Sire, you are not only a king like others, but you are also the brother, the nephew, and the son of a king." "Well," replied the monarch, "*what do all these vain titles prove?* That I hold the crown from my ancestors, without ever having done anything to deserve it."

5612. TOLERANCE, Extreme. I am not in any sense one of the "good haters;" on the contrary, my weaknesses all verge toward an excessive tolerance and a tendency to melt off the outlines of things.—*George Eliot.*

5613. TOLERANCE, misunderstood. He (Sailer, afterwards Bishop of Regensburg) could be identified with no party, and was hated by each. Napoleon prevented his promotion at one time by assuring the king he was a mere hanger-on to the Roman Court; the Pope refused it at another because he suspected his attachment to the Church. . . . He was one of the mildest and most tolerant of men—mild to excess. It is told that having preached one morning near Salzburg, the parish clergyman rose up and said he would preach himself in the afternoon, as Sailer had *made the doors of heaven too wide*. "You are excellent at bandages," said one of his friends, "but a bad operator." "Very possibly," he replied; "in my life *I have seen more wounds healed by a good bandage than by a knife.*"—*Dr. Stephenson.*

5614. TOLERATION, Complete. After Emerson's lecture at Middlebury College, Vermont, a minister said in the closing prayer, "We beseech Thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk." Emerson's only remark upon the suppliant was, that he seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man.—*Moncure Conway.*

5615. TOLERATION, Genuine. Tolerance, I say, a very genuine kind of tolerance: he (Luther) distinguishes what is essential, and what is not; the unessential may go very much as it will. A complaint comes to him that such-and-such a Reformed Preacher "will not preach without a cassock." "Well," answers Luther, "what harm will a cassock do the man? Let him have a cassock to

preach in; let him have three cassocks if he find benefit in them."—*Carlyle.*

5616. TOLERATION, Mutual. A Quaker, after listening to Whitefield's preaching, came up to him, and said, "Friend George, I am as thou art. I am for bringing all to the life and power of the everlasting God; and therefore if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my hat, I will not quarrel with thee about thy gown."—*J. R. Andrews.*

5617. TOLERATION, towards lay preaching. "You (Scotch commissioners and Presbyterian clergy after Dunbar) say that you have just cause to regret that men of civil employments should usurp the calling and employment of the ministry, to the scandal of the Reformed kirk. Are you troubled that Christ is preached? Is preaching so exclusively your function? I thought the Covenant and those professors of it could have been willing *that any should speak good of the name of Christ*; if not, it is no Covenant of God's approving."—*Cromwell.*

5618. TO-MORROW, never comes. For many years the late Alfred de Vigny continued slowly amassing poetical materials, though publishing nothing, and murmuring always, like André Chénier, "Rien n'est fait aujourd'hui, tout sera fait demain." "The morrow has come," wrote the *Journal des Débats*, in recording his death, "and his artist hands are cold in the grave."—*Francis Jacox.*

5619. TONGUE, a fire. Just before crossing the Hackensack River, on the New York and Erie Railroad, I noticed by the roadside a large sign bearing in very boldly painted letters the words, "Shut your ash-pan." I wondered what the singular and impertinent counsel meant, when in a moment I found the train on a long low wooden bridge. I at once saw the force and propriety of the signboard suggestion. Burning coals dropping from the open ash-pan of the locomotive might destroy the bridge, interrupt travel, imperil life, and cause numberless embarrassments in a financial way. So it is very important that the faithful engineer heed the signboard, "Shut your ash-pan." I saw in the admonition a reminder of the words of James, "*The tongue is a fire.*"—*Biblical Museum.*

5620. TONGUE, A fiery. Of Dr. Annesley it is recorded that, taking coffee one evening at an hotel, he heard one of two gentlemen in the next compartment swearing violently in conversation with the other, upon which he rang for the waiter and ordered a glass of water. When brought to him he said, "Take it to the gentleman in the next box." The gentleman was surprised, and said he had ordered no such thing. "I thought," said the venerable Doctor gravely, "to cool your tongue after the fiery language you have been uttering."

5621. TONGUE, an inheritance. Sir William Williams, when on circuit, with more talent than wealth, having on one occasion danced with a daughter of Watkin Kyffin, Esq., a gentleman of very large property, he succeeded in winning the affections of the lady, who was an only child. The father, being asked to consent to a marriage, sternly inquired, "*What have you?*" The young lawyer replied, "*I have a tongue and a gown.*" He obtained the lady's hand, inherited the large property, and founded the distinguished families of Wynn-

stay, Penbedw, and Bodelwyddan.—*Black's Guide to North Wales.*

5622. TONGUE, Command of. Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence.—*Fuller.*

5623. TONGUE, Control of. A babbler, being at table with a number of persons, among whom was one of the seven sages of Greece, expressed his astonishment that a man so wise did not utter a single word. The sage instantly replied, "*A fool cannot hold his tongue.*"

5624. TONGUE, Good and evil of. Xanthus, the philosopher, told his servant that on the morrow he was going to have some friends to dine, and told him to get the best thing he could find in the market. The philosopher and his guests sat down the next day at the table. They had nothing but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue cooked in this way, and tongue cooked in that way, and the philosopher lost his patience, and said to his servant, "Didn't I tell you to get the best thing in the market?" He said, "I did get the best thing in the market. Isn't the tongue the organ of sociality, the organ of eloquence, the organ of kindness, the organ of worship?" Then Xanthus said, "To-morrow I want you to get the worst thing in the market." And on the morrow the philosopher sat at the table, and there was nothing there but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue in this shape, and tongue in that shape—and the philosopher again lost his patience, and said, "Didn't I tell you to get the worst thing in the market?" The servant replied, "I did; for isn't the tongue the organ of blasphemy, the organ of defamation, the organ of lying?"—*Talmage.*

5625. TONGUE, Guard over. The heights and recesses of Mount Taurus are said to be much infested with eagles, who are never better pleased than when they pick the bones of a crane. Cranes are prone to cackle and make a noise (Isa. xxxviii. 14), and particularly so while they are flying. The sound of their voices arouses the eagles, who spring up at the signal, and often make the talkative travellers pay dearly for their impudent chattering. The older and more experienced cranes, sensible of their besetting foible and the peril to which it exposes them, take care before venturing on the wing to pick up a stone large enough to fill the cavity of their mouths, and consequently to impose unavoidable silence on their tongues, and thus they escape the danger.

5626. TONGUE, Misuse of. I saw a terrible fire some time ago, or rather I saw the reflection of it in the sky; the heavens were crimsoned with it. It burned a large manufactory to the ground, and the firemen had hard work to save the buildings which surrounded it. They poured streams of water on it from fifteen engines, but it licked it up, and would have its course till the walls gave way. That terrible fire was kindled by a *farthing rushlight*! Some years ago I saw the black ashes of what the night before was a cheerful farm-yard, with its hay-ricks, corn-stacks, stables, and cow-sheds; and lying about upon them were the carcasses of a number of miserable horses and bullocks which had perished in the flames. All that was done by a *lucifer-match*! In America the Indians strike a *spark* from a flint and steel, and set fire to the dry grass, and the flames

spread and spread until they sweep like a roaring torrent over prairies as large as England, and men and cattle have to flee for their lives. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" "*And the tongue is a fire!*" A few rash words will set a family, a neighbourhood, a nation, by the ears; they have often done so. Half the law-suits and half the wars have been brought about by the tongue.—*James Bolton.*

5627. TONGUE, Power of the. When George Stephenson, Professor Buckland, and Sir William Follett met at Sir Robert Peel's table at Drayton in 1845 Stephenson had been worsted in a discussion by the Professor, because, though he was sure of his facts, *he had no power of expressing his arguments*; but when Follett came to the rescue Buckland succumbed. Upon George Stephenson being asked by Sir Robert Peel which was the greatest of the earth's forces, he said, "I used to think the eye of a maiden to bring her lover to her side, but I now place tongue-power first, even before my own locomotives."

5628. TONGUE, Ruling the. Socrates, the ecclesiastical historiographer, reports a story of one Pambo, a plain, ignorant man, who came to a learned man, and desired him to teach him some psalm or other. He began to read unto him the Thirty-ninth Psalm: "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue." Having passed this first verse, Pambo shut the book and took his leave, saying that he would go and learn that point first. When he had absented himself for the space of nine months, he was demanded of his reader when he would go forward. He answered, that he had not yet learned his old lesson; and he gave the very same answer to one that asked the like question forty-nine years after.—*Spencer.*

5629. TRACT, Influence of. The Rev. W. B. Crickmer, of Beverley, who had the honour of planting the English Church in British Columbia, relates that one day one of the *employés* at the Hudson Bay Fort, Fort Langley, on the Fraser River, showed him a tract. There was no one in the colony then (early in 1859) to have distributed the Tract Society's tracts but himself, as he was alone in the field. He asked the man where he got it. He replied, "I picked it up out of the Fraser, dried it, and have read it over and over again, and it has made a great impression upon my mind." The only rational way of accounting for it is, that it was one of the thousands of tracts which the pioneer scattered, and that the H. B. C. *employé* had picked up what some reckless gold-miner had "pitched overboard" out of his canoe or boat. The tract was one of the striking productions of the Rev. Canon Ryle, the celebrated tract-writer; and its title was, "Repent or Perish."—*Denton.*

5630. TRACTS, a test. A New England sea-captain who visited "India beyond the Ganges" was boarded by a Malay merchant, a man of considerable property, and asked if he had any tracts he could part with. The American, at a loss how to account for such a singular request from such a man, inquired, "What do you want of tracts? You cannot read a word of them." "True, but I have a use for them nevertheless. Whenever one of your countrymen or an Englishman calls on me to trade, I put a tract in his way, and watch him. If he

reads it soberly and with interest, I infer that he will not cheat me; if he throws it aside with contempt or a profane oath, I have no more to do with him; I cannot trust him."

5631. TRACTS, and the Reformation. It has often been remarked that the Reformation could not have been carried through so triumphantly as it was had it not been for the invention of printing, but few are probably aware of how large a number of small publications were put in circulation by the Reformers, and written by themselves. "As the only original and authentic records of the Reformation," remarks an anonymous writer early in the present century, "these little productions have always been held in the highest reverence and esteem by the theologian as well as the historian, and have been collected with avidity and at a considerable expense. Owing, however, to the remoteness of the time of their publication, and to the persecution that some of them experienced, it was always a very difficult task to bring together these scattered productions; and, except in some ancient towns in Germany that were the first to adopt the principles of the Reformation, it was almost impossible to meet with any considerable number of them."—*Reformation Anecdotes*.

5632. TRACTS, Value of. Let those who despise tracts remember that it was by tracts the battle of the Reformation was fought and won. Disdaining to use any weapon save the pen, Luther was preserved from committing the error of Zwinglius, who fell by the sword.—*Reformation Anecdotes*.

5633. TRAINING, A careful. Miss Martineau, an authority not likely to err in the way of enthusiasm, gives us, in her sketch of the Duchess of Kent, an anecdote current at the time, which illustrates the carefulness of the training of Queen Victoria better than the abstract statement that the Princess "was reared in as much honesty and care about money matters as any citizen's child." Very few citizens' children, we believe, ever were or could be so rigidly guarded from an extra shilling of expenditure. "It became known at Tunbridge Wells that the Princess had been unable to buy a box at the Bazaar because she had spent her money. At this Bazaar she had bought presents for almost all her relations, and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box priced half-a-crown which would suit him. The shop people, of course, placed the box with the other purchases, but the little lady's governess admonished them by saying, 'No; you see the Princess has not got the money; therefore, of course, she cannot buy the box.' This being perceived, the next offer was to lay by the box till it could be purchased; and the answer was, 'Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that.' On quarter day, before seven in the morning, the Princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase."

5634. TRAINING, appreciated. When Alexander the Great was born, Philip, his father, wrote to Aristotle in these words, truly worthy of a king—"Know that a son is born unto us. We thank the gods, first, for their excellent gift, and secondly, that it is bestowed in the age of Aristotle, who, we trust, will render him a son worthy of his father and a prince worthy of Macedonia."

5635. TRAINING, deemed unnecessary in Chris-

tian life. A little boy asked his father why he didn't go to Sunday-school, prayer-meeting, &c. "Oh," said he, "I'm 'stablished; no need of my going." A few days after that they were out with a horse and cart, hauling wood, and when they came to a hill the horse would not pull; and after all efforts had failed to get him to pull, the father asked the boy, "What do you think is the matter?" The boy answered, "Oh, he's 'stablished, father."—*Family Circle*.

5636. TRAINING, Effects of. "You charge me fifty sequins," said the Venetian nobleman to the sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only ten days' labour." "You forget," said the artist, "that I have been *thirty years* learning to make that bust in ten days."—*Smiles*.

5637. TRAINING, God's process in. Did you ever pass by a church where the process of tuning was going on? Do you recollect passing by this church when this organ was being tuned? One note was taken as a comparison note; and the next one, being put down, began to squeak in the greatest discord. Then it was subjected to a series of tappings and knockings, when it came up, and came up, and came up, until at last it was brought into a perfect blending. Then the next was taken, and that began away off, and came up screaming like a child dragged to its parent, and gradually was subdued, and finally was all right. And if I thought once, I thought a thousand times, when this organ was being put up, "Well, that is just like me. The Lord is bringing me into accord in that way, and I scream when I begin, but work up to a tuneful state at last."—*Beecher*.

5638. TRAINING, Religious. "It is already a hard case for me," the Queen says, when she speaks of the pressure of public business which prevented her from giving to the little Princess-Royal all the attention she wished, "that my occupations prevent me from being with her when she says her prayers." And we may quote entire the note of instructions in respect to religious training which the young mother of twenty-five put down for the guidance of her deputies in this important work:—"I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and an after-life should not be presented in an alarming and forbidding view, and that she should be made to know as yet no difference of creeds."

5639. TRAINING, Severity of. Alexander himself related afterwards that this Leonidas (his preceptor), in their journeys together, used frequently to look into the trunks where his bed and clothes were laid, in order to see if Olympias, his mother, had not put something superfluous into them, which might administer to delicacy and luxury.—*Rollin*.

5640. TRANSGRESSION, A single. One wheel broken in the machinery will render the whole inefficient; one breakage of a stave in the ladder may make it unfit for safe and full use; one piece of rail displaced on the railway may result in fearful disaster; one inch of wire cut out of the telegraph would prevent the use of all the rest, whatever its extent; one failure in any law of nature may go on

producing other failures *ad infinitum*. So the transgression of but one law of God; it is ruinous to the soul; it leads on to innumerable transgressions; it violates the whole code.—*Bate*.

5641. TRANSGRESSIONS, how to be met. It was enough for Scipio Africanus, when charged with peculation of the public funds, on one day to mention the illustrious services he had rendered his country, and on the next but to say, "It was on this very day I fought bravely for you against Hannibal and gained a glorious victory;" but we have no merits like these to plead when the sense of sin is upon us and charge of transgression rings in our ears. No! And yet there is a victory we can plead even then; not our own, but Christ's. And the illustrious service that Christ has conferred on humanity is this, that no man may stand without a plea *even in that hour of condemnation and of shame*.—*B*.

5642. TRANSGRESSORS, All are. Palaeologus was urged to accept the judgment of God in the fiery proof of the ordeal. It was incumbent on him to bear a red-hot ball of iron three times from the altar to the rails of the sanctuary without artifice and without injury. He eluded the dangerous experiment with sense and pleasantry. "I am a soldier," said he, "and will boldly enter the lists with my accusers; but a layman, a sinner like myself, is not endowed with the gift of miracles. Your piety, most holy prelate, may deserve the interposition of Heaven, and from your hands I will receive the fiery globe and the pledge of my innocence." The Archbishop started, the Emperor smiled, and the absolution or pardon of Michael was approved by new rewards and new services.—*Gibbon (condensed)*.

5643. TRANSUBSTANTIATION, Absurdity of. Badby was a really great man. . . . "If a priest," he said, "can by his word make God, there will be twenty thousand gods in England at one time. Moreover, I cannot conceive how, when Christ at the last supper broke one piece of bread, and gave a portion to each of His disciples, the piece of bread could remain whole and entire as before, or that *He then held His own body in His hand*." . . . When he appeared the last time before the Court and was again questioned as to the nature of the elements in the Eucharist, he said, that "in the sight of God the Duke of York," to whom he bowed, "or any child of Adam, was of higher value than the sacrament of the Altar." . . . Badby died a moral hero; if any man was ever a martyr for his opinions, he was one.—*Dean Hook*.

5644. TRANSUBSTANTIATION, Absurdity of. "You know Father O'Shaughnessy, the parish priest?" "Yes, your reverence." "Will you carry a message to him for me?" "To be sure, your reverence." "Well, take Gideon Ouseley's compliments to the reverend father, and ask him can he make a fly—one of those little things buzzing about our ears." "It's no use, your reverence," said two or three at once. "Shure, we know he couldn't." "What! is it Father O'Shaughnessy, the parish priest, cannot make one of these little flies?" "Och, and shure, he could do nothing, he could do nothing of the kind!" several voices good-humouredly shouted. "Ah, then, gentlemen, if you're sure he couldn't make a little fly out of a bit of clay, how could he make the Blessed Saviour

out of a bit of bread?" "True for your reverence," several said gravely.—*Rev. W. Arthur, M.A.*

5645. TRANSUBSTANTIATION, Absurdity of. It is related of Lady Jane Grey, that being, when very young, at Newhall, in Essex, the seat of Mary, afterwards Queen, and walking near the chapel with Lady Anne Wharton, she observed her companion, as they passed, bow to the elements on the altar. Affecting surprise at the motion of her friend, she asked, "Is the Lady Mary in the chapel?" "No," replied her companion; "I bend to Him who made us all." "How is that?" retorted Jane. "Can He be there who made us all, and yet the baker made him?"

5646. TRANSUBSTANTIATION, Folly of. The absurdity of the doctrine of transubstantiation was once strikingly exemplified during the examination of a young Chinese convert by a Romish missionary. "How many Gods are there?" asked the Catholic priest. "None, sir," answered the humble disciple. "*None! none!*" exclaimed the priest. "Why, have I not always told you there is one?" "Yes, sir," replied the new convert; "but you know I ate it yesterday!"

5647. TRANSUBSTANTIATION, Gross conception of. On an altar at Worms is to be seen a picture in which the Virgin throws Jesus in the hopper of a mill, while from the side he issues, changed into little morsels of bread, with which the priests feed the people.—*I. D'Israeli*.

5648. TRANSUBSTANTIATION, tested. A Protestant lady married a Roman Catholic, on condition he would never use any attempts to induce her to embrace his religion. Accordingly, after their marriage, he abstained from conversing with her on those religious topics which he knew would be disagreeable. He employed the Romish priest, however, who often visited the family to instil his popish notions into her mind. But she remained unmoved, particularly on the doctrine of transubstantiation. At length the husband fell ill, and during his affliction was recommended by the priest to receive the holy sacrament. The wife particularly requested that she might prepare the wafer and wine for the solemnity by the next day. She did so, and on presenting them to the priest said, "These, sir, you wish me to understand, will be changed into the real body and blood of Christ after you have consecrated them?" "Most certainly," he replied. "Then, sir," she rejoined, "it will not be possible, after the consecration, for them to do any harm to the worthy partakers; for, says our Lord, 'My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed, and he that eateth me shall live by me.'" "Assuredly," answered the priest, "*they cannot do harm to the worthy receivers*, but must communicate great good." The ceremony was proceeded with, the bread and wine were consecrated, the priest was about to take and eat the bread; but the lady begged pardon for interrupting him, adding, "I mixed a little arsenic with the bread, sir; but as it is now truly changed into the real body of Christ, it cannot, of course, do you any harm." The principles of the priest, however, were not sufficiently firm to enable him to eat it. Confused, ashamed, and irritated, he left the house, and never more ventured to enforce on the lady the absurd doctrine of transubstantiation.

5649. **TREASURE, in heaven.** In order to get at the best piece in the artist's collection the Prince ordered "Fire!" to be cried in the neighbourhood. At the first sound of alarm the artist abruptly left the Prince, and seized his darling—his Titian. The alarm was a false one, but the object of the Prince was answered. What loss, what gain, would affect you most? "Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also."—*Christian Age*.

5650. **TREASURE, in heaven.** Paulinus, when he was told that the Goths had sacked Nola and plundered him of all he had, lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, "Lord, Thou knowest where I have laid up my treasure."

5651. **TREASURE, in heaven.** John Newton one day visited a good woman in deep affliction. A fire had destroyed her house and property. He said to her, "Madam, I give you joy." She seemed surprised. "What! give me joy at the destruction of my property?" "No, Madam. I give you joy that you have a treasure beyond the reach of flames—that you have a better and a more enduring substance in heaven."

5652. **TREASURE, misplaced.** To set the heart on the creature is to set a diamond in lead, or to lock coals in a cabinet and throw jewels into a cellar.—*Bishop Reynolds*.

5653. **TREASURE, The Christian's.** There is a saying in Plutarch recorded of a rich Roman (Crassus), that "he did not think that man rich who knew all that he had." Truly in this man's account a Christian is truly rich; he hath laid up more treasure than himself knows of; yet, although a Christian knows not how much he hath, yet he shall lose none; it is safe, being laid up in heaven; every star is as a seal set upon the treasure-door.—*Bishop Hopkins*.

5654. **TREASURE, unused and unproductive.** In a cellar of the Julius Tower at Spandau, the grim prison-fortress associated with so many thrilling episodes in Prussian political history, lies a mighty treasure of coined gold, equivalent in value to six millions of pounds sterling, laid aside from Germany's gains by the 1870-1 war as a provision of hard cash wherewith to defray the mobilisation and preliminary expenses of the next campaign undertaken by the Empire. This enormous reserve fund is absolutely unproductive, and may be said to have cost the German nation half its total amount in foregone interest since it was first lodged in its subterranean repository.

5655. **TREASURES, Clinging to, in death.** A gentleman of my congregation, whose wife was united to the church, although regular in his attendance, and apparently in affluent circumstances, yet was very reluctant to aid any of the charities connected with the church. At length his end approached, and I was sent for to offer him the consolations of religion as he lay dying. What was my surprise, after having conversed and prayed with him, to find that he was unwilling to take my hand, muttering that he knew he had not done what was right in reference to the support of religion, but intended to amend! He then requested me to say what I thought would become of him. How could I reply, but by exhorting him to repent, and relinquishing all thoughts of a worldly nature, to betake

himself to the sacrifice and mediation of the Son of God for pardon, safety, and salvation in that world which he was to all appearance soon about to enter? He gazed at me with a look of disappointment. Upon a hint to inquire into his thoughts, I questioned him very pointedly, and, to my astonishment and horror, he reluctantly disclosed the fact that, while thus seemingly about to breathe his last, his hands were under the bedclothes grasping the keys of his cabinet and treasures, lest they should be taken from him!—*Leifchild (abridged)*.

5656. **TREASURES, False security of.** The Buccaneers were wont to hide their plunder, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious; and those pirates are said to have recourse to a horrid ritual in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a negro or Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would haunt the spot and terrify away all intruders.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

5657. **TREASURES, in heaven.** Miss G—— was one day visiting an aged man, a friend of her father, and one who was associated with him in early life. Though differing widely in sentiment, the two old men still felt a deep interest in each other. Mr. S—— had been one of those who run after the world and overtake it. All that it can give he had obtained. Now he inquired of the state of his friend, whom he knew to be in circumstances of far less external comfort than himself. As he listened to the story of his patience in suffering, and of the cheerfulness with which he could look forward, either to a longer pilgrimage in this world or to the hour of death, his conscience applied the unexpressed reproach, and he exclaimed, "Yes, yes; you wonder I cannot be as quiet and happy too; but think of the difference—he is going to his treasure, and I—I must leave mine."—*Sunday-school Chronicle*.

5658. **TREASURES, Incorruptible.** During the reign of King Munbaz there happened to be a most grievous famine. The people had parted with their all, and were in the utmost distress. The King, touched by their affliction, ordered his Minister to expend the treasures which he and his ancestors had amassed in the purchase of corn and other necessities of life, and to distribute them amongst the poor and needy. The King's brothers, who were not of a very generous disposition, grieved to see such vast sums of money expended, reproached him with want of economy. "Thy forefathers," said they, "took care to add to the treasures which their ancestors had left them, but thou—thou not only dost not add, but dost squander what they have left thee." "You are mistaken, my dear brethren," replied the generous King; *I too preserve treasures*, as did my ancestors before me. The only difference is this; they preserved earthly but I heavenly treasures; they preserved gold and silver, but I have preserved *lives*.

5659. **TREASURES, Lost.** Lost treasures give a sense of comfort ever to have possessed them. Said a man, "I have forgotten more Latin than you ever knew." In order to lose a thing you must have had it. Said a man, "I once had the very finest diamond ever known, and I have lost it." Yes, he

has lost the diamond, but he has not lost the joy of it. To have had losses is a satisfaction. It is in human nature to magnify a loss by magnifying the thing lost.—*George Dawson.*

5660. TREASURES, Man's care of. M. Foscue, the French millionaire miser, in order to make sure of his treasures, dug a cave in his wine-cellar so large and deep that he could go down with a ladder. At the entrance was a door with a spring-lock, which, on shutting, would fasten of itself. After a time he was missing; search was made for him, but to no purpose. At last his house was sold. The purchaser, beginning to rebuild it, discovered a door in this cellar, and going down, found him lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him; and on searching further, discovered the vast wealth which he had amassed. He went into the cave, and the door by some accident shutting after him, he perished for want of food. Thus died this avaricious wretch in the midst of the treasure which he had heaped together.

5661. TREASURES, Measure of. An ambassador of ancient Spain was taken to see the precious treasures of Venice, which were kept in guarded custody in the Palace of St. Mark. The Spaniard began to grope among the chests and cabinets as if to find the bottom. On being asked what he was doing, he said he wanted to compare their wealth with that of the king, his master. "His chests," said he, "excel yours, for you cannot reach the bottom. They are the precious gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru."

5662. TREASURES, Vanity of. "I have slain the princes of men," said Azzud ad Dowlah, "and have laid waste the palaces of kings. I have dispersed them to the east and scattered them to the west, and now the grave calls me and I must go!" And he died with the frequent exclamation, "What avails my wealth? My empire is departing from me!" When Mahmoud, the great Gazenevide, was dying of consumption in his Palace of Happiness, he ordered that all his treasures should be brought out to amuse him. They were laid before him—silk and tapestry, jewels, vessels of silver and gold, coffers of money, the spoils of the nations whom he had plundered: it was the spectacle of a whole day; but pride yielded to the stronger feeling of nature, Mahmoud recollected that he was in his mortal sickness, and wept and moralised upon the vanity of the world.—*Southey.*

5663. TRIAL, borne for Christ's sake. Mrs. Sherwood relates that, pained at seeing Henry Martyn completely prostrated by his tormentor, Sabat, the apostate, she exclaimed, "Why subject yourself to all this? Rid yourself of this Sabat at once." He replied, "Not if his spirit were ten times more acrimonious and exasperating." Then, smiling in his gentle, winning manner, he pointed upwards, and whispered in low but earnest tones, "For Him."

5664. TRIALS, Influence of. *It is the rough work that polishes.* Look at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful; angular, not rounded. It is where long

white lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled about the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, as in the arts, so in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls as well as stones their lustre; the more the diamond is cut, the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing, their God has no end in view but to perfect His people's graces. Our Father, and kindest of fathers, He afflicts not willingly; He sends tribulations, but hear Paul tell their purpose: "Tribulation worketh patience, patience experience, experience hope."—*Guthrie.*

5665. TRIALS, Our pride amid. When a man's pride is thoroughly subdued it is like the sides of Mount Etna. It was terrible while the eruption lasted and the lava flowed; but when that is past, and the lava is turned into soil, it grows vineyards and olive-trees up to the very top.—*Beecher.*

5666. TRIALS, Overcoming. Pleopidas, hearing that his enemy was coming to give him battle with double the number of soldiers that he possessed himself, replied to his informant, "So much the better for us; *we shall beat so many the more.*" So should the Christian view the trials and sorrows of this life, be they never so many; through Christ they may all be overcome.—*New Handbook of Illustration.*

5667. TRIALS, Support in. A poor but worthy inhabitant of Paris once went to the bishop with a heart almost overwhelmed. "Father," said he, with the most profound humility, "I am a sinner; I feel that I am a sinner; but it is against my will. Every hour I ask for light and humbly pray for faith, but still I am overwhelmed with doubts. Surely if I were not despised of God, He would not leave me to struggle thus with the adversary of souls." The bishop thus consoled his sorrowing son—"The King of France has two castles in different situations, and sends a commander to each of them. The castle of Montleberry stands in a place remote from danger, far inland, but the castle of La Rochelle is on the coast, where it is liable to continual sieges. Now, which of the two commanders, think you, stands the highest in the estimation of the King, the commander of La Rochelle or he of Montleberry?" "Doubtless," said the poor man, "the King values him the most who has the hardest task and braves the greatest dangers." "Thou art right," replied the bishop. "And now apply this matter to thy case and mine; for my heart is like the castle of Montleberry, and thine like that of La Rochelle."—*Biblical Museum.*

5668. TRIALS, the common lot. Some time ago, as a gentleman was passing over one of the extensive downs in the west of England, about mid-day, where a large flock of sheep was feeding, and observing the shepherd sitting by the roadside, preparing to eat his dinner, he stopped his horse, and entered into conversation with him to this effect:—"Well, shepherd, you look cheerful and contented, and I dare say have very few cares to vex you. I, who am a man of pretty large property, cannot but look at such men as you with a kind of envy." "Why, sir," replied the shepherd, "'tis true I have not troubles like yours; and I could do well enough, was it not for that black ewe that you see yonder amongst my flock. I have often begged my master to kill or sell her; but he won't

though she is the plague of my life ; for no sooner do I sit down to look at my book or take up my wallet to get my dinner but away she sets off over the down, and the rest follow her ; so that I have many a weary step after them. There you see she's off, and they are all after her ! " " Ah, friend," said the gentleman to the shepherd before he started, " I see every man has a black ewe in his flock to plague him as well as I ! "

5669. TRIALS, Use of. Man is the iron and God is the smith ; and we are always either in the forge or on the anvil. God is shaping us for higher things.—*Beecher*.

5670. TRIALS, to be pressed through. When in Madeira I rose early one morning, hoping to reach the summit of a certain mountain, to gaze upon a magnificent scene and enjoy the balmy air. I had a servant with me, and we had got up some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens, and I thought we had no chance left but at once to retrace our steps. But as the cloud came nearer my guide ran on, penetrating the mist and calling to me ever and anon, "*Press on, Master, press on ! There is light beyond.*" I did press on ; in a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above ; and below was the almost level mist, concealing the world below and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow ; —there was nothing between us and heaven. I have often thought since, there was nothing like "pressing on" in every trial of life, assured that although the mists of earth may hang around us at certain stages of our journey, there is light beyond.—*Mr. Corderoy*.

5671. TRIBULATION, a helper. Dr. Kalley, who was long imprisoned at Madeira for distributing the Scriptures and speaking to the people of the things of the Kingdom, sold more copies of the Scriptures weekly during his imprisonment than he had been able previously to do monthly ; and in a few months of the same period he distributed 30,000 religious tracts, besides receiving regular visits from between two and three hundred natives, to obtain religious instruction—all of whom were more or less under gracious influence, and some of them converted to God. The Government could not have taken a more effectual way to spread what they call heresy than to imprison this faithful servant of God.—*Arvine*.

5672. TRIBULATION, a source of joy. It is related that in Germany there stood two vast towers, far apart, on the extremes of a castle ; and that the old baron to whom this castle belonged stretched huge wires across from one to the other, thus constructing an Æolian harp. Ordinary winds produced no effect upon the mighty instrument ; but when fierce storms and wild tempests came rushing down the sides of the mountains and through the valleys, and hurled themselves against those wires, then they began to roll out the most majestic strains of music that can be conceived. It is thus with many of the deepest and grandest emotions of the human soul. The soft and balmy zephyrs that fan the brows of ease and cheer the hours of prosperity and repose give no token of the inward strength and blessing which the tempest's wrath discloses.

But when storms and hurricanes assault the soul, the bursting wail of anguish rises with the swells of jubilant grandeur, and sweeps upward to the throne of God as a song of triumph, victory, and praise.—*Biblical Treasury*.

5673. TRIBULATION, of God. A coloured woman, when reproved for undue expression of grief, said, "Now, look here, honey ; when de good Lord sends us tribulations, don't you s'pose He 'spects us to tribulate ?"—*Christian Chronicle*.

5674. TRIFLES, Attaching undue importance to. In the year 1474 the *Novgorodian Chronicle* gravely relates :—"This winter some philosophers began to sing, 'O Lord, have mercy,' and others merely, 'Lord, have mercy.'" And this attaching of enormous importance to trifles was not confined to the ignorant multitude. An Archbishop of Novgorod declared solemnly that those who repeated the word "Alleluiah" *only twice* at certain points in the liturgy "sing to their own damnation ;" and a celebrated Ecclesiastical Council held in 1551 put such matters as the position of the fingers when making the sign of the cross on the same level as heresies—formally anathematising those who acted in such trifles contrary to its decisions. . . . The wearing of a beard was for the old Russian an essential of salvation. "Where," asked one of the Patriarchs of Moscow, "will those who shave their chins stand at the Last Day?—among the righteous adorned with beards, or among the beardless heretics ?" . . . "Woe to us ! Woe to us !" cried the monks of Solovetsk when they received the new liturgies. "What have you done with the Son of God ? Give Him back to us ! You have changed Isus (the old Russian form of Jesus) into Iisus ! It is fearful not only to commit such a sin, but even to think of it !"—*Russia, by D. M. Wallace, M.A.*

5675. TRIFLES, Attention to. When I was at Rome I frequently saw Claude, who was then patronised by the most eminent persons in that city. I frequently met him on the banks of the Tiber, or wandering in the neighbourhood of Rome, amidst the venerable remains of antiquity. He was then an old man, yet I have seen him returning from his walk with his handkerchief filled with mosses, flowers, stones, &c., and that he might consider them at home with that indefatigable attention which rendered him so exact a copier of nature. I asked him one day by what means he arrived at such an excellency of character among painters, even in Italy. "*I spare no pains whatever, even in the minutest trifles,*" was the modest reply of this venerable genius.—*Vignoul Marville*.

5676. TRIFLES, Disputing about. Demosthenes, the celebrated Greek orator, was once defending a prisoner who was being tried for his life, when, the Court and the audience being rather inattentive, he suddenly began to tell them this story :—"A traveller once went from Athens to Megara on a hired ass, during the 'dog-days.' It was noon, and he was exposed to the full heat of a burning sun. Not finding so much as a bush under which to take shelter, the thought struck him that it would not be a bad plan to dismount and seat himself in the shadow of the ass. The owner of the donkey, who had accompanied him, objected to this arrangement, declaring that when he hired out the animal to him the shadow was not included in the bargain. A

fierce dispute began between the owner of the ass and its rider, and at last from words they came to blows, which finally resulted in an action at law." Having said thus much, Demosthenes continued the defence of his client; but the audience, whose curiosity was aroused, were most anxious to learn how the judges decided so singular a case. Thereupon Demosthenes reproved them sternly for greedily devouring a childish story about an ass's shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was concerned.—*Preacher's Promptuary of Anecdote.*

5677. TRIFLES, Great things depend upon. One night, about two hundred years ago, the inmates of a house in a back-street in Paris were roused. The French Minister had sent for one of his agents. Hastily dressing, the man hurried to his master. He was ordered to set off at once, and travel post night and day, so as to reach Basle on the third day, to take his stand on the bridge of that town for the one hour between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, carefully to notice all that he saw, and then to return and report what he had seen. Off he started, and reached Basle soon enough to take his station on the bridge at the time appointed. Lounging in an easy, careless way, but keenly alive to everything, he watched the passers-by, and took careful notes of all he saw. Ordinary folk went by him on the bridge; now a child at play, then a peasant coming in from the country; a girl selling flowers, a workman, a gipsy selling brooms; now two young lovers; then a nurse with a party of children; and last, a traveller with a staff, who quietly leaned over the parapet, looked into the water, tapped the pavement three times with his staff, and then went on his way. At length the clock struck three. Greatly disappointed, the messenger left the bridge and hastened home. At once he reported all that he had seen, whilst the Minister listened with unconcern, until mention was made of the traveller who had struck the pavement with his staff. Then he was all attention, and having heard every particular, immediately sent word of *this* to the king. That same night 30,000 French troops advanced upon Strasburg; and the town, when summoned, surrendered to them.

5678. TRIFLES, Help from. The Rev. Dr. Beecher said, on a public occasion, that he had a dream, which, like other dreams, did not wholly explain itself, and in which some of the natural objects had the power of speech. He was travelling near the sources of the Monongahela, and in passing over a rough country, at every short distance met little streams which he could step over; but all of them were going the same way. At last he asked one where he was going. "Why," replied the little rill, "I am going to New Orleans. I heard the people there want a great canal, a thousand miles long and fifteen hundred feet wide, and I am going to help to make it." "And, pray, what can you do?" "I don't know what I can do, *but I shall be there.*" And so saying it hurried on.

5679. TRIFLES, hiding the light. David Rittenhouse, of Pennsylvania, the great astronomer, was skilful in measuring the size of the planets and determining the position of the stars. But he found that, such was the distance of those orbs, a silk thread stretched across the glass of his telescope

would entirely cover a star; and, moreover, that a *silk fibre, however small*, placed upon the same glass, would not only *cover the star*, but would conceal so much of the heavens that the star, if a small one and near the pole, would remain obscured behind that silk fibre several seconds. Thus a silk fibre appeared to be larger in diameter than a star. There are times when a very small self-gratification, a very little love of pleasure, a very small thread, may hide the light. The little boy who held the sixpence near his eye said, "O mother, it is bigger than the room!" and when he drew it still nearer he exclaimed, "O mother, it is bigger than all our doors!" And in just that way the worldling hides God, and Christ, and judgment, and eternity from view, behind some paltry pleasure, some trifling joy, or some small possession which shall perish with the using, and pass away with all earth's lusts and glory, in the approaching day of God Almighty.—*H. L. Hastings (abridged).*

5680. TRIFLES, may test sincerity. Many years ago one of the sentries at Windsor Castle was charged with being asleep at his post. The penalty for this offence was death. The prisoner was tried, when he solemnly asserted his innocence, declared that he had not been asleep, and to prove it, stated that as he was pacing up and down his beat he heard the clock of St. Paul's in London strike at midnight. He stopped, and counted one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen! And then, wondering that the clock should have struck so many times, and supposing that he must have been mistaken, he resumed his beat. His story was received with incredulity. But inquiry being made, it was found that the clock had struck thirteen instead of twelve on that particular night. So on that incident hung a brave man's life; and that combination of circumstances—that the night was still, the wind setting that way, and that the clock should strike an extra stroke at that particular hour and none other—we may well call providential.

5681. TRIFLES, Power of. A little plant was given by a kindly neighbour to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their way of living. *First they cleaned the window*, that more light might come to its leaves; then, when not too cold, they would open the window, that fresh air might help the plant to grow. Next, the clean window made the rest of the room look so untidy that they used to wash the floor and walls and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him at home several evenings. After the work was done he stayed at home instead of spending his leisure at a public-house, and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. And then, as the home grew attractive, the whole family loved it better than ever before, and grew healthier with their flowers. Thus the little plant brought a real as well as physical blessing.

5682. TRIFLES, Unseen influence of. Snow falls gently in the winter in a little valley in one of the Alpine summits. In the spring and summer it melts and disappears; but it is not lost; it waters the root of a lily many leagues away, it fertilises the garden of a poor peasant it may be hundreds of miles away in the opposite direction, it makes the retired valley sing for joy, or it is the cold water

which refreshes the thirsty traveller. We cannot count the benefit of which it is made the rejoicing yet unconscious instrument. So it is with influence ; however silent and invisible it may be in some stages of its progress, yet its agency is still felt.—*Denton.*

5683. TRIFLING, Sacred. I know a minister whose shoe-latchet I am unworthy to unloose, whose preaching is often little better than sacred miniature-painting, I might almost say holy trifling. He is great upon the ten toes of the beast, the four faces of the cherubim, the mystical meaning of badger's skin, and the typical bearings of the staves of the ark and the windows of Solomon's temple ; but the sins of business men, the temptations of the times and the needs of the age, he scarcely ever touches upon. Such preaching reminds me of a lion engaged in a mouse-hunt, or a man-of-war cruising after a lost water-butt.—*Spurgeon.*

5684. TRINITY, and doctrine. He who goes about to speak of the mystery of the Trinity, and does it by words and names of man's invention, talking of essences and existences, hypostases and personalities, priorities in coequalities, and unity in pluralities, may amuse himself and build a tabernacle in his head, and talk of something he knows not what ; but the good man who *feels* the power of the Father, to whom the Son is become wisdom, sanctification, and righteousness, and in whose heart the Spirit is shed abroad—this man, though he understands nothing of what is unintelligible, yet he alone truly understands the Christian doctrine of the Trinity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

5685. TRINITY, and preaching the gospel. Among the cavillers was a Mohammedan, who required an explanation of the Trinity. When he first came I argued the point with him ; but though he had nothing to reply, on his return he always asked the same question again. At last I declined arguing the point with him any longer, and as he appealed to the people, I settled our dispute by a parable. *A fatal disease is devastating the kingdom :* every remedy applied by the people proves ineffectual. The king, therefore, devises a specific, and commissions several physicians to administer it to the dying people. But a learned man, unconcerned about the people, urges upon one of the physicians to give him information about the king and his mysterious existence. The physician complies with the request, and spends his time in explaining inexplicable mysteries. Meanwhile his patients die. The king, hearing of this, sends for the physician, and addressed him thus : "Sir, what is your commission?" Answer : "*To administer the specific to the sick.*" "Did you do it?" "Please, your Majesty, no ; for a learned Moulvi required information about your Majesty's existence and life, and in giving that I had no time to administer the medicine." "What, then, became of the people?" Answer : "They died." Hearing this, the king looked upon the man with indignation, and said, "What? You saw the people dying around you ; you had the remedy, and knew that there was no other by which the people could be cured, and yet you spent your time in conversing about mysteries far beyond your comprehension? The people, indeed, died in their sins, but you are guilty of their death, and their blood rests upon your head ; away, therefore, with you." Now say, my friends, did this fellow not deserve death? "He

did," was the exclamation of some. But I continued : "What is the meaning of this parable?" "You need not explain this," said a young man ; "its meaning is plain. Instead of disputing about the Trinity, you wish to preach the gospel, for we are the dying, and the gospel is the remedy." "You are right," said I ; and opening my New Testament, and pointing to it, I said to my opponent, "Here is my commission ; it is to preach the gospel. The people are dying, and I must administer the specific." He tried once or twice more to interrupt us, but the people said, "Silence ; they have to administer the medicine."—*Rev. I. Leopold, Benares.*

5686. TRINITY, and reason. A gentleman, passing a church with Daniel Webster, asked him, "How can you reconcile the doctrine of the Trinity with reason?" The statesmen replied by asking, "Do you understand the arithmetic of heaven?"

5687. TRINITY, Experience in connection with. Yesterday He (God) made His goodness to pass before me in a remarkable manner while attending public worship. I was favoured with a clear view of the Trinity, which I never had before, and enjoyed fellowship with a triune God. I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day, and felt my mind fixed in deep contemplation upon that glorious incomprehensible object, the ever-blessed Trinity. Hitherto I have been led to view the Holy Ghost chiefly as an agent ; now I behold Him distinctly as the Third Person of the Trinity. I have in my own soul an *experimental proof* of the truth of this doctrine, but find human language perfectly insufficient for speaking or writing intelligibly on the subject. Eternity alone can unfold the sacred mystery ; but in the meantime what we may and do comprehend of it is replete with comfort to the Christian.—*Lady Maxwell.*

5688. TRINITY, illustrated. When St. Patrick first preached the Christian faith in Ireland before a powerful chief and his people, when he spoke of one God and the Trinity the chief asked how one could be in three. St. Patrick, instead of attempting a theological definition of the faith, thought a simple image would best serve to enlighten a simple people, and stooping to the earth, he plucked from the green sod a shamrock, and holding up the trefoil before them, he bade them there behold one in three. The chief, struck by the illustration, asked at once to be baptized, and all his sept followed his example.—*Lover.*

5689. TROUBLE, A refuge in. Luther and Melancthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the Church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After a while Luther got up and said to Melancthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the Forty-sixth Psalm of David : 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea ; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.'"—*Talmage.*

5690. TROUBLE, and reverses, Bearing. Alexander made Abdolonyme, who had been reduced by his integrity and misfortunes to work as a gardener, king of the Sidonians. He commanded the newly elected prince to be sent for, and after surveying him attentively a long time, said, "Thy air

and mien do not contradict what is related of thy extraction (he was of the blood-royal) ; but I should be glad to know *with what frame of mind thou didst bear thy poverty.*" "Would to the gods," replied he, "that I may bear this crown with equal fortitude! These hands have procured me all I desired, and while I possessed nothing, I wanted nothing."—*Nollin (condensed).*

5691. TROUBLE, Christian amid. A child lies in his little bed in some high chamber of an old castle, and hears the tempest growling in the chimney, and the prowling thief-winds at the window, and the scream of the spirits of the air. The storm rocks the walls and beats upon the roof, and he shudders and covers his head, and expects at every burst of thunder that the castle will go crashing to the ground. But down in the room below his father sits unmoved, reading by the fire. Only now and then, when the tempest swells, he raises his spectacles for a moment, and exclaims, "God help the poor wretches on the sea to-night!" or, "I hope no belated traveller is out in such a storm as this," and then turns to his book again. In the morning the child hardly dares to look forth lest the heavens and the earth have passed away; but the father only walks into his garden, to see if some old tree has been blown down, or some unproped vine fallen from the trellis. The Christian is like the father; he who has no such trust like the child. Let him who will swelter in his philosophic anguish; I will rest in the serenity of Christian hope.—*Beecher.*

5692. TROUBLE, Taking unnecessary. The hero of Waterloo, having been complained to by a tenant of the misbehaviour of a servant's "pigg," wrote in reply, "A. Wellesley's compliments to Farmer Hobnail—he considers it quiet unnecessary to spell pig with two *g's*!"

5693. TROUBLES, and Christ. In autumnal mornings mists settle over the Connecticut valley, and lie cold and damp upon the meadows and the hillsides; and it is not till the sun rises and shines down warm upon them that they begin to move; and then there are swayings and wreathings and openings, till at length the spirit which has tormented the valley can stay no longer, but rises and disappears in the air. So it is when the Sun of Righteousness shines upon the troubles which brood over the soul. Shining but a little, they only fluctuate; but *if the sun will shine long, they lift themselves* and vanish in the unclouded heaven.—*Beecher.*

5694. TROUBLES, Dread of. I used, when I was in the West, and travelled on horseback, to dread, all day long, the fords. I had a peculiar fear of fords, arising from an early experience in which I was twice swept away, and came near losing my life. Though I was courageous in most things, I dreaded fords, so dark and pokerish did they seem to me. In those mud-rivers of the West one never knew when the ground might shift, nor what condition a certain ford would be in when he got to it. In going from place to place the thought of the fords I would have to cross was a perpetual torment to me. For instance, I would go through White River all right, and Blue River would be back of me; but there would be Eel River to come; and I could not get there till five or six o'clock in the afternoon; that was the worst ford (the one that is before is always the worst). At last I would come to it;

and now I would brace myself up and go across; but instead of there being a raging, foaming torrent, such as I had imagined, the water would be so low that the horse would not go knee-deep in any place. And then I would be mad because it was not deep, after I had been fretting all day about it! When I came back on the other side, it would be no comfort to me that I had lately crossed with so little difficulty. "To be sure," I would say, "the ford was not deep then; but it may be now. How do I know but it has been raining there?" But when I would get to the ford again I would find that it was no worse than it was before, and would laugh at myself. And I never got any wiser. I was always afraid of a ford. Now, my friends, we, every one of us, have a ford somewhere that we are crossing every day; and *we dread it and dread it until we get to it;* and then we go over safely; but when we get on the other side we forget the lesson; and when we come back to it again we come with the same dread. We are not wise in the things that relate to our own happiness.—*Beecher.*

5695. TROUBLES, God a refuge in. A Christian friend, visiting a good man under great distress and afflicting dispensations, which he bore with such patient and composed resignation as to make his friend wonder and admire it, inquired how he was enabled so to comfort himself. The good man said, "The distress I am under is indeed severe; but I find it lightens the stroke very much to creep near to Him who handles the rod."—*Denton.*

5696. TROUBLES, God's purpose in. The outside of a stained window looks dingy and unsightly, it has no beauty or attraction; and so the coloured windows of pain, sickness, or bereavement may, to the children of this world, appear gloomy and uninviting; but from within what a grand and radiant sight is disclosed!—the common familiar sights of this world are hidden, but what living light and glory is within!—*Macmillan.*

5697. TROUBLES, God's purpose in. Troubles are often the tools by which God fashions us for better things. Far up the mountain-sides lies a block of granite, and says to itself, "How happy am I in my serenity—above the winds, above the trees, almost above the flight of the birds! Here I rest, age after age, and nothing disturbs me!" Yet what is it? It is only a bare block of granite, jutting out of the cliff, and its happiness is the happiness of death. By-and-by comes the miner, and with strong and repeated strokes he drills a hole in its top, and the rock says, "*What does this mean?*" Then the black powder is poured in, and with a blast that makes the mountain echo the block is blown asunder, and goes crashing down into the valley. "Ah!" it exclaims as it falls, "*why this rending?*" Then some saws to cut and fashion it; and humbled now, and willing to be nothing, it is borne away from the mountain and conveyed to the city. Now it is chiselled and polished, till, at length, finished in beauty, by block and tackle it is raised with mighty hoistings, high in air, to be the top-stone on some monument of the country's glory.—*Beecher.*

5698. TROUBLES, go with us. It is said, I believe by Sir Walter Scott, that on a certain occasion a small farm-house was found to be haunted by a ghost. The children, the farm servants, and the master and mistress could get no peace in con-

sequence; and after having borne for it a long time they determined that they must leave the place. Consequently they packed up their goods, put them on a waggon, and set out for another farm-house some few miles distant. As they laboured along, the waggon piled up with furniture, and the good man and his wife trudging along by the side, they met a neighbour, who said "So, then, ye are fitting;" and before the man could reply, out of the middle of the furniture in the waggon the ghost answered, "Ay, we're fitting."—*Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury.*

5699. TROUBLES, How to deal with. Wesley was one day walking along a road with a Christian man, who was relating his troubles, and at the same time saying he did not know what he should do. As his companion was expressing his doubts they happened to pass a stone fence over which a cow was looking. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why that cow looks over that wall?" "No," replied the friend in trouble. "I will tell you," answered Wesley; "because she cannot look *through* it. And that is what you must do with your troubles: look *over* and *above* them."

5700. TROUBLES, one at a time. An old darkey, whose master's horses had all escaped from the pasture one night, went to the master and said, "Massa, de old brown mare's got out an' gone!" "Oh, wel," said the master composedly, "send a nigger to find her." After waiting half an hour he went again and said, "De sorrel horse done gone too!" The master calmly repeated his former order. A third and a fourth time, after a similar interval, the darkey reappeared with the information of the absence of another horse, when the master turned sharply and asked if all his horses had been stolen or were lost. The darkey said they were all gone; that he knew it in the morning, but had been afraid to tell him the whole loss at once—"case, sah, I was *afeard* you *couldn't* a bore it all ter once, sah!"

5701. TROUBLES, small, Effects of. I recall a picture I once saw in a public gallery. It was a scene in the Higher Alps. A noble eagle was in flight, and scores of birds were pursuing him. The hawks and other large birds he could keep at a distance, as whenever they came near he tore them with his claws or struck them with his beak. Some humming-birds had joined the others in an attack on the eagle; one of them, scarcely visible in the picture, so tiny a thing is it in comparison with the king of birds, was sitting on his head pecking away, and scattering the feathers as the eagle soared higher. Naturalists tell us that sometimes the humming-bird will so peck the head and injure the brain of the eagle as to cause his death, while seldom or never in a fair fight with larger birds is he injured. The humming-bird is small, and has a small beak and but little strength; but sitting on the vital part, and constantly teasing, he very frequently accomplishes his work of death. The eagle cannot bite or claw him, and he has not the presence of mind to dip his head in the sea, and thus drown his pursuer. How often is it the case that we allow little things to annoy us, to destroy our peace, and our happiness, and health! Great troubles we manfully meet and conquer; but little things, humming-bird troubles, get near our

heart, and we know not how to shake them off.—*Preacher's Lantern.*

5702. TROUBLES, Use of. I am very sure that if I do not go away a wiser man I shall go away a better man *from having learned here what a very poor sort of man I am.*—*Abraham Lincoln.*

5703. TROUBLES, why unhealed. Why should you carry troubles and sorrows unhealed? There is no bodily wound for which some herb doth not grow; and heavenly plants are more medicinal. . . . Heart-troubles in God's husbandry are not wounds, but the putting in of the spade before the planting of seeds.—*Beecher.*

5704. TRUST, A disappointing. The Arabian traditions relate that in the staff on which Solomon leaned there was a worm which was secretly gnawing it asunder.—*Stanley.*

5705. TRUST, appreciated. I was one day about to cross the street in one of the great thoroughfares of London. It was very crowded, and a little girl all alone was much puzzled as to how she was to get over. I watched her walking up and down, and scanning the faces of those who passed to see if there were any whom she could trust, but for a long time she seemed to scan in vain. At last she came to me, and looking timidly up into my face, whispered, "Please, sir, will you lift me over?" *That little child's trust was the greatest compliment I ever had in my life.*—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*

5706. TRUST, Faithful to. In a town of Belgium the erection of a church was nearly finished. One thing remained to be done—placing a weather-cock on the steeple. This, however, appeared to be impracticable, for the slender staging upon which the workmen carried on their work did not extend high enough to enable them to raise it up. There remained no other way to fasten and solder the brazen weather-cock but by having one man do it while standing on the shoulders of another. And so two men ascended up to the highest board of the staging, taking with them the heavy weather-cock, the melted lead, and the implements requisite for doing the work. Then the broad-shouldered man placed himself firmly on his feet, and taking hold of a pole of the staging with one hand, stooped over while the other climbed cautiously upon his shoulders. Then he handed him the pan of hot coals, with the melted lead and the weather-cock. The broad-shouldered man stood upon his board as motionless as a rock. The man standing on the shoulders of the other works and solders as rapidly as possible. Now the weather-cock is fastened—at last! The man carefully descends from the shoulders of his bearer. The lookers-on take breath, and "Thank God!" comes from many lips. But why does the broad-shouldered man not descend the ladder after having finished his difficult task? Has the power to do so forsaken him? Not yet; now he is coming down, but slowly and unsteadily, and when he has reached the ground he falls. The shoulders, arms, and breast of the poor man are covered with terrible burns! While his comrade, whom he bore on his shoulders, was soldering the weather-cock the boiling lead with which the work was done was running down drop by drop on the resolute man. Although tormented with fearful pains he had not moved a limb. The life of a fellow-being had been entrusted to him, and he had been faithful to his trust

5707. **TRUST, Foundation of.** His Majesty George III. was one day looking at the plate which had been recently brought from Hanover, and observing one of the articles with the arms of the Electorate engraved upon it, he said to the domestic who attended him, "This belonged to King George II. ; I know it by the Latin inscription," which he read, adding, "In English it is, '*I trust in my sword.*'" This," said he, "I always disliked; for had I nothing to trust in but my sword I well know what would be the result; therefore, when I came to the crown I altered it. My motto is, '*I trust in the truth of the Christian religion.*'"

5708. **TRUST, in death.** The late Dr. D. W. Bartine was distinguished during all his ministerial career for a singular felicity of expression. On a beautiful morning, just before his release from physical suffering, a friend entered his room. "Good-morning, Doctor," he said; "it is a delightful morning." The dying man quickly responded, "Yes; it is bright above, *all bright above!*"

5709. **TRUST, in death.** In the last will and testament of Luther occurs the following remarkable passage:—"Lord God, I thank Thee, for that Thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth. I have neither house, nor land, nor money to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children, whom I now restore to Thee. Lord, nourish, teach, and preserve them, as Thou hast me."

5710. **TRUST, in God.** A simple man who carried on business in Manchester, about whose integrity certain rumours were abroad, was asked, "Do you never fear you will break?" "Ay," said the man very emphatically, "I shall break when the Fiftieth Psalm breaks in the fifteenth verse: '*Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me!*'"—W. Antliff, D.D.

5711. **TRUST in God, and duty.** Louis XI. was once on board ship with his wife and children. Some of the planks having started, he was advised to go into another vessel which was sailing in company. "No," he said; "those who are with me are surely as fond of life as I am; if I leave the ship they will do the same. Yonder vessel can hold but a few; all the rest will perish. No; I would rather trust my life, the life of Margaret my queen, and the lives of my children to the care of God than I would take a step which would bring about the death of so many brave men."

5712. **TRUST in God, does not leave the Christian.** George III. was in the habit on Sunday evenings of reading aloud a sermon to the Queen and his children. On the first Sunday that he was restored to his family after the first attack of his sad malady, he took up the book of sermons to read, as was his wont; and turning over the leaves, he stopped, and pointing his finger to the title of one of the sermons, he turned round to Lady Charlotte Finch, who was present, and said to her in his quick way, "Lady Char, Lady Char, *that* never forsook me during the whole of my illness." The words were, "*Trust in the Lord.*"

5713. **TRUST, in life.** I have travelled tens of thousands of miles by land and by water in every conceivable mode of conveyance. I have eleven

children, all born in Africa, whom we have ourselves educated. I have been in many and great dangers among wild beasts and savage men. I have never lost a child. I have never met with an accident. I have never been sick a day, have never lost a tooth, have never lost a meal, and I might almost say that I have never lost a hair of my head. And now, having been kindly cared for thus far, I think I can trust my Father for the remainder of the journey.—Rev. Dr. Lindley.

5714. **TRUST, Necessity of, in life.** I have known a timid traveller whose route lay across the Higher Alps, along a path, no broader than a mule's foothold, that skirted a dreadful precipice, whence could be discerned the river far down below, diminished to a silver thread; and on that dizzy precipice I have known a timid traveller, who fancied it safest to shut her eyes and not attempt to guide the course nor touch the bridle—a fatal touch that would throw steed and rider over, till, bounding from shelf to shelf, they lay a mangled mass in the valley below. And there are times and circumstances in the believer's life when, if he would keep himself from sinful doubts, if he would keep himself from falling into despair, he must, as it were, shut his eyes, lay the bridle on the neck of Providence, *commit his way to God*, and, however things may look, make this his comfort, "He will never leave me, nor forsake me." In such circumstances the only thing is to trust in God; "Walk by faith, not by sight."—Guthrie.

5715. **TRUST, of children.** "What did you do?" said a mother to her young boy, who had wandered away from her Western home and spent a whole night in the wilderness—"What did you do, my child, when the twilight deepened and the woods grew dark with the coming night?" "Oh," said the child, "I gathered some berries and nuts, and drank of a little brook, and then found a bank where the grass was soft and green; and then I said my prayer that God would take care of you and little sister, and then I went to sleep." Such is the trustful faith of childhood.—Wadsworth.

5716. **TRUST, Power of.** Mr. Freeman, in the course of showing that Harold's way of bringing in the proud Danes of the North to his obedience was not exactly the same as William's way, describes him as determining, with that noble and generous daring which is sometimes the highest prudence, to trust himself in the hands of the people who refused to acknowledge him. These his enemies, who would not that he should reign over them, instead of being brought and slain before him, were to be won over *by the magic of his personal presence* in their own land.—Francis Jacox.

5717. **TRUST, Sacredness of.** Two centuries ago, in the Highlands of Scotland, to ask for a receipt or a promissory note was thought an insult. It would have been resented as quickly as if one had said, "I doubt your honour." If parties had business matters to transact, they stepped into the air, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, and each repeated his obligation with no mortal witness. A mark was then carved on some rock or tree near by as a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as breach of contract was rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honour. When the march of improvement brought the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these

innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask a loan from a gentleman of means named Stewart. This was kindly granted, and Mr. Stewart counted out the gold. This done, the farmer wrote a receipt, and offered it to Mr. Stewart. "What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, eyeing the slip of paper. "It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back yer gold at the right time," replied Sandy. "Binding ye? Well, my man, if ye canna trust yerself, I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Ye canna ha'e my gold." And gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned his key on it. "But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favour of his new wisdom, "and perhaps my sons might refuse it ye; but the bit of paper would compel them." "*Compel them to sustain a dead father's honour!*" cried the Celt. "They'll need compelling to do right if this is the road ye're leading them. I'll neither trust ye nor them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money; but ye'll find nae in the parish that'll put more faith in a bit o' paper than in a neighbour's word o' honour and his fear o' God."—*Christian Chronicle*.

5718. TRUST, Unreserved. A clergyman, on visiting the Great Pyramid in Egypt in 1880, learned an illustration of complete trust. The ascent of the "Great Gallery" was difficult, but the descent was much more so along a narrow and slippery shelf, the only light being a bit of candle held by one of the Arab guides. At length they came to a sharp corner, the path beyond being several feet lower, narrower, and still slippery, and over a deep chasm; and, to make it worse, the candle had gone out. Here Mr. W—— was required to trust himself to an Arab, to be carried on his shoulders round the corner over the chasm, and set down on the other side. This he hesitated to do, and tried to find some other way. "Let me rest one hand on the rock, and the other on you," he said. "No; you must rest *both* on me," was the answer. "I will try *myself*, and you shall *help* me." "No; you lean all weight on Arab," he continued. "But wait till I see what you are standing on." "No; you are quite safe resting on Arab." "But I am heavier than you think." "You quite safe if you trust all to Arab." Mr. W—— saw there was no alternative, and did as he was told, and was carried safely to the other side, not without thinking of a deeper chasm, and of One on whom the whole weight of a sinner's trust must be laid.—*Bowes' Information and Illustration*.

5719. TRUST, What is? An honest, industrious countryman had often been brought, by want of employment, into very straitened circumstances, and had experienced many evident interpositions of Divine Providence in his favour. In conversing once on the subject of God taking care of His people, the pious man observed, "It is very easy to talk of trusting in God, with plenty of provision in the house and money in the pocket; but I do not call that *trust*, I call it *ready money*."

5720. TRUSTING God, a power with man. A little girl in a wretched attic, whose sick mother had no bread, knelt down by the bedside, and said slowly, "Give us this day our daily bread." Then

she went into the street and began to wonder where God kept His bread. She turned around the corner and saw a large well-filled baker's shop. So she entered confidently and said to the baker, "I've come for it." "Come for what?" "My daily bread," she answered, pointing to the tempting loaves. "I'll take two, if you please—one for mother and one for me." "All right," said the baker, putting them into a bag and giving them to his little customer, who started at once into the street. "Stop, you little rogue!" he said roughly; "where is your money?" "I haven't any," she said simply. "Haven't any!" he repeated. "You little thief, what brought you here, then?" The hard words frightened the little girl, who, bursting into tears said, "Mother is sick, and I am so hungry. In my prayers I said, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and then I thought God meant me to fetch it, and so I came." The rough but kind-hearted baker was softened by the child's simple tale, and instead of chiding her, said, "You poor dear girl! Here, take this to your mother," and filled a large basketful for her.—*Henry T. Williams (abridged)*.

5721. TRUSTING, Influence of. At Miltenberg, a town in the territory of Nantz, an officer was sent to take a certain godly deacon sojourning in a widow's house. The deacon, meeting and embracing him, said, "Hail, brother! Here I am; stab me, hang me; do as thou pleasest to me." The officer, by a sudden innovation of his heart from Heaven, said, "Sir, I will do you no hurt, nor shall any man else, if I can hinder it." And when the rustics came in to help to kill the deacon, the officer kept them off, and would not let them hurt him.—*Trapp*.

5722. TRUSTING, Influence of. During an earthquake, a few years since, the inhabitants of a small village were generally very much alarmed, but they were at the same time surprised at the calmness and apparent joy of an old lady whom they all knew. At length one of them, addressing the old lady, said, "Mother, are you not afraid?" "No," said the good woman; "I rejoice to know that *I have a God that can shake the world*."

5723. TRUSTING man, and Christ. It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to be without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind, and bringing him to see the necessity of God in the gospel, by writing a note asking him to come to see him at six o'clock, after he left "the work." He came promptly, with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?" James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said, "The letter! the letter!" "Oh," said the master, "I see you believe that I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once." "Surely, sir! surely, sir!" replied James. "Well, see; here is another letter sent for you by One equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written upon it. James took the paper and began to read slowly: "Come—unto—me—all—ye—that—labour," &c. His lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and, like to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his

jacket-pocket, grasping his large red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and there he stood for a few moments not knowing what to do. At length he inquired, "*Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?*" "Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater." This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Calvary, and walk in the narrow way.—*Christian Age*.

5724. TRUTH, and Christ. Truth came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when He ascended, and His apostles after Him were laid asleep, there straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming.—*Milton*.

5725. TRUTH, and controversy. He (Latimer) stood in his old age before his persecutors. They proposed to cross-examine him, and especially directed their attention to that point which was then adopted by all parties as a test of orthodoxy or its reverse. They challenged him to a discussion on the subject of transubstantiation. The "old man eloquent" replied to this effect—"When I was young, in the full possession of my faculties, with books to consult and learned friends with whom to take sweet counsel, I examined this subject, and I rejected the figment of transubstantiation, which cannot be proved by Scripture, and was unknown to the Catholic Church for nearly a thousand years. And now, an old man worn out by sufferings, deprived of my books and excluded from my friends, *I am not going to damage the cause of truth by entering into an unequal contest with adversaries in possession of all the advantages which once were mine, but now are denied me.* I examined, I studied, I prayed, I was convinced; for my convictions I am not prepared to argue, but I am quite ready to die."—*Dean Hook*.

5726. TRUTH, and creeds. A certain man had in his cellar choice wine. It remained there long, carefully looked up. The wine being needed, they sought it in the cellar, but the door could not be opened. So it was broken through, and the cellar was seen to be filled with tough fungus. The wine was all gone, and this huge growth of fungus was its transmutation. The choice wine is spiritual truth, which we carefully look up for safety in the cellar called *creed*. The wine being wanted to strengthen or comfort us, we find the door of the cellar shut against us, and soon discover, to our dismay, that the wine has changed into that tough, disgusting fungus called *cant*.—*Thos. T. Lynch*.

5727. TRUTH and goodness, in their higher forms. A man had for his god a chrysalis. Its life was wonderful to him, but he knew not its

powers. Coming one morning to it, he found the chrysalis a broken and empty case, and near it saw a large-winged, bright-eyed creature, very beautiful. "This," said he, "is Satan as an angel of light. Wretch! thou hast devoured my God." Then he struck the creature with his hand and killed it. So the perfect life perished, because it was believed it had destroyed the imperfect life that was so much honoured. Thus it is when truth and goodness present themselves in their highest forms; *they are not recognised* by those who so much honour the lower forms through which they must pass.—*Thos. T. Lynch*.

5728. TRUTH, and impossibilities. Count Szóchenyi . . . called to consult him (Telford) as to the bridge to be erected across the Danube, between the towns of Buda and Pesth. On a suspension-bridge being suggested by the English engineer, the Count, with surprise, asked if such an erection was possible. "We do not consider anything to be impossible," replied Telford; "*impossibilities exist chiefly in the prejudices of mankind*, to which some are slaves, and from which few are able to emancipate themselves and enter on the path of truth."—*Smiles*.

5729. TRUTH, and peace. A historian who lived at the period of the Norman Conquest, in mentioning some kings of England before Alfred, with short appropriate epithets, names him with the simple but expressive addition of "The truth-teller." A good man observed that *peace* was so desirable an object, that he would sacrifice everything but *truth* to obtain it.

5730. TRUTH, and the Scriptures. Jansen, the leader of the Jansenists, was an ardent seeker after the truth. He was frequently overheard, when taking his solitary walks in the garden of the monastery, exclaiming, "*O Veritas! O Veritas!*" His advice to his followers was to study the Bible on their knees. "No means of conversion," he used to say, "can be more apostolic than the Word of God. Every word of Scripture," he says, "deserves to be weighed more attentively than gold. The Scriptures were penned by a direct ray of the Holy Spirit, the fathers only by a reflex ray emanating therefrom."—*Life of Pascal*.

5731. TRUTH, Awaking to. The Holy Spirit comes like a rushing wind upon the disciples, and in an hour they are new men. The jailer hears and believes in a night. Luther, while toiling up the holy stairs of the Lateran, holding to salvation by works, drops that scheme on the way, and lays hold of the higher one of salvation by faith. Ignatius Loyola, in a dream, has sight of the Mother of Christ, and awakes a soldier of Jesus. It is often so. We do not so much grow into the possession of new spiritual truths as we awake to them. Their coming is not like the sunrise, that slowly discloses the shapes and relations of things, *but is like the lightning*, that illuminates earth and sky in one quick flash, and so imprints them for ever on the vision.—*Theodore T. Munger*.

5732. TRUTH, carries its own evidence. When a man knows he is telling you the truth everything about him corroborates his sincerity. Any accomplished cross-examining lawyer knows within a little whether a witness is genuine or a deceiver. Truth has her own air and manner, her own tone and em-

phasis. Yonder is a blundering, ignorant country fellow in the witness-box; the counsel tries to bamboozle and confuse him, if possible, but all the while he feels that he is an honest witness, and he says to himself, "I should like to shake this fellow's evidence, for it will greatly damage my side of the question."—*Spurgeon.*

5733. TRUTH, despised. The following parable was addressed to an assembly of Jews by Mr. Moritz:—"A poor Jew wanted very much to be rich; he therefore put a bandage on his eyes, that he might pray to Mazal (or Fortune), and went everywhere through the streets, looking up to heaven, and crying, 'O Mazal, Mazal, make me rich!' At length Mazal threw down a great bag full of precious treasure, which fell right before him. The poor man did not take off the bandage, but ran on, and stumbled over the treasure. Neither did he turn back to see what it was, but went on, still crying, 'O Mazal, Mazal, make me rich!' Mazal, seeing her gift neglected, took it up again into heaven, and the Jew remained a beggar as before." The Jews who were present requested an explanation of the parable, which he gave them, by referring to Isaiah ix. 6 and the Second Psalm.—*Clerical Library.*

5734. TRUTH, Equality in seekers after. Cuvier, the naturalist, was, in his favourite pursuit, very democratic in his tastes. He treated all men as his equals, and would not allow others to treat him as a superior. One day, while discussing a question in anatomy, a student interjected in his conversations, "Monsieur le baron." "There is no baron here," replied Cuvier; "*there are two students seeking Truth, and bowing down only to her.*"

5735. TRUTH, Fidelity to. When Kossuth, escaping the pursuit of the Cossacks, sought the protection of the Sultan, that monarch offered him safety, wealth, and high military command if he would renounce Christianity and embrace the religion of Mahomet. A refusal of these conditions, for anything he knew to the contrary, would be equivalent to throwing himself upon the sword of Russia, which was whetted for his destruction; and this was his answer:—"Welcome, if need be, the axe or the gibbet, but evil befall the tongue that dares to make me so infamous a proposal."

5736. TRUTH, Fighting for, though not in us. Old Mr. Alexander, father of the Rev. John Alexander of Norwich, who was a Scotchman, worked in early life at a carpenter's bench in Lancaster with William Whewell, father of the celebrated Cambridge professor. His son says:—"Their conversations when at work were sometimes on religious subjects, and Mr. Whewell generally opposed very strongly some of my father's views. On one of these occasions the contention was so sharp between them, and the blood of the young Scotchman became so hot, that he began to reason with his fists, and knocked his antagonist down. But this blow, which dislocated the thumb of the striker, instead of breaking their friendship to pieces, became the means of confirming it." In after days this muscular theologian wrote:—"To my shame I speak it, I have contended for the truth, and I once fought for it, when at the same time the truth was not in me."—*Dr. Stoughton.*

5737. TRUTH, How to preach. When I was a

very young student, perhaps about sixteen years of age, I breakfasted with Caesar Malan, of Geneva, at Dr. John Brown's. When the Doctor told him that I was a young student of divinity, he said to me, "Well, my young friend, see that you hold up the lamp of truth to let the people see. Hold it up, hold it up, and trim it well. But remember this; you must not dash the lamp in people's faces. That would not help them to see." How often have I remembered his words! They have often been of use to me.—*Dr. Morrison.*

5738. TRUTH, in love. "The portrait is like me, but too good-looking," was the criticism once made to an artist, which called forth the significant reply, "*It is the truth, lovingly told.*"—*Spencer Pearsall.*

5739. TRUTH, Love of, and prayer. A ragged little nine-year-old boy, stowed away on board a steamer bound for New York, was discovered and questioned by the mate of the vessel. The little fellow's story was that his stepfather had smuggled him on board, so that he could get out to an aunt living in Halifax, who was well off. The mate, in spite of the lad's sunny face and truthful-looking eyes, doubted his tale, thinking he had been brought on board and fed by the sailors, and handled the little fellow rather roughly. He was questioned and questioned, but always with the same result. At last the mate, wearied by his persistence, seized him one day by the collar, and told him that unless he told the truth in ten minutes from that time he would hang him from the yardarm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate with his chronometer in his hand. When eight minutes had fled the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray. The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed shaken with the wind. And there, eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif whom society owned not, and whose own stepfather could not care for him—there he knelt with clasped hands and eyes upturned to heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's prayer, and prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

5740. TRUTH, Opposition to. One day his father came to his house and asked, "Where is Gideon?" When Mrs. Ouseley told him that he was away somewhere preaching, "He looked at me," she said, "and replied, 'I pity you, my child; indeed I do. That fellow will ruin himself and bring you to beggary.' I replied, 'Sir, why are you so violent against your son? When he has spent nights in sin, and when you have seen him scarce able to walk home, *you administered no reproof and you evinced no displeasure*; but now that he has broken off from practices that were sinful, and that must have brought ruin upon him, and when he is striving to serve God, you speak

against him and oppose him.' He hung his head, but made no reply." But if his father rated him, he would not let others speak ill of him, and behind his back would say, "*Gideon is right, and we are wrong.*"—*Rev. W. Arthur, M.A.*

5741. TRUTH, Our duty towards. Demonax, a Greek sage, charged with neglecting the Eleusinian Mysteries, clothed in a white garment, pleaded his cause before the people. "If they were bad, he ought not to conceal them; if good, *his love to mankind compelled him to reveal them.*" He was acquitted.—*Athenæus.*

5742. TRUTH, Power of. How simply and beautifully has Abd-el-Kadir, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in his childhood! After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:—"I informed her what I had seen, and she wept; and taking out eighty dinars, she told me, that as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance. She made me swear, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son; I consign thee to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment.' I went on well till I came near Hamandnai, when our Kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got. 'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewed up under my garments.' The fellow laughed, thinking I was joking. 'And what have you got?' said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil I was called to an eminence where the chief stood. 'What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he. 'I have told two of your people already,' I replied. 'I have forty dinars sewed in my garments.' He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money. 'And how came you,' he said, in surprise, 'to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?' 'Because I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised I would never tell a lie.' 'Child,' said the robber, '*hast thou such sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,*' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.' He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief; 'be the same in the path of virtue.' And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand."

5743. TRUTH, Preaching the. When Julius Massillon preached before the French Court some envious persons would have made a crime of the freedom with which he announced the truths of Christianity to King Louis XIV. His Majesty very spiritedly rebuked them, saying, "*He has done his duty; it remains for us to do ours.*"—*Percy Anecdotes.*

5744. TRUTH, Regard for. It is said of Johnson that he would not allow his servants to say he was not at home if he really was (as is too much the custom of many). "A servant's strict regard for truth," said he, "must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial; but few servants are such distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many more for himself?"

5745. TRUTH, Search after. I know a man, that of a moderate Protestant turned a Papist, and the day that he did so was convinced in conscience that his yesterday's opinion was an error. The same man afterwards, upon better consideration, became a doubting Papist, and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. And yet this man thinks himself no more to blame for all these changes than a traveller who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it.—*Chillingworth.*

5746. TRUTH, Speaking. During the Chartist agitation many of Kingsley's friends and relations tried to withdraw him from the people's cause, fearful lest his prospects in life might be seriously prejudiced; but to all of them he turned a deaf ear, and in writing to his wife on the subject he says—"I will not be a liar. *I will speak in season and out of season.* I will not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. My path is clear, and I will follow in it."—*Alex. Bell, B.A.*

5747. TRUTH, Speaking. When the Chancellor of King's College praised and commended the many and singular virtues "planted and set in Her Majesty," Queen Elizabeth passionately interrupted him with the exclamation, "*This is not the truth. Would that it were!*" How many of us would have had a similar honesty under the same circumstances?—*B.*

5748. TRUTH, Speaking. In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence. In the whole course of my communication with him I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth, and I never saw, in the whole course of my life, the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact.—*The Duke of Wellington.*

5749. TRUTH, Speaking. Mungo Park relates, in his travels in Africa, that a troop of armed Moors assaulted a village in which he was living, and tried to carry off the flocks. In the fight a youth was mortally wounded. The natives set him on a horse and took him home. The mother received her dying son with every sign of passionate sorrow; and the virtue she praised in him more than all others was this, "*He never told a lie.*"

5750. TRUTH, Spread of. It is curious to find that the proscribed books of the German Reformers were translated into Italian, and openly sold even in Rome under other titles. M'Crie tells us how the "Common-Places" of Melancthon were thus printed at Venice, to be sold at Rome during a whole year, or until a friar in the city detected the trick and complained to the authorities. "A similar anecdote is told of Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans and his treatise on Justification, which were eagerly read for some time as the productions of 'Cardinal Fregoso,'" remarks M'Crie. "The works of Zwingle were circulated under the name of 'Coricius Cogelius;' and several editions of Martin Bucer's 'Commentary on the Psalms' were sold in Italy and France as the work of 'Aretius.'"—*Reformation Anecdotes.*

5751. TRUTH, tested. Luther entertained in

his house for some time a Hungarian named Mathias von Vai. When the latter returned to his own country he preached the new doctrine, and was forthwith denounced to the monk George, brother of the Waywode, and who was at this time governing at Buda as regent. George had two barrels of gunpowder brought into the market-place, and said to the Papist who had denounced Mathias, and to Mathias himself, "Each of you say that your particular doctrine is the right one. Stand upon these bands; I will fire the train, and we shall see which of the two remains alive." The Papist refused the test, but Mathias at once took his stand on one of the barrels; whereupon the Papist and his people were condemned to pay four hundred Hungarian florins to the State, and to keep, moreover, two hundred soldiers for a certain time, while Mathias was allowed to preach the gospel.—*Michelet*.

5752. TRUTH, Sacredness of. I have just been down in the docks looking at the "life-hooks." They are placed there to be used in saving people from drowning, and for *no other purpose*, under penalties. So there are truths which we have no right to play with or use for mere rhetorical purposes. They are solemn mysteries which God has revealed in His Word, that men may lay hold of, believe, and live.—*B.*

5753. TRUTHS, come of God. Men never make truths; *they only recognise the value of this currency of God.* They find truths as men sometimes find bills, in the street, and only recognise the value of that which other parties have drawn.—*Beecher*.

5754. TRUTHS, Growth of. Truths are first clouds, then rain, then harvest and food. The philosophy of one century is the common-sense of the next. Men are called fools in one age for not knowing what they were called fools for averring in the age before.—*Beecher*.

5755. UNBELIEF, and the parade of learning. Addison, speaking of the Deists and unbelievers of his own age—and the remark is true of the cheap parade of learning affected by that class always—says, "One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions, and immediately, to become conspicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever."

5756. UNBELIEF, Attitude of. "Can you tell me anything about this revision of the Bible?" asked an intelligent working man the other day. "Because I've been told they're taking out all the contradictions in it." The same man another day expressed his inaptitude for faith in these words:—"Why, to look at them stars and think they're all worlds, and to believe there's something *beyond* all that again—it's more than I can believe." Could the attitude of unbelief have expressed itself better? The very sight that to some minds forces home the conviction that a God exists—the sight of the star-sown fields of heaven—was to this man only a stumbling-block and rock of offence.—*C. C. Liddell*.

5757. UNBELIEF, does not bring comfort. David Hume, after witnessing, in the family of the venerable La Roche, *those consolations which the gospel only can impart*, confessed, with a sigh, that "there were moments when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery and the pride of

literary fame, he wished that he had never doubted."—*New Handbook of Illustration*.

5758. UNBELIEF, Folly of. Once a sceptic in Dr. Bonar's church said, "Sir, I do not believe there is a God." It was ten P.M., and no time for argument. I cast the burden on the Lord in prayer, and looked so happy that he said, "Are you laughing at me?" "No; but I was thinking if all the grasshoppers on earth were to say there is no sun, *it would not alter the matter.* The Bible says, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.'" "Well, that is so," he said. I then showed him that God calls every man who does not believe in Him a liar. The man went home seeming much impressed; and when I met him some months afterwards he said, "I found out that I was a fool and a liar, and have come to Christ." Thus the sword of the Spirit had pierced his heart.—*Dr. Mackay*.

5759. UNBELIEF, illustrated. A very tender parent had a son who from his very earliest years proved headstrong and dissolute. Conscious of his demerits, he dreaded and hated his parents. Meanwhile every means were used to disarm him of these suspicions, so unworthy of the tenderness and love, and the kindness and forbearance, lavished upon him. Eventually the means appeared to be successful. . . . He now left his home to embark in mercantile affairs, and was assured that if, in any extremity, he would apply to his parents he should find his application kindly received. In the course of years it fell out he was reduced to extremity; but instead of communicating his case to his parent, *his base suspicion and disbelief again occupied him*, and he neglected to apply to him. . . . This is the case of the believer who throws away his filial confidence, and with his old suspicions stands aloof in sullen distrust.—*Salter (condensed)*.

5760. UNBELIEF, Reason of. I once heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied. They wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. They pulled away hard all night, wondering why they never got to the other side of the bay. When the grey dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never loosed the mooring-line or raised the anchor! And that's just the way with many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world. Cut the cord! cut the cord! Set yourselves free from the clogging weight of earthly things, and you will soon go on towards heaven.—*Molloy*.

5761. UNBELIEF, Sin of. Mr. Marshall, author of the "Gospel Mystery of Sanctification," having been for several years under distress of mind, consulted Dr. Goodwin, an eminent divine, giving him an account of the state of his soul, and particularising his sins, which lay heavy on his conscience. In reply, he told him he had forgot to mention the greatest sin of all, *the sin of unbelief*, in not believing on the Lord Jesus Christ for the remission of his sins and sanctifying his nature. On this he set himself to the studying and preaching of Christ, and attained to eminent holiness, great peace of conscience, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Mr. Marshall's dying words were these:—"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—*Whitcross*.

5762. UNBELIEVER, Conversion of. A gentleman living in Texas was an unbeliever. One day he was walking in his garden reading a book. He read this sentence, "God works according to the rules of geometry." He closed the book, and began to think. "I always thought," said he to himself, "that things were made by chance. Is there a rule about everything?" Just then he saw close by a sweet little flower known as the "Texas Star." He picked it up, and began to examine it. He counted the petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens; there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there were five of them. Then he examined another flower. It was the same with that. Another and another were examined. It was the same with all. There were five petals, and five stamens, and so on, in every case. "How is this?" he said to himself. "If these flowers were made by chance, some of them would have three petals, and some two, and some none. But now they all have five; never more, and never less. Here is work done by rule. If it is done in this way, there must be some one to do it. And who can that be? Oh, I see." And then he picked up the little flower, and kissed it, and said, "Bloom on, little flower; sing on, little birds; you have a God, and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me."—*Dr. Newton.*

5763. UNBELIEVERS, Hypocrisy of. Collins, though he had no belief in Christianity, yet qualified himself for civil office by partaking of the Lord's Supper. Shaftesbury did the same; and the same is now done by hundreds of infidels; and yet these are the men who are continually declaiming against the hypocrisy of priests!—*Arvine.*

5764. UNCERTAINTY, Effects of. If one should go into the Louvre at Paris, and see the Venus de Milo, and begin to have admiration for that highest conception of a noble woman held by the Greek mind, and his guide should whisper to him, "It is very uncertain whether this is the original statue; in the time of Napoleon it was stolen, and it is said that it was sent back; but many think that another was made in imitation of it, and put in its place, and that this is the imitation," it would kill that man's enthusiasm in a second; and he is not going to say, "I admire that countenance," because it may not be that countenance. And the moment you introduce the element of uncertainty in regard to any substantial religious conviction, your doubt has taken away that enthusiasm which only goes out toward certainty.—*Beecher.*

5765. UNCHARITABLENESS, and death. One day the conversation at dinner, in a family well known to the writer, turned upon a lady who was so unfortunate as to have incurred the dislike of certain members of the household, because of some little peculiarities. After several had expressed their views in no gentle terms, the married sister added, "I can't endure her; and I believe I will not return her call if she comes here again." Her husband, who had hitherto remained silent, replied, "She will not trouble you again; she died an hour ago." "You do not mean it? Surely you are only teasing us for our uncharitableness?" "She is really dead; I learned it on my way home to dinner." Overwhelmed with shame, the little group realised for the first time the solemnity of

such sinful conversation. Let us take warning, and speak of those about us as we shall wish we had done when they are taken from us.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

5766. UNCONCERN, Secret of. I mentioned to him (Johnson) that I had seen the execution of several convicts at Tyburn, two days before, and that none of them seemed to be under any concern. "Most of them, sir," said Johnson, "have never thought at all." "But is not the fear of death natural to man?" "So much so, sir, that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it."—*Boswell.*

5767. UNCTION, Extreme. Some Roman Catholics were very desirous that their priest should administer extreme unction to one of their friends who was dying; but the priest refused to attend unless he was first paid one shilling. This, however, was more than they could muster between them, and the man died, without the last and most important of all the seven sacraments. His friends were, upon this, extremely angry, and went to the priest to remonstrate with him for his inhumanity. They were so rough in their rebukes that he was completely frightened, and in order to extricate himself from his difficulties, said to them, "My dear children, you know nothing about the matter, and I will explain it to you. Did the dead man really desire to have the oil?" "Oh yes, your reverence; to be sure he did desire to have it, as much as we did for him." "Why, then," said the priest, "that's exactly the same thing as if he had got it, and he is quite as safe as if he had." "Oh, thank your reverence," said one of them; "if that is the case, we shall always save our shilling in future, and never trouble you any more."

5768. UNDERSTANDING, A right, necessary in controversy. Quarrels grow many times upon mistakes. Cyril, and John, Bishop of Antioch, excommunicated one another for heresy, so did Cyril and Theodoret; yet afterwards they found that they held the same things, when once they grew to a right understanding of one another's meaning.—*Trapp.*

5769. UNFAITHFULNESS, in little. A king appointed one servant over his gold treasure, another over his straw. The latter's honesty being suspected, he was angry because the gold had not been trusted to him. The king said, "Thou fool, if thou couldest not be trusted with straw, how can any one trust thee with gold?"—*Trench.*

5770. UNFAITHFULNESS, Momentary, to be avoided. A Corsican gentleman, who had been taken prisoner by the Genoese, was thrown into a dark dungeon, where he was chained to the ground. While he was in this dismal situation the Genoese sent a message to him, that if he would accept of a commission in their service, he might have it. "No," said he; "were I to accept your offer, it would be with a determined purpose to take the first opportunity of returning to the service of my country. But I would not have my countrymen even suspect that I could be one moment unfaithful."—*New Cyclopædia of Anecdote.*

5771. UNGODLY, Christ died for. There is a woman in our country who was hoping to be saved, because she thought she was a respectable sinner. Some sinners don't think they are like other sin-

ners. When people talk to me in this strain, I know they are *great* sinners. She heard a sermon, which showed her clearly that Christ died for the ungodly ; and she said, "I must be ungodly : He died for the ungodly." She awoke to the fact that she was unlike God, and the light of eternity flashed into her soul. My friends, take your place amongst the ungodly. —*Moody.*

5772. UNGODLY, Christ died for. A poor little girl, after having being educated in the Hibernian Female School in Sligo, was apprenticed to a dress-maker. A lady who had formerly taken charge of her, and had been very kind to her, going one Sabbath into the chapel before service, found the girl sitting by herself reading her Testament. On coming up to her, the lady inquired where she was reading. She said, "In the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans." "Why did you choose that chapter?" She replied, "Oh, I delight in it much." "On what account?" "It just meets my case. See, is not that delightful?" pointing to the sixth verse : "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly ;" and then added, "I am indeed a sinner and without strength ; but here is the blessed remedy—'Christ died for the ungodly.'"

5773. UNIFORMITY of belief, Attempts to enforce, produce evasion. Not long since an avowed Freethinker was required to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, for admission into some university office. He did not withhold his signature for a minute ; he only added, "I put my own construction on the Articles, and I sign them with the understanding that by doing so I merely declare the indisputable fact that I profess to be a member of the Church of England ;" and so ready are men to applaud a defiance of authority, that it was in the midst of a buzz of applause that he did what to some men would appear to be an act of dishonesty.—*Dean Hook.*

5774. UNIFORMITY of belief, impossible. *Uniformity is not possible.* Men differ much in the powers of their mind, in their education, and in the circumstances in which they live ; and therefore you cannot make them think and feel alike ; and the attempt to do so is as unwise as if you tried to cause all the trees of the earth to produce leaves of the same size, blossoms of the same hue, and fruit of the same flavour. . . . It is not uniformity that we see in the works of God, but unity in variety and permanence in change. Every plant, flower, and tree has freedom to unfold itself according to its own nature ; and yet the landscape is one.—*Thomas Jones.*

5775. UNIFORMITY of belief, impossible. The judge who pronounced sentence of death on Servetus, and found fault with himself (Calvin) for too much leniency in his government, *was himself suspected of holding erroneous opinions* on the fundamental verity of our holy religion—the doctrine of the Trinity.—*Dean Hook.*

5776. UNION, and Christian life. Christians are like the several flowers in a garden, that have upon each of them the dew of heaven, while, being shaken with the wind, they let fall their dews at each other's roots, whereby they are *jointly nourished* and become nourishers of each other.—*John Bunyan.*

5777. UNION, and sectarianism. Cardinal Gibbons, having been asked to give his views on "the reunion of Christendom," says :—"In separation from the see of St. Peter, the centre of Catholic unity, I can see only discord. In all this broad land there is no one who longs for truly Christian union more than I do ; no one would labour more earnestly to bring about such a happy result." *Precisely the idea of all narrow sectarians.* Papists, Plymouthites, Campbellites, all make great professions of desire for Christian unity and doing away with sectarianism ; and all agree that the plan is for everybody to join the sect to which they belong.—*The Freeman.*

5778. UNION, and substitution in suffering. Some years ago a war raged in India between the English and a native monarch, Tippoo Saib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners, among them one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put on each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A grey-haired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded young man?" "There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn." "Then," said the officer, "*put two pairs on me ; I will wear his as well as my own.*" Baird lived to regain his freedom, lived to take that very city, but the generous friend died in prison.—*Gray.*

5779. UNION, against evil. It is common in Africa for the serpents to ascend the trees and take the young birds and eggs from the nests. You will then see birds collect together, of different hues, different characters, and different sizes, from the water-wagtail to the hawk, all assembling to scream and to roar,—however these birds hated each other before, they now unite together, showing they are all in earnest to get the serpent to descend.—*Moffat.*

5780. UNION, Calamity may bring about. When the earthquake of Lisbon overwhelmed that city, even the inquisitors were seen embracing Jews and heretics that escaped the awful calamity, and uniting in the means of their common safety. At the siege of Jerusalem all parties sank their differences in order to resist the Roman eagle ; and when Xerxes invaded Greece all the little States forgot their differences, and Athens and Sparta were found fighting side by side against the common enemy.

5781. UNION, Christian, brought about by misfortune. The great fire of London rendered it impossible to carry on the spiritual instruction of the people by the established clergy, since the parish churches were in ruins, so that assemblies in Presbyterian and Independent meeting-houses were no longer visited with the penalties prescribed under the Conventicle Act.

5782. UNION, Christian. The Convention (in Brooklyn) closed by joining hands and singing, "Say, brother, will you meet us?" I saw one of Dr. Storr's deacons and a Quaker and a Methodist standing with clasped hands, and flanked by a Baptist and a Presbyterian clergyman. It reminded me of the time when we college students, standing thus in the chemical lecture-hall, the electric current leaped from the charged battery through the whole circle in an instant.—*Cuyler.*

5783. UNION, Christian. I wish all names among the saints of God were swallowed up in that one of Christian. I long for professors to leave off placing religion in saying, "I am a Churchman," "I am a Dissenter." My language to such is, "*Are you of Christ?*" If so, I love you with all my heart."—*Whitefield*.

5784. UNION, in Christ. As the spokes in a wheel become nearer to each other as they approach the centre, so may we be drawn nearer to Christ, our common centre, and into closer union with each other.—*J. Wood*.

5785. UNION, in Christ. A Hindoo and a New Zealander met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They had been converted from their heathenism, and were brothers in Christ; but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, and smiled in each other's faces; but that was all. At last a happy thought occurred to the Hindoo. With sudden joy, he exclaimed, "Hallelujah!" The New Zealander, in delight, cried out, "Amen!" These two words, not found in their own heathen tongues, were to them the beginning of "one language and one speech."

5786. UNION, in peril. Fighting with the Arcadians, that wing of the Lacedæmonians in which they were gave way, whereupon Pleopidas and Epaminondas *locked their shields together* and repulsed all that attacked them; until at last Pleopidas, having received several large wounds, fell upon a heap of friends and enemies who lay dead together. Epaminondas, though he thought there was no life left in him, stood forward to defend his body and his arms, being determined to die rather than leave his companion in the power of his enemies. . . . Agesipolis, king of the Lacedæmonians, brought succour from the other wing, and, beyond all expectation delivered them both.—*Plutarch (condensed)*.

5787. UNION, in service. When the cholera raged in Glasgow, a number of years ago, two ministers, one a Presbyterian and the other a Roman Catholic, made themselves useful in deeds of mercy and Christian service. One day these two set out on a visit to a poor hut of a house, where a person had succumbed to the disease. No one would venture near the hovel, far less perform the last duties to the deceased. When within a short distance of the place, the priest said to the minister, "You are a married man with a family, and I am not; tarry here, and I will go forward myself and do the last duties to the dead. If I cannot myself, then I will sign for your approach." The priest went and did all himself.

5788. UNION, in the Church. The unity in the rainbow is none the less, and the beauty vastly the greater, because there are seen in it seven distinct colours instead of one, all of which are one in their source, as well as in the bow.—*W. E. Boardman*.

5789. UNION, in the Church. Methinks that the Lord keeps His jewels for a time, as it were, in a cabinet containing several drawers all of different sizes. In one long drawer are preserved those who are Episcopalians; in another equally long, the Presbyterians; and in smaller ones varying in size, the Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, Plymouth Brethren, &c. But in the day when the Lord shall

number up His jewels, He will break up the cabinet with all its drawers, and out of the innumerable jewels He will choose each one to fill its own particular place in Immanuel's crown.—*W. Catlin*.

5790. UNION, in the early Christian Church. The more they were persecuted, *the more closely they adhered to each other*. Their mutual charity and unsuspecting confidence has been remarked by infidels, and was too often abused by perfidious friends.—*Gibbon*.

5791. UNION, in the face of the enemy. On the day before the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson took Collingwood and Rotherham, who were at variance, to a spot where they could see the fleet opposed to them. "*Yonder*," said the Admiral, "*are your enemies*; shake hands and be good friends, like good Englishmen."

5792. UNION, in the presence of the enemy. When I was in the army before Port Hudson I remember that night after night, when our camp-fires were built, we boys used to sit around them and discuss various matters; and sometimes our discussions became very heated, and sometimes we lost our tempers, and sometimes we said angry words. But one night, right in the midst of a discussion, there broke upon us that awful, startling sound which, once heard, is never forgotten. Away off, on the right of the line, it began; but it rolled in a thundering, awful echo, until it chilled our hearts. It was the long roll, and every man was on his feet, and every man shook hands with his comrade and said, "Forgive me. When we were idle we could afford to discuss; but now there is work to do, it finds us brothers."—*Rev. G. Hepworth*.

5793. UNION, in the Spirit. When the tide is out you may have noticed, as you rambled among the rocks, little pools with little fishes in them. To the shrimp, in such a pool, his foot depth of salt water is all the ocean for the time being. He has no dealings with his neighbour shrimp in the adjacent pool, though it may be only a few inches of sand that divide them; but when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of the lurking-place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet, and by-and-by, in place of their little patch of standing water, they have the ocean's boundless fields to roam in. When the tide is out—when religion is low—the faithful are to be found insulated, here a few and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, having no dealings with their neighbours of the adjoining pools, calling them Samaritans, and *fancying that their own little communion includes all that are precious in God's sight*. They forget, for a time, that there is a vast and expansive ocean rising—every ripple brings it nearer,—a mightier communion, even the communion of saints, which is to engulf all minor considerations, and to enable the fishes of all pools—the Christians—the Christians of all denominations—to come together. When, like a flood, the Spirit flows into the Churches, Church will join to Church, and saint will join to saint, and all will rejoice to find that if their little pools have perished, it is not by the scorching summer's drought, nor the casting in of earthly rubbish, but by the influx of that boundless sea whose glad waters touch eternity, and in whose ample depths the saints in heaven, as well as the saints on earth, have room enough to range.—*Dr. Hamilton*.

5794. **UNION, is strength.** When it was once demanded of Agesilaus why Lacedæmon had no walls, he replied, "The concord of the citizens is its strength."—*Harris.*

5795. **UNION, Love the secret of.** He found an inexpressibly sweet love to those that he looked upon as belonging to Christ, beyond almost all that he ever felt before, so that (to use his own words) "it seemed like a piece of heaven to have one of them near him."—*Life of Brainerd.*

5796. **UNION, may be forced.** Dr. Lyman Abbott tells of a good Scotch couple who got a quarrelling; and on the good wife remarking, in a conciliatory effort, "Look at that cat and dog on the hearth sitting side by side quiet and peaceable," "Ay," said the gruff, good man, "but tie them together and see what they will do."—*Christian World.*

5797. **UNION, Necessity of.** "Ane stick'll never burn! Put more wood on the fire, laddie; ane stick'll never burn!" my old Scotch grandfather used to say to his boys. Sometimes, when the fire in the heart burns low, and love to the Saviour grows faint, it would grow warm and bright again if it could only touch another stick. "*Where two or three are gathered together*" the heart burns; love kindles to a fervent heat. "Ane stick'll never burn" as a great, generous pile will be sure to.

5798. **UNION, Necessity of.** *Si collidimur, fragimur*—"If we clash, we are broken," according to the old fable of the two earthen pots swimming in the sea. "The daughter of dissension is dissolution," said Nazianzen; "and every subdivision in point of religion is a strong weapon in the hand of the contrary party," as he (the historian), upon the Council of Trent, wisely observed. Castor and Pollux, if they appear not together it presageth a storm.—*Trapp.*

5799. **UNION, on equal terms.** When we parted he (Melville) laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Now, Dr. Guthrie, I will say to you what one of our clergy said to Robert Hall, and perhaps you will make to me his reply. Said the clergyman to Hall, 'Mr. Hall, I love and honour you notwithstanding you have not episcopal ordination;' and said Hall to the clergyman, 'And I love and honour you notwithstanding you have episcopal ordination.'"—*Guthrie.*

5800. **UNION, Results of.** By union the pyramids of Egypt, the gates of Thebes, and the columns of the Parthenon were reared, and oceans crossed, and valleys filled up.—*Dr Cumming.*

5801. **UNION, Strength of.** There was a small band of three hundred cavalry in the Theban army, who proved a great terror to any enemy with whom they were called to fight. They were companions, who had bound themselves together by a vow of perpetual friendship, determined to stand together until the last drop of their blood was spilled upon the ground. They were called "The Sacred Battalion, or the Band of Lovers," and they were bound alike by affection for the State and fidelity for each other, and thus achieved marvels, some of which seem almost fabulous. What a name for a militant Church, "The Sacred Battalion!" It is when she is thus animated by one spirit that she is victorious.

5802. **UNION, with Christ, Terms of.** When

Augustus Cæsar desired the Senate to join some person with him in the Consulship, they replied, "they held it as a great dishonour to him to have any one joined with him, who was so capable himself." It is the greatest disparagement that Christians can offer to Christ to put their services in equipage with His sufferings. The beggarly rags of the first Adam must never be put on with the princely robe of the second Adam.—*Secker.*

5803. **UNITARIAN, Confession of.** I am constrained to say, that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with their heroes, sects, or productions of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavourably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought and character far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. I am conscious that my deepest obligations, as a learner from others, are in almost every department to writers not of my own creed. In philosophy I have had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text-books, and the authors in chief favour with them. In Biblical interpretation, I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Beslam. In devotional literature and religious thought, I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustine, Tauler, and Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or the German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold. I cannot help this; I can only say I am sure it is no perversity; and I believe the preference is founded on reason and nature, and is already widely spread amongst us. A man's "Church" must be the home of whatever he most deeply loves, trusts, admires, and reveres,—of whatever most divinely expresses the essential meaning of the Christian faith and life; and to be torn away from the great company I have named, and transferred to the ranks which command a far fainter allegiance, is an unnatural, and for me an inadmissible, fate. That I find myself in intellectual accordance with the Socini, or Blandrata, or Servetus in one cardinal doctrine,—and that a doctrine not distinctively Christian, but belonging also to Judaism, to Islam, and to simple Deism,—is as nothing compared with the intense response wrung from me by some of Luther's readings of St. Paul, and by his favourite book, the "Theologica Germanica."—*James Martineau.*

5804. **UNITARIANISM, and orthodoxy.** Dr. Miller, Professor of Theology in Princeton College, North America, in a note prefixed to an ordination sermon, relates part of a conversation that he had with Dr. Priestley, two or three years before his death. "The conversation," says he, "was a free and amicable one, on some fundamental doctrines of religion. In reply to a direct avowal on the part of the author (Dr. Miller), that he was a Trinitarian and a Calvinist, Dr. Priestley said, 'I do not wonder that you Calvinists entertain and express a strongly unfavourable opinion of us Unitarians. The truth is, there neither can nor ought to be any compromise between us. If you are right, we are not Christians at all; and if we are right, you are gross idolaters!'"

5805. **UNITARIANISM, not enough for men.** In a town in the north of Scotland a benevolent Unitarian minister once took to preaching in the streets.

He spoke of the beauty of goodness, and invited sinners to the happiness of a virtuous and orderly life. A group of waifs and harlots hovered near, one of whom, who had not lost all her mother-wit, replied to him in her native dialect, "Eh, man, your rape's nae lang enuch for the like of hiz" ("Your rope is not long enough for the like of us"). His gospel was not capable of reaching down to the depths to which waifs and harlots had fallen. It was a longer rope, and profounder gospel, that was entrusted to the Apostle when Christ sent him to the Gentiles, "to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God."—*Professor Blaikie, D.D.*

5806. UNITY, A pledge of. The chain in the Campo Santa at Pisa was formerly placed across the river to protect the ships of the city from the attacks of the Genoese. The Genoese captured it, but some years ago sent it back to Pisa as a *pledge of Italian unity.*

5807. UNITY, Christian, in death. When seven men imprisoned in a Pennsylvania coal-mine were rescued after five days' imprisonment, they were asked if they hoped to escape. "We prayed for it," was the reverent reply. "We prayed together. Some were Protestants, and some Catholics, but when death is as close as that you only think of God."

5808. UNITY, Christian, Love of. The attachment of the Rev. John Elliot, usually called "The Apostle to the Indians," to peace and union among Christians was exceedingly great. When he heard ministers complain that some in their congregations were too difficult for them, the substance of his advice would be, "Brother, compass them. Brother, learn the meaning of those three little words—*bear, forbear, forgive.*" His love of peace, indeed, almost led him to sacrifice right itself.

5809. UNITY, Dwelling in. A Roman named Pomponius Atticus, who pronounced a funeral oration on the death of his mother, protested that, though he had resided with her sixty-seven years, he was never once reconciled to her, "because," said he, "*there never happened the least discord between us, and consequently there was no need of reconciliation.*"

5810. UNITY, not uniformity. When the American army, under the command of General Washington, lay encamped in the environs of Marristown, N.J., the Lord's Supper was to be administered in the Presbyterian church of that village. In a morning of the previous week the General visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of that church, and thus accosted him—"Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sabbath; I would learn if it accords with the canons of your church to admit communicants of another denomination?" The Doctor rejoined, "Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, *but the Lord's Table*; and hence we give the Lord's invitation to all His followers, of whatever name."

5811. UNITY, of God. If they would spare my life, on condition that I should keep this truth (the unity of God), and not teach it to others, I would not accept it.—*Socrates' Apology.*

5812. UNITY, of the Church. In the fastnesses

of Caledonia, Wales, and Piedmont Christianity found a retreat from her pursuers; and as she sat, with her Bible on her knees and her children at her feet, showed for ages how well the Church can subsist in the only unity which the gospel recognises, by simply "speaking (*αληθηνοντες*), maintaining, or professing the truth in love."—*Harris.*

5813. UNITY, the final purpose of God. At the Military Academy the soldiers are taken separately to the drill-room, and there the martinet puts them through all the steps and passes and gestures which they are required to learn; and when they have been trained and disciplined they come to the parade-ground; and then, at the word of command, platoons march and squadrons wheel, and the great army, as one man, moves to the voice of its leader. Now, God's formative influences in this world are His military academies, His drill-rooms, where for centuries the soldiers of the cross have been trained; but the day is coming when He shall put to His lips the trumpet of announcement, and when, with uplifted standard and triumphal music, He shall lead forth His vast army to go round and round the world with victory! —*Beecher.*

5814. UNITY, the secret of strength. The bundle of arrows cannot be broken while it remains a bundle. Tacitus, an ancient Latin historian, says of the Germans, what sceptics and Papists find true of Christians—"Dum singuli pugnant omnes vincuntur"—"Whilst fighting separately, all are conquered together." The strength of the Christian Church lies in its consolidation. Napoleon Bonaparte gained all his victories by consolidation; whilst Austria and Prussia always attacked in columns and separate bodies, he always gained his victories by concentrating his forces, and falling on one point like an avalanche. So it must be with the Church. Scepticism will never be broken, Poperism will never be dissipated, till the whole Christian Church is more thoroughly at one with each other.—*Dr. Cumming.*

5815. UNITY, The wrong sort of. "Have you unity in the church?" was the query of a Southerner of a good Presbyterian elder of a parish in Scotland. "Yes," was the answer. "Ay, man, we're just a' frozen together."—*Rev. W. Gard Price.*

5816. UNITY, Tribulation brings. What a coil was there among the primitive Christians, even unto blows and bloodshed, about the time of keeping Easter, and other like trifles and niceties! . . . Who knows not what jars and heart-burnings were here between Ridley and Hooper, two godly bishops in King Edward VI.'s time, *about cap and surplice*? They could never agree till they met in prison, and then misery bred unity. Then they could heartily bewail their former dissensions about matters of no moment.—*Trapp.*

5817. UNITY, True source of. A little child, on being told of the rainbow which surrounds God's throne in heaven, "in sight like unto an emerald," said, "Then are all our rainbows made from that one in heaven?" The Church upon earth, one in Christ, and embracing all who love Him, is made after the pattern of the heavenly, the "great multitude which no man can number," surrounding the throne of God.—*B.*

5818. UNIVERSALISM, Teaching of. A Universalist, preaching at the village of M—, where a large congregation had come out to hear something new, endeavoured to convince his hearers that there is no punishment after death. At the close of his sermon he informed the people, that if they wished, he would preach there again in four weeks; when Mr. C—, a respectable merchant, rose and replied, "Sir, if your doctrine is true, we do not need you; and if it is false, we do not want you." — *Whitcross.*

5819. UNIVERSE, and God. When I was crossing the Rocky Mountains it was my fortune to find some moss agates, and the beautiful ferns inside, or the structures resembling ferns, were enswathed by the crystalline stone. Teach me haughtily the atomic theory, if you please; tell me that the ultimate particles of matter have power, I care not how marvellous: I reply that, according to physical science, these different particles have never touched each other. They are enswathed by a force that accounts for their harmoniously co-ordinated motions, and which in all organisms must have acted to produce the adaptation of part to part. As the crystalline stone enswathes the mysterious growths in the moss agate, so a co-ordinating power enswathes all atoms and all worlds, and the universe is but a moss agate in the crystalline stone of God's omnipresent intelligence.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

5820. UNIVERSE, God's dealings with. The old Greek story of the man who had a house to sell, and carried about a brick as a specimen, has its moral to-day. This world of ours at its best is but a brick in the great universe God is building up and guiding to its final destinies, and he who judges *by what passes current in it alone* is playing the part of the fool, and not of the philosopher.—*B.*

5821. UNKINDNESS, A father's. "Conversing the other day," says one, "with an interesting little girl between six and seven years old, I took occasion to impress upon her mind the debt of gratitude due from her to her Heavenly Parent for bestowing upon her so good and kind a parent, whom everybody loves. I was perfectly thunderstruck with her answer. Looking me full in the face with her soft blue eyes, she replied, "*He never speaks kind to me.*"

5822. UNKNOWN, Perils of the. The old discoverers who sailed into unknown seas must have felt a peculiar pleasure in their daring undertakings. Spreading the canvas to the wind, they ventured out to the mysterious ocean in search of new countries. But their delight was mingled with anxiety and fear; for, possessing no charts, they knew not what perils awaited them in their bold endeavour—what rocks and sandbanks might be in their way, or what monsters they might meet with in the lands they hoped to discover. The search for new truth also has its delights. It is pleasant to leave the tame, unromantic shores of common belief, and to start on a voyage of discovery over the boundless ocean of intellectual speculation. But there is danger also in this enterprise. The dreary land of scepticism, and chaos of No-faith, and the black regions of despair, are somewhere out in those seas; and many have ventured there *who never returned.* — *Thomson Jones.*

5823. UNREGENERATE, Image of. The unre-

generate man may be said to be made up of two parts—a living body and a *dead* soul. In states of disease and injury we sometimes find something analogous, in one part of the body being full of life, and another part of it palsied and dead. I have seen a person after injury of the lower part of the neck surviving for a time; the head perfectly alive and well, but the body and limbs perfectly motionless. In the last fatal duel fought near Edinburgh a bullet struck the spine of the challenger. I have often heard this unhappy man's physician tell that when he first visited him, some hours afterwards, and asked him how he felt. "I feel," he replied, "exactly what I am—a man with a living head and a *dead* body mysteriously joined together." Every unbelieving man consists of a *dead* soul mysteriously joined to a living body.—*Sir James Simpson.*

5824. UNSEEN world, Faith in. The discovery of the New World, as the continent of America and its islands are called, was not, like many discoveries, an accident; it was the reward of faith—the reward of Christopher Columbus's faith. He found fruits on the shores of Western Europe, cast up by the Atlantic waves, and brought there, as we now know, by the Gulf Stream, perfectly diverse from any that the temperate, fiery, or frozen zones of the Old World produced. So one day, let me say, strolling by the sea-shore, he saw a nut. He takes it in his hand, and looks at it; he takes it into his capacious mind, and out of that little seed springs his faith in another world beyond that watery horizon, where, as he believed and events proved, the sea had pearls, and the veins of the earth were filled with silver, and the rivers that flowed through spicy groves ran over sands of gold. They thought him mad to leave his sweet bays, and his land, and his pleasant home, to launch on a sea which keel had never ploughed, in search of a land man had never seen. I tell that infidel that I know in whom I have believed; I can give a reason for the faith that is in me; and so he could. And so he launched his bark on the deep, and with strange stars above him and strange seas around him, storms without and mutinies within, no man of all the crew hoping but himself, with a courage nothing could daunt, and a perseverance nothing could exhaust, that remarkable man stood by the helm, and kept the prow of his bark onward and westward till lights gleamed on San Salvador's shore, and as the day broke, the joyful cry, "Land!" rang from the mast-head; and faith was crowned with success, and patience had her perfect work. Now I look on that man, and the world has looked on him, as one of the finest types of a believer; but I cannot read his story without feeling that it puts our faith to the blush, and, as it were, hearing the echo from heaven of that voice that said, "I have not found such great faith; no, not in Israel." — *Guthrie.*

5825. UNSELFISHNESS, and duty. Sir James Outram was characterised throughout his whole career by his noble unselfishness. Though he might personally disapprove of the policy he was occasionally ordered to carry out, he never once faltered in the path of duty. Thus he did not approve of the policy of invading Scinde, yet his services throughout the campaign were acknowledged by General Sir Charles Napier to have been of the most brilliant character. But when the war was over, and the

rich spoils of Scinde lay at the conqueror's feet, Outram said, "I disapprove of the policy of this war; I will accept no share of the prize-money." Not less marked was his generous self-denial when despatched with a strong force to aid Havelock in fighting his way to Lucknow. As superior officer, he was entitled to take himself the chief command; but recognising what Havelock had already done, with rare disinterestedness he left to his junior officer the glory of completing the campaign, offering to serve under him as a volunteer. "With such reputation," said Lord Clyde, "as Major-General Outram has won for himself, *he can afford to share glory and honour with others.*" But that does not lessen the value of the sacrifice he had made with disinterested generosity.—*Smiles.*

5826. UNSELFISHNESS, and duty. Calvin was remarkable for his disinterestedness. His goods, his books, and his money were not equal to one hundred and twenty-five crowns, and yet he refused, during his sickness, twenty-five crowns, which the Council of Geneva offered to him, because he was incapable of fulfilling the appointed labours of his office.

5827. UNSELFISHNESS, and its reward. Mr. Howe, when chaplain to Cromwell, was applied to for protection by men of all parties in those eventful times; and it is said of him that he never refused his assistance to any person of worth, whatever might be his religious tenets. "Mr. Howe," said the Protector to his chaplain, "you have asked favours for everybody besides yourself; pray, when does *your* turn come?" "My turn, my Lord Protector," said Mr. Howe, "is always come when I can serve another."

5828. UNSELFISHNESS, and our estimate of others. When Lacordaire, the most renowned of Roman Catholic public orators, was complimented upon being the first French preacher in France, he replied, "No; I am the second; Adolphe Monod is the first."—*John Angell James.*

5829. UNSELFISHNESS, in suffering. The effusion of blood (when Nelson was struck down at the battle of the Nile) being very great, the wound was held to be dangerous, if not mortal. The surgeons left their wounded to bestow their care upon the first man of the fleet. "No," said Nelson; "*I will take my turn with the brave fellows.*"—*Knight.*

5830. UNTRUTHFULNESS, Effects of. Aristotle, when once asked what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, pointedly replied, "*Not to be credited when he tells the truth.*"

5831. UNWATCHFULNESS, Danger of. A friend was recently overtaken by night on a mountain ridge. The path behind was too perilous to be retraced in the darkness, and the way in front was stopped by a projecting rock, which in his exhausted state he could not scale. His only alternative was to wait for the morning. But his resting-place was a steep slope, ending in a sheer precipice. One careless movement might prove his destruction. As the darkness deepened the danger was disguised. With a lessening sense of peril, there came on increasing drowsiness. What efforts were his during those long hours to drive off sleep! How he had to stir up his mind to a conviction of the necessity of unremitting vigilance! For, should he once be overpowered, he

might unconsciously slide down his sloping couch, and be hurled into the valley below. Such is our position. *If we would not fall down the precipice, let us watch lest during slumber we slip along the treacherous incline.*—*Newman Hall.*

5832. UNWATCHFULNESS, Danger of. A great commander was engaged in besieging a strongly fortified city. After a while he concentrated his forces at a point where the fortifications were stronger than at any other, and at 2 P.M., under a bright sun and a clear sky, ordered an assault. When expostulated with by an under officer, the commander replied, "At this point such a general is in command. At this hour of the day *he is invariably accustomed to retire for a long sleep.* When informed of our approach he will deny the fact, and send a messenger for information. Before the messenger returns we shall gain possession of the fortress." The facts turned out exactly as predicted. "Yonder weak point," said the commander, "is held by General —. There is no use in attempting to surprise him; he is never for a moment off his guard."—*Asa Mahan, D.D.*

5833. UPRIGHTNESS, caused by Christianity. Two Christian chiefs (in Tahiti), Tati and Ahuriro, were walking together by the water-side, when they came to a place where a fisherman had been employed in making or sharpening hooks, and had left a large file (a valuable article in Tahiti) lying on the ground. The chiefs picked it up; and as they were proceeding, one said to the other, "This is not ours. Is not our taking it a species of theft?" "Perhaps it is," replied the other; "yet, as the owner is not here, I do not know who has a greater right to it than ourselves." "It is not ours," said the former, "and we had better give it away." After further conversation, they agreed to give it to the first person they met; which they did, telling him they had found it, and requested that, if he heard who had lost such a thing, he would restore it.—*Ellis.*

5834. UPRIGHTNESS, Illustration of. The pine, placed nearly always among scenes disordered and desolate, brings into them all possible elements of order and precision. Lowland trees may lean to this side and that, though it is but a meadow breeze that bends them, or a bank of crowslips from which their trunks lean aslope. But let storm and avalanche do their worst, and let the pine find only a ledge of vertical precipice to cling to, it will nevertheless grow straight. Thrust a rod from its last shoot down the stem, it shall point to the centre of the earth as long as the tree lives.—*Ruskin.*

5835. UPRIGHTNESS, Instance of. The attorney-general was weak and criminal enough to request his (Sir John Fitz-James') interest on the part of the king, in a cause to be tried before him. "I will do the king right," he replied. A verdict was given against the crown, and the attorney-general expostulated with Fitz-James, who dismissed the subject by adding, "*I could not do His Majesty right if I had not done justice.*"

5836. UPRIGHTNESS, not to be compromised. When Catharine the Second ascended the throne of Russia, she solicited Count Munich to accept some marks of her favour, although she knew he had been the most formidable opponent to her accession. "No," said the Count; "I am an old man; I have already suffered many misfortunes; and if I pur-

chased a few years of life by compromising my principles, I should make but a bad exchange."

5837. URIM and Thummim, Strange exposition of. A minister once was heard explaining to his congregation that Urim and Thummim were the names of two precious stones which were set in the high priest's breast-plate of judgment, and when consulted they displayed the will of God by showing a wonderful brilliancy, though they gave no lustre if the matter required were disapproved. "My brethren, this is what the learned Jewish and Christian expositors tell us concerning these two precious stones; the stones are lost, but, my Christian brethren, we need them not; we have a surer means of discovering the will of God; and still it is by the Urim and Thummim, if we alter a single letter in one of those mysterious words. Take your Bible, my brethren, *use him and thumb him*, and you will discover the will of God as surely as ever the high priest did by the story of the breast-plate."—*Christian Age*.

5838. USAGE, An ancient. In the present day, at a Jewish marriage, they always take up the corner of the plaid or cloak of the bridegroom, and spread it over the head of the bride. I saw, in the Roman Catholic Church of Notre Dame, a marriage at which they seemed to retain a fragment of the ancient usage. After the parties were married, and the priest was pronouncing the benediction, he spread a robe over the heads of both—a memorial of the ancient Jewish usage, "Spread thy skirt over me."—*Cumming*.

5839. USAGE, and law. When the Commons were resisting the exactions of the clergy in 1529, the representatives of the Church defended the severe extortions on the ground of usage. The laity retorted in the words of a barrister of Gray's Inn—"The usage hath ever been of thieves to rob on Shooter's Hill—*ergo*, it is lawful."—*Little's Historical Lights*.

5840. USAGE, Clinging to. Here in Rome we are at a new hotel built in the gardens of Sallust's villa. In front we have all Rome, unrolled like a panorama and crowned by St. Peter's. But with all this I find Rome very depressing. It is a death-in-life incredible, surprising beyond description—a beleaguered city, *bombarded by public opinion and the new ideas*; still holding out, ringing its alarm-bell and living on old shoes. It is quite unchanged since you and I were here forty years ago. I said so to Cardinal Antonelli the other day; and he answered, taking a pinch of snuff, "Yes, *thank God!*"—*Longfellow's Letters*.

5841. USAGE, in speaking of the dead. It is said that in the Scottish Highlands they never speak of the departed as dead. A Highlander once gave great offence to the daughter of a friend of his by asking her, "When did your father die?" "Brutes alone," she angrily exclaimed, "die, and when they die are *dead*." Human beings—men, women, and children—do not *die*, and are not to be spoken of as *dead*. They depart, they go, they change, they sleep, if you like, or are gathered unto their fathers. The phraseology in which the death of human beings, as distinct from brutes, is expressed in Gaelic *invariably implies continued existence*.—*Dr. Stewart*.

5842. USE, may be misunderstood. At a school

examination a clergyman was descanting on the necessity of training up loyal and useful citizens. In order to give emphasis to his remark, he pointed to a large flag hanging on one side of the school-room, and said, "Boys, what is that flag for?" An urchin, who understood the condition of the room better than he did the speaker's rhetoric, exclaimed, "To hide the dirt, sir."

5843. USE, of obnoxious things. The Jews have a tradition that David in his youth once asked of God why He had created three things that appear most useless—madmen, spiders, flies. The Divine answer came, that in after-life David should learn that, by finding that they were all useful to himself. And so it came to pass. He learned the use of madmen when, in order to escape with his life, he himself feigned madness in the palace of Achish. He found how useful was the tiny fly when he took the spear from Saul while asleep; for, becoming pent up behind Abner, he was unable to retreat, until a fly stung the warrior, caused him to turn over without waking, and so released David. So too with the spider: when flying from Saul in the desert of Ziph, hotly pursued by his enemies, he took refuge in a cave, over the entrance to which a spider immediately spun its web. The pursuers came up, saw the web over the cave's mouth, and judging that he could not possibly be there, passed on.—*Preacher's Promptuary of Anecdote*.

5844. USEFUL, Possessions made. One day Luther was completely penniless, and nevertheless was applied to for money to aid an important Christian enterprise. He reflected a little, and recollected that he had a beautiful medal of Joachim, Elector of Brandenburg, which he very much prized; he went immediately to the drawer, opened it, and said, "What art thou doing there, Joachim? Dost thou not see how idle thou art? Come out and make thyself useful." Then he took out the medal, and contributed it to the object.

5845. USEFULNESS, amid failing strength. "My breath is short, and I have little hopes, since my late relapse, of much further usefulness. A few exertions, like the last struggles of a dying man, or glimmering flashes of a taper just burning out, is all that can be expected from me. But, blessed be God! *the taper will be lighted up again in heaven*."—*Whitefield (on his sixth voyage to America)*.

5846. USEFULNESS, how it may be hindered. Travelling one day by express from Perth to Edinburgh, on a sudden we came to a dead stop, because a very small screw in one of the engines—every railway locomotive consisting virtually of two engines—had been broken; and when we started again we were obliged to crawl along with one piston-rod at work instead of two. *Only a small screw was gone*. If that had been right the train would have rushed along its iron road; but the absence of that insignificant piece of iron disarranged the whole. A train is said to have been stopped on one of the United States railways by flies in the grease-boxes of the carriage-wheels. The analogy is perfect; a man, in all other respects fitted to be useful, may by some small defect be exceedingly hindered, or even rendered utterly useless.—*Spurgeon*.

5847. USEFULNESS, the end of life. I am going to the Saviour. If He does not wish to em-

ploy me longer here below, I am quite ready to go to Him, for *I have nothing else to keep me here.*—Count Zinzendorf (*dying*).

5848. USEFULNESS, Ways of. A man who depended for support entirely on his own exertions subscribed five dollars annually in support of the Bombay schools. His friends inquired why he gave so much, and how he could afford it. He replied, "I have for some time been wishing to do something for Christ's cause; but I cannot preach, neither can I pray in public to any one's edification, nor can I talk to people; but *I have hands, and I can work.*"

5849. USEFULNESS, Wisdom needed for. In order to reach their hearts on sacred and divine things, he strove to cultivate the art of conciliating even the careless and indifferent, by talking to them, in the first instance, on subjects in which they would be interested; and in this taught a precious lesson, which all who are engaged in evangelistic labour would do well to learn and exemplify. When acting as a regular district visitor in Whitechapel, London, he happened to visit a currier, to whom he was unknown, and his knowledge of the various processes of tanning and the preparation of leather elicited the remark, "Ah, I see you are in the trade yourself, sir."—*Dr. Duff's Life of Lord Haddo.*

5850. USURY, Hatred of. Agis, general of the Athenians, so hated usury that he made a bonfire of all the usurers' bills and bonds in the marketplace, and then said that he never saw a finer fire than that in all his life.—*Trapp.*

5851. USURY, in Christian circles. There was once in this church a poor widow, and she wanted twenty pounds to begin a small shop. Having no friends, she came to me, her minister; and I happened to know a man—not of this church—who could advance the money to the poor widow. So we went to this man—the widow and I—and the man said he would be happy to help the widow. And he drew out a bill for £20, and the widow signed it, and I signed it too. Then he put the signed paper in his desk and took out the money and gave it to the widow. But the widow, counting it, said, "Sir, there is only £15 here." "It is all right," said the man; "that is the interest I charge." And as we had no redress, we came away. But the widow prospered. And she brought the £20 to me, and I took it myself to the office of the man who lent it, and I said to him, "Sir, there is the £20 from the widow." And he said, "Here is the paper you signed; and if you know any other poor widow, I will be happy to help her in the same way." I said to him, "You help the widow! Sir, you have robbed this widow, and you will be damned!" And, my friends, I kept my eye on that man. Before six months were over God smote him, and he died.—*Wm. Anderson, D.D.*

5852. USURY, the ruling passion. A rich miser of Paris lay a-dying, and his father-confessor placed a silver crucifix before him, and proceeded to exhort him. Fixing his eyes upon the crucifix, the usurer faintly remarked, "Alas! I cannot lend you much, sir, upon that."—*Denton.*

5853. USURY, Wise laws against. Plutarch tells us that Lucullus found the cities he conquered

in Asia in great distress because of the extortion of usurers. He abolished, therefore, all interest that exceeded the principle, and made it a law that the creditor should not take above a fourth part of the debtor's income. If any one took interest upon interest he was to lose all. In less than four years, by these means, all debts were paid and the estates restored free to their proprietors.

5854. UTILISATION of waste, a benefit. Sir Titus Salt, then plain "Mr.," passing through the dock warehouses in Liverpool, caught sight of a huge pile of dirty-looking bales of alpaca wool which were just about to be sent back to Peru as of no use for manufacture here in England. He examined, experimented, and finally bought the material. Out of this accident sprang the town of Saltaire, one of the finest factories in the world, and the contented industries of a large population.

5855. UTILITY and beauty, contrasted. We in this district are proud, and with reason, that the first chain-bridge was the work of a Scotchman. It still hangs where erected a long time ago. The French heard of our invention, and determined to introduce it with embellishments. It was on the Seine at Marly. The French chain-bridge looked lighter and airier than the prototype. Every Englishman present was disposed to confess that we had been beaten at our own trade. But by-and-by the gates were opened and the multitude were to pass over. It began to swing rather formidably; and by the time the architect, who led the procession, reached the middle the whole gave way, and he—worthy, patriotic artist—was the first that got a ducking. They had forgotten the middle bolt—or rather this ingenious person had conceived that to be a *clumsy-looking feature, which might safely be dispensed with*, while he put some invisible gimcrack of his own to supply its place."—*Sir Walter Scott (condensed from Hutton's Life of Scott).*

5856. UTILITY, and chance. A manufacturer once had a blend of shoddy produced in a peculiar way, and for which he had a great demand. His factory chimney fell, and some of the lime in the mortar dropped into the dye-pan. This gave a peculiar shade, and the cloth sold at once; and there was a demand for more; but the manufacturer said that "he could not make his chimney fall again to procure it."—*T. Greenwood.*

5857. UTILITY, Passion for. Sir Titus Salt was once found by some members of his family picking up pieces of seaweed, which he carefully examined, and twisted and rubbed them, spreading their fibres in the palm of his hand. When asked of what he was in search, he quietly said, "I have been trying whether this stuff could be manufactuerd; but it won't do."—*T. Greenwood.*

5858. UTOPIA, misunderstood. When Sir Thomas More (one of England's worthiest sons) published his "Utopia," it occasioned a ludicrous mistake. The imaginary island which he had made the scene of this famous political romance is represented as having been newly discovered by a companion of Amerigo Vespucci. It was described as being inhabited by a pattern people, which, by virtue of its wise laws, was free from the harassing cares, undue desires, and the many miseries attendant upon mankind. As this was the age of discovery, many people took it for a genuine history of a

newly discovered country, and it was suggested that missionaries should be sent to it, in order to convert so wise a people to Christianity!

5859. VANITY and ostentation, in self-mortification. The founder of the Cynics was Antisthenes, a pupil of Socrates. To evince his contempt of luxury, he chose to wear an old and tattered cloak. "*Why so ostentatious?*" said Socrates. "Through your ragged coat I see your vanity."—*Tytler (condensed)*.

5860. VANITY, Danger of. A German writer says that the king's daughter had a very learned man come every day to instruct her in the sciences. He was very weak and sickly, dwarfed and deformed. One day the king's daughter said to him, "How is it that you, a man with so much intelligence and such a wonderful intellect, should have such a miserable body?" The teacher made no answer, but he said, "Bring us some wine." The order was given, the wine was brought, and they drank it. He said, "This is very pleasant wine; in which kind of vat do you keep it?" She said, "In an earthen vat." "Oh," he said, "it is strange that in such a beautiful palace as your father has he should have wine in an earthen vat. Why don't you put it in a gold or silver vat?" The king's daughter said, "So it shall be." One day the learned man was teaching the king's daughter, and he said, "I am weary—bring me some wine." The wine was ordered. He tasted it; it was sour. He said, "This is miserable wine. What is the matter with it?" She said, "I cannot understand it, for we have the wine in a golden vat." "Ah!" he said, "that's what's the matter with it; that's what has spoiled and soured it. Now," he said, turning to the king's daughter, "I will explain why God puts my mind in such a miserable body. Had He put my mind in a body that was golden, beautiful, and imposing, I should have been spoiled with vanity; but He put me in an earthen vessel, and so I have been kept humble."—*Talmage*.

5861. VANITY, Experience of. "I have recently read Solomon with a kind of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not as wise as he (Is that so?); but I feel the truth of his reflection, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.'" So said, at the last, the most brilliant wit, the most accomplished gentleman, the most cultivated speaker, and the most classic scholar of the English nobility in the nineteenth century—Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.—*N. S. Dodge*.

5862. VANITY, in the dying hour. Danton's last words to Samson, the executioner, were, "Thou wilt show my head to the people; it is worth showing."—*Carlyle's French Revolution*.

5863. VANITY, not to be gratified. I had one just flogging. When I was about thirteen I went to a shoemaker, and begged him to take me as his apprentice. He, being an honest man, immediately brought me to Bowyer, who got into a great rage, knocked me down, and even pushed Crispin rudely out of the room. Bowyer asked me why I had made myself such a fool; to which I answered, that I had a great desire to be a shoemaker, and that I hated the thought of being a clergyman. "Why so?" said he. "Because, to tell you the truth, sir," said I, "I am an infidel!" For this,

without more ado, Bowyer flogged me—wisely, as I think,—soundly, as I know. Any whining sermonising would have gratified my vanity, and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at, and got heartily ashamed of my folly. —*Coleridge's Table Talk*.

5864. VANITY, of human life. Lying on his back in bed, and being exceedingly faint, he observed, with a low tone of voice, "Here is a lecture on that text, 'Vanity of vanities; all that cometh is vanity and vexation of spirit;' for what a poor useless creature am I now! But oh, what a mercy that Christ can raise glory to Himself out of mere vanity!" In uttering these last words his heart seemed to be quite overcome.—*Life of Rev. John Brown, of Haddington*.

5865. VANITY, Temptation to. The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing a tanker-woman say, as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity, if it were any; but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of ear-shot.—*Abraham Cowley*.

5866. VANITY, to the last. People in Paris died in public in the seventeenth century. (See the well-known print of Mazarin's death-bed surrounded by ladies at cards. According to Grimm, the Maréchale de Luxembourg and two of her friends played at loto by that of Madame du Deffaud till she expired.) Death, as Mr. Herman Merivale puts it, was but the last scene of the play, to be performed with a theatrical bow and exit. He shows us the young beauty, perishing of dissipation, who made her adieu to the world in appropriate costume and sentiments; and the worn-out statesman, who might not turn his face to the wall in peace, but was surrounded by a whole court in full dress, and talked on till his husky accents could no longer convey the last of his smart sayings to the listeners —*Francis Jacob*.

5867. VARIETY, in nature. Break off an elm-bough three feet long, in full leaf, and lay it on the table before you, and try to draw it, leaf for leaf. It is ten to one if in the whole bough (provided you do not twist it about as you work) you find one form of a leaf exactly like another; perhaps you will not even have one complete. Every leaf will be oblique, or foreshortened, or curled, or crossed by another, or shaded by another, or have something or other the matter with it; and though the whole bough will look graceful and symmetrical, you will scarcely be able to tell how or why it does so, since there is not one line of it like another.—*Ruskin*.

5868. VENGEANCE, belongs to God. A person happened to complain in the hearing of a pious man of some conduct which had been manifested towards him by his neighbours, and concluded by saying that he had a large portion of vengeance in store for them. "You have stolen it, then," was the answer; "for I know it does not belong to you of right, because God says, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.'"—*Clerical Library*.

5869. VENGEANCE, Evading. In the olden time, in Florence, if an assassin could contrive to

eat a sop of bread and wine at the grave of the murdered man within nine days after the murder, he was free from the vengeance of the family ; and to prevent this they kept watch at the tomb. There is no evading the vengeance of God in this way.—*Longfellow.*

5870. VENGEANCE, Folly of. A shadow, insufferably vain of its importance, was excessively mortified and indignant at seeing a certain man always walking before it, and getting in its way on all occasions. Many a time did it mend its pace, and try to pass him, and more than once attempt to approach and knock him down. At length, quite out of patience, it prayed to Jupiter to be revenged on this troublesome person. Jupiter, willing to punish its presumption, suddenly snatched up the man to the skies, and at the same moment *the shadow was annihilated for ever.* "Alas !" said the expiring shadow, "I am revenged at the expense of my own life. I have sacrificed to a pique him to whom I owed my existence."

5871. VENGEANCE, Foolish. The Roman Emperor in the legend put to death ten learned Israelites to avenge the sale of Joseph by his brethren. And there have always been enough of his kidney, whose piety lies in punishment, who can see the justice of grudges but not of gratitude.—*George Eliot.*

5872. VENGEANCE, God's. I remember, away up in a lonely Highland valley, where, beneath a tall black cliff, all weather-worn and cracked and seamed, there lies at the foot, resting on the green sward that creeps round its base, a huge rock, that has fallen from the face of the precipice. A shepherd was passing beneath it ; and suddenly, when the finger of God's will touched it, and rent it from its ancient bed in the everlasting rock, it came down, leaping and bounding from pinnacle to pinnacle, and it fell ; and the man that was beneath it is there now !—"ground to powder." Brethren, that is not my illustration, that is Christ's (Matt. xxi. 44). Therefore I say to you, since all that stand against Him shall become "as the chaff of the summer threshing-floor," and be swept utterly away, make Him the foundation on which you build ; and when the storm sweeps away every refuge of lies, you will be safe and serene, builded upon the Rock of Ages.—*Maclaren.*

5873. VEXATION, Expressions of. A Roman Cæsar prepared a great feast for his nobles and friends, and it so fell out that the day appointed was so extremely foul that nothing could be done to the honour of the meeting ; whereupon he was so displeased and enraged that he commanded all those that had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter, their chief god, as in defiance of him for that rainy weather, which when they did, their arrows fell short of heaven, and fell upon their own heads, so that many of them were very sorely wounded.

5874. VEXATION, Thoughtlessness the cause of. Father went on deck (during a yachting trip) with five sovereigns in one hand, and the paper in which they had been wrapped in the other. He threw the sovereigns overboard and kept the paper. He was much vexed.—*Bishop Hannington.*

5875. VEXATIONS, Realising. The Rev. Richard Cecil, riding with a friend one windy day, and the

dust being very troublesome, his companion wished that they could ride in the fields, where they would be free from dust ; and this wish he more than once repeated. At length they reached the fields, when the flies so teased his friend's horse, that he could scarcely keep his seat on the saddle. He now complained of a new evil. "Ah ! sir," said Mr. Cecil, "when you were in the road the dust was your only trouble, and all your anxiety was to get into the fields ; you forgot that the fly was there. Now this is a true picture of human life ; and you will find it so in all the changes you make in future. *We know the trials of our present situation ;* but the next will have trials, and perhaps worse, though they may be of a different kind."

5876. VICARIOUS suffering, in life. Suffering in human life is very widely vicarious. If the brain be overwrought the body feels it. The first lesson of life is one of vicarious suffering. As we go to the ship to see friends depart, and leave them with cheers and benedictions and wafled kisses, so when a young spirit is about to be launched into this earthly life, one would think that troops of angels would attend it, and with hope and gladness see it on its way. But no. Silently it passes the bounds of the unseen land, and the gate which opens to admit it to this is a gate of tears and moans. Through the sorrow of another it is ushered into existence.—*Beecher (condensed).*

5877. VICE, and its penalties. A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence showed that his burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which several persons were sleeping, and then projecting his head and arm through the hole and abstracting various articles of value. It was claimed by his counsel that, inasmuch as he did not actually enter the tent with his whole body, he had not committed the offence charged. The judge, in reply to this plea, told the jury, that if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in that crime, they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved. The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offence of burglary. The judge sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder, and head to imprisonment with hard labour in the State prison for two years, remarking that, as to the rest of his body, he might do with it as he pleased. You cannot separate your manhood and your clerkship. If one is guilty, the other must also bear the penalty.—*Beecher.*

5878. VICE, Drink the cause of. In the limits of one London parish, little exceeding 4000 souls, I have personally witnessed how, from year to year, drink is the cause of assault, of burglary, of prostitution, of incest, of suicide, of horrible cruelties, of children dying like flies, of the beating of aged women by their own drunken sons, of the trampling and maiming of wives by the loathly ruffians whom they call their husbands, but whom drink maddens into fiends ; of well-nigh every crime on the dark list of the calendar except the direct shedding of blood, and even of that, except that the poor miserable victims "die so slowly that none call it murder." All this, in the most literal sense, I have seen going on at our doors, under the very shadow of the Abbey, and within bow-shot of our great Houses of Legislature.—*Farrar.*

5879. VICE, Image of. In the chambers beneath the Max Thor, at Nuremberg, was kept an instrument of torture called the Iron Virgin. It was the figure of a girl seven feet high, and opened with secret springs to embrace its victim, who was instantly pierced through with poignards concealed in the body of the figure. What an illustration of vice and its votaries! "The lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb," says Solomon; "but her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword." "She hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her."—*B.*

5880. VICE, Incitement to. A young lady whose family became reduced in worldly circumstances felt that she must try to do something for herself, and therefore she applied at a large retail dry goods house for a situation. "Yes," said the proprietor, "we will take you; your salary will be —," naming the price. "O sir," said she, "I can't live upon that." "I understand you, Miss," was the reply. "Several of these girls don't live upon what we pay them. Do you see that young lady there? We pay her just what I offer you; a young man pays her the rest."

5881. VICE, Purity amid. I take God to witness that in all those places where so many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that though I might escape the eyes of men, *I certainly could not the eyes of God.*—*Milton* (referring to his fifteen months on the Continent).

5882. VICE, Thought of, clings to the memory. Let young men hear the word of obscenity and filthiness, until they get accustomed to it, and I tell you that there is a lodgment made there, in their mind and heart, the influence of which they will feel to the day of their death. I was speaking to some young children at a Sabbath anniversary, and an aged clergyman said to me, "You are right in that, sir. I have been a minister of the gospel for forty years; and a gentleman in the city of New York, in hunting for evidences of the deep abasement and degradation of some portions of the city, and of the wiles and arts thrown around to entrap young men, made a collection of infamous matters. I went there with some clergymen and looked at them. I am an old man, sir, but as I am living I would give my right hand *if I could forget that I had ever seen them.*"—*J. B. Gough.*

5883. VICE, to be killed in its beginnings. Orders had been issued (during the American war) to kill all bloodhounds, as these used to be kept for hunting slaves. One day a soldier, seizing a poodle, was carrying it off to execution in spite of the heartrending appeals of its mistress. "Madam," he said, "our orders are to kill every bloodhound." "But this is not a bloodhound." "Well, Madam," said the soldier, as he went away with it, "*we cannot tell what it will grow into if we leave it behind.*"—*Memoirs of General Grant.*

5884. VICES, Image of. Classical mythology tells of a monster named Hydra, who dwelt near a lake in Peloponnesus. He had a hundred heads, and if one was struck off, straightway another grew in its room. Is it not frequently the same with vices and follies?—*T. R. Stevenson.*

5885. VICES, Parasite. There is a little insect which the eye cannot see without artificial aid, but it feeds upon others still more microscopic than itself; and the wonder about it is, that whatever it touches dies. Men of science, as they watched its habits, have interfered to rescue its little victims, but in vain. There was poison lodged in them. The very touch of their pursuer was death.—*Denton.*

5886. VICIOUS classes, difficult to reach. Lord Shaftesbury calls the poor thieves together, and reads sermons to them, and they call it "gas." George Borrow summons the gypsies to hear his discourse on the Hebrews in Egypt, and reads to them the Apostle's Creed in Rommany. "When I had concluded," he says, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint; not an individual present but squinted; the genteel Pepa, the good-humoured Chicharona, the Cosdami—all squinted; the gipsy jockey squinted worst of all."—*Emerson.*

5887. VICTORY, A Christian's. When Dr. Payson was about breathing his last, he exclaimed, "The battle is fought! the battle is fought, and the victory is won! the victory is won for ever!"

5888. VICTORY, and God's claims. A great Duke said, on the occasion of a victory, in the House of Lords, that he thought the Almighty God *had not been well used* by them, and that it would become their magnanimity, after so great successes, to take order that a proper acknowledgment be made.—*Emerson.*

5889. VICTORY, comes of God. Richard the First, having vanquished the King of France at Gisors, wrote to Philip, Bishop of Duresme, "*We have not done the same, but God and our right by us.*"—*Trapp* (condensed).

5890. VICTORY, Cost of. When Pyrrhus was congratulated on his victory over the Romans at Asculum, he made the memorable reply, his losses being so great, "Such another victory and we are undone."

5891. VICTORY, Cost of. On board one boat (of emigrants floating down the Tennessee River), containing twenty-eight persons, the smallpox raged. As this boat always sailed at a certain distance behind the rest, it was attacked by Indians, who captured it, killed all the men, and carried off the women and children. *The Indians caught the smallpox, of which some hundreds died in the course of the season.*—*Little's Historical Lights.*

5892. VICTORY, Cost of. "Such a rapid succession of brilliant victories," said Las Casas to Napoleon at St. Helena, "filling the world with your fame, must have been a source of great delight to you." "By no means," Napoleon replied; "they who think so *know nothing of the peril of our situation.* The victory of to-day was instantly forgotten in preparation for the battle which was to be fought on the morrow. The aspect of danger was before me. I enjoyed not one moment of peace."—*Abbott.*

5893. VICTORY, easy in God's name. Germanicus, when he came over from France to subdue the Pelagian heresy, so Usher says, prevailed against

a mighty army of Saxons and Picts. The Britons he was leading pronounced three times the word "Hallelujah," which, echoing and redoubling from the acclamations of the people among the mountains, where the enemy had encamped, frightened them and won the victory.

5894. VICTORY, from God. The Scottish army (at Dunbar) was seen flying in all directions—flying, or so brief a flight! "They run!" said Cromwell; "I protest they run!" and catching inspiration, doubtless from the bright shining of the daybeam, his voice was again heard, "Now let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!"—*Paxton Hood (condensed)*.

5895. VICTORY, Modesty in. Had one seen him (Baron Vere) returning from a victory, he would, by his silence, have suspected that he had lost the day; and had he beheld him in a retreat, he would have suspected him a conqueror by the cheerfulness of his spirit.—*Fuller*.

5896. VICTORY, or death. Before the decisive battle of Bannockburn, Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, placing himself on an eminence, celebrated Mass in sight of the Scottish army. He then passed along the front, barefoot, bearing a crucifix in his hands, and exhorting the Scots, in few and forcible words, to combat for their rights and their liberty. The Scots knelt down. "They yield!" cried Edward; "see, they implore mercy!" "They do," answered Ingelram de Umfraville, "but not ours. On that field they will be victorious, or die."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

5897. VICTORY, to be won, not stolen. Alexander, when advised by Parmenio and others to attack Darius in the night during an eclipse of the moon, when darkness would hide what was most dreadful in the combat, gave them that celebrated answer, "*I will not steal a victory.*"—*Plutarch (condensed)*.

5898. VICTORY, vaunted. Sesostris, King of Egypt, when he had conquered any country, was wont to set up pillars there, and thereon to engrave these words, "With mine own hands did I get this land."—*Trapp*.

5899. VICTORY, Waiting for. Sir Thomas Troubridge had one leg and the foot of the other carried away by a round-shot at Inkermann. He remained in command of his battery till the fight was done, refusing to be removed, and only allowing his limbs to be raised to stop the bleeding. When urged to permit himself to be borne away, that his wounds might be seen to his reply was, "No! *I do not move until the battle's won.*"

5900. VIGILANCE, and rest. Khaled would have his weary soldiers vigilant still. "Let no man sleep," he said; "we shall have rest enough after death."—*Christian Age*.

5901. VIGILANCE, Christian. I have read a traveller's conversation with the keeper of the lighthouse at Calais. The watchman was boasting of the brilliancy of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea, when the visitor said to him, "What if one of the lights should chance to go out?" "Never—impossible!" he cried. "Sir," said he, pointing to the ocean, "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to all parts of the

world. If to-night one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter, saying, such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burnt dim, the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah! sir, sometimes in the dark nights in stormy weather I look out to sea, and I feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out? burn dim? Oh, never!" Was the keeper of this lighthouse so vigilant, and shall Christians neglect *their* light, and suffer it to grow dim—grow dim when, for need of its bright shining, some poor soul, struggling amid the waves of temptation, may be dashed upon the rocks of destruction? No. "*Hold forth the word of life.*"—*Dr. Guthrie*.

5902. VIGILANCE, Importance of. It was a stormy, boisterous night. The dark clouds hung over us, and the wind came with tenfold fury. The sea rolled in mountains, and the proud ship seemed but a toy amid those tremendous billows. Far up on the mast, on the look-out, the sailor was heard to cry, "An iceberg on the starboard-bow! An iceberg on the larboard-bow!" The deck-officer called to the helmsman, "Port the helm steadily," and the sailors at the wheel heard and obeyed. The officers were roused, for there was danger on board to three hundred precious souls. The captain spent a sleepless night, pacing the deck or cabin. Gigantic icebergs were coming against the vessel, and eternal vigilance was the price of our safety in that northern sea. And so it is all through human life. How grand is he who keeps his heart! Fortunes may depart, loved ones pass away, but blessed the man or woman who keeps the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Christian Age*.

4903. VIOLENCE, defeats itself. "Those whom we kill never come back," was a saying of one of the stern leaders of the French Revolution in defence of the executions perpetrated by his command. "No," answered another Frenchman, no less Republican, but in whom fanaticism had not extinguished all the feelings of mercy and generosity—"No. Those whom you kill always come back." Such violent deaths always, or almost always, recall in a more permanent form the very ideas represented by the victim that has perished. The monarchy of England has never lost the indescribable charm cast around it by the death of Charles I. The monarchical sentiment of France is kept alive by nothing else so much as the recollection of the scaffold of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The death of Alexander II. of Russia will cast in like manner a lasting halo over the past history of one who, whatever his failings, lived and died in serving his country.—*Dean Stanley*.

5904. VIRGINS, Parable of the. At a marriage procession which I saw some years ago, the bridegroom came from a distance, and the bride lived at Serampore, to which place the bridegroom was to come by water. After waiting two hours, at length, near midnight, it was announced, as if in the very words of Scripture, "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." All the persons employed now lighted their lamps, and ran with them in their hands to fill up their stations in the procession. Some of them had lost their lamps, and were unprepared; but it was then too late to seek for them, and the cavalcade moved forward to the house of the bride, at which place the com-

pany entered a large and splendidly illuminated area before the house, covered with an awning, where a great multitude of friends, dressed in their best apparel, were seated upon mats. The bridegroom was carried in the arms of a friend, and placed in a superb seat in the midst of the company, where he sat a short time, and then went into the house, the door of which was guarded by Sepoys. I and others expostulated with the doorkeepers, but in vain. Never was I so struck with our Lord's beautiful parable as at this moment. "AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT."—*Ward's View of the Hindoos.*

5905. VIRTUE and religion, enforced. Sir Walter Scott left a solemn and weighty legacy to others than his son. On his death-bed "his eye was clear and calm," we are told; "every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. 'I have not a moment to speak,' he said; 'be virtuous—be religious. Be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to die.'"—*Denton.*

5906. VIRTUE, and vice. I said to the lady abbess of a convent, "Madam, you are here not for the love of virtue, but the fear of vice." She said she should remember this as long as she lived.—*Dr. Johnson.*

5907. VIRTUE, does not fear death. Henry VIII. yields, and sends the Duke of Norfolk to him (Sir Thomas More, then in the Tower) once more, who begins with saying, "Master More, it is a perilous striving with princes; the anger of a prince brings death." "*Is that all it brings, my lord? Something is sure to bring that some time; and the difference between you and me will then be but this: I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow.*"—*Frederic Myers, M.A.*

5908. VIRTUE, Doubtful. I would rather trust my money to a man who has no hands, and so a physical impossibility to steal, than to a man of the most honest principles. There is a witty satirical story of Foote. He had a small bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau. "You may be surprised," said he, "that I allow him to be so near my gold; but you will observe he has no hands."—*Dr. Johnson.*

5909. VIRTUE, embodied. Dr. Blair, when concluding a public discourse in which he had descanted with his usual eloquence on the amiability of virtue, gave utterance to the following apostrophe:—"O virtue, if thou wert embodied, all men would love thee." His colleague, the Rev. R. Walker, ascended the same pulpit, on a subsequent part of the same Sabbath, and addressing the congregation, said, "My reverend friend observed, in the morning, that if virtue were embodied all men would love her. *Virtue has been embodied; but how was she treated? Did all men love her? No; she was despised and rejected of men, who, after defaming, insulting, and scourging her, led her to Calvary, where they crucified her between two thieves.*" The effect of this fine passage on the audience was very powerful.—*Religious Tract Society Anecdotes.*

5910. VIRTUE, guarded by vice. A courtier busily occupied in ministerial employments, and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, received from one of "our excellencies" some secret instruction with regard to certain parliamentary consciences which it was thought might be easily purchased. The Minister happened to mention the name of Mr.

X.—. "Oh, as to that one," hastily interrupted the political Mercury, "I cannot answer for him. I have already sounded him, and he seems to be inaccessible." "But did you try it with a good bank-note in hand?" "He is said to be wholly incorruptible." "Agreed—but a good sum"—"He is conscientious—is virtuous." "But he loves money very much. I am assured that he is avaricious." "That is true." "Very well—very well, my dear sir. Keep on—follow him up. *When virtue is guarded by vice, it is easy to corrupt the sentinel.*"—*Arrive.*

5911. VIRTUE, must be paid for. The father of a family, making his will and disposing of his goods upon his deathbed, ordained concerning a certain cow which had strayed, and had been now for a long time missing, that if it was found, it should be for his children, if not found, for God; and hence the proverb, *Let that which is lost be for God*, arose. . . . Whenever men would give to God only their lame and their blind, that which costs them nothing, that from which they hope no good, no profit, no pleasure for themselves, what are they saying in their hearts but that which this man said openly.—*French.*

5912. VIRTUE, must be paid for. When I broke loose from that great body of writers who have employed their wit and parts in propagating vice and irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of fellow.—*Addison.*

5913. VIRTUE, not to be corrupted. Charles the Eighth of Denmark, when claiming the throne of Sweden, tried in vain by threats and blandishments to get Archbishop Tuve to declare for him. The prelate's reply to the King, when besieged by him and sorely pressed, was a noteworthy one:—"Thou canst not make me greater than I am as Primate of the Swedish Church, nor poorer than I have been when, as a starving schoolboy, I had to earn my bread by wandering from door to door singing ballads, and when I thought myself fortunate if, in the fight with other lads, I was able to get a crust of bread for myself."

5914. VIRTUE, Power of. Sir Arthur Playre, Commissioner of Pegu, was never married, and the Burmans could only explain the pure life which he led by regarding him as a saint, a superior being, a sort of demigod. They worshipped him, and their confidence in him was unbounded.—*Leisure Hour.*

5915. VIRTUE, Power of. A story much in favour is that of the Athenian courtesan who, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally casting her eyes on the portrait of a philosopher that hung opposite to her seat, the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted the room, and retired for ever from the scene of debauchery.—*I. D'Israeli.*

5916. VIRTUE, should be fearless. A clergyman was once sent for, late at night, to visit a sick man. He followed his guide—a ragged, ill-looking fellow—a little nervously, into one of the worst and lowest quarters of the town. He had heard of ministers being summoned in this way for the purpose of robbery; and he was tempted, when he recognised the character of the neighbourhood into which he was being led, to turn back, and to come again in

the morning. At length he said to his guide, "Look here, now, is it much farther?" "That's the house," the man replied, pointing to a filthy dwelling in a filthy yard. The clergyman looked up, and saw at the upper window—for there was a light burning—a box of mignonette. "It's all right," he said to himself, and entered without fear. "Wherever a flower can go, so can I."—*Rev. F. Langbridge, M.A.*

5917. VIRTUE, Triumph of. When Sir Henry Vane was dragged up the Towerhill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, "You never sat on so glorious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russell to be drawn in an open coach through the principal streets of the city on his way to the scaffold. But, to use the simple narrative of his biographer, "the multitude imagined they saw Liberty and Virtue sitting by his side."—*Emerson.*

5918. VIRTUE, unmoved by flattery or threats. The king flatters (Sir Thomas) More. More is firm; More is silent. The king threatens More. More replies, "*Threats are arguments for children, not for me.*" The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, and Cromwell are sent to influence him. More is calm and unembarrassed, and their mission is vain. On More's return to Chelsea after the interview Roper says to him, "I hope all is well, since you are so cheerful." More replies, "It is so indeed, son, I thank God." "Are you, then, out of the bill of attainer?" "By my troth, I never remembered that I was in it! *I am so cheerful because I have given the devil a foul fall, and that with those lords I have gone so far as without great shame I never can go back again.*"—*Frederic Myers, M.A.*

5919. VIRTUE, Uses of. For many years there prevailed in China an extraordinary superstition and belief that the secret sect of Tas had discovered an elixir which bestowed immortality. No fewer than three emperors died, after swallowing a drink presented to them by the eunuchs of the palace, as a draught that was to confer never-ending life. "The best method of prolonging life and of making life happy," said a wise mandarin to one of these infatuated princes, "is to control your appetite, subdue your passions, and practise virtue! Most of your predecessors, O Emperor, would have lived to a good old age had they followed the advice I now give you!"—*Biblical Museum.*

5920. VIRTUES, Searching ourselves for. A man has lost a title-deed, or some paper that would decide a suit in his favour rather than against him. And with what alacrity does he search for it! How does he go through the house in quest of it! My dear, have you seen that roll of paper with a great red seal on it?" "What was it? A newspaper?" "No, no! not a newspaper. I shall lose a suit if I cannot find it." And she searches in every drawer, and every trunk, and every closet, and even under the carpets. Both of them search night and day, going over the same place twenty times, saying, "May be I did not look thoroughly." And they cannot give it up. They wonder what on earth has become of that paper. "Those servants are always doing some mischief—is it possible that they have carried it off?" The man almost cries,

he wants it so much. He *will* have it, so much depends upon it. And at last he finds it, and he says, "I would rather have had my house burned than not to have found this paper." Now, when men search for victorious virtues in their souls, as they would search for an important legal document, do you suppose they will be saying, "Perhaps others may be able to live a good Christian life, but I cannot?" You *can*. And when you want true religion, when your soul hungers for it, you will find it.—*Beecher.*

5921. VISION, affected by character. There is a story told by Helvetius of two individuals who believed the moon to be inhabited, and telescope in hand, were attempting to discover its inhabitants. One was a parson, and the other was a fine lady. The lady, of course, looked first, and she said, "I see two shadows, and they bend towards each other; they are evidently two happy lovers." The parson looked next, and said, "Fie, Madam! for shame! The shadows you saw are the two steeples of a cathedral."—*Sir William Hamilton.*

5922. VISIONS, Cure of. A lady who came to the Roman Catholic Bishop Milner for spiritual counsel related some rather remarkable visions with which she said she had been favoured. "O Father!" exclaimed the lady, "are they not lovely? are they not heavenly? Isn't it a blessed thing to be so privileged?" "Very lovely, very heavenly," replied the old bishop; "and as you say, my dear child, it is a blessed privilege; but don't you think you had better take a little blue pill?"—*Contemporary Review.*

5923. VITAL force, to be treasured. Lord Palmerston was once asked when he considered a man to be in the prime of life." "At seventy-nine; but as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it," was the reply. We sometimes ask how it is that such men work on vigorously to the end. The answer is, they treasure their vital forces; they live simply and calmly, do not bluster, and take care what they are about.

5924. VITALITY, what it depends on. The leaves of the tree were once singing the praise of their own beauty, grace, and freshness. Then the roots were heard to speak. "Who are you?" say the leaves. "We are they," comes the reply, "who in darkness provide nourishment for you." Rejoice while your day lasts; every spring brings new foliage; but if the roots perish neither you nor the tree can survive.—*From the Russian.*

5925. VOTE, Importance of. When the Reformation penetrated into Switzerland the Government of Neuchâtel, wishing to allow liberty of conscience to all their subjects, invited each parish to vote for or against the adoption of the new worship; and in all the parishes except two the majority of suffrages declared in favour of the Protestant communion. The inhabitants of the small village of Creissier had also assembled; and forming an even number, there happened to be an equality of votes for and against the change of religion. A shepherd being absent, tending the flocks on the hills, they summoned him to appear and decide this important question; when, having no liking to innovation, he gave his voice in favour of the existing form of worship; and this parish remained Catholic, and is so at this day, in the heart of the Protestant cantons.—*I. D'Israeli.*

5926. VOTE, Influence of. His (Cromwell's) election was most obstinately contested, and he was returned at last by the *majority of a single vote*, his antagonist being Cleaveland the poet. "That vote," exclaimed Cleaveland, "hath ruined both Church and kingdom."—*Paxton Hood*.

5927. VOW, A natural. Mr. Morier describes what he witnessed in ascending the rock of Istakhar, in Persia:—"We ascended on the north-west side, winding round the foot of the rock, and making our way through narrow and intricate paths. I remarked that our old guide every here and there placed a stone on a conspicuous bit of rock, or two stones one upon the other, at the same time uttering some words, which I learnt were a prayer for our safe return. This explained to me what I had frequently seen before in the East, and particularly on a high road leading to a great town, whence the town is first seen, and where the Eastern traveller sets up his stone accompanied by a devout exclamation, as it were in token of his safe arrival. The action of our guide appears to illustrate the vow which Jacob made when he travelled to Padanaram, in token of which he placed a stone, and set it up for a pillar. A stone on the road placed in this position, or one stone upon another, implies that some traveller has there made a vow or a thanksgiving. Nothing is so natural in a journey over a dreary country as for a solitary traveller to sit himself down fatigued, and to make the vow that Jacob did. 'If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, so that I reach my father's house in peace, then will I give so much in charity;' or again, that on first seeing the place which he has toiled so long to reach, the traveller should sit down and make a thanksgiving, in both cases setting up a stone as a memorial."

5928. VOW, and its influence. I made a solemn vow before God, that if General Lee were driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the declaration of *freedom to the slaves*.—*President Lincoln*.

5929. VOWS, Forgotten. What more common in the world than shipmen's vows? As he in Erasmus who in a storm promised his saint a picture of wax as big as St. Christopher, but when he came to shore would not give a tallow-candle.—*Trapp*.

5930. VOWS, Unjust. A Bedouin woman mounted on a dromedary ran toward Mahomet. "The enemy," said she, "have seized upon my flock that was pasturing in the desert; I mounted this dromedary, and made a vow to immolate it in your presence to God, should I succeed in escaping through its speed. I come to fulfil the vow." "But," said the prophet, smiling, "*would it not be ingratitude to the generous animal to whom thou owest thy safety?* The vow is null, because it is unjust; the animal which thou hast consecrated to me is thine no more, it is mine; I give it in trust to thee. Go and console thy family."—*Little's Historical Lights*.

5931. VOICE, Still, small. Oxygen, of which nine-tenths of the ocean and one-half the rocks is composed, is a gas so delicate that no man ever saw or smelt it. Its power is not in the rock, nor in the waves, but in the union of the invisible particles with other elements. It exists in three forms; in

one it is the fire, the source of earthquake and storm; in the second it is the element of decay, both visible and showy effects; but the real power of oxygen is in its third form—the element of life, as all living creatures breathe it. It works in silence, it is unseen, the youngest babe can breathe it; and yet all the life in the world comes from it. It is the symbol in the air of the still, small voice.

5932. VOICE, Power of. There is something in one voice, in one lark rising in the heaven, or when the shades of evening come down, one bird—a nightingale—warbling in the woods. One human voice has been known to replicate miraculously, and to fill the ears of a vast and death-silent audience, the audience being enchanted by it—held in the most exquisite captivation. What shall it be to hear a seraphim sing? I have been told, that on a great musical occasion in Westminster Abbey, in the reign of George III., there was one stroke, a swell so deep and so amazing that the building shook, and they were afraid of its repetition.—*James Stratton*.

5933. WAGES, in this world. "Fair day's wages for fair day's work!" exclaims a sarcastic man. Alas! in what corner of this planet, since Adam first awoke upon it, was that ever realised? The day's wages of John Milton's day's work named *Paradise Lost* and *Milton's Works* were ten pounds, paid by instalments, and a rather close escape from death on the gallows. Oliver Cromwell quitted his farming; undertook a 'Hercules' labour and lifelong wrestle with that Lernean Hydra-coil, wide as England, hissing heaven-high through its thousand crowned, coroneted, shovel-hatted quack-heads; and he did wrestle with it, the truest and terriblest wrestle I have heard of; and he wrestled it, and mowed and cut it down a good many stages, so that its hissing is ever since pitiful in comparison, and one can walk abroad in comparative peace from it:—and his wages, as I understand, were burial under the gallows-tree near Tyburn Turnpike, with his head on the gable of Westminster Hall, and two centuries now of mixed cursing and ridicule from all manner of men.—*Carlyle*.

5934. WAITING, Wisdom of. Says Earl Stanhope of Pitt—when, on the rejection of his India Bill in 1784, the young statesman was pressed by king and by colleagues to appeal to the people, but stood firm against both these solicitations and Parliamentary attacks—"He practised that hardest of all lessons to an eager mind in a hard-run contest—to wait."—*Preacher's Lantern*.

5935. WALK, Known by. "That man's been in the army," said a gentleman to his friend the other day, as a stranger passed them in the street; "I know a soldier by his walk." Men ought to know Christ's soldiers by their walk.

5936. WALKING, circumspectly. Rev. Marks Wilkes was, in his day, one of the marked men in the Dissenting ministry. He had a quaint and striking method of illustrating Scriptural truth. A minister once heard him introduce his text in this manner:—"My hearers! Did you ever see a cat? Did you ever see a cat walk? Did you ever see a cat walk upon the top of a wall? Did you ever see a cat walk upon a wall covered with broken glass? How carefully she lifted each foot! How slowly and cautiously she set it down again! So would

the text from which I propose to speak have you act: 'See that ye walk *circumspectly*.'

5937. **WANDERER**, called to Christ. The celebrated comedian, Shuter, had a great regard for Mr. Whitefield, and often attended his ministry. At one period of his popularity he was acting in a drama under the character of *Ramble*. During the run of the performance he attended service one Sabbath morning at Tottenham Court Chapel, and was seated in the pew exactly opposite the pulpit. Mr. Whitefield gave full vent to his feelings, and in his own energetic manner invited sinners to the Saviour; when, fixing his eye full on Shuter, he added, "And thou, poor *Ramble*, who hast long rambled from Him, come also. Oh! end your rambling by coming to Jesus!" Shuter was exceedingly struck; and going to Mr. Whitefield after the service, he said, "I thought I should have fainted. How could you serve me so!"

5938. **WANDERER**, returned. One Monday night a young-looking woman, with a small boy at her side, arose and said, "The other evening I was going along the sidewalk and saw the lantern marked 'Bethel Prayer-meeting.' It called up bygone days, when I had peace, before I wandered away. But I find myself among you; and to-night I rejoice once more in light from above." Father Taylor exclaims, "Quartermaster, look out for the *lights*!"—*Life of Father Taylor*.

5939. **WANDERER**, Seeking the. An American bishop, speaking of the personal love and earnestness which in Christian work prove, with God's blessing, so successful, related that a youth belonged to a Bible-class, but at last the time came when he thought fit to discontinue his attendance, and to otherwise occupy his time. The class assembled, but his place was empty, and the leader looked for the familiar face in vain. He could not be content to conduct the Bible-reading as usual, ignorant as to the condition and whereabouts of the missing one. "Friends," he said, "read, sing, and pray; *my work is to seek and find a stray sheep*;" and he started off on the quest. "The stray sheep is before you," said the bishop to his hearers. "My teacher found me, and I could not resist his pleading; I could not continue to wander and stray whilst I was sought so tenderly."—*The Quiver*.

5940. **WANT**, difficult to define. Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful but favourable eye. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the colour, tone, chiaroscuro excellent; but—but—it wants, it wants—that!" snapping his fingers; and wanting "that," though it had everything else, *it was worth nothing*.—*John Brown, M.D.*

5941. **WANT**, Self-denial in. A lady was passing down the High Street of one of our great towns, when she observed a boy who was gazing, with a look of mingled longing and astonishment, into a pastrycook's window. He was a poor, misshapen little fellow, and his face was as rugged and distorted as his form—a thoroughly ugly, forbidding face. The lady gave him a penny. He looked so pinched and hungry that she made sure what he would do with the gift. He was just limping into the shop—doubtless to buy one of those lemon buns which he had been devouring with his eyes through the

glass, when a flower-girl came by. "Primroses, a penny a bunch," she cried, and the boy turned round. There they were—pale delicate blossoms, backed by cool green leaves—dozens of little bunches of them. The boy wavered—gazing from the flowers to the buns; from the buns to the flowers—then limped forward. "Give us one of them bunches," he said, and put the penny into the girl's hand.—*Rev. F. Langbridge, M.A.*

5942. **WANTS**, Moderation in. Alexander, surprised to see so famous a philosopher reduced to such extreme poverty, after saluting him in the kindest manner, asked whether he wanted anything. Diogenes replied, "Yes; *that you would stand a little out of my sunshine*." This answer raised the contempt and indignation of all the courtiers; but the monarch, struck with the philosopher's greatness of soul, "Were I not Alexander," says he, "I would be Diogenes."—*Rollin*.

5943. **WAR**, and husbandry. All the agricultural labour bestowed upon England to make it what it was at the last harvest (1867—Ed.) cost £18,200,000 a year. Now, then, let all who looked with delight upon the country in the time of the golden corn remember; let every one of those seven hundred thousand labourers, and all the farmers who paid them, remember, that England this very year appropriated £18,500,000 to the mere husbandry of war.—*Elihu Burritt*.

5944. **WAR**, and payment. The Duke of Marlborough, observing a soldier leaning pensively on the butt-end of his musket just after victory had declared itself in favour of the British arms at the battle of Blenheim, accosted him thus, "Why so pensive, my friend, after so glorious a victory?" "It may be glorious," replied the brave fellow, "but I am thinking that all the human blood I have spilled this day *has only earned me fourpence*."

5945. **WAR**, and the soul. Standish marched to Weymouth (U. S.) at the head of his regiment, attacked the hostile tribe, killed several warriors, and carried home the chief's head on a pole. The tender-hearted John Robinson wrote from Leyden—"I would that *you had converted some of them* before you killed them."—*Baneroft*.

5946. **WAR**, Cause of. Some soldiers belonging to the state of Modena took a *bucket* from a well in the state of Bologna, and carried it away. The old bucket was of no value, and might have been replaced by a few cents; and it is said the soldiers carried it away in mere fun and frolic. But the people of Bologna took it as a great insult; they declared war against Modena, and had a long and bloody conflict about it. More than ten thousand human beings were butchered because of the *old bucket*!

5947. **WAR**, deprecated. The conqueror of Bonaparte at Waterloo wrote, on the day after the 19th of June, to the Duke of Beaufort:—"The losses we have sustained have quite broken me down, and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired." On the same day, too, he wrote to Lord Aberdeen:—"I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look round me and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. *The glory* resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, *is no consolation to me*, and I cannot suggest

it as any to you and his friends ; but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation for their loss." He who could write thus had already attained a greater victory than that of Waterloo ; and the less naturally follows the greater.—*Julius C. Hare.*

5948. WAR, Horrors of. I shall not forget a deserved rebuke which I received years ago from William Schlegel. He had been speaking of entering Leipsic on the day after the battle ; and I asked him whether it was not a glorious moment, thoughtlessly, or rather thinking of the grand consequences which sprang from that victory, more than of the scene itself. "Glorious !" he exclaimed ; "how could anybody think about glory when crossing a plain covered for miles with thousands of his brethren, dead and dying? And what to me was still more piteous was the sight of the poor horses lying about so helplessly and patiently, uttering deep groans of agony, with no one to do anything for them."—*Julius C. Hare.*

5949. WAR, Horrors of. A soldier informed his minister that he had lately met with a comrade of his who had been in the Peninsular war, and who had related to him the following anecdote :—A soldier whom I knew when we were in Spain, a German by birth, was, with his company of the rifle corps, engaged in skirmishing with the enemy's outposts. From a sheltered position he had an opportunity of taking aim at a detached individual belonging to the Continental auxiliaries of the French army. He fired—the enemy fell. He ran up to him, and seized his knapsack for a prey. On opening it a letter dropped out ; he had the curiosity to take it up and open it. He glanced at the close of the letter, and found it was subscribed by a person of the same name as his own father. His interest was increased ; he read the whole letter, and found that *he had shot his own brother !*

5950. WAR, One cure of. If every woman would, at the commencement of any war, robe herself in mourning for human bloodshed, no war would last a week.—*Ruskin.*

5951. WAR or peace, Choice in. Fabius gathered up his toga, as if he were wrapping up something in it, and holding it out thus together, he said, "Behold, here are peace and war ; *take which you choose !*" The Carthaginian suffete, or judge, answered, "Give whichever thou wilt." Hereupon Fabius shook out the folds of his toga, saying, "Then here we give you war ;" to which several members of the council shouted in answer, "With all our hearts we welcome it." Thus the Roman ambassador left Carthage, and returned straight to Rome.—*Dr. Arnold.*

5952. WAR, Worship of. "*A naked scimitar fixed in the ground was the only object of their religious worship ;*" so Gibbon says of the Alani, a people of mixed German and Samatic blood who inhabited the Scythian desert.

5953. WARFARE, Abandonment to. "We will fight," said they (the Indians), "these twenty years ;

you have houses, barns, and corn ; *we have now nothing to lose.*"

5954. WARFARE, Bravery in. I saw this very Philip with whom we disputed for sovereignty and empire—I saw him, though covered with wounds, his eyes struck out, his collar-bone broken, maimed both in his hands and feet, still resolutely rush into the midst of dangers, and ready to deliver up to fortune any other part of his body she might desire, provided he might live honourably and gloriously with the rest of it.—*Demosthenes.*

5955. WARFARE, Companions in. An American officer who had fought in the late wars was seated in his pleasant parlour, musing on the turbulent scenes through which he had passed. Suddenly the door-bell rang. The officer rose to open to the new-comer, and a lame and weather-beaten soldier stood before him. "Will you buy my books, sir?" he said. "I do not wish them," was the quick reply, and the door was closed. The officer resumed his seat, but strange questionings arose in his mind. Was not that the face of one he knew? Had he not heard that voice before? Impressed as with the fear of some ill act, he quickly advanced to the door, and on opening it again, there stood the brave hero of many battles with the big tears starting from his eyes. He spoke again—"Don't you know me, colonel?" The voice had a well-remembered sound. And this time it fell not on dead ears nor a stony heart. The maimed soldier was recognised as one who had fought on many a field of daring and carnage by the officer's side, and who was covered all over with glorious scars, the tokens of his patriotism and bravery. Instantly the door was flung wide open, and the veteran was welcomed into the mansion of the opulent officer, who, with tears in his eyes, fell on the hero's neck and embraced him. The scene that followed the recognition was one never to be forgotten, and the colonel afterwards, relating the incident of the meeting, said he felt at that greeting a veneration for his old comrade almost amounting to a feeling of worship.

5956. WARFARE, Earnestness in. It appeared from every circumstance of the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough, antecedent to the glorious battle of Blenheim, that he was resolved *either to conquer or die* on the field ; and a short time before the action commenced he devoted himself with great solemnity to the Almighty Lord and Ruler of Hosts, in the presence of his chaplain, and received the sacrament. When the battle was concluded his grace observed that *he had prayed more that day than all the chaplains in the army.*—*Percy Anecdotes.*

5957. WARFARE, Enthusiasm in. A Confederate soldier, wounded in the breast, was being carried off the field after the battle of Manassas by his comrades, when an officer expressed his sympathy. "Yes, yes !" was the reply ; "they have done for me now ; but my father's there yet ! our army is there yet ! our cause is there yet !" and raising himself from the arms of his companions, his face lighting up like a sunbeam, he cried with an enthusiasm I shall never forget, "*and Liberty is there yet !*" His spasmodic exertion was too much for him ; he swooned away.—*Pollard.*

5958. WARFARE, Enthusiasm in. When George II. proposed giving the command of the expedition against Quebec to General Wolfe, great objections

were raised by the Ministry; and the Duke of Newcastle, in particular, begged His Majesty to consider that the man was actually mad. "Mad, is he?" said the King. "Well, if he be, I wish his madness was epidemic, and that every officer in my army was seized with it."—*Percy Anecdotes.*

5959. WARFARE, Fidelity in. In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed (at Waterloo) the Duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be beat—what will they say in England?" (The Duke's words were, "Stand fast, Ninety-fifth—what will they say in England?") It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

5960. WARFARE, for Christ's sake. One day (during the Reformation) Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt met Doctor Eck. "Doctor," said he, "you are exciting to war, but you will find those who will not be behind with you. I have broken many a lance for my friends in my time. My Lord Jesus is assuredly worthy that I should do as much for Him."—*D'Aubigne.*

5961. WARFARE, Our, continual. Napoleon, when he was asked the reason for his constant wars, declared, "Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me;" and so must it be with us. If we sit down to-day and say, "A fine thing that St. Paul's Cathedral service; a great thing to have that Exeter Hall filled on Sunday evenings; there, how good we are! how much we are doing!" it will be all over with us.—*Spurgeon.*

5962. WARFARE, over. That night he (Kingsley on his death-bed) was heard murmuring, "No more fighting—no more fighting;" and then followed intense, earnest prayer.—*Life of Kingsley.*

5963. WARFARE, Patience in. Kinglake, in his account of the Crimean war, mentioned the 93d Regiment standing under fire at the Alma for a great part of the day without having fired a shot.—*Rev. J. Smith, M.A.*

5964. WARFARE, Spiritual. It is the belief of the savage that the spirit of every enemy he slays enters into him and becomes added to his own, accumulating a warrior's strength for the day of battle; therefore he slays all he can. This is true in spiritual warfare.—*Robertson.*

5965. WARNING, unheeded. As he (Cæsar) crossed the hall his statue fell, and shivered on the stones. Some servants, perhaps, had heard whispers, and wished to warn him. As he still passed on a stranger thrust a scroll into his hand, and begged him to read it on the spot. It contained a list of the conspirators, with a clear account of the plot. He supposed it to be a petition, and placed it carelessly among his other papers. The fate of the empire hung upon a thread, but the thread was not broken.—*Froude.*

5966. WARNING, unheeded. A traveller, who was pursuing his journey on the Scotch coast was thoughtlessly induced to take the road by the sands as the most agreeable. This road, which was safe only at low tides, lay on the beach between the sea and the lofty cliffs which bound the coast. Pleased with the view of the inrolling waves on the one hand, and the abrupt and precipitous rocks on the other, he entered on the way, unmindful of the sea, which was gradually encroaching upon the intervening

sands. A man, observing from the lofty cliffs the danger he was incurring, benevolently descended, and arresting his attention by a loud halloo, warned him not to proceed. "If you pass this spot you lose your last chance of escape. The tides are rising; they have already covered the road you have passed, and they are near the foot of the cliffs before you; and by this ascent alone you can escape." The traveller disregarded the warning. He felt sure he could make the turn in the coast in good time, and leaving his volunteer guide, he went more rapidly on his way. Soon, however, he discovered the real danger of his position. His onward journey was arrested by the sea. He turned in haste; but, to his amazement, he found that the rising waters had cut off his retreat. He looked up to the cliffs, but they were inaccessible. The waters were already at his feet. He sought higher ground, but was soon driven off. His last refuge was a projecting rock, but the relentless waters rose higher and higher; they reached him; they arose to his neck; he uttered a despairing shriek for help, and no help was near, as he had neglected his last opportunity for escape. The sea closed over, and it was the closing in upon him of the night of death.—*Biblical Museum.*

5967. WARNINGS, and God Himself. A very skilful Bowman went to the mountains in search of game. All the beasts of the forest fled at his approach. The lion alone challenged to combat. The Bowman immediately let fly an arrow, and said to the lion, "I send thee my messenger, that from him thou mayest learn what I myself shall be when I assail thee." The lion, thus wounded, rushed away in great fear, and on a fox exhorting him to be of good courage, and not to run away at the first attack, said, "You counsel me in vain, for if he sends so fearful a messenger, how shall I abide the attack of the man himself?" If the warning admonitions of God's ministers fill the conscience with terror, what must it be to face the Lord Himself? If one bolt of judgment bring a man into a cold sweat, what will it be to stand before an angry God in the last great day?

5968. WARNINGS, Necessary. Those people are in the road to ruin who say to their ministers, as the Jews did of old to their prophets, "Prophecy not;" or, what amounts to the same thing, "Speak unto us smooth things; prophecy deceits." News came to a certain town, once and again, that the enemy was approaching; but he did not then approach. Hereupon, in anger, the inhabitants enacted a law that no man, on pain of death, should bring again such rumours, as the news of an enemy. Not long after the enemy came indeed, and besieged, assaulted, and sacked the town, of the ruins of which nothing remained but this proverbial epitaph—"Here once stood a town that was destroyed by silence."

5969. WARNINGS, Useless. There exists in the north of Ireland, on the bank of a river, a stone with the following inscription, which will appear curious, and which without doubt had been placed there with the intention of serving as a warning to the strangers who should pass by that road:—"It is to be noticed that when this stone is under the water it is not prudent to ford the river."—*Irish Anecdotes.*

5970. WARRIOR, The true. Young Siward

perished in the battlefield where Macbeth fell. "Where were his wounds?" said the stout old Earl, his father. "*In front.*" "Then I could wish no better fate."—*Knight.*

5971. WATCHFULNESS, and temptation. An old divine says:—"A countryman was riding with an unknown traveller (whom he conceived honest) over a dangerous plain. 'This place,' said he, 'is infamous for robbery; but, for my own part, though often riding over it early and late, I never saw anything worse than myself.' 'In good time,' replied the other, and thereupon demanded his purse and robbed him. Thus it is that in no place, no company, no age, no person, is temptation free."

5972. WATCHFULNESS, Duty of. A believer's watchfulness is like that of a soldier. A sentinel posted on the walls, when he discerns a hostile party advancing, does not attempt to make head against them himself, but informs his commanding officer of the enemy's approach, and leaves him to take the proper measures against the foe. So the Christian does not attempt to fight temptation in his own strength; his watchfulness lies in observing its approach, and in telling God of it by prayer.—*W. Mason.*

5973. WATCHFULNESS, Faithfulness in. Vigilance is the price of everything good and great in earth or heaven. It was for his faithful vigilance that the memory of the Pompeian sentinel is embalmed in poetry and recorded in history. Nothing but unceasing watchfulness can keep the heart in harmony with God's heart.

5974. WATCHFULNESS, illustrated. A native hunter passed a whole night within a few paces of a wounded tiger. The man's bare knees were pressed upon the hard gravel, but he dared not shift, even by a hair's-breadth, his uneasy position. A bush was between him and the wild beast; ever and anon the tiger, as he lay with glaring eye fixed upon it, uttered his hoarse growl of anger; his hot breath absolutely blew upon the cheek of the wretched man, and still he moved not. The pain of that cramped position increased every moment—suspense became almost intolerable; but the motion of a limb, the rustling of a leaf, would have been death. He heard the gong of the village strike each hour of that fearful night, that seemed to him an "eternity, and yet he lived." The tormenting mosquitoes swarmed around his face, but he dared not brush them off. That fiend-like eye met his whenever he ventured a glance toward the horrid spell that bound him; and a hoarse growl grated on the stillness of the night, as a passing breeze stirred the leaves that sheltered him. Hours rolled on, and his powers of endurance were well-nigh exhausted, when at length the welcome streaks of light shot up from the eastern horizon. On the approach of day the tiger rose, and stalked away with a sulky face to a thicket at some distance, and the stiff and wearied watcher felt that he was safe.—*C. J. Vaughan.*

5975. WATCHING, ought to be perpetual. Dr. Johnson, giving advice to an intimate friend, said, "Above all, accustom your children constantly to tell the truth, without varying in any circumstance." A lady present emphatically exclaimed, "Nay, this is too much; for a little variation in narrative must happen a thousand times a day if one is not per-

petually watching." "Well, Madam," replied the Doctor, "*and you ought to be perpetually watching.* It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."

5976. WAY, to be inquired about. I was coming here (Larne) from Carrickfergus in a gig. Taking for granted that I knew the road well enough, I drove right on, passing many people going to market. After a while I began to doubt whether I was right; and meeting a gentleman on horseback, I said to him, "How far is it to Larne?" "This is not the way," said he; "you are two miles past where you should have turned to the left up the hill. Come back with me, and I'll show you the right way." Then, striking his forehead with his hand, he shouted, "You ould fool, why didn't you inquire in time?" So you go on from day to day, thinking you are going right to heaven; but you're in the wrong way. The great God has told you the right way in His blessed Bible. The priest says you mustn't read it; but *if you don't inquire, you'll find you're wrong*, as I did.—*Rev. W. Arthur's Life of Gideon Ouseley.*

5977. WEAK, Care for. "Hold on! hold on!" was the strong, ringing cry from the old voyager's lips as, amid the rolling and pitching and tossing of the storm, his lifeboat neared the desired port. "Ay, ay!" was the sturdy response. Only from one little voice away in the storm, came the cry, with the sadness of despair in it, "*I can't hold on!*" Another instant and the captain's arm was around the trembling child, and he was safe.

5978. WEAK things, Power of. Next unto my just cause the small repute and mean aspect of any person gave the blow to the Pope; for when I began to preach and write, the Pope scorned and contemned me; he thought, "*'Tis but one poor friar*; what can he do against me? I have maintained and defended this doctrine in Popedom against many emperors, kings, and princes; what, then, shall this one man do? If he had condescended to regard me, he might easily have suppressed me in the beginning."—*Luther.*

5979. WEALTH, a matter of degree. When Rothschild heard that the head of the Agnate family was dead, "How much does he leave?" he asked. "Twenty millions." "You mean eighty?" "No, twenty." "Dear me, I thought he was in easy circumstances," remarked the modern Cræsus.

5980. WEALTH, Acclimatised to. In London there is such a thing as *sanctified wealth*. That is a very rare commodity in America. The reason for that, I suppose, is chiefly due to the fact that in London you have families that have been acclimatised to wealth. They can breathe it without choking. It does not crush them. It is one of the ordinary incidents of their life, and being born to wealth, they make as good a use of it as of any other gift they possess. But in America our rich men have nearly all been born poor. They have heaped together vast fortunes. As a consequence their wealth is too much for them, and there is nothing to compare with the great numbers of wealthy men and women who in London devote the whole of their leisure time to the service of God and their fellow-men. Why, the other day the heir to one of the greatest fortunes in London,

whose name I do not wish you to publish, stood outside our meeting and held a cabman's horse the whole time in order that the cabman might take part in the service within.—*Moody*.

5981. WEALTH, and greed. A nobleman gave to Archie Armstrong, court jester to Charles the First, a New Year's present of some gold pieces, less in amount than Archie thought he should have had. He shook his head, and said they were too light. "Prithee, then, Archie," the donor said to him, "let me see them again; there is one I would be loath to part with." The jester, expecting an amended gift, returned the gold. The nobleman put it back into his pocket, saying, "I once gave my money into the hands of a fool, who had not wit to keep it." The story has a moral: many fools get wealth, and let it slip through their fingers in vain endeavours to make more of it.—*Congregationalist*.

5982. WEALTH, and happiness. "One should think," said I, "that the proprietor of all this (Keddlestone, the seat of Lord Scarsfield) must be happy." "Nay, sir," said Johnson; "all this excludes but one evil—poverty."—*Boswell*.

5983. WEALTH, and its possessors. It is said that when J. C. Astor was once congratulated by a certain person for his wealth, he replied by pointing to his pile of bonds and maps of property, at the same time inquiring, "Would you like to manage these matters for your board and clothes?" The man demurred. "Sir," continued the rich man, "it is all that I get."—*Denton*.

5984. WEALTH, and piety. John Wesley remarked in early life that he had known but four men who had not declined in religion by becoming wealthy: at a later period in life he corrected the remark, and made no exceptions.—*Stevens*.

5985. WEALTH, Carelessness about. He (Sir Thomas More) had been that morning to receive the Eucharist. On his return from church he found the king's officers searching his house, the king suspecting that he was not so poor as he seemed to be. As nothing affecting his outward estate could ever affect the serenity of More, he turned toward his daughter Margaret with a smile and said, "I fear they will have nothing for their pains, unless they chance to light upon Alice's girdle and gold beads."—*Frederic Myers, M. A.*

5986. WEALTH, Danger of. The danger of wealth and elevation may with propriety be used as a motive to contentment in a humble state. It is said of Pope Pius V. that when dying he cried out despairingly, "When I was in a low condition I had some hopes of salvation; when I was advanced to be a cardinal I greatly doubted it; but since I came to the Popedom I have no hope at all!"

5987 WEALTH, Fear of. I knew a gentleman who said to Dr. Guthrie that he would not thank him so cordially for a big contribution which he gave him in secret if he knew the motive which led him to give it. Dr. Guthrie made many guesses, when at last his earnest but somewhat blunt friend said, "You are quite wrong; I give from sheer fear. I am afraid to die and leave such piles of money as some of my fellow-creatures do."—*Rev. R. Taylor*.

5988. WEALTH, in the man himself. Stilpon, a

celebrated philosopher, lived in that city (Megara, then in danger of being plundered), and was sent for by Demetrius, who asked him if he had not lost something. "Nothing at all," replied Stilpon, "for I carry all my effects about me;" meaning by that expression his justice, probity, temperance, and wisdom, with the advantage of not ranking anything in the class of blessings that could be taken from him.—*Rollin*.

5989. WEALTH, Love of. Writing about an old schoolfellow who had grown rich by scraping, Telford said:—"His industry and sagacity were more than counterbalanced by his childish vanity and silly avarice, which rendered his friendship dangerous and his conversation tiresome. He was like a man in London whose lips, while walking by himself along the streets, were constantly ejaculating, '*Money! Money!*' But peace to Bob's memory; I need scarcely add confusion to his thousands!"—*Smiles*.

5990. WEALTH, unknown to its heir. Three years ago a wealthy young Englishman came to this country on a tour of observation, and at the hotel where he stopped, when making Boston his headquarters, it was known that he was of an aristocratic family. He was always in funds, and consequently had plenty of friends. But the downstairs attractions of the Parker House—the bar and the billiards—got the better of him, and soon his habits were very intemperate. More than once he had been kept out of the station-house by friends. His conduct finally became such that the young Englishman had to change his boarding place, and he went into Howard Street, a notorious locality. In the meantime the drafts ceased to come to him, and poverty stared him in the face, until he was turned into the street. From post to pillar he knocked around, and had grown so neglected that even his most intimate friends could not recognise him. All this time he craved liquor, and became an inmate of one of the lowest dens in North Street, associating with thieves and prostitutes of that locality. A few months ago a body was found floating in a dock not far from the scenes of his debauchery, and rested at the dead-house for identification. An inquest was held, and the usual coroner's verdict in such cases given. A few weeks ago an agent from England was in town searching for the young Englishman. It appeared that his parents had died about a year ago, and he was the sole heir to the fortune, amounting to £229,000. Through the agency of the police it was satisfactorily shown that the young Englishman had fallen overboard from the effects of whisky, and that his body had been buried at the expense of the city.—*The (American) Nation*.

5991. WEAPONS, ought to be proved. There was a British regiment once ordered to charge a body of French cuirassiers. The trumpets sounded, and away they went boldly at them; but not to victory. They broke like a wave that launches itself against a rock. *They were sacrificed to a trader's fraud.* Forged not of truest steel, but worthless metal, their swords bent double at the first stroke. What could human strength or the most gallant bravery do against such odds? They were slaughtered like sheep on the field. And ever since I read that tragedy I have thought I would not go to battle unless my sword were proved.—*Dr. Guthrie*.

5992. WEATHER, Effects of. Dr. Francia,

Dictator of Paraguay, when the wind was from the east, made oppressive enactments for the people; but when the weather changed, repented him of the cruelties, repealed the enactments, and was in good-humour with all the world.—*Talmage*.

5993. WEDDING garment, Necessity of. A touching scene once occurred when Father Taylor was speaking on the necessity of the wedding garment. A poor sailor, who wore a flannel shirt, started up to apologise for appearing in such rough costume, and said he had lost all his clothes by shipwreck. Instantly a score of sailors stripped off their coats for the stranger; while Father Taylor with tears running down his cheeks, hurried from the pulpit, to throw his arms round the poor fellow, and to apologise for seeming to insult his misfortune.—*Life of Father Taylor*.

5994. WEEDS, may be attractive. My little daughter came running up to me, and when she had arrived at my knees, held up a straggling but pretty weed. Then, with great earnestness, and as if fresh from some controversy on the subject, she exclaimed, "Is this a weed, papa; is this a weed?" "Yes, a weed," I replied. With a look of disappointment, she moved off to the one she loved best among us; and asking the same question, received the same answer. "But it has flowers," the child replied. "That does not signify; it is a weed," was the inexorable answer. Presently, after a moment's consideration, the child ran off again, and meeting the gardener, she coaxingly addressed him, "Nicholas, dear, is this a weed?" "Yes, Miss; they call it 'Shepherd's purse.'" A pause ensued; I thought the child was now fairly silenced by authority, when all at once the little voice began again, "Will you plant it in my garden, Nicholas, dear? Do plant it in my garden."—*Sir, Arthur Helps*.

5995. WELL-DOING, Reward of. An old minister in Mid-Lothian, who had once been a missionary in India, was one Saturday night very low on account of seeing no success. The carrier brought the monthly parcel of magazines from Edinburgh, and the first thing read was an account of a revival in a district in India produced by a tract. The writer of the account said that no one knew by whom the tract had been translated into the dialect of that district; but the old minister knew.—*A. Macleod Symington, D.D.*

5996. WICKED, Death of. The first person that brought the news of Alexander's death was Asclepiades, the son of Hipparchus. Demades desired the people to give no credence to it; "for," said he, "if Alexander were dead the whole world would smell the carcass."—*Plutarch*.

5997. WICKED, End of. When one affirmed of a desperate transgressor that he would "go to the devil," Father Taylor stretched out his hand and exclaimed, "Farther than that;" meaning that the wicked have a worse fate than is implied in *meeting any visible Satan* in the grapple they were sentenced to with their own remorse.—*Dr. Bartol*.

5998. WICKED, Prosperity of. The sneering jest of Dionysius the Younger, a tyrant of Sicily, when, after having robbed the temple of Syracuse, he had a prosperous voyage with the plunder, is well known. "See you not," says he to those who were

with him, "how the gods favour the sacrilegious!" In the same way the prosperity of the wicked is taken as an encouragement to commit sin; for we are ready to imagine that, since God grants them so much of the good things of this life, they are the objects of His approbation and favour.—*Calvin*.

5999. WICKEDNESS, One secret of. A young woman, whom Dr. Gifford visited in prison, heard him speak a good while in an awful strain, and was not only unmoved, but laughed in his face. He altered his tone, and spoke of the love of Jesus, and the mercy provided for the chief of sinners, till the tears came into her eyes, and she interrupted him by asking, "Do you think there can be mercy for me?" He said, "Undoubtedly, if you can desire it." She replied, "Ah! if I had thought so I should not have been here; I have long fixed it in my mind that I was absolutely lost and without hope, and this persuasion made me obstinate in my wickedness, so that I cared not what I did."—*Arvine*.

6000. WICKEDNESS, Qualifications for. A gay young fellow, who piqued himself on the character of a libertine, was expatiating upon the qualifications necessary to form a perfect and accomplished debauchee; when, having finished his tirade, he turned to one of the company present, who seemed to receive this sally very gravely, and whom, therefore, he wished to insult, and asked his opinion. Not at all disconcerted at his insolence, the gentleman very drily replied, "It appears to me, sir, that you have omitted two of the most important and essential qualifications." "Indeed! And pray what may they be?" "An excessively weak head and a thoroughly bad heart." The rake was silent, and soon afterwards left the company.

6001. WIDOW'S mite, how obtained. On descending to the port (of Hayle, Cornwall), I wandered out of the way to the ferry, which was hidden by the dunes or drifts of sand, between which the narrow channel meanders to the quay. A woman came out of a cottage to put me on the right track. Indeed she seemed to make it her business to pilot strangers across the little Sahara to the ferry. On parting she asked me for a penny for the missionary-box. She said she put into it all that travellers gave her for showing them over the sands to the boat. This was the way she obtained her widow's mites to cast into the treasury of a work she loved.—*Elihu Burritt*.

6002. WIFE, A worthless. In Canada the ministers (and not, as in England, the buildings) are licensed for marriages. A backwoods settler, desiring to take to himself a wife, called upon the minister at the market-town, and arranged the day for the union. The happy time arrived, and the minister effected the jointure so far as his part of the ceremony was concerned. Somewhat disconcerted, the blushing bridegroom apologised to the good man because of his inability to hand over the customary fee; but he modestly added, "In a few weeks the maple sugar flows, and I will then send you 50 lbs." The minister had a goodly number of olive plants gracing his table, to whom any kind of sugar was very acceptable, and he readily consented to the arrangement. Time passed on, however, but no maple sugar arrived to sweeten the pastor's household. Some months later he saw the newly married

husband in the town, and ventured to remind him, "My friend, you did not send me the maple sugar you promised." With a saddened countenance the farmer looked up and replied, "To tell you the truth, governor, she ain't worth it!"—*Henry Varley.*

6003. WIFE, Choice of. Goethe, among those for whom he had not love but fancy, once revered greatly, in the groves of Sessenheim, a certain Frederika, to whom, under other circumstances, he could have proposed marriage. The record of his life says, however, that in the groves of Sessenheim she was a wood-nymph; but in Strasbourg salons he found that the wood-nymph seemed a peasant. Choose your place in life before you choose a wife.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

6004. WIFE, Duties of. John Bright paid a very handsome compliment to Queen Victoria as a woman, if not as a monarch, when he said recently that she was "the most careful and domestic woman he had ever met." This compliment means something when coming from a man like John Bright, accustomed all his life to Quaker women, who are renowned for their careful habits and domestic virtues. His own wife must be a very bright example of a careful and domestic woman, for when he married her she said to him, "John, attend to thy business and thy public affairs, and *I will provide for the house and relieve thee from all cares at home.*"

6005. WIFE, Influence of. "Rebekah," said a dying husband to the wife who bent over him in remorseful agony—"Rebekah, I am a lost man. You opposed our family worship and my secret prayer. You drew me away into temptation, and to neglect every religious duty. I believe my fate is sealed. Rebekah, you are the cause of my everlasting ruin." Terrible in eternity will be the reunion of those who helped each other on the downward road, partners in impiety, and wedded for perdition.—*Cuyler.*

6006. WILL, Formative power of. A holy man was accustomed to say, "Whatever you wish, that you are; for such is the force of our will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be, seriously and with a true intention, that we become." No one ardently wishes to be submissive, patient, modest, or liberal who does not become what he wishes." The story is told of a working carpenter who was observed one day planing a magistrate's bench, which he was repairing, with more than usual carefulness; and when asked the reason, he replied, "Because *I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit upon it myself.*" And singularly enough the man actually lived to sit upon that very bench as a magistrate.—*Smiles.*

6007. WILL, Freedom of. He (Johnson) agreed with me now, as he always did upon the great question of the liberty of the human will, which has been in all ages perplexed with so much sophistry. "But, sir, as to the doctrine of Necessity, no man believes it. If a man should give me arguments that I do not see, though I could not answer them, should I believe that I do not see?"—*Boswell.*

6008. WILL, Subjection of the. There is a memorable passage in the history of St. Francis that may throw light on this subject. The grand rule of the order which he founded was implicit

submission to the superior. One day a monk proved refractory. He must be subdued. By order of St. Francis, a grave was dug deep enough to hold a man; the monk was put into it, the brothers began to shovel in the earth, while their superior, standing by, looked on, stern as death. When the mould had reached the wretch's knees St. Francis bent down, and fixing his eye on him, said, "*Are you dead yet? Is your self-will dead? Do you yield?*" There was no answer; down in that grave there seemed to stand a man with a will as iron as his own. The signal was given, and the burial went on. When at length he was buried up to the middle, to the neck, to the lips, St. Francis bent down once more to repeat the question, "*Are you dead yet?*" The monk lifted his eye to his superior, to see in the cold grey eyes that were fixed on him no spark of human feeling. Dead to pity and all the weaknesses of humanity, St. Francis stood ready to give the signal that should finish the burial. It was not needed; the iron bent; he was vanquished; the funeral was stopped; his will yielding to a stronger, the poor brother said, "*I am dead.*" I would not be dead as these monks to any man. The mind and reason which I have got from God Almighty are to bend implicitly and blindly before no human authority. But the submission I refuse to man, Jesus, I give to Thee—not wrung from me by terror, but won by love; the result, not of fear, but of gratitude.—*Guthrie.*

6009. WINE, and companionship. I read in the "Christian Almanack" the other day that a gentleman said, "I have drunk a bottle of wine every day for the last fifty years, and I enjoy capital health." "Yes; but what has become of your companions?" "Ah!" said he, "that is another thing; *I have buried three generations of them.*"—*J. B. Gough.*

6010. WINE, Danger of. Passing through a village one day, Mahomet was delighted at the merriment of a crowd of persons enjoying themselves with drinking at a wedding party; but being obliged to return by the same way next morning, he was shocked to see the ground where they had been drenched with blood; and asking the cause, he was told that the company had drunk to excess, and getting into a brawl, fell to slaughtering each other. From that day his mind was made up—the mandate went forth from Allah, that no child of the faithful should touch wine, on pain of being shut out from the joys of Paradise.

6011. WINE, Fear of. Being offered a little wine during his last illness, he objected against taking it; "for," said he, "I am afraid that it will hurt me, and *I would not wish to hurt that head, which, as well as my heart, is Christ's.* Let Him do with it as He pleaseth, but I would not wish to have any hand in hurting it myself."—*Life of Rev. John Brown, of Haddington.*

6012. WINE, Fear of. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, during the Peninsular war, heard that a large magazine of wine lay on his line of march. He feared more for his men from barrels of wine than batteries of cannon, and instantly despatched a body of troops to knock every wine-barrel on the head.

6013. WINE, Influence of. Byron makes the following characteristic note of a party at which

Sheridan was present, and the wine, as usual, was freely circulated. "First silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogether, then inarticulate, and then drunk."

6014. WINE, Reason for refusing. At a certain large dinner-party, where were illustrious American and foreign statesmen, Mr. Colfax declined to take wine, whereupon a noted senator, who had already taken too much, exclaimed half jestingly across the table, "Colfax dares not drink." "You are right," was the answer; "I dare not." And a braver reply could not have been uttered.

6015. WINE, Use of. Receiving a glass of wine during his last illness, he observed, "How astonishing that God's Son should get gall and vinegar to drink, when His thirst was great, and yet that I should have such wine, when my thirst is by no means excessive!" Afterwards, on a similar occasion, he expressed himself to this purpose:—"I long to drink of the new wine in my Father's kingdom, which will neither hurt head nor heart. Oh that I had all the world around me, that I might tell them of Christ!"—*Life of the Rev John Brown, of Haddington.*

6016. WINNING side, Men who are always on. A certain lord, who had a long time stood neutral during the troubles, and took part with neither side, coming to him one time into the room where he (Henry IV. of France) was playing at cards, he called to him thus, "Come, sir, you are welcome; if we win you shall be on our side."

6017. WISDOM and genius, how valued. After the battle of Arbela the Macedonians had found among the spoils of Darius a gold casket, enriched with precious stones. Alexander destined this rich casket to hold Homer's poems, which he considered the most perfect and the most precious production of the human mind.—*Rollin (condensed).*

6018. WISDOM, and gifts from God. What added to the marvel was, that the boy (Zerah Coleburn, the youthful mathematician) was totally unable to explain the processes by which he effected his calculations. "God put it into my head," he said one day to an inquisitive lady, "but I cannot put it into yours."—*Cyclopædia of Biography.*

6019. WISDOM, and humility. On one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he (Aboo Yûsuf) declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him. "Pray, do you expect," said a pert courtier who heard this declaration, "that the Caliph is to pay your ignorance?" "I do not," was the mild reply. "The Caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his vast empire would not suffice."—*Malcolm's Persia.*

6020. WISDOM and worth, recognised. Antisthenes, when he had heard Socrates, shut up his school, and told his pupils, "Go, seek for yourselves a master; I have now found one." He sold his all, to become a disciple of the philosopher.

6021. WISDOM, End of earthly. One day Tszekum, the disciple of Confucius, watched his master pacing feebly in the sunshine, dragging his stick behind him, and heard him mutter—

"The great mountain must crumble,
The strong beam must break,
And the wise man wither away like grass."

"Ah!" cried his friend, "I fear the master is going to be ill." Confucius then tells him that he knows by a dream that he is soon to die. His last words are those of a weary and disappointed old man:—"No wise ruler comes; no prince invites me to be his counsellor; it is time to die." So saying, he took to his bed, and passed away in a very few days.—*Rev. R. H. Haweis, M.A.*

6022. WISDOM, Human and divine. A blind tortoise lived in a well. Another tortoise, a native of the ocean, in its inland travels happened to tumble into this well. The blind one asked of his new comrade whence he came. "From the sea." Hearing of the sea, he of the well swam round a little circle, and asked, "Is the water of the ocean as large as this?" "Larger," replied he of the sea. The well tortoise then swam round two-thirds of the well, and asked if the sea was as big as that. "Much larger than that," said the sea tortoise. "Well, then," asked the blind tortoise, "is the sea as large as this whole well?" "Larger," said the sea tortoise. "If that is so," said the other, "how big, then, is the sea?" The sea tortoise replied, "You have never seen any other water than that of your well, your capability of understanding is small. As to the ocean, though you spent many years in it, you would never be able to explore the half of it, nor to reach the limit, and it is utterly impossible to compare it with this well of yours." The tortoise replied, "It is impossible that there can be a larger water than this well; you are simply praising up your native place in vain words."—*Rev. J. Gilmour, M.A. (from the Mongolian.)*

6023. WISDOM, Love of. "How shall we describe you to others?" asked a disciple of Confucius. He answered, "Say that I am one who, in his thirst for knowledge, forbears to eat, who forgets sorrow in the joy of attainment, and who hardly has time to notice the advance of old age. At another time he said, "My only merit is to study wisdom without satiety, and to teach others without weariness." "These things trouble me, not to live virtuously enough, not to discuss questions thoroughly enough, not to conform practice to doctrine sufficiently, not to reform the bad entirely."—*Rev. R. H. Haweis, M.A.*

6024. WISDOM, man's, Folly of. Alphonsus X., King of Leon and Castile, was one of the most learned men of his age. Yet so vain, presumptuous, and impious was this philosophical king, that one of his sayings was, "If I had been of God's Privy Council when He made the world, I would have advised Him better."

6025. WISDOM, Necessity of "Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colours with?" said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. "With brains, sir," was the gruff reply—and the right one.—*John Brown, M.D.*

6026. WISDOM, to be used, not talked about. When Eudmanides heard old Xenocrates disputing so long about wisdom, he inquired very gravely but archly, "If the old man be yet disputing and inquiring concerning wisdom, what time will he have left to use it?"—*Biblical Museum.*

6027. WISDOM, unmoved by censure. Had the owl come forth in the daytime, how had all the little birds flocked wondering about her, to see her uncouth visage, to hear her untuned notes: she likes her estate never the worse, but pleaseth herself in her own quiet reservedness; it is not for a wise man to be much affected with the censures of the rude and unskilful vulgar, but to hold fast to his own well-chosen and well-fixed resolutions; every fool knows what is wont to be done, but what is best to be done is known only to the wise.—*Bishop Hall.*

6028. WISDOM, What is. What we call wisdom is the result, not the residuum, of all the wisdom of past ages. Our best institutions are like young trees growing upon the roots of the old trunks that have crumbled away.—*Deecher.*

6029. WISDOM, Worldly, knows not God. What does the Philosophy of the Agnostic for the despairs of the sinking human soul? Hear the sad summing up of one of the votaries of the cold wisdom of the world, which "*knows not God.*" It is that of Professor Clifford, dying early, with this sad word on his lips, "My researches have revealed to me a soul-less universe, looked down upon by a godless heaven."—*Author of The Harvest of a Quiet Eye.*

6030. WISDOM, Worth of. Xenophon tells us that when Cyrus gave Artabazus a cup of gold, and Chrysantas a kiss in token of his special love and respect for them both, Artabazus said that the cup he gave him "*was not so good gold as the kiss he gave Chrysantas.*" And so with Fortune's gifts to men. To one God gives honour and riches, to another wisdom and grace. Which is it that is worthiest and speaks the love of God the most? Let us learn to estimate the good things of life at their right and proper worth.—*B.*

6031. WISE men, The world's view of. The house which Newton occupied on the south side of Leicester Square, in London, is still standing, and his observatory is shown to visitors. When he took up his residence there his next-door neighbour was a widow lady, who was much puzzled by the little she had observed of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society of London called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house, who, she felt certain, was a poor crazy gentleman, "because," she continued, "*he diverts himself in the oddest ways imaginable.*" Every morning, when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window blinds, he takes his seat in front of a tub of soap-suds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap-bubbles through a common clay pipe, and intently watches until they burst. He is doubtless now at his favourite amusement," she added; "do come and look at him." The gentleman went upstairs, and looking through the window into the adjoining yard, recognised Sir Isaac Newton making his experiments on the refraction of light on thin plates, which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap-bubble.

6032. WISE, A Christian's. When the late King of Prussia visited him (Gossner) in his hospital, and expressed his pleasure, and asked if he had any wish that he could fulfil, he only raised his finger and pointed upwards, and said, "My wish is, that

I may know your Majesty by my King yonder."—*Stevenson's Praying and Working.*

6033. WISHES, Men ruined by accomplishment of. In some Oriental tale I have read the fable of a shepherd who was ruined by the accomplishment of his own wishes: he had prayed for water; the Ganges was turned into his ground, and his flock and cottage were swept away by the inundation.—*Gibbon.*

6034. WIT, Consecrated. When John Wesley appeared in Bath as a street-preacher, Nash undertook to drive him from the town. "By what authority do you appear here?" said Nash. "By the authority of Jesus Christ and the Archbishop of Canterbury," replied Mr. Wesley. "This is contrary to Act of Parliament. It is a conventicle," said Nash. "The conventicle forbidden by Parliament is a seditious meeting. Here is not a shadow of sedition; therefore it is not contrary to that Act," retorted the clergyman. Beaten off his first tack, Nash could only insolently reply, "I say it is; and besides, your preaching frightens people out of their wits." "Sir, did you ever hear me preach?" "No." "How, then, can you judge of that you never heard?" "Sir, by common report." "Common report is not enough to judge by. Give me leave to ask, sir, is not your name Nash?" "My name is Nash." "Sir, I dare not judge of you by common report." This was a home thrust at a man who had been notorious among all classes in Bath for a whole generation as the prince of gamblers! He was a second time silenced. He rallied sufficiently to ask, in a tame way, "I desire to know why all these people are here?" "To save our souls, Mr. Nash," shouts an old lady, "while you take care of your precious body!" There were volumes of reproach and ridicule in this reply, and its source, and the discomfited panderer to the things of the flesh, retired crestfallen from a field where he had expected to win an easy victory.

6035. WIT, True use of. "I am always afraid when I am laughing at Father Taylor's wit," said a man of wit. "I know he will make me cry because he has done with me."—*Life of Father Taylor.*

6036. WIT, Inopportune. "I have been at Mrs. Austin's—heard Sydney Smith for the first time *guffawing*; other persons prating and jargonning. To me, through these thin cobwebs of time, Death and Eternity sat glaring."—*Carlyle.*

6037. WITNESS, of the Spirit. John Wesley's mother had rarely heard of the present conscious forgiveness of sins or the witness of the Spirit, much less that it *was the common privilege of true believers.* "Therefore," said she, "I never durst ask it for myself. But two or three weeks ago, while my son Hall, in delivering the cup to me, was pronouncing these words, 'The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee,' they struck through my heart, and I knew that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven *me all my sins.*" Wesley asked her whether her father had not the same faith, and if she had not heard him preach it to others. She answered he had it himself, and declared, a little before his death, that for more than forty years he had no darkness, no fear, no doubt at all of his being "accepted in the Beloved."—*Stevens.*

6038. WITNESSES, Invoking. When Denades,

the orator, addressed himself to the Athenians, "I call all the gods and goddesses to witness," said he, "the truth of what I shall say," the Athenians, often abused by his impudent lies, presently interrupted him by exclaiming, "And we call all the gods and goddesses to witness that we will not believe you."

6039. WITNESSING, for Christ. While Colonel Wilayat, an English officer who used to preach at Delhi, was speaking, a number of Sepoys on horse-back rode up to his house, and knowing him to be a Christian, said, "Repeat the Mohammedan creed, or we will shoot you." But he would not deny his Lord. "Tell us what you are," said one. "*I am a Christian, and a Christian I will live and die.*" They dragged him along the ground, beating him about the head and face with their shoes. Not being soldiers, they had no swords. "Now preach Christ to us," some cried out in mocking tones. Others said, "Turn to Mohammed, and we will let you go." "*No, I never, never will!*" the faithful martyr cried; "my Saviour took up His cross and went to God, and I will lay down my life and go to Him." The scorching rays of the sun were beating on the poor sufferer's head. With a laugh one of the wretches exclaimed, "I suppose you would like some water." "I do not want water," replied the martyr. "When my Saviour was dying He had nothing but vinegar mingled with gall. But do not keep me in this pain. If you mean to kill me, do so at once." Another Sepoy coming up, lifted his sword; the martyr called aloud, "Jesus, receive my spirit!" and with one stroke his head was nearly cut off.

6040. WITNESSING, for Christ. It became the most sacred duty of a new convert (among the early Christians) to *diffuse among his friends* and relations the inestimable blessing which he had received, and to warn them against a refusal that would be severely punished as a criminal disobedience to the will of a benevolent but all-powerful Deity.—*Gibbon*.

6041. WOMAN, and evil. I cannot feel that I have got to the root of the evil until I hear the voice of the Lord God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and calling me out of my hiding-place among the trees of the garden. When, feeling that He is reckoning with me for my disobedience, and feeling also instinctively that it is not in mere wrath, I have the effrontery to say, "She, Thy gift, led me to sin;" and when, not smitten down for my monstrous ingratitude and heartlessness, I see Him still waiting to be gracious, *that makes me know my selfishness.*—*Maurice*.

6042. WOMAN, and temptation. His wife comes to him (Sir Thomas More, in the Tower)—a very ordinary woman—and says with commonplace vulgarity, "How can a man, taken for wise, like you, play the fool here in this close, filthy prison when you might be abroad at your liberty, if you would do but as the Bishops have done? Think of your large house at Chelsea, your library, your garden." More said, "*Alice, is not this house as nigh heaven as mine own?*"—*Frederic Myers, M.A.*

6043. WOMAN, difficult to understand. *A propos* of believing in things which we do not understand, a Tractarian was in Trinity when I preached on Mariolatry. "I do not agree," said he, "with Robertson. Woman!—woman! I do not under-

stand what woman is." I sent him a message to say that I have been exactly in the same predicament all my life.—*Robertson*.

6044. WOMAN, Influence of. Samuel Morley's mother was a woman of rare piety. He was wont to say concerning her, "*I am much what my mother has made me.*"

6045. WOMAN, Love of. I have read of one who, when her lover was executed for high treason, went in a mourning-coach to witness the dreadful process; and when the whole was closed by the severing that head which had leaned on her bosom, simply said, "*I follow thee,*" and sighing forth his name, fell back in the coach and instantly expired.—*John Angell James*.

6046. WOMAN, Power of. Dr. Luther said one day to his wife, "*You make me do what you will; you have full sovereignty here, and I award you with all my heart the command in all household matters, reserving my rights in other points.* Never any good came out of female domination. God created Adam master and lord of living creatures, but Eve spoilt all when she persuaded him to set himself above God's will. 'Tis you women, with your tricks and artifices, that lead men into error."—*Luther's Table Talk*.

6047. WOMAN, Treatment of. In lands and ages unilluminated by the gospel woman is treated as though she were a necessary nuisance. The boasted laws in Lyncurgus, admirable in a great many things, were an undisguised insult to woman. The brilliant age of Pericles was her dishonour. In Egypt she was doomed to the labours of the field. She was denied all music. She could not even wear shoes. If any one sold her shoes, the man was to be banished for it. Odin, the god of the Egyptians, excluded from Paradise all women except those who slew themselves immediately on the death of their husbands. Amid the Slavonic races women were dragged by their hair to altars of idolatry. In Greenland, while the men hunt and fish and lounge, the women do the hard work—build the houses, tan the skin of animals, and row the boat, save when a storm comes up, and the men, to save themselves, take hold of the oars. In that country, if a fowling-piece misses fire, it is charged to a sorceress, and a woman must be slain. Destitute mothers are buried alive by their own daughters. In China you know that daughters are oftentimes thrown into the stream to die. In that land women are sometimes hitched to the plough, and driven, like oxen, across the field. Confucius, the wisest philosopher that country has ever produced, says that "it is almost impossible to get along with women and servants; for if you are kind to them, then they are impatient, and if you are rigorous with them, then you cannot stand it at all." In New Holland the taking of a wife is announced by the man beating the bride, and making her go along with him. Among the Kaffirs the price of a wife is an ox or two cows. At the East to-day, if a man finds it necessary to speak of his wife or daughter in the presence of another, he begins always with an apology. In ancient Arabia mothers sometimes destroy the lives of their daughters to save the expense of taking care of them.—*Talmage*.

6048. WOMAN, unduly exalted by Mariolatry,

In the dream of St. Bernard, which forms the subject of an altar-piece at Milan, two ladders were seen reaching from earth to heaven. At the top of one of the two ladders stood Christ, and at the top of the other stood Mary. Of those who attempted to enter heaven by the ladder of Christ, not one succeeded; all fell back. Of those who ascended by the ladder of Mary, not one failed. The Virgin, prompt to succour, stretched out her hand; and thus aided, the aspirants ascended with ease.—*Wylie.*

6049. **WOMAN, Work of one.** An American paper tells the story of a woman who, because tired of a life mainly employed in eating and dressing, resolved to devote herself and her money to a nobler purpose. At the close of the war she went to a sandy island off the Atlantic coast, where about two hundred persons were living in poverty and ignorance, and established her home there, with the intention of benefiting the inhabitants. She began with teaching, by example, how to cultivate the land lucratively, and was soon imitated. Next she established a school for the children, and afterwards a church. Now the island is a thriving region, with an industrious and moral population, the change being the work of one woman.—*Christian Age.*

6050. **WOMANISH ideas, and cant.** At the recent conference of church-workers at Mr. Moody's College, Northfield, a student inquired of Professor Drummond, the well-known author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," what he meant by cant? The reply was, "There is such a thing as the religion of a young man, and there is such a thing as the religion of an old woman. Now, when a young man talks as if he had an old woman's religion, that is cant." Hugh Stowell Brown gave expression to a similar thought when he said, "When you put off 'the old man,' take care you don't put on the old woman."—*The Rock.*

6051. **WOMEN, Early Christian.** "What women these Christians have!" exclaimed the heathen rhetorician Libanius, on learning about Anthusa, the mother of John Chrysostom, the famous "golden-mouthed" preacher of the gospel at Constantinople in the fourth century. Anthusa, at the early age of twenty, lost her husband, and thenceforward devoted herself wholly to the education of her son, refusing all offers of further marriage. Her intelligence and piety moulded the boy's character and shaped the destiny of the man, who, in his subsequent position of eminence, never forgot what he owed to maternal influence. Hence, it would be no overstrained assertion to say that we owe those rich homilies of Chrysostom, of which interpreters of Scripture still make great use, to the mind and heart of Anthusa.

6052. **WOMEN, Heathen degradation of.** A Pagan mother having been expostulated with for the murder of her female child, contended that she had performed an act of mercy in sparing the babe the miseries of a woman's life.—*John Angell James.*

6053. **WORD, A careless.** A careless word sometimes makes irremediable mischief. I have read that a foolish young English clerk, fond of practical jokes, once said to a friend, "Have you heard that E—— & Co., the bankers, have stopped payment?" He merely meant that the banking-house had, as usual, closed up for the night. But he amused himself by seeing how he had startled his friend. He

did not stop to explain his real meaning. His friend mentioned the alarming report to another; the rumour spread. Next day there was a "run upon the bank," and Messrs. E—— & Co. were obliged to suspend payment. The silly youth did not mean to burn down the commercial credit of a prosperous house; he only meant to amuse himself *by playing with fire.* And a kindred mischief to his is perpetrated by every one who retails contemptible gossip or gives birth to a scurrilous slander.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

6054. **WORD, A cheering.** I remember when I first went away from home. It was only twelve miles; but I've never been so far since as that seemed to me then. I had left my mother and sisters for the first time in my life, and if I ever needed a kind word or a word of cheer, it was then. I was walking down the street with my brother, who had gone there a year before; and as we were going along my brother said, pointing out an old gentleman, "There's a man that will give you a cent. He gives every new boy that comes to this town a cent. He gave me one, and I know he will you." I looked at him. I thought he was the finest-looking man I ever saw. When he came up to us he said to my brother, "Why, this is a new boy in the town, isn't it?" And he said, "Yes, sir. He's just come." He wanted him to be sure I hadn't got the cent. The old man took off my hat, and put his trembling hand on my head, and said, "Well, God bless you, my boy! I am told your father is dead; but you've got a Father in heaven." He gave me a brand-new cent. I don't know what has become of the cent; but I can feel the pressure of the old man's hand upon my head to-day. He gave me what I wanted so much—a kind and cheering word.—*Moody.*

6055. **WORD, a faithful, Effects of.** Lady Huntingdon once spoke to a workman who was repairing a garden wall, and pressed him to thoughtfulness on the state of his soul. Some years afterwards she was speaking to another man on the same subject, and said, "Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Jesus Christ for salvation." "Your ladyship is mistaken," answered the man; "I heard what passed between you and James at such a time, and the word you designed for him took effect on me." "How did you hear it?" "I heard it on the other side of the garden, through a hole in the wall, and shall never forget the impression I received."

6056. **WORD, A kind.** Coleridge has preserved an anecdote of an officer in the British navy, who, when a midshipman in his fourteenth year, made his first boating expedition in the company of Sir Alexander Ball. "As we were rowing," he said, "up to the vessel we were to attack, amid a discharge of musketry, I was overpowered with fear, my knees shook, and I was ready to faint away. Lieutenant Ball, seeing me, placed himself close beside me, took hold of my hand, and whispered, 'Courage, my dear boy! you will recover in a minute or so; I was just the same when I went out in this way.' It was as if an angel spoke to me. From that moment I was as fearless and as forward as the oldest of the boat's crew. But I dare not think what would have become of me if at that moment he had scoffed and exposed me."

6057. **WORD, fitly spoken.** A lady once, writ-

ing to a young man in the navy, who was almost a stranger, thought, "Shall I close this as anybody would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" and lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the word, "*Here we have no continuing city*," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come." Trembling, she folded it and sent it off. Back came the answer:—"Thank you so much for those kind words. I am an orphan, and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died, long years ago."

6058. WORD, fitly spoken. It is related of a farmer who had long neglected the house of God and indulged in the use of profane language, that he one day lost a bank-note in his barn. He searched for it in vain. At length he said, "That note is in the barn, and I will search for it until I find it." Accordingly he went to the barn, and carefully moved the hay and straw, hour after hour, till he found the note. A few weeks before this he had been awakened to a sense of his need of a Saviour, and had earnestly sought to live a better life. His anxiety increased. A few weeks after he lost the note he sat by the fire musing on the state of his soul, when he turned to his wife and asked, "What must one do to become a Christian?" "You must seek for it," she replied, "*as you sought for the bank-note.*"

6059. WORD fitly spoken. One day, as Felix Neff was walking in a street in the city of Lausanne, he saw, at a distance, a man whom he took for one of his friends. He ran up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder before looking in his face, and asked him, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The stranger turned. Neff perceived his error, apologised, and went his way. About three or four years afterwards a person came to Neff, and accosted him, saying he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognise the man, and begged he would explain. The stranger replied, "Have you forgotten an unknown person whose shoulder you touched in a street in Lausanne, asking him, '*How do you find your soul?*' It was I; your question led me to serious reflection, and now I find it is well with my soul." This proves what apparently small means may be blessed of God for the conversion of sinners, and how many opportunities for doing good we are continually letting slip, and which thus pass irrecoverably beyond our reach. One of the questions which every Christian should propose to himself on setting out upon a journey is, "What opportunities shall I have to do good?" And one of the points on which he should examine himself on his return is, "What opportunities have I lost?" "Have I done all the good that I could?"—*John Angell James.*

6060. WORD, God and man's. A clergyman had prepared a certain sermon with great care, and had reason to hope that it would be attended with a great blessing; for which he had sought with earnest prayer. The sermon was preached with great effect, and he came down from the pulpit full of hope. A widow woman stopped him on his way to the vestry, and begged a word. "Ah!" he said to himself, "it is coming, as I expected. I thought it would not be preached in vain." Then to the widow, "What part of the sermon struck you most—the beginning or the ending?" "Well, sir," she

replied, "I do not know much about the beginning or the ending; but you said, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" The Doctor was struck to the heart. *All his fine words forgotten*, but one of God's words made effectual!

6061. WORD, Influence of. Bishop Hedding stated, at a missionary meeting in America, a circumstance related to him by a missionary who had been in the West Indies. He said the minister gave out for his text these words: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." A poor negro in the congregation, who had but recently felt the power of religion, was so affected by the reading of the text, that he requested the minister to read it again. The minister did so. "*Be so good, Massa, read the text again.*" He read. "Do," says the negro, "Massa, read it again; it makes my soul feel so good!"

6062. WORD, in season. An officer who was much addicted to profane swearing was once visiting a deep mine in Cornwall. He was attended by one of the pious miners who were employed in the works, for in Cornwall there are many godly miners. During his visit to the pit the officer uttered many profane and abominable expressions; and as he ascended in company with the miner, finding it a long way, he said to him, with an oath, "If it be so far down to your work, how far is it to the bottomless pit?" The honest miner promptly and seriously replied, "I do not know how far it is, sir; but I believe that if the rope by which we are drawn up should break *you would be there in a minute.*" The swearer was rebuked, and uttered no more oaths whilst in the company of the miner.

6063. WORD, in season. The late Dr. William Wisner once stopped on a hot summer day at a Berkshire farmhouse for a glass of water. He talked faithfully with the young lady who gave him the refreshing draught, and directed her to the "*living water.*" Long years afterward a middle-aged woman introduced herself to Dr. Wisner on a steamboat, and thanked him for the plain, kind word that brought her to the Saviour.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

6064. WORD, in season. It is related of John Wesley, that he was one day stopped by a highway robber who demanded his money. After he had given it to him he called him back and said, "Let me speak one word to you. The time may come when you may regret the course of life in which you are engaged. Remember this:—'*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.*'" He said no more, and they parted, Wesley to preach the gospel, and the robber to dispose of his plunder. Many years afterwards, when he was leaving a church in which he had been preaching, a person came up and asked him if he remembered being waylaid at such a time, referring to the above circumstances. Wesley replied that he recollected it. "I," said the individual, "was that man; that single verse quoted on that occasion was the means of a total change in my life and habits. I have long since been attending the house of God and the Word of God, and I hope I am a Christian."

6065. WORD, in season. A minister, on giving some tracts to a young woman, entreated her to

pray over them. She took them, and threw them behind the door, saying, "Pray over them, indeed! No, I shall not begin to pray over books!" But as they lay there her eye often rested on them, and she thought she would read them, that she might know what she was asked to pray over. The first contained an anecdote which interested her; the next was on eternity, and affected her; the third was on prayer, and brought her to her knees. How remarkable and appropriate were the tracts to her case, as well as the order in which she was guided to their perusal!—*Leifchild (abridged)*.

6066. WORD, in season. A lady, walking out one day near a river, saw a man with his coat and hat off, and she thought directly he meant to drown himself. She prayed that the Lord would give her some word to arrest him. Accordingly she walked on until she came up to him, when he turned and said, "A beautiful river, Ma'am." "Yes," she replied; "but *there is another river—a river that makes glad the people of God.* Do you know that river?" "No, Ma'am," he said. She tried to speak more, but her tongue was tied, and she left him without another word. She went home to her husband, and told him what she thought, and he sent off some men directly to see if he was still there. No, he was gone; but the coat and hat were in the same place. They dragged the river, but no traces of him could be found. They asked at the police station about him, but no one knew what was become of him. Twenty years after that lady was in Baptist Noel's chapel, and saw a man looking very earnestly at her. She thought, "I know that face; where have I seen him?" Whilst she was trying to remember he leaned over her shoulder and said, "There is another river. Do you know that river?" She immediately remembered he was the man to whom she said those words twenty years ago. He told her he was going to drown himself, and her words deterred him from it. He had fled to Jesus, and found peace through believing.—*H. L. Hastings*.

6067. WORD, in season. A clergyman sailing up the Hudson River in a sloop, some forty years since, was pained by the profaneness of a young man. Seeking a favourable opportunity, he told him he had wounded his feelings by speaking against his best friend—the Saviour. The young man showed no relents, and at one of the landings left the boat. Seven years after, as this clergyman went to the General Assembly at Philadelphia, a young minister accosted him, saying he thought he remembered his countenance, and asked him if he was not on board a sloop on the Hudson River, seven years before, with a profane young man. "I," said he, "am that young man. After I left the sloop I thought I had injured both you and your Saviour. I was led to Him for mercy, and I felt that I must preach His love to others. I am now in the ministry, and have come as a representative to this Assembly."—*British Workman*.

6068. WORD, Literalness of. I have grounded my preaching upon the literal word; he that pleases may follow me; he that will not may stay. I call upon St. Peter, St. Paul, Moses, and all the saints to say whether they ever fundamentally comprehended one single word of God without studying it over and over and over again. The Psalm says: "*His understanding is infinite.*" The saints, indeed,

know God's Word, and can discourse of it, but the practice is another matter; therein we shall ever remain scholars. The school theologians have a fine similitude hereupon, that it is as with a sphere or globe, which, lying on a table, touches it only with one point, yet it is the whole table which supports the globe. Though I am an old doctor of divinity, to this day I have not got beyond the children's learning—the Ten Commandments, the Belief, and the Lord's Prayer; and these I understand not so well as I should, though I study them daily, praying, with my son John and my daughter Magdalen. If I thoroughly appreciated these first words of the Lord's Prayer, "*Our Father, which art in heaven,*" and really believed that God, who made heaven and earth, and all creatures, and has all things in His hand, was my Father, then should I certainly conclude with myself, that I also am a lord of heaven and earth, that Christ is my Brother, Gabriel my servant, Raphael my coachman, and all the angels my attendants at need, given unto me by my Heavenly Father, to keep me in the path, that I unawares I knock not my foot against a stone.—*Luther's Table Talk*.

6069. WORD, of God. Dr. Schauffer, the missionary at Constantinople, relates the following story:—A Turk of Thessalonica bought a Bible and read it diligently. He was asked what he thought of the Bible—if it was a book like other books. "No," said he; "*this is a book which man could not have written.* God must have written it Himself." "Have you not also found that Christ must have been the Son of God?" He shook his head. On his next visit he returned again to the subject, and said, "When I visited you last I could not answer your question truthfully from my heart. That Christ was the Son of God was the only point that I could not believe. I went away to my closet and prayed for light, that I might believe; and in answer to my prayer that I might know Christ as the Saviour of the world, light broke on my spirit, and since then I have believed."—*Der Glaubensbote*.

6070. WORD of God, a lamp. "We were on shipboard," relates a captain's wife, "lying in a Southern harbour. We were obliged, first, to make our way ashore. The waves were rolling heavily. I became frightened at the thought of attempting it, when one came to me, saying, 'Do not be afraid; I will take care of you.' He bore a peculiarly shaped dark-lantern, only a single ray of light being emitted from a small circular opening. 'Now,' said he, 'take my hand; hold fast; do not fear. Do not look about you, or on either side of you, only on the little spot lighted by my lantern, and place your footsteps firmly *right there*.' I heard the rushing of the waters, and was still conscious of fear; but by looking steadily only where the light fell, and planting my footsteps just there—not turning either to the right or the left—clapping firmly the strong hand, the danger was overcome, and the shore reached in safety. The next day my kind guide said, 'Would you like to see the way by which you came last night?' Then he showed me where our vessel had been lying, and the *very narrow plank* by which we had reached the shore. He knew that had I turned either to the right or left I should, in all probability, have lost my balance, and gone over into those dark waters; but by holding fast, and treading just where the light fell, all

danger would be averted." The Word of God is "*a lamp*."

6071. WORD of God, a reconciler. Mr. Richards, missionary in India, on his journey to Meerut, halted under the shade of a tree, in the outskirts of a large village, by the roadside. As he sat there two of the Zemindars of the neighbourhood came up, and respectfully saluting him, entreated him to act as an umpire between them, and settle a dispute, in which they had been long involved about the boundaries of their respective lands. Mr. Richards declined interfering in the matter, but intimated his readiness to give them information respecting the important concerns of salvation. Having read and explained the Scriptures, they listened with attention and delight. The disputants embraced each other with apparent cordiality, and avowed that they would dispute no more about their lands, but love each other, and strive to seek and serve God.

6072. WORD of God, How to study. "How am I to know the Word of God?" By studying it with the help of the Holy Ghost. As an American bishop said, "Not with the *blue* light of Presbyterianism, nor the *red* light of Methodism, nor the *violet* light of Episcopacy, but with the clear light of Calvary." We must study it on our knees, in a teachable spirit. If we know our Bible Satan will not have much power over us, and we will have the world under our feet.—*Moody*.

6073. WORD of God, Power of. The father of the late Chief-Justice Ruffin was a godless rich man, wholly devoted to pleasure. There was to be a grand race in Richmond, for which he had three horses in training. When the time approached he started in his carriage, so as to arrive the night before the race. It was a journey of more than a hundred miles, and in those days of slow travel time hung heavy on his hands. Passing a country store, he tried to buy a novel, but all the storekeeper had to sell was spelling-books and Bibles. He could not entertain himself with a spelling-book, and so he bought a Bible. It was a book he *knew nothing about*. He began to read it, but soon threw it down, cursing it for "a parcel of lies." But the journey was dull, and he could not talk with his negro driver. That Bible was his only companion. He took it up again, and this time he grew interested. He read it till he reached Richmond, and nearly all night after he went to his lodgings. By that time the man had undergone a complete revolution. He withdrew his horses from the race, paid his forfeit, went home, killed his gamecocks for his servants' supper, set up his family altar, built a church on his plantation, and became himself a preacher of righteousness.

6074. WORD of God, Searching power of. One of Cromwell's knights, a man zealously attached to his party, was sued by the minister of the parish for his tithes. While the dispute was pending Sir John fancied that the parson preached at him, as he called it, every Sunday; whereupon he made complaint to the Protector, who summoned the minister to appear before him. The poor man denied the charge, saying he had done nothing but his duty, and had only preached in general terms against vice and immorality, against drunkards, liars, thieves, and robbers, and defied Sir John to instance any particular allusion to himself. After

Cromwell had attentively heard both parties he dismissed the knight, with this memorable reprimand, "Sir John, go home, and hereafter live in friendship with your minister; *the word of the Lord is a searching word*, and I am afraid it has now found you out."—*Paxton Hood*.

6075. WORD, Power of. On one occasion, during the annual convention of the Society of Friends at Philadelphia, when that body was engaged on the subject of slavery, as it related to its own members, some of whom had not wholly relinquished the practice of keeping negroes in bondage, a difference of sentiment was manifested as to the course which ought to be pursued. For a moment it appeared doubtful which opinion would preponderate. At this critical juncture Benezet, who was a leading member of the Society, and felt a deep interest in the subject of emancipation, left his seat, which was in an obscure part of the house, and presented himself, weeping, at an elevated door in the presence of the whole congregation, whom he thus addressed:—"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." He said no more: under the solemn impression which succeeded this emphatic sentence, the proposed measure received the united sanction of the assembly.

6076. WORD, Power of. There was a man, while we were in London, who got out a little paper called "The Moody and Sankey Humbug." He used to have it to sell to the people coming into the meeting. After he had sold a great many thousand copies of that number he wanted to get out another number; so he came into the meeting to get something to put into the paper. The power of the Lord was present, and the arrow of conviction went down deep into his heart. He went out, not to write a paper, but to destroy his paper that he had written, and so tell what the Holy Ghost had done for him.—*Moody*.

6077. WORD, Power of a. Two or three days before Priscilla Gurney died she sent for me, as desiring to speak to me about something of importance. The moment she began to speak she was seized with a convulsion of coughing, which continued for a long time, racking her feeble frame. She still seemed determined to persevere, but at length, finding all strength exhausted, she pressed my hand, and said, "*The poor dear slaves!*" I could not but understand her meaning, for during her illness she had repeatedly urged me to make their cause and condition the first object of my life, feeling nothing so heavy on her heart as their sufferings.—*Fowell Buxton*.

6078. WORD, Trusting in Christ's. A young girl was weeping for her sins, but could not feel that she was pardoned. "Suppose," her teacher said, "that Jesus was in this room, what would you do?" "I would go to Him at once," she replied. "And what would you tell Him?" "That I was a lost sinner." "And what would you ask Him?" "I would ask Him if He would forgive me." "And what would Jesus answer?" She hesitated a moment, and then she looked up, smiling through her tears, for at once she saw it all. "Why," she said, "*He would answer 'Yes.'*" And simply trusting in the Saviour's word, she went to Him then and there, and Jesus said "Yes."—*T. Bishop*.

6079. WORD, Trusting in man's. The royal assent was given to the attainer of the Earl of Strafford, and after a feeble show of pleading for his life next day Charles I. left him to his fate. Yet he came to London in dependence on the King's promise that "not a hair of his head should be touched by Parliament." Strafford, when told of it, exclaimed, "*Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men; for in them there is no salvation.*"

6080. WORD, Trust to God for. On one occasion an honoured servant of the Lord had taken considerable pains to prepare a well-thought-out, well-constructed sermon. But when the time for preaching it arrived he forgot every word of it, and the only text that came into his mind was, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He spoke on these words, and the Lord blessed the address to *seven-and-thirty souls* that evening.—*E. A. H.*

6081. WORD, Vitality of. Professor Hitchcock tells us of a crop of pines shooting up at Richmond, in Virginia, where a quantity of soil to the depth of ten feet had been removed. Luke Short was converted by a sermon of John Flavel's more than eighty years after it had been delivered. Thus truth long buried in the soul—dead in trespasses and sins, as in a grave—may at length shoot forth and bear fruits unto life eternal.—*Rev. Charles Graham.*

6082. WORD, ways of treating it. There are two ways of treating the seed. The botanist splits it up, and discourses on its curious characteristics; the simple husbandman eats and sows, sows and eats. Similarly there are two ways of treating the gospel. A critic dissects it, raises a mountain of debate about the structure of the whole and relation of its parts; and when he is done with his argument he is done; to him the letter is dead; he neither lives on it himself nor spreads it for the good of his neighbours; he neither eats nor sows. The disciple of Jesus, hungering for righteousness, takes the seed whole; it is bread for to-day's hunger, and seed for to-morrow's supply.—*W. Arnot.*

6083. WORDS, and realities. There are poets who affect to be carried away by their enthusiasm. There was Richius, for example; I remember his sitting with his legs out of window, pretending to be in a fit of poetic fury against the devil, whom he was abusing and vilifying with long roundabout phrases. Stiegel, who chanced to pass under, for sport suddenly took hold of the brawling poet's leg, and frightened him horribly, the poor man thinking the devil had come to carry him off.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

6084. WORDS, and thoughts. Words are but the bannerets of a great army, a few bits of waving colour here and there; thoughts are the main body of the footmen unseen below.—*Beecher.*

6085. WORDS, idle, Danger of. A trader travelling alone, as he toiled up a mountain pass, meeting a madman, asked if there were any dangers on the other side of the hill. The madman replied, "On the other side are fire and water, weapon and robbers, from which there is no escape." The trader, hearing this, turned back without accomplishing his purpose. The madman's foolish words

were no good to himself, and were hurtful to the trader.—*Rev. J. Gilmour, M.A. (from the Mongolian).*

6086. WORDS, Importance of. Madame Antoinette Sterling, when asked to go on the operatic stage, replied, "I cannot. I stand by every word I utter when I sing, and I feel I must to the death. It is not alone song with me—melodious sounds; it is the lesson inculcated: hope in the future, bright joys to come, the mercy of an all-wise God. *I would not sing a wicked or a frivolous word before an audience for anything on earth.*"—*Francis Hay.*

6087. WORDS, Lightly spoken. You may tame the wild beast; the conflagration of the American forest will cease when all the timber and the dry wood is consumed; but you cannot arrest the progress of that cruel word you uttered carelessly yesterday or this morning.—*F. W. Robertson.*

6088. WORDS, Long. Mr. Wesley said when he came to a long word his practice was to throw it out. Mr. Garrett said he expelled it. It is well to eliminate all difficult phrases, so that the ideas expressed might get as fast as possible through the understanding to the heart.—*Dr. Osborne.*

6089. WORDS, Power of. A single word is often like a switch on a railroad, which, although it is a point almost too fine to be seen, yet is sufficient, when turned, *to change the course of the train* from one track to another, and perhaps from one road to another. Single words have often switched men off from bad courses, or off from good ones, as the case may be. Many and many a man, by a simple action which was born of virtue, and which passed by him unconsciously, has determined the fate of those who were looking up to him.—*Beecher.*

6090. WORDS, Restraint in. The habit of restraint in speech was admirably illustrated by Lord Palmerston at the Cutlers' feast in Sheffield, at the time of the great struggle between the North and the South in the United States. Mr. Roebuck had made a violent speech, urging England to side with the South. It was Lord Palmerston's place to reply, and *a word from him might kindle the flames of war.* He rose, and every eye was fixed on him. What he said, however, was merely, "I beg to propose a toast—The Ladies!"

6091. WORDS, Scriptural, may be misused. "*Thy poor unworthy dust,*" an epithet generally applied to themselves by the proudest men in the congregation, and not seldom by the most moneyed and grovelling, in which case the last two words are not so very inappropriate. We have heard of a good man who, in pleading for his children and grandchildren, was so completely beclouded in the blinding influence of this expression, that he exclaimed, "O Lord, save thy dust, and thy dust's dust, and thy dust's dust's dust." When Abraham said, "I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes," the utterance was forcible and expressive; but in its misquoted, perverted, and abused form, the sooner it is consigned to its own element the better.—*Spurgeon.*

6092. WORDS, Something more needed than. When a citizen of Megara treated Lysander with great freedom he said, "My friend, those words of thine *should not come but from strong walls and bulwarks.*"—*Putarch.*

6093. WORDS, Uselessness of. During the war between Alexander the Great and Darius, King of Persia, a soldier in the army of the latter thought to ingratiate himself with Memnon, the Persian general, by uttering the fiercest invectives against Alexander. Memnon gently struck the fellow with his spear, and answered, "Friend, I pay you to fight against Alexander, not to revile him."

6094. WORDS, wise, Force of. When Mr. Ouseley met the pilgrim he asked him where he had been. "To the Reek" (Croagpatrick, a holy mountain), was the reply—the distance being fourscore miles. "What were you doing there, poor man?" "Looking for God, sir." "On what part of the hill did you expect to find Him?" The poor fellow replied, with tears in his eyes, "I did not think of that, sir." Mr. Ouseley then put the question, "Where is God?" to which the reply naturally was, "Everywhere." And now came the point. "When the sun is up where in Ireland is the daylight?" Of course the poor pilgrim replied, "Sure, sir, it is everywhere." "So, then, it is about your own cabin as much as in any place. Would it not, then, be a strange thing for you to go fourscore miles, and bruise your poor feet so, looking for the daylight?" The man paused, "Oh, the Lord help us, sir! and sure I never saw the folly of it before. *I will never take another pilgrimage.*"—*Rev. W. Arthur, M.A.*

6095. WORK, a cure for melancholy. During the dark and gloomy days for France which followed the disaster of Sedan the Provisional Government met at Versailles. Among the temporary residents there was a distinguished American diplomatist. One morning a French statesman called upon him. The gentlemen were well known to each other, but the American could hardly recognise his French friend in the bowed and feeble form before him. He listened to his tremulously told story, and learned that, in addition to the disgrace of his country, a domestic calamity had befallen him. His favourite son had been taken prisoner by the Germans, charged with entering their lines as a spy. The troubles of the sorrow-stricken man had utterly broken him down, and he feared he should lose his reason unless he could find an occupation which would lift him out of this trouble. "Could his American friend suggest some English poem or other work for him to translate into the French language?" he asked. After commiserating with him in his distress, assistance of the kind was promised, and he was invited to call again the following morning. The French statesman did so, but instead of walking with a feeble step and bent form, he almost bounded into the room, stating that he had now no need of his friend's help; "for," said he, "yesterday I set myself down to the task of translating Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' and by the time I had completed it my views of life were changed, my distresses were alleviated, and the cloud which hung over me was lifted."—*The Church Standard.*

6096. WORK, A just law of. A gentleman was overlooking a man at work on his grounds who was emptying a tank by means of a bucket into the drain. "What a lazy fellow!" he thought. "I could fill that bucket twice to his once." The more he looked the more his indignation increased, until

at last he determined to show the man how to do his work. "Are you not ashamed," he asked, "to pour no more than two or three pails a minute?" The man smiled, but said he could not well do more. "Well, I'll show you that more can be done." So he went to work with great zeal, and poured out six or eight pails a minute. "Now," he said triumphantly, handing back the pail, "I've taught you a lesson. I hope you will profit by it." "Please your honour," said the man, "would you be kind enough to go on in that way another two minutes?" "Why?" "Because I never doubted but six pails could be poured in a minute; but what I want to know is, *how long you could keep on at that rate.*"

6097. WORK, a means of self-preservation. Count Caylus, the celebrated French antiquary, spent much time in engraving the plates which illustrate his valuable books. When his friends asked him why he worked so hard at such an almost mechanical occupation he replied, "*Je grave pour ne pas me pendre*"—"I engrave lest I should hang myself."—*Dr. Potter.*

6098. WORK, After-satisfaction in. Long after Telford had become famous he was passing over Waterloo Bridge one day with a friend, when, pointing to some finely cut stones in the corner nearest the bridge, he said, "You see those stones there; forty years since I hewed and laid them, when working on that building as a common mason." *Smiles.*

6099. WORK, Always thinking of. It is said of the great English painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he was always thinking of his art, and made the results of his vigilant observations contribute to its perfection. Walking one day with a friend, they met a beautiful peasant boy. Sir Joshua, after looking earnestly at the child, exclaimed, "I must go home and deepen the colouring of my *infant Hercules.*" The boy was a great deal sunburnt, and suggested to the painter a defect in his imaginary child.

6100. WORK, and Christ. It is said of Sister Dora (Miss Pattison), that no matter at what hour the hospital door bell rang, she used to rise instantly to admit the patient, saying, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—*Life of Sister Dora.*

6101. WORK, and worship. A pious monk one day, when he had been unusually fervent in his devotions, found his darkened cell suddenly illuminated by an unearthly light, and there stood before him a vision of the Saviour, His countenance beaming with godlike love, His hand outstretched with a gesture of kind invitation. At that moment rang the convent bell, which called the monk, in the regular course of his duty, to distribute alms to the poor at the gate. For an instant he hesitated; but the next instant found him, true to the vow of charity, on his way to the gate. The poor relieved, the work of love complete, he returned in sadness to his cell, doubting not that the heavenly vision had taken flight. But, to his surprise and joy, it was still there, and with a smile even more full than before of divine beauty and ineffable love; and these words fell on his ear, "*Hadst thou stayed I had fled.*"

6102. WORK, appreciated. In North Carolina

a missionary went to visit a Sunday-school. Seeing a boy about eight years old sitting on a door-step, he asked him if he were not going to the school. To this the little fellow answered, "I ain't been there for three Sundays—it is all ruined." "Why, how is that?" asked the missionary. "Have any of the teachers been making a fuss? Have the children been fighting or behaving badly?" "No, sir, I reckon not," was the answer; "but the school is ruined." "Now, my boy," said the missionary, "please tell me, if you can, what has ruined your nice little Sunday-school." The little fellow looked up into his face with an expression of grief peculiar in one so young, and replied, "*She don't come no more, my teacher don't—and the school is ruined.*"

6103. WORK, Delay in. Lomasso, a Milanese painter, tells us that the head of Christ (in the "Last Supper") was for Leonardo a matter of long meditation, and that when at last the painter made up his mind to attempt this part of his work and began to use his pencil *his hand trembled.*—*R. Heath.*

6104. WORK, Devotion to. Father Bernard was a worthy ecclesiastic who performed the duty of attending the unhappy persons sentenced to death in Paris. His just reputation for benevolence and piety reached Cardinal Richelieu, who sent for him, and telling him that his exemplary labours entitled him to every attention, pressed him to say what he could do for him. The good father answered, "I want, my lord, a *better cart in which to conduct my criminals to the place of their suffering*; that, indeed, is all I want, and I hope your eminence will gratify me in that respect." The Cardinal offered him a rich abbey, but he refused.—*Clerical Anecdotes.*

6105. WORK, Disgust at. Wishing one day to be rid of the loose stones upon my lawn, I thought myself very clever when I had erected a target just over the border, and induced certain urchins to throw stones at it from my place for a prize. But it suddenly occurred to the eager boys that it was *work* they were doing for me, and all the fun gave way to utter disgust! Now, the deep-seated hatred that children and all of us have to work as *work* is because we were not created for it in Eden. It is wholly unnatural, the curse of the Fall.—*Wm. M. Baker.*

6106. WORK done, Consolation of. Danjean the French grammarian, when told that a revolution was approaching, exclaimed, rubbing his hands, "Well, come what may, I have two hundred verbs well conjugated in my desk."—*Horace Smith.*

6107. WORK, End of. There is something strikingly beautiful and touching in the circumstances of Mozart's death. His sweetest song was the last he sang—"Requiem." He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of richest melody. After giving the touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter awoke him. "Come hither, my Emilie," said he; "my task is done; the Requiem—my Requiem, is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl; "you must be better; even now your cheek has a glow upon it." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father; "this wasted form

can never be restored by human aid. Take these, my last notes; sit down by my piano here and sing them with the hymns of thy sainted mother; let me once more hear those tones which have so long been my solace and delight." Emilie obeyed with a voice enriched by the tenderest emotion, then, turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit had left, with the seal of death upon his features.

6108. WORK, Faithful and rewarded. Dr. Judson laboured diligently for six years in Burmah before he baptized a convert. At the end of three years he was asked what evidence he had of ultimate success. He replied, "As much as there is a God who will fulfil all His promises." A hundred churches and thousands of converts already answer his faith.

6109. WORK, Faithful reward of. There comes over to our shores a poor stonecutter. The times are so bad at home that he is scarcely able to earn bread enough to eat; and by a whole year's stinting economy he manages to get together just enough to pay for a steerage passage to this country. He comes, homeless and acquaintancesless, and lands in New York, and wanders over to Brooklyn and seeks employment. He is ashamed to beg bread; and yet he is hungry. The yards are all full; but still, as he is an expert stonecutter, a man, out of charity, says, "Well, I will give you a little work—enough to enable you to pay for your board." And he shows him a block of stone to work on. What is it? One of many parts which are to form some ornament. Here is just a querr or fern, and there is a branch of what is probably to be a flower. He goes to work on this stone, and most patiently shapes it. He carves that bit of a fern, putting all his skill and taste into it. And by-and-by the master says, "Well done," and takes it away, and gives him another block, and tells him to work on that. And so he works on that, from the rising of the sun till the going down of the same, and he only knows that he is earning his bread. And he continues to put all his skill and taste into his work. He has no idea what use will be made of those few stems which he has been carving, until afterwards, when, one day, walking along the street, and looking up at the front of the Art Gallery, he sees the stones upon which he has worked. He did not know what they were for; but the architect did. And as he stands looking at his work on that structure which is the beauty of the whole street the tears drop down from his eyes, and he says, "*I am glad I did it well.*" And every day, as he passes that way, he says to himself exultingly, "*I did it well.*" He did not draw the design nor plan the building, and he knew nothing of what use was to be made of his work; but he took pains in cutting those stems; and when he saw that they were a part of that magnificent structure his soul rejoiced. Dear brethren, though the work which you are doing seems small, put your heart in it; do the best you can wherever you are; and by-and-by God will show you where He has put that work. And when you see it stand in that great structure which He is building you will rejoice in every single moment of fidelity with which you wrought. Do not let the seeming littleness of what you are doing now damp your fidelity.—*Beecher.*

6110. **WORK, Field for.** Dr. Chalmers once said to Dr. Guthrie, as they stood together looking over the George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh, "A beautiful field, sir; a beautiful field." The reference was to the opportunity afforded by the necessitous condition of the district they surveyed for Christian and philanthropic work.—*Dr. Sinclair Paterson.*

6111. **WORK, Finishing of.** The dawn broke on another sleepless night, but again the old man called his scholars around him and bade them write. "There is still a chapter wanting" (in his translation of St. John), said the scribe, "and it is hard for thee to question thyself any longer." "It is easily done," said Bede; "take thy pen and write quickly." Amid tears and farewells the day wore on to eventide. "There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear master," said the youth. "Write it quickly," said the dying man. "It is finished now," said the boy. "You speak truth," said Bede; "*all is finished now.*" Placed on the pavement, his head in his scholar's arms, he chanted the solemn "Glory to God," and as it closed he quietly passed away.

6112. **WORK, Joy in.** Michael Angelo, when engaged upon work which brought him fame, had to go to the quarries to select the marble, and spent several months in the most dreary and solitary employment. So in the work in which we are engaged we may need seasons of hard and difficult and solitary labour. But how wonderfully are we sustained! Then work becomes a joy. The most difficult employment for the Master is performed with a great deal of interest. Work is not only a joy, but we become anxious to do all we can to complete, if possible, what seems to be our part in the work of life. It is related of Nordheimer that he foresaw his death, and calculating pretty well when it would come, gave double recitations as long as he could sit up, so that his class might lose nothing. Hannah More commenced an enterprise in her old age, and thus wrote to Wilberforce:—"For the night cometh; and it is a comfort to think that though I may be dust and ashes in a few weeks, yet by that time this business will be in actual motion."—*R. H. Williams.*

6113. **WORK, Love of.** "Mr. Newton is very feeble," writes Mr. Bull; "had great difficulty to get out of the coach. I was obliged to lift him with all my strength." The good man was strong in his opinion that he was as capable of preaching as ever, and defended his position with some warmth. Cecil ventured to say, "Might it not be best to consider your work as done, and to stop before you evidently discover you can speak no longer?" "*I cannot stop,*" said the veteran, raising his voice. "What! Shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak?" "A prisoner at home," he told a friend, "I am like a person going on a journey in a stage-coach, who expects its arrival every hour, and is frequently looking out of the window for it." "My memory is nearly gone, but I remember two things—that I am a great sinner, and that Christ is a great Saviour."—*Dr. Stoughton.*

6114. **WORK, Love of.** Mr. Benjamin, the United States Minister in Persia, happening to remark to an artist he was employing at Teheran in doing some gilding, that he was giving more care than the money agreed upon would repay, received

the noble reply, "*I do not work for money alone; I work because I love my profession.*"

6115. **WORK, Love of.** Richard Burke, being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament by his brother Edmund, was questioned by a friend as to the cause. He replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolise all the talents of the family; but then, again, I remember when we were at play *he was always at work.*"

6116. **WORK, Love of.** I believe that it is not generally known how the late Mr. Charles Reade lost the first joint of his right-hand forefinger, and as I was an eye-witness of the affair, I can speak with authority upon the subject. It was just when Mr. Reade's works were beginning to attract attention that he visited the Zoological Gardens. It was on a Saturday afternoon, and the gardens were crowded. Mr. Reade was feeding a large black bear with a piece of bun, when he incautiously allowed the animal not only to take the bun, but the top of his finger also. The novelist's consternation was very remarkable. It appeared to flash upon him instantly that it was the forefinger of his writing hand that he had lost, and despite the pain from which he was suffering, his only exclamation was, "Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? I am a literary man!" Mr. Reade's man-servant rushed about the gardens shouting, "Is there a doctor here?" and one having been found, Mr. Reade's finger was examined, and it was pronounced necessary for the finger to be amputated at the first joint. Mr. Reade was taken to the St. George's Hospital, where the operation was performed. Although I was quite young at the time, I can remember distinctly the expression of intense relief which appeared on the novelist's countenance when told that upon his finger healing it would not affect his being able to write, his literary work being evidently uppermost in his mind.—*W. H. C.*

6117. **WORK, never finished here.** We once heard the preaching of Rev. Christopher Anderson, of Edinburgh, author of the "Annals of the English Bible," and other works. Although the whole sermon was deeply interesting, we cannot now recall but one thing in it, and that was a striking saying of the eminent and excellent Andrew Fuller which Mr. Anderson gave, as spoken by Mr. Fuller to himself. "Ah, dear brother," said that man of God, "there was never but one being in this world who could say when he died, '*It is finished!*' We have to leave all our work unfinished. But we must work on and do what we can while the day lasts, and then we shall know all."—*Dr. Cheever.*

6118. **WORK, our true honour.** To him (Bishop Crowthor, the first black bishop) my father said, "If a man desire the office of a bishop, what saith the Word of God that he desireth?—a large income?—a palace?—to be called 'my lord?' No! he desireth a *good work.* Work for Christ is the true honour of the bishop."—*Miss Marsh.*

6119. **WORK, Ready for.** Brutus, visiting Ligarius, found him in, and said, "What! sick, Ligarius?" "No, Brutus," said he; "if thou hast any noble enterprise in hand I am well."—*Spurgeon.*

6120. **WORK, recognised after long years.** An Italian made a chime of bells for his native village.

So sweet was the chime that he took up his abode near it. After a while war came. The Italian was taken into exile. The bells were captured, and were also taken away. Years passed on. One day the Italian exile, in a row-boat, is being rowed up the River Shannon toward the city of Limerick, Ireland. As he comes near the wharf the cathedral tower strikes the chime; and lo! it was the same old chime of bells that had so, in other days, enchanted him. He recognised them in a moment. His emotions were too great for human endurance. He folded his arms and lay back in the boat. The rowers put down their oars and tried to resuscitate him. His soul was toward the tower. But he was gone. His soul had gone out in the raptures of that hour.—*Talmage*.

6121. WORK, Review of. "The Lord rejoices in His works." What a wonderful sentence that is! That man must have been inspired when he said that God rested from his labours, and looked upon His works and pronounced them good. Of all joys, that is the grandest and sublimest, to review one's own work and pronounce it good. There is no passage in English much more beautiful than that which describes the author of that great work on "Falling Rome" (Gibbon) when he had just come to the conclusion of his task. Walking there under the trees of Lausanne, he, like a true artist, drew back and admired his finished work. And he was right. For there are times when a man may look upon his work and say, "That is genius!" When Swift was beginning to doat he took down from a shelf one of his own works, and exclaimed, "What a genius I must have had when I did that!"—*George Dawson*.

6122. WORK, should be begun early. In the city of Basle, Switzerland, it was the custom to have all the clocks of the city an hour ahead of time, for the following reason:—Once an enemy was moving upon the city, and their stratagem was to take the city at twelve o'clock at noon; but the cathedral clock, by mistake, struck one instead of twelve; and so the enemy thought that they were too late to carry out the stratagem, and gave up the assault, and the city was saved; and it was arranged for many years that the clock struck one when it was twelve, and twelve when it was eleven. O man and woman of God, engage in Christian work—*set your clocks on*, if you want to save the city! Better get to your work too early than come too late. *The King's business requires haste*.

6123. WORK, The will to. Karamsin, the Russian traveller, having witnessed Lavater's diligence in study, visiting the sick, and relieving the poor, greatly surprised at his fortitude and activity, said to him, "Whence have you so much strength of mind and power of endurance?" "My friend," replied he, "man rarely wants the power to work when he possesses the will."—*Whitecross*.

6124. WORKING, and trusting. A man said to me last week, "When I go to bed at night I say to myself, 'I have done the best I knew how all day, and I leave the rest with God.'" Brave man! That is the meaning of "*Cast all your care upon the Lord, for He careth for you*."—*Beecher*.

6125. WORKING classes, and public worship. The question is often asked, "How shall we get our

working classes to attend public worship!" The answer may be supplied by an incident of my boyhood. On the mantelshelf of my grandmother's best parlour, among other marvels, was an apple in a phial. It quite filled up the body of the bottle, and my wondering inquiry was, "How could it have been got into its place?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottom would unscrew, or if there had been a join in the glass throughout the length of the phial. I was satisfied by careful observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. But as it was said of that other wonder, the source of the Nile—

"Nature well known no mystery remains"—

so was it here. Walking in the garden, I saw a phial placed on a tree bearing within it a tiny apple, which was growing within the crystal; now I saw it all; the apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there. Just so must we catch the little men and women who swarm our streets—we call them boys and girls—and introduce them within the influence of the Church, for, alas! it is hard indeed to reach them when they have ripened in carelessness and sin.—*Spurgeon*.

6126. WORKING, to the last. Believing that he (Cromwell) may not survive, as he had expected, in calm intervals he will now do the business of the State. He is in a fast-consuming ague-fever; but the heart is stout within the shivering body, and he declares, "*A governor ought to die working*." . . . There is something offered him to drink, that he may sleep. He replies to it saying, "*A governor ought to die waking*."—*Frederic Myers, M.A.*

6127. WORKS, and prayer. A white squall caught a party of tourists moving across a lake in Scotland, and threatened to capsize the boat. When it seemed that the crisis was really come, the largest and strongest man in the party, in a state of intense fear, said, "Let us pray." "No, no, my man," shouted the bluff old boatman; "*let the little man pray. You take an oar*."—*Nonconformist*.

6128. WORKS, and prayer. A deacon living in a Berkshire town was requested to give his prayers in behalf of a poor man with a large family who had broken his leg. "I can't stop now to pray," said the deacon (who was picking and barrelling his early apples for the city market); "but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef, salt pork, potatoes, and butter; that's the best I can do."—*Henry T. Williams*.

6129. WORKS, cannot save. Doubtless many a one wrought upon the ark who yet was not saved in the ark. Our outward works cannot save us without our faith. We may help to save others and perish ourselves.—*Bishop Hall*.

6130. WORKS, do not win salvation. Guthrie tells that when John Knox was dying he had a great fight and struggle. For it was suggested to the old lion-hearted champion, who had bearded proud nobles and princes, and had preached on though a loaded musket was levelled at his head, that he had done so much, been a standard-bearer of the Reformation, the most thorough of all the reformers, a bold confessor, a distinguished sufferer, the foremost man of his time and country, that surely he had deserved and purchased the crown of life.

The old self-reliance came to the aid of the suggestion, and he fought in agony the live-long night to conquer himself and honour Jesus only. He emerged triumphantly, saying, "The word is true: 'I do not this for your sakes, but for mine holy name's sake.' 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He hath saved us.'"—*W. Hope Davison.*

6131. WORKS, God's, Support of. As I was at my window I saw the stars, and the sky, and that vast and magnificent firmament in which the Lord has placed them. *I could nowhere discover the columns on which the Master has supported this immense vault, and yet the heavens did not fall. . . . I beheld thick clouds hanging above us like a vast sea. I could neither perceive ground on which they reposed nor cords by which they were suspended, and yet they did not fall upon us, but saluted us rapidly and fled away.*—*Luther (to Chancellor Brück).*

6132. WORKS, not to be relied upon in death. He (Baxter on his death-bed) said, "God may justly condemn me for the best duty I ever did; and all my hopes are from the free mercy of God in Christ." He had often said before, "I can more readily believe that God will forgive me than I can forgive myself. After a slumber he waked, saying, "I shall rest from my labours." A minister present said, "And your works will follow you." He replied, "No works; *I will leave out works*, if God will grant me the other." When a friend comforted him with the remembrance of the good many had received from his writings, he replied, "*I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen!*"—*Rev. J. C. Ryle, A.B.*

6133. WORKS, self-condemned. Charles Lamb once wrote a play for the stage. It was a very poor play, and he went to see it enacted. The whole audience condemned the play, but the loudest hissing came from the gallery where Charles Lamb sat, and the audience looked up and saw that it was the author of the play who was hissing his own production.—*Talmage.*

6134. WORKS, should correspond with our words. A venerable and especially beloved friend, who relieved the vacant hours of a superannuated ministry with the cultivation of grapes, announced as his text, at the Bethel, "I am the true vine," and began by saying, "There are some vines that will not bear good grapes." "That's so!" breaks in Father Taylor; "you sold me one of that sort."—*Life of Father Taylor.*

6135. WORKS, viewed in the light of eternity. Garrick, the actor, and Whitefield, the preacher, were cotemporarys—were friends and admirers. Garrick said he would give a thousand guineas for the capacity to use the exclamation "Oh!" as George Whitefield used it. The triumph of the one was in Drury Lane Theatre; the triumph of the other was on Moorfields Common, where thousands of souls under his ministry cried out for God. From the door of eternity, which man has the pleasanter retrospect?—*Talmage.*

6136. WORLD, and desire. The world with fiendish malignity imitates the cruel torture practised upon the rebel Hugh Macdonald (mentioned by Dr. Johnson in his tour to the Hebrides), who

was served with a plentiful meal of salt provisions, and when he was parched with thirst, and earnestly entreated for water, was tantalised by a cup being let down to him in his dungeon, which, on lifting the cover, he found to be empty.

6137. WORLD, and its geological growth. I last passed through this wondrous gallery (the geological department of the British Museum), and a group of intelligent mechanics, fresh from some manufacturing town of the Midland Counties, were sauntering on through its chambers, immediately before me. They stood amazed beneath the dragons of the Oolite and Lias; and with more than the admiration and wonder of the disciples of old when contemplating the huge stones of the Temple, they turned to say, in almost the old words, "Lo! master, what manner of great beasts are these?" "These are," I reply, "the sea monsters and creeping things of the second great period of organic existence." The reply seemed satisfactory, and we passed on together to the terminal apartments of the range appropriated to the Tertiary organisms; and there, before the enormous mammals, the mechanics again stood in wonder, and turned to inquire. Anticipating the query, I said, "And these are the huge beasts of the earth and the cattle of the third great period of organic existence; and yonder, in the same apartment, you see, but at its farther end, is the famous fossil man of Guadaloupe, locked up by the petrificative agencies in a slab of limestone."—*Hugh Miller.*

6138. WORLD, and the soul. Gosse, in his "Romance of Natural History," tells us of certain animals which inhabit the coral reefs. So long as they keep the passage to the surface clear, they are safe; but this neglected, the animal finds the coral has grown around it and enclosed it in a living tomb. And so it is with the life of the soul of man here upon earth. The world is around us everywhere; *the danger is when we let it grow between our souls and God.*—*B.*

6139. WORLD, Beautiful after all. "It's a beautiful world; and since I have been lying here (on his death-bed) I have thought of it more and more; it is not so bad, even humanly speaking, as people would make it out. I have had some happy days while I lived in it, and I could have wished to stay a little longer. But it is all for the best, and we shall all meet in a better world."—*Hood.*

6140. WORLD, Beauty of. William Blake, the poet, painter, and mystic, said to a lovely girl, stroking her head, "May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me."

6141. WORLD, Called to leave. Cardinal Mazarin, in the very zenith of his power, and just when his ambition seemed to have grasped all that it could desire, was told by Guenard, his physician, that he had only two months longer to live. A few days after, he was observed to drag himself in his night cap and gown along the gallery of his palace, and to mutter, as he looked at the splendid collection of pictures his wealth had amassed, "*Must I quit all these?*" Perceiving Brienne, his attendant, from whom the account is derived, he broke out, "Look at that Corregio!—this Venus of Titian!—that matchless Deluge of Caracci! Ah, my friend, I must quit them all! Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, and that have cost me so much!"

At another time, whilst in his easy-chair, he was heard to murmur, "Guenard has said it—Guenard has said it." One of his last amusements was cards, which were held for him by another, as his enfeebled hands refused to perform their office. When the time of his death drew near he became most restless and uneasy, and was heard to say, with tears, "O my poor soul! what will become of thee? Whither wilt thou go?" To the Queen-Dowager of France he said, "Madam, your favours have undone me; were I to live again, I would be a monk rather than a courtier."—*Life's Last Hours*.

6142. WORLD, cannot give peace. There was one living who, scarcely in a figure, might be said to have the whole world. The Roman Emperor Tiberius was at that moment infinitely the most powerful of living men, the absolute, undisputed, deified ruler of all that was fairest and richest in the kingdoms of the earth. There was no control to his power, no limit to his wealth, no restraint upon his pleasures. And, to yield himself still more unrestrainedly to the boundless self-gratification of a voluptuous luxury, not long after this time he chose for himself a home on one of the loveliest spots on the earth's surface, under the shadow of the slumbering volcano, upon an enchanting islet in one of the most softly delicious climates of the world. What came of it all? He was, as Pliny calls him, "*Tristissimus ut constat hominum*," confessedly the most gloomy of mankind. And there, from this home of his hidden infamies, from this island where, on a scale so splendid, he had tried the experiment of what happiness can be achieved by pressing the world's most absolute authority and the world's guiltiest indulgences into the service of an exclusively selfish life, he wrote to his servile and corrupted senate, "What to write to you, conscript fathers, or how to write, or what *not* to write, *may all the gods and goddesses destroy me, worse than I feel that they are daily destroying me, if I know.*" Rarely has there been vouchsafed to the world a more overwhelming proof that its richest gifts are but "fairy gold that turns to dust and dross."—*Farrar*.

6143. WORLD, Conceptions of. The Atlantic Ocean burst upon the sight of the astonished Makololo, who beheld the boundless horizon with feelings of awe. As they imagined that the earth was a great extended plain, they remarked afterwards, "We marched along with our father, believing what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me!'"—*Life of Livingstone*.

6144. WORLD, Dead to. The Rev. B. Clough (in furnishing an account of the conduct of Dr. Coke, after he had engaged in the Asiatic mission, on his voyage to enter on which he died) relates that on one occasion he presented to the doctor a paper not immediately connected with that object, which, however, he wished him to read. But such was his entire devotion to the one object of his pursuit, that he only replied, "Brother, I beg your pardon, but excuse me; *I am dead to all things but Asia.*"

6145. WORLD, Dead to. St. Bernard, in illustration of the desire of our Lord to indicate that the spiritual life must not be disturbed by earthly relationships, tells a striking story of a hermit who, on being consulted by his brother, referred him to

the advice of another brother who had died some time before. "But he is dead," said the other, with surprise. "So am I also," replied the hermit. —*Canon Farrar*.

6146. WORLD, for Christ. In an engagement some of Wellington's officers said of a certain stronghold, "It cannot be taken." "*Cannot?*" replied the Iron Duke. Turning to the instructions which he had given, he found it ordered that that point be taken. "*It can* be taken," he firmly said, "for it is in my Order-book!" Because it is in *our* "Order-book" to hold, occupy, and possess this world for Christ, we mean to do it.

6147. WORLD, Frivolity of. When Bonaparte put the Duke d'Enghien to death all Paris felt so much horror at the event that the throne of the tyrant trembled under him. A counter-revolution was expected, and would most probably have taken place had not Bonaparte ordered a new ballet to be brought out at the Opera. The subject he pitched on was "Ossian, or the Bards." It is still recollected in Paris as perhaps the grandest *spectacle* that had ever been exhibited there. The consequence was, that the murder of the Duke d'Enghien was totally forgotten, and *nothing but the new ballet* was talked of.

6148. WORLD, Future of. I do not know whether any of my hearers have ever gone up from Riffelburg to Gornier Grat, in the High Alps, to behold the sun rise. Every mountain catches the light according to the height which the upheaving forces that God set in motion have given it. First the point of Monte Rosa is kissed by the morning beams, blushes for a moment, and forthwith stands clear in the light. Then the Breithorn, and the dome of Mischabel, and the Matterhorn, and twenty other grand mountains, embracing the distant Jung Frau, receive each in its turn the gladdening rays, bask each for a brief space, and then remain bathed in sunlight. Meanwhile the valleys between lie down dark and dismal as death. But the light which has risen is the light of the morning; and these shadows are even now lessening, and we are sure they will soon altogether vanish. *Such is the hopeful view I take of our world.* "Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people; but God's light hath broken forth in the morning, and to them who sat in darkness a great light has arisen." Already I see favoured spots illuminated by it; Great Britain and her spreading colonies, and Prussia extending her influence, and the United States, with her broad territory and her rapidly increasing population, stand in the light; and I see, not twenty, but a hundred points of light, striking up in our scattered mission stations, in old continents and secluded isles and barren deserts, according as God's grace and man's heaven-kindled love have favoured them. And much as I was enraptured with that grand Alpine scene, and shouted irrepressibly as I surveyed it, I am still more elevated, and I feel as if I could cry aloud for joy, when I hear of light advancing from point to point, and penetrating deeper and deeper into the darkness which we are sure is at last to be dispelled, to allow our earth to stand clear in the light of the Sun of Righteousness.—*M' Cosh*.

6149. WORLD, history of man's struggles. If the earth could give up her secrets our whole globe

would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. What tears have been shed in secrecy about the three corner trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom—shed, but never reckoned!—*Jean Paul Richter.*

6150. WORLD, how to be conquered for Christ. I was telling my congregation the other evening the story of an American who declared he could fight the whole British army; and when he was asked how he could draw so long a bow as that he said, "Why, this is what I would do. I know I am the best swordsman in the world, so I will go and challenge one Britisher, and kill him; then take another, and kill him. Thus," he said, "I only want time enough, and I would kill the whole British army." . . . If we want to conquer the world for the Lord Jesus Christ, rest assured we must do it in the Yankee's fashion; *we must take men one by one, and these ones must be brought to Christ, or otherwise the great mass must remain untouched.*—*Spurgeon.*

6151. WORLD, Image of. The traveller in the Arabian desert often sees a wonderful sight. A fair landscape, or a noble castle, or a great city seems suddenly to rise out of the sand before his eyes, and then, having lasted for half an hour, to pass utterly away. The mists exhaling from the heated sand had produced this vision. It is a splendid delusion; and only those who have seen it can believe how real as well as how beautiful it appears. Yet while he is still gazing and admiring the exquisite scene is gone. So "the world passeth away and the lust thereof." Its beauty fades, its glory departs, leaving the poor soul that trusted in it without a home and without a hope.

6152. WORLD, In, but not of. Though he (Sir Thomas More) lived so much in the world and at court, yet his heart was kept unworldly by the singular virtue of his private life. If he entertained his equals freely, he also frequently invited the poor to dine and to sup with him; the more he was in the king's palace, the more he resorted to the cottages of the poor; when he added to his house a library, he provided also a house near his own for the comfort of his aged neighbours; and when most involved in worldly business he built himself a chapel. He never entered upon any fresh public employment without an act of devotion and a participation of the Lord's Supper—trusting, as he said, *more to the grace of God thus derived than to his own wit*; and so long as his father lived he never sat upon his judgment-seat—that seat was the Lord Chancellor's—without asking his blessing upon his knees.—*Frederic Myers, M.A.*

6153. WORLD, in God's hands. We all need to remember again and again Luther's advice to Melancthon when he was too solicitous about church affairs in his age—"Philip Melancthon would not do well to attempt the government of this world any longer." And that passing meditation which we have on record of the Emperor Maximilian was very good:—"O eternal Lord God, if Thou Thyself shouldst not be watchful, how ill would it be with Thy world, which is now governed by me, a miserable hunter, and by this drunken and wicked Pope Julius!"—*Paxton Hood.*

6154. WORLD, Isolated from, for Christ's sake.

When a lecturer on electricity wants to show an example of a human body surcharged with his fire, he places a person on a stool with glass legs. This glass serves to isolate him from the earth, because it will not conduct the fire—the electric fluid. Were it not for this, however much might be poured into his frame, it would be carried away by the earth; but when thus isolated from it he retains all that enters him. You see no fire, you hear no fire; but you are told that it is pouring into him. Presently you are challenged to the proof—asked to come near, and hold your hand close to his person. When you do so a spark of fire shoots out towards you. If thou, then, wouldst have thy soul surcharged with the fire of God, so that those who come nigh to thee shall feel some mysterious influence proceeding out from thee, thou must draw nigh to the source of that fire, to the throne of God and of the Lamb, and *shut thyself out from the world*—that cold world, which so swiftly steals our fire away.—*Rev. Wm. Arthur.*

6155. WORLD, its instability. Queen Elizabeth once said to a courtier, "They pass best over the world who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog; if we stop we sink."

6156. WORLD, Love of. Dr. Justus Jonas told Dr. Martin Luther of a noble and powerful Misnian who above all things occupied himself in amassing gold and silver, and was so buried in darkness that he gave no heed to the five books of Moses, and had even said to Duke John Frederic, who was discoursing with him upon the gospel, "*Sir, the gospel pays no interest.*" "Have you no grains?" interposed Luther; and then told this fable:—"A lion, making a great feast, invited all the beasts, and with them some swine. When all manner of dainties were set before the guests, the swine asked, 'Have you no grains?'" "Even so," continued the Doctor, "even so, in these days, it is with our epicureans; we preachers set before them, in our churches, the most dainty and costly dishes, as everlasting salvation, the remission of sins, and God's grace; but they, like swine, turn up their snouts, and ask for guilders: offer a cow nutmeg, and she will reject it for old hay. This reminds me of the answer of certain parishioners to their minister, Ambrose R. He had been earnestly exhorting them to come and listen to the Word of God. 'Well,' said they, 'if you will tap a good barrel of beer for us we'll come with all our hearts and hear you.' The gospel at Wittenberg is like unto the rain which, falling upon a river, produces little effect; but descending upon a dry, thirsty soil, renders it fertile."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

6157. WORLD, Love of. "God so loved the world"—that's you and me.—*Baldwin Brown.*

6158. WORLD, Love of. A dervish once went into a confectioner's shop. The confectioner, to honour him, poured some honey into a dish before him. Immediately a swarm of flies settled, as was their wont, upon the honey; some upon the edge of the dish, but the greater number in the middle. The confectioner then took up a whisk to drive them off, when those upon the side flew away with ease, but the others were prevented from rising, the honey clinging to their wings, and were involved in ruin. The dervish noticed this, and remarked, "That honey-dish is like the world, and the honey

like its pleasures. Those who enjoy them with moderation and contentment, when the whisk of death approaches, not having their hearts filled with the love of them, can with ease escape its snare ; while all who, like the foolish flies, have given themselves wholly to their sweetness will meet with destruction."—*From the Hindustani.*

6159. WORLD, not complete. It has been claimed by some that they could have made a better universe. An audacious critic has asserted that he could have done this very thing, made a better world, as La Place said he could have constructed a better planetary system. When asked how he would alter the present order he replied, "I should make health catching instead of disease"—a very bright answer, but its wit is not so great as its apparent wisdom.—*Theodore T. Munger.*

6160. WORLD, not to be unnoticed by man. An artificer takes it ill if, when he hath finished some curious piece of work and set it forth to be seen, as Apelles was wont to do, men slight it and take no notice of his handiwork. And is there not a woe to such stupid persons as "regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands?" "*Asino quispiam narrabat fabulam, at ille movebat aures*" is a proverb among the Greeks. Christ was by at the creation, and rejoiced ; angels also were at the doing of a great deal, and were rapt with admiration. Shall they shout for joy and we be silent?—*Trapp.*

6161. WORLD, Opinions of, how obtained. Billy Bray, the Cornish preacher, was once amongst a number of people who were saying hard things about the world, and they appealed to him for his testimony. Billy did not care to answer, and quietly said, "I don't noo much about it, friends." This was not considered satisfactory, and they pressed the quaint and joyous man of God for further words. "Praise the Lord," said Billy ; "it's true I don't noo much about it. I ain't a-ben a-down there this twelve years." The old man lived in the presence of the King.

6162. WORLD, Pleasures of, short-lived. The Persians, when they obtained a victory, selected the noblest slave and made him king for three days ; clothed him with royal robes and ministered to him all the pleasures he could choose ; but *at the end of all he was to die* as a sacrifice to mirth and folly. So the pleasures of the world are short-lived.—*Buck.*

6163. WORLD, Providential government of. I happened to remark to a stranger who was sitting next me at a *table d'hôte* at Rudolstadt, in Thuringia, that I feared the rains must have been doing a great deal of mischief. He turned out to be a scientific man from Berlin, and replied, "I should think they were much needed to replenish the springs, after three years of drought." I immediately felt that I had made an idle and thoughtless speech.—*Sir Charles Lyell (to Kingsley).*

6164. WORLD, Regard of. Francis the First was accustomed to say, that when the nobles of his kingdom came to court they were received by the world as so many little *kings* ; that the day after they were only beheld as so many *princes* ; but on the third day they were merely considered as so

many *gentlemen*, and were confounded among the crowd of courtiers.—*I. D'Israeli.*

6165. WORLD, Rule of. The noble authoress of the "New and Heavenly Horizons" tells us, in one of her later books, how that one day she found a lamb lying in bleating helplessness by the dusty roadside, while the shepherd and the other sheep were already some distance in advance. She had compassion on the poor animal, and carried it with her until she overtook the flock. The mother ewe had all along been answering the bleatings of her offspring, and now turned eagerly to receive it ; but the shepherd rudely drove her back. "It can't keep up," he said, "and must be left behind." Such is the world's hard rule.

6166. WORLD, to be conquered. Crates threw his gold into the sea, saying, "*I will destroy thee, lest thou destroy me !*" If men do not put the love of the world to death, the love of the world will put them to death.—*Venning.*

6167. WORLD, Upward progress in. The work of redemption may, I repeat, be the work of God's Sabbath-day. What I ask, viewed as a whole, is the prominent characteristic of geologic history, or of that corresponding history of creation which forms the grandly fashioned vestibule of the sacred volume ? *Of both alike the leading characteristic is progress.* In both alike do we find an upward progress from dead matter to the humbler forms of vitality, and from thence to the higher. . . . The creative fiat went forth, and dead matter came into existence. The creative fiat went forth, and plants, with the lower animal forms, came into existence. The creative fiat went forth, and the mammiferous animals—cattle and beasts of the earth—came into existence. And finally, last in the series, the creative fiat went forth, and responsible, immortal man came into existence. . . . The long-ascending line from dead matter to man has been a *progress Godwards*, not an asymptotical progress, but destined from the beginning to furnish a point of union ;—and occupying that point as true God and true man, Creator and created, we recognise the adorable Monarch of all the Future !—*Hugh Miller.*

6168. WORLD, Vastness of. A student of Erfurt, desiring to see Nuremberg, departed with a friend on a journey thither. Before they had walked half a mile he asked his companion whether they should soon get to Nuremberg, and was answered, "'Tis scarce likely, since we have only just left Erfurt." Having repeated the question another half mile farther on, and getting the same answer, he said, "Let's give up the journey, and go back, since the world is so vast !"—*Luther's Table Talk.*

6169. WORLD, wide enough for all. A drummer who formed one of Whitefield's open-air congregation determined to drown the preacher's voice by beating his drum violently. Whitefield attempted to hold his own, and raised his voice to a very high pitch ; but all to no purpose. He then addressed the drummer personally in a happy speech. "Friend," he said, "you and I serve the two greatest masters existing, but in different callings—you beat up volunteers for King George, and I for the Lord Jesus. Let us not interrupt each other. *The world is wide enough for both, and we*

may get recruits in abundance."—*Gledstone's Life of Whitefield.*

6170. WORLD, without Christians. An infidel young lawyer, going to the West to settle for life, made it his boast that he "would locate in some place where there were no churches, Sunday-schools, or Bibles." He found a place which substantially met his conditions. But before the year was out he wrote to a former classmate, a young minister, begging him to come out and bring plenty of Bibles, and begin preaching, and start a Sunday-school, for, he said, he had "become convinced that a place without Christians, and Sabbaths, and churches, and Bibles was too much like hell for any living man to stay in."

6171. WORLDLINESS, Attractions of. Nearly all can recall that favourite fiction of their childhood, the voyage of Sindbad the sailor into the Indian Sea. They will remember that magnetic rock that rose from the surface of the placid waters. Silently Sindbad's vessel was attracted towards it; silently the bolts were drawn out of the ship's side, one by one, through the subtle attraction of that magnetic rock. And when the fated vessel drew so near that every bolt and clamp was unloosed, the whole structure of bulwark, mast, and spars tumbled into ruin on the sea, and the sleeping sailors awoke to their drowning agonies. So stands the *magnetic rock of worldliness* athwart the Christian's path. Its attraction is subtle, silent, slow, but fearfully powerful on every soul that floats within its range. Under its enchanting spell bolt after bolt of good resolution, clamp after clamp of Christian obligation, are stealthily drawn out. What matters it how long or how fair has been the man's profession of religion, or how flauntingly the flag of his orthodoxy floats from the masthead? Let sudden temptation smite the unbolted professor, and in an hour he is a wreck. He cannot hold together in a tempest of trial, he cannot go out on any cruise of Christian service, because he is no longer held together by a divine principle within. It has been drawn out of him by that mighty loadstone of attraction, a sinful, godless, self-pampering, Christ-rejecting world.—*Cuyler.*

6172. WORLDLINESS, Danger of, illustrated. I once saw a picture of an artist sitting on a rock in the ocean, which had been left bare by the retreating tide. There he sat, sketching on his canvas the beautiful scenery around him, sky and wave and sea, all unconscious that the tide had turned, had cut him off from the shore, and was rapidly covering the rock on which he sat. The tempest, the waves, the rising sea were forgotten, so absorbed was he in his picture; nor did he hear his friends calling to him from the shore.

6173. WORLDLINESS, its blinding influence. Suppose I were shut up within a round-tower, whose massive wall had in some time of trouble been pierced here and there for musketry; suppose, further, that by choice or necessity I am whirled rapidly and incessantly round its inner circumference, will I appreciate the beauties of the surrounding landscape or recognise the features of the men who labour in the field below? I will not! Why? Are there not openings in the wall which I pass at every circuit? Yes; but the eye, set for objects near, has not time to adjust itself to objects

at a distance until it has passed the openings; and so the result is the same as if it were a dead wall all round. Behold the circle of human life! of the earth, earthy it is, almost throughout its whole circumference. A dead wall, very near and very thick, obstructs the view. Here and there, on a Sabbath or other season of seriousness, a slit is left open in its side. Heaven might be seen through these; but, alas! the eye which is habitually set for the earthly cannot, during such momentary glimpses, adjust itself to higher things. Unless you pause and look steadfastly, you will see neither clouds nor sunshine through these openings, or the distant sky. So long has the soul looked upon the world, and so firmly is the world's picture fixed in its eye, that when it is turned for a moment heavenward it feels only a quiver of inarticulate light, and retains no distinct impression of the things that are unseen and eternal.—*W. Arnot.*

6174. WORLDLINESS, Motto of. Alexander came to Anchiala, built by Sardanapalus. His tomb was still to be seen in that city, with this inscription:—"Sardanapalus built Anchiala and Tarsus in one day: *Go, passenger, eat and drink and rejoice, for the rest is nothing.*"—*Little's Historical Lights.*

6175. WORLDLINESS, Reward of. It is said the Duke d'Alva starved his prisoners after he had given them quarter, saying, "Though I promised your lives, I promised not to find you meat." Thus in the same manner doth the world deceive its votaries in the end.—*Buck.*

6176. WORLDLING, State of. A Chinese wife was one day seen by a missionary to enter a temple. In her hands were some humble offerings, such as a twig, or rice, for *propitiating the poor blind deity.* There he stood, some forty feet high, blackened and begrimed with the smoke of incense, for hundreds of years. She presented her petition; she called upon the idol to protect and return in safety her husband, then on the sea in a storm. A few weeks after the missionary was there, and saw the same female enter the temple in a rage. She stood before the grim idol and cursed it for being so blind, so deaf, so helpless as to let her husband perish! Yes, the wailing widow of heathen life only *echoed* the sad complaints of millions in Christian lands. They found their hopes and build their plans on just such baseless, blind, deaf gods as this humble dweller in darkness. The worldling ever prays to a god that is deaf and blind!—*Van Doren.*

6177. WORLDLING, when satisfied. "When I was a lad," says one, "an old gentleman took some trouble to teach me some little knowledge of the world. With this view, I remember, he once asked me *when a man was rich enough.* I replied, 'When he has a thousand pounds.' He said, 'No.' 'Two thousand?' 'No.' 'Ten thousand?' 'No.' 'Twenty thousand?' 'No.' 'A hundred thousand?' which I thought would settle the business; but he still continuing to say, 'No.' I gave it up, and confessed I could not tell, but begged he would inform me. He gravely said, 'When he has a little more than he has, and that is *never!*'"

6178. WORLDLINGS, Not at home with. When Isocrates, dining with the King of Cyprus, was asked why he did not mix in the discourse of the company, he replied, "What is seasonable I do not

know, and what I know is not seasonable.”—*Horace Smith.*

6179. WORLDLINGS, Treasures of. There is a fable of a covetous man who chanced to find his way one moonlight night into a fairy's palace. There he saw bars, apparently of solid gold, strewed on every side; and he was permitted to take away as many as he could carry. In the morning, when the sun rose on his imaginary treasure, borne home with so much toil, behold! there was only a bundle of sticks, and invisible beings filled the air around him with scornful laughter.

6180. WORLDLY honours, Right estimate of. When he (Cato) was asked one day why no statues had been erected to him, when Rome was crowded with so many others, “I had much rather,” said he, “people should inquire *why I have none* than why I have any.”—*Rollin.*

6181. WORLDLY honours, True estimate of. One day, when I saw the King (Henry VIII.) walking with him for an hour, holding his arm about his neck, I rejoiced, and said to Sir Thomas More, how happy he was whom the King so familiarly entertained, as I had never seen any one before, except Cardinal Wolsey. “I thank our Lord, son,” said he, “I find His Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any other subject within this realm; howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof; for I know that if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go.”—*Roper.*

6182. WORLDLY pursuits, unsatisfying. The children of the Samians insulted Homer, because, said they, Homer obstructed the highways of the islands by singing poetry before the houses. I am not Homer; but my critics are more severe than the Samians. Upon these pages where they reproach me for heaping piles of vanity it is not ink you read; no, believe me it is not; but the sweat of my brow. It is not my name I seek to magnify, but the pledge of those who have no estate and no existence save that name. My name!—ah! I know as well as you do what that name is worth, and what will be its fate. I would, with all my heart (God is my witness), that name had never been uttered. I would give all that may yet remain to me of life if it were entirely buried, with him who bears it, in the silence of the tomb—noiselessly borne to the graveyard there, forgotten here. Life to me now is as nothing worth. What have I now, I pray, to regret in life? Have I not seen all my thoughts perish before me? Do I design again to sing in life, with an extinguished voice, strophes which would end in sobs? Have I taste for returning into those political struggles which, were they even opened again, would no longer recognise my posthumous accents? Have I any firm hope in those forms of government which the people abandon with as much fickleness as they adopted them? Am I so insane as to believe that I shall cast, or that I shall sculpture—I alone—in bronze or marble, a colossal statue of the human race, when God has given, wherewith to do so, but sand and clay to the greatest of sculptors? Of what use is life when one can contemplate nothing but the ruins of those things which are recorded in his mind? Happy the men who die at their work, struck down by the revolutions in which they were engaged. Death is

their punishment—ay, but it is their refuge!—*Lamartine.*

6183. WORLDLY success, Uncertainty in. Some years ago a man wrote:—“I called on a friend, a great antiquary, a gentleman always referred to in all matters relating to the city of Boston, and he told me that in the year 1800 he took a memorandum of every person on Long Wharf; and that in 1840, which is as long as a merchant continues in business, only five in one hundred remained. They had all in that time failed, or died destitute of property.”—*Talmage.*

6184. WORLDS, more than one inhabited. The Creator of the solar system, launched into an orbit of immeasurable circuit, and wheeling through ether with the velocity of nearly five miles in a second (but without inhabitants other than those on the earth), may have some resemblance to a mighty autocrat, who should establish a railway round the coasts of Europe and Asia, and place upon it an enormous train of first-class carriages, impelled year after year by tremendous steam-power, while there was but a philosopher and a culprit in an humble van, attended by hundreds of unoccupied carriages and empty trucks!—*Sir David Brewster.*

6185. WORSHIP, Attendance at. Mr. Joel Barlow, of Hartford, in New England (author of the “Advice to Privileged Orders”), meeting the Rev. Mr. Strong, of the same place, one day, asked him why he did not publish the set of sermons he had so long promised the world. “There is one subject,” replied Mr. Strong, “I cannot get master of.” “What is that?” said Mr. Barlow. “To reconcile the profession of the Christian religion with non-attendance on public worship.”

6186. WORSHIP, Carelessness about. Campbell is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid *he has not been in the inside of a church for many years*, but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows that he has good principles.—*Dr. Johnson.*

6187. WORSHIP, Claims of. The building committee of a church called upon a wealthy member of the congregation, soliciting a subscription toward a new house of worship. The sum he subscribed disappointed them, and they told him so, at the same time intimating that Mr. Jinks had given double the amount. “So he should,” said the wily gentleman; “he goes to church twice as much as I do.”

6188. WORSHIP, Disturbers of. An American divine, being annoyed by some irreligious youths in the time of service in church, made a pause, and then, addressing himself to the congregation generally, said, “Some years ago I learnt a very salutary lesson. A young man in my congregation misbehaved so seriously that I stopped in the midst of my sermon and sharply rebuked him. When I went into the vestry afterwards my deacons told me I had made a sad mistake, for the young man I had been reproofing was an idiot. Ever since then,” continued the preacher, “I have been very cautious in rebuking the disturbers of religious worship, lest I should commit the same mistake.” The effect was decisive.—*W. Anliff, D.D.*

6189. WORSHIP, Drowsiness in. When we are

drowsy in the worship of God we should pray as a good Christian once did, "The Lord deliver me from this sleepy devil!"—*Matthew Henry*.

6190. WORSHIP, God and man in. A Greek author tells us there was an ancient temple, at the entrance of which there was a mirror of such a nature that when the worshipper entered it cast on him the likeness of the god he worshipped.—*R. Smith*.

6191. WORSHIP, Ideas of. The Dowager-Duchess of Richmond went one Sunday with her daughter to the Chapel-Royal at St. James's, but being late, they could find no places. After looking about some time, and seeing the case was hopeless, she said to her daughter, "Come away, Louisa; at any rate, we have done the civil thing."—*Raikes' Diary*.

6192. WORSHIP, Incongruities in. When I was a young friar at Erfurt, and had to go out into the villages for puddings and cheeses, I once came to a little town where I held Mass. Now, when I had put on my vestments and trimmings and approached the altar, the clerk or sexton of the church began merrily to strike upon the lute the *Kyri eleison*; whereat I, who scarcely could forbear laughing, was constrained to direct and tune my *Gloria in excelsis*, according to his *Kyri eleison*.—*Luther*.

6193. WORSHIP, in heathen lands. The Sabbath here (Sandwich Islands) is a most interesting day to the Christian and missionary. The number of decently dressed heathens who flock to the humble temple of the only true God; the attention and seriousness with which many of them listen to the words of eternal life, proclaimed in their own language by the ambassadors of Jesus Christ; the praises of Jehovah chanted in this untutored tongue necessarily produce a lively and joyful impression on the pious mind. Of this I saw a pleasing instance only two Sabbaths since. An officer from one of the ships in port—a serious young man—spent the interval between the English and native services with me at the Mission-House. As the congregation began to assemble he accompanied me to the door of the chapel, intending to take leave when the exercises should begin, as he was unacquainted with the language, and had been already longer from his ship than he designed; but after standing a few minutes, and seeing hundreds of natives assembling quietly and seriously from various directions, he suddenly exclaimed, while tears glistened in his eye, "No!—this is too much; I cannot go till I worship with these heathen!"—*Stewart*.

6194. WORSHIP, Necessity of. When Felix, the youthful martyr of Abitina, having confessed himself a Christian, was asked whether he had attended meetings, he replied, with an explosion of scorn, "As if a Christian could live without the Lord's ordinance."—*Rendall*.

6195. WORSHIP, not forgotten. Dr. Guthrie tells of a poor woman who dwelt in one of the darkest and most wretched quarters of Edinburgh. Away from her native home, and without one earthly friend, she had floated there, a stranger in a strange land, to sink into the most abject poverty; her condition but one degree better than our Saviour's—in common with the fox, she had a hole to lay her

head in. Yet, although poor and outwardly wretched, she was a child of God, one of the jewels which, if sought for, we should sometimes find in dust-heaps. With a bashfulness not unnatural, she had shrunk from exposing her poverty to the stare of well-robed congregations, resorting on Sabbath-days to the well—appropriate place—where a pious man was wont to preach to ragged outcasts, crying in the name of Jesus, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." In ignorance of this, and supposing that she was living, like the mass around her, in careless neglect of her soul, Dr. Guthrie began to warn her; but she interrupted him, and drawing herself up with an air of humble dignity, and half offended, said, "Sir, I worship at the well, and am sure that if we are true believers in Jesus, and love Him, and try to follow Him, we shall never be asked at the judgment-day, 'Where did you worship?'"—*Clerical Library*.

6196. WORSHIP, not to be enforced. The magistrates (among the New England Puritans) insisted on the presence of every man at public worship. Roger Williams reprobated the law; the worst statute in the English code was that which did but enforce attendance upon the parish church. "An unbelieving soul is dead in sin;" such was his argument; and to force the indifferent from one worship to another "was like shifting a dead man into several changes of apparel."—*Little's Historical Lights*.

6197. WORSHIP, Preparing for. When the Orientals go to their sacred festivals *they always put on their best jewels*. Not to appear before the gods in such a way they consider would be disgraceful to themselves and displeasing to the deities. A person whose clothes or jewels are indifferent will borrow of his richer neighbours; and nothing is more common than to see poor people standing before the temples or engaged in sacred ceremonies well adorned with jewels. The almost pauper bride or bridegroom at a marriage may often be seen decked with gems of the most costly kind, which have been borrowed for the occasion. It fully accords, therefore, with the idea of what is due at a sacred or social feast to be thus adorned in their best attire.

6198. WORSHIP, Scoffing at. When Peden was a prisoner in the Bass, one Sabbath morning, being engaged in the public worship of God, a young woman came to the chamber-door "mocking with loud laughter." He said, "Poor thing! thou mockest and laughest at the worship of God; but ere long God will work such a sudden surprising judgment on thee that shall stay thy laughing, and thou shalt not escape it." Very shortly thereafter, as she was walking upon the rock, there came a blast of wind that swept her into the sea, and she was lost.—*Martyrs of the Bass Rock*.

6199. WORSHIP, under difficulties. It is well known that down to the time of the French Revolution the Protestants were not tolerated in France. An account of them in that country, from the year 1681 to the present time, is a desideratum in the history of the Church of Christ. This gives additional value to the following anecdote:—A French officer, who was a member of the Reformed Church, and who is still living (in 1784), was some years ago in quarters at a town in the south of France. He lodged in the house of two aged, peaceable persons

of the Catholic religion. At night, when all the family were at rest, the officer strewed the way, leading from the house-door up two pairs of stairs, to his own room, and the room itself, thick with sand. About midnight the communicants assembled. They came in one by one, all without shoes, preserving the utmost silence, while they manifested the most fervid devotion. The room and the table were made ready for the sacred transaction; and the room was soon filled with this pious people, among whom were many persons of rank and affluence. With their heads bowed, and the most affecting humility and fervency, they entered on the instituted service, *and not even the softest word was spoken.* The pious soldier says it was to him as if he was already come into the society of the blessed in heaven.—*Methodist Magazine*, 1812.

6200. WORSHIPPERS, Finding. Some years ago, relates a Christian writer, an excellent Princess in Russia met with Mrs. —, and after conversing with her a short time the Princess said, "Are you not an Englishwoman?" She answered, "Yes." "Do you ever go to chapel?" "No." "Then come along with me," said the Princess; "step into my carriage. I am going, and I will take you thither."

6201. WORTH in the man, not in titles. The British Government gave orders that Napoleon on his way to St. Helena should be addressed and recognised as general, not as emperor. When informed of this he simply remarked, "*They cannot prevent me from being myself.*"

6202. WORTH, Modesty of. It is a well-known fact that cups fashioned of massive silver have not the same glittering appearance as plated goods. Even vessels of solid gold frequently pale in lustre when put side by side with those which are but thinly coated with the precious metal. All gold does not glitter, and "all is not gold which glitters."—*Spurgeon*.

6203. WORTH, Modesty of. A row of richly gilded pipes, stately and massive, reaching to the ceiling, stares majestically down upon us as we gather in our place of worship. They seem to say, "All the melody and music of the instrument is gathered within us, and we are the musical geni of the place;" and when the keys are swept by a skilled artist how rich and grand are the tones evolved! They seem to be fairly alive, and our souls are stirred to the depths by the harmony. Desiring to know their relations to the hidden modest reeds, that we could faintly discern in the darkened chamber behind, we asked our organist what relation did they bear to their unseen companions, and what was their relative power compared with the small pipes. His reply was, "All front pipes speak with force and power, but they would be utterly valueless, so far as music was concerned, *unless backed up and supported by the delicate reeds that are hidden within.*"

6204. WORTH, not to be judged by appearances. Wellington said of the young coxcombs of the Life Guards, delicately brought up, "*But the puppies fight well;*" and Nelson said of his sailors, "They really mind shot no more than peas."—*Emerson*.

6205. WORTH, only known of in one direction. It is reported that when Antigonus was asked

whether he thought Python or Caphisias the best musician, "Polysperchon," said he, "is the general;" intimating that *this was the only point* which it became a king to inquire into or know.—*Plutarch*.

6206. WORTH, to be respected everywhere. One day Jackson, the actor, waited upon Hay Drummond, Archbishop of York, to ask a favour, the prelate having known his father. To a question concerning his occupation the visitor falteringly replied that he was a player. "I respect worth wherever it is found," rejoined the Archbishop. "I see no reason why I should disregard you more for being on the stage than for being in the pulpit, provided you have kept your character. Make my compliments to Mr. Garrick, and tell him I expect he will use you well. I do not go to the theatre myself, but let me know when your night comes, and I will send my family."—*Clerical Anecdotes*.

6207. WORTH, unappreciated. The death of the noted French chemist, M. Dumas, has brought forward an incident of his life in which the public have an interest. Nearly fifty years ago the wife of one of his friends, a poor painter by profession, came in great distress to M. Dumas to tell him that her husband's mind was affected. "He has given up painting portraits," sobbed the poor woman, "and is trying to catch the shadows of his sitters on copper plates. Stop him, M. Dumas, or he will ruin us all and become entirely mad!" "Send him to me," said the chemist. He listened to the artist's explanation, and said, "You are, I believe, on the eve of a great discovery. Use my purse as if it were your own until you succeed." The painter's name was Daguerre, and his discovery lies at the base of all photography.—*Christian Chronicle*.

6208. WORTH, where it lies. Secretary Stanton once closed a technical and animated discussion on the respective merits of muzzle and breechloading rifles by the remark, "Gentlemen, *it's the man behind the gun* makes all the difference worth talking about."—*C. H. Benjamin's Recollections of Secretary Stanton*.

6209. WRECK, A moral. Did you ever look upon that wild sea-piece of Stanfield's which he has called "The Abandoned?" The sky is dark and lowering, with a forked flash of lightning shooting athwart it; the ocean is angry, and all over it lies a dreary loneliness that makes the spectator almost shudder. The one solitary thing in sight is a huge hull, without mast or man on board, lying helpless in the trough of the sea. The men who stood by her as long as it was safe have been picked up by some friendly vessel now entirely unseen, and there that battered, broken thing floats on at the mercy of the winds and waves. That is sad enough; but what is it after all in comparison with the condition of an abandoned man, abandoned by friends, abandoned by himself, abandoned, it may be even, like Saul, by God, and drifting on the ocean of life all dismantled and rudderless, tossed hither and thither by every wind of appetite or impulse, and soon to disappear beneath the waters!—*Taylor*.

6210. WRESTLING prayer, Power of. "There's nae good dune, John, till ye get to the *close groups*." So said "Jeems, the doorkeeper" of Broughton

Place Church, Edinburgh, to the immortal Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends." Old Jeems got into a marvellous nearness with God in prayer, and conversed with Him as he would with his "ain father." He understood the power of a *close grip* when an earnest soul is wrestling with God for a blessing.—*Cuyler*.

6211. WRETCHEDNESS, False argument from. An old man once said to a little child whom he had taught to write, "Never read the Bible; it is full of lies. You have only to look round you in St. Giles's, and you will see that there is no God!"—*Bishop of Rochester*.

6212. WRONG, Confessing. It is reported that great amazement was occasioned in a court-room at Paterson, N.J., United States, when one of the most eminent and esteemed lawyers of that city, a Christian gentleman, rose and publicly asked the forgiveness of the Court for having as counsel sued to recover an exorbitant charge for drawing a will, and for not always having taken the rulings of the Court with deserved grace and obedience. He also prayed the pardon of his legal brethren for not having been as courteous and obliging always as he should have listened to Christian dictates. This is said to be the *first instance on record* where a lawyer thus confessed himself in the wrong, and it is a striking fact that the excuse is put forth that the lawyer's mind must be affected.

6213. WRONGS, how to be borne. Julius Pflugius, complaining to the Emperor, by whom he had been employed, of great wrong done him by the Duke of Saxony, received this answer—"Have a little patience; *tua causa erit mea causa* (thy cause is my cause)." So saith God to His abused.—*Trapp*.

6214. YEAR, Beginning the new. Mr Hardcastle, when dying, said, "My last act of faith I wish to be to take the blood of Jesus, as the high priest did when he entered behind the veil; and when I have passed the veil I would appear with it before the throne." So, in making the transit from one year to another, this is our most appropriate exercise. We see much sin in the retrospect; we see many a broken purpose, many a misspent hour, many a rash and unadvised word; we see much pride and anger, and worldliness, and unbelief; we see a long track of inconsistency. There is nothing for us but the great atonement. With that atonement let us, like believing Israel, end and begin anew. Bearing its precious blood, let us pass within the veil of a solemn and eventful future. Let a visit to the fountain be the last act of the closing year, and let a new year still find us there.—*Dr. J. Hamilton*.

6215. YEAR, Entering upon. "I have this day (September 7, 1736) entered upon my twenty-eighth year. Mayest Thou, O God, enable me, for Jesus Christ's sake, to spend this in such a manner that I may receive comfort from it at the hour of death and in the day of judgment! Amen."—*Dr. Johnson's Diary*.

6216. YEARS, a possession. The Marshal de Bassompstre said to one of his officers, "How old are you?" "I cannot tell exactly," said the captain; "but I am either thirty-eight or forty-eight." "How is it," asked the marshal, "that you are so ignorant in a concern that every person finds pleasure in

knowing?" "Why," said the captain, "I keep an exact account of my rents, and what is owing to me, for fear of being cheated; but I never trouble my head about my years, because nobody can rob me of them."

6217. YEARS, and the promise of immortality. Man is higher than his dwelling-place. He looks up and unfolds the wings of his soul, and when the sixty minutes which we call sixty years have passed he takes his flight, kindling as he rises; and the ashes of his feathers fall back to earth, and the unveiled soul, freed from its covering of clay and pure as a tone, ascends on high. Even in the midst of the dim shadows of life he sees the mountains of the future world, gilded with the morning rays of a sun which rises not here below. So the inhabitant of polar regions looks into the long night in which there is no sunrise. But at midnight he sees a light like the first rosy rays of dawn gleaming on the highest mountain-tops, and he thinks of his long summer in which it never sets.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

6218. YEARS, and procrastination. I knew a man of eighty years of age, who frequently said, "Well, I really must set about thinking of my future!" And yet we are not without warnings; *everything speaks of death*. This house we live in was built for a man long since dead by masons who are likewise dead. These trees under whose shade we indulge in our reveries were planted by gardeners who are dead. The painters who created the pictures on our walls are dead. Our clothes, our shoes, are made from the wool and the hides of dead animals.—*Alphonse Karr*.

6219. YEARS, bitterly lamented. Born a posthumous child, and bred up an object of charity, he (Swift) early adopted the custom of observing his birthday as a term not of joy but of sorrow, and of reading when it annually recurred the striking passage of Scripture in which Job laments and execrates the day in which it was said in his father's house "that a man child was born."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

6220. YEARS, do not always bring wisdom. His heretical opinions did not appear till he was far advanced in life. . . . Isidore of Pelusius applies to Pelagius that passage of Hosea, "Grey hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it not." This author is understood thence to intimate that *he fell into this heresy in old age*.—*Milner*.

6221. YEARNINGS, Spiritual, may foreshadow heaven. Flavel once, on a journey, set himself to improve his time by meditation. His mind grew intent, till at length he had such ravishing tastes of heavenly joy, and such full assurance of his interest therein, that he *utterly lost the sight and sense of this world* and all its concerns, so that he knew not where he was. Perceiving himself faint through a great loss of blood from his nose, he alighted from his horse and sat down at a spring, where he washed and refreshed himself, earnestly desiring, if it were the will of God, that he might there leave the world. His spirits reviving, he finished his journey in the same delightful frame. He passed that night without any sleep, the joy of the Lord still overflowing him, so that he seemed an inhabitant of the other world. This heavenly serenity long continued with him; and for many years he called that day "*one of the days of heaven!*" professing that he under-

stood more of the life of heaven by it than by all the discourses he had heard or the books he ever read.

6222. YEARNINGS, Spiritual, misunderstood. Every faculty of the soul, if it would but open its door, might see Christ standing over against it, and silently asking by His smile, "Shall I come in unto thee?" But men *open the door and look down*, not up, and thus see Him not. So it is that men sigh on, not knowing what the soul wants, but only that it needs something. Our yearnings are home-sicknesses for heaven; our sighings are for God, just as children that cry themselves asleep away from home and sob in their slumber know not that they sob for their parents. The soul's inarticulate moanings are the affections yearning for the Infinite, and having no one to tell them what it is that ails them.—*Beecher.*

6223. YEARNINGS, Spiritual, registered in heaven. A characteristic letter from Henry Ward Beecher is found in the archives of the Grand Army of the Republic. It was written in reply to a request for a copy of a prayer of his for publication:—"PEEKSKILL, July 11, 1878.—Gen. H. A. Barnum, Grand Marshal. You request me to send you my prayer made on Decoration Day evening. If you will send me the notes of the oriole that whistled from the top of my trees last June, or the iridescent globes that came in by millions on the last waves that rolled in on the beach yesterday, or a segment of the rainbow of last week, or the perfume of the first violet that blossomed last May, I will also send you the prayer that rose to my lips with the occasion and left me for ever. I hope it went heavenward and was registered; *in which case the only record of it will be found in heaven.*—Very truly yours, HENRY WARD BEECHER."

6224. YOKE, Christ's, is easy. He (my father) was preaching on that text, "My yoke is easy;" and after many things insisted upon, to prove the yoke of Christ an easy yoke, he at last appealed to the experiences of all that had drawn in that yoke. "Call now, if there be any that will answer you, and to which of the saints will you turn? Turn to which you will, and they will all agree that they have found wisdom's ways pleasantness, and Christ's commandments not grievous; and (saith he) I will here witness for one who, through grace, has in some poor measure been drawing this yoke now above thirty years, and *I have found it an easy yoke, and like my choice too well to change.*"—*Matthew Henry.*

6225. YOKE, Christ's, not to be put off. A person asked Apollo how to make his wife relinquish Christianity. "It is easier, perhaps," replied the oracle, "to write on water or to fly into the air than to reclaim her."—*Porphyry.*

6226. YOUNG, and duty to parents. An amiable youth was lamenting the death of a most affectionate parent. His companions endeavoured to console him by the reflection that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect. "So I thought," replied the youth, "*whilst my parent was living*; but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make any atonement."

6227. YOUNG, comforting Christ's martyrs.

When John Lawrence, the martyr, was burned at Colchester, his legs were so sore and enfeebled from long suffering and hard treatment that the Romanists were obliged to carry him to the stake in a chair. While he was sitting in the chair a number of young children came round the fire, repeating, "Lord, keep thy promise, and strengthen thy servant!"

6228. YOUNG, Fidelity in. A little boy, the son of Sir George Staunton, was, with his father during his return to England, on the deck of the "Lion" ship. The father, imagining that a French man-of-war was going to make an attack upon them, desired his son to go below. "My father, *I will never forsake you,*" was the spirited and affectionate reply of the youth.

6229. YOUNG, Influence of. Truly, they err who say that youth is necessarily weak, and that it is incapable of exerting an influence, and therefore has no responsibility. "Tell me what is the character of the young, and I'll tell you the character of the next generation," said an old statesman.—*Denton.*

6230. YOUNG, may appreciate prayer. A child, six years old, in a Sunday-school, said, "When we kneel down in the schoolroom to pray it seems as if my heart talked." Vain are words if the heart prays not.

6231. YOUNG men, and evil habits. I remember riding toward the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman near me, "What river is that, sir?" "The Niagara River," he replied. "Well," said I, "it is a beautiful stream—bright, smooth, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?" "About a mile or two." "Is it possible that only a mile or two from us we shall find the water in such turbulence as I presume it must be near the falls?" "You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget. Now launch your barque upon the Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy; there is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind you adds to your enjoyment; down the stream you glide; you have oars, mast, sail, and rudder, prepared for every contingency, and thus you go out on your pleasure excursion. Some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." "Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids below us, but we are not such fools as to get into them; when we find we are going too fast to suit our convenience, then hard up the helm and steer to shore; when we find we are passing a given point too rapidly, then we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land." "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us; what care we for the future? No man ever saw it. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' We will enjoy life while we may, and catch pleasure as it flies. This is the time for enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we find we are sailing too swiftly with the stream." "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you. Now see the water foaming all around you!—see how fast you go! Now hard up the helm!—quick! quick!—pull for your very lives!—pull till the blood starts from

your nostrils and the veins stand like whiplashes upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket; hoist the sail!" Ah! it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over you go; and *thousands thus go over every year by the power of evil habits*, declaring, "When I find out that it is injuring me then I will give it up." The power of evil habit is deceptive and fascinating, and the man by coming to false conclusions argues his way down to destruction.—*J. B. Gough.*

6232. YOUNG men, and greatness. *Almost everything that is great has been done by youth.* For life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. Do not suppose that I hold that youth is genius; all that is genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern times. Had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains: that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died; Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive—but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not; I worship the Lord of hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and, Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Aragon himself; he was Pope as Leo X. at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, the greatest of Frenchmen, and died at thirty-seven. Ah, that fatal thirty-seven! Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died at thirty-seven. Richelieu was Secretary of State at thirty-one. Then there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both Ministers before other men leave cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and Attorney-General at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was general of the Jesuits, ruled every Cabinet in Europe, and colonised America before he was thirty-seven. What a career! It is needless to multiply instances. *The history of heroes is the history of youth.*—*Lord Beaconsfield.*

6233. YOUNG men, and the gospel. One Sabbath morning, while Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, was preaching, a young man of infidel principles passed by with a number of companions as gay and thoughtless as himself. One of them proposed to enter the church, saying, "Let us go and hear what

this man has to say, that everybody is running after." The young man made this awful answer, "No, I would not go into such a place if Christ Himself was preaching." Some weeks after he was again passing, and being alone, and having nothing to do, he thought he would go in without being observed. On opening the door he was struck with awe at the solemn silence of the place, though it was much crowded. Every eye was fixed on the preacher who was to begin his discourse. His attention was instantly caught by the text: "*I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding.*" His conscience was smitten; he saw that he was the young man described. A view of his profligate life passed before his eyes, and for the first time he trembled under the feeling of sin. He remained till the preacher and congregation had passed out, then slowly returned to his home. The Holy Spirit led him to a constant attendance on the ministry in that place of prayer. He cast away his besetting sin, gave himself to a life of virtue and holiness, and afterwards declared openly his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

6234. YOUNG men, Consecration in. A young man, who had nothing except what he earned by his labour, came to me, bringing a donation of eight dollars. He said it was the Lord's, and he had no right to withhold it. He added, "When I gave myself to God *I also gave all I had*, and all I ever should have. And now the Lord is not dependent upon me. If I do not give it He can easily remove me, and put it into the hands of some one who will give it."—*D. Clarke, Bible Society Agent.*

6235. YOUNG men, Conservative. A conservative young man has wound up his life before it was unreeled. We expect old men to be conservative, but when a nation's young men are so its funeral bell is already rung.—*Beecher.*

6236. YOUNG men, Dangers of. There is a place in this city (London) where young men assemble nightly; and I tell you, young gentlemen, it was to me a fearful and appalling sight. An immense room, capable of holding some 1500 persons, with a fine band of music at one end. I found young men there as genteel in appearance as any amongst you. The gentlemen with me knew some of them. "There," said one of them, "is a man in such-and-such a shop; there is another in another establishment." And what were they doing? In one room were the tables set with the sparkling wine, and right before that assembled crowd of 1000 persons they had no more shame left than to be dancing in the middle of that hall with the common women of the town. I asked, "Why, I should think those young men should be ashamed of it!" "Shame, sir! Three or four glasses of wine will destroy shame."—*J. B. Gough.*

6237. YOUNG men, God's purpose with. It is said that the Greeks, when their States were in danger of being overstocked, used to set apart a number of youths of a certain age, furnish them with arms, and dismiss them to *conquer a new country for themselves.* And there has been something like this in the lives of many who have become conspicuous in the annals of history. The world lay before them, and Abraham is not the only one of God's heroes to whom the Divine Voice has said, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred

unto a land that I will show thee." An effort to conquer the world for ourselves is always in accordance with the will of Heaven.—B.

6238. YOUNG men, Power of. Ah! young men, *what power you have!* I remember reading in a fairy tale that a whole city was in one night changed into stone. There stood a war-horse, with nostrils distended, caparisoned for the battle. There stood the warrior, with his stone hand on the cold mane of that petrified horse. All is still, lifeless, death-like, silent. Then the trumpet's blast is heard ringing through the clear atmosphere; the warrior leaps upon his steed, the horse utters the war-neigh, and starts forth to battle; and the warrior, with his lance in rest, rides on to victory. Now young men, put the trumpet to your lips, blow a blast that shall wake the dead stocks and stones, and on, on—upward to victory over all evil habits and evil influences surrounding you.—*J. B. Gough.*

6239. YOUNG, should be prepared for death. A minister was called on to visit a young lady who was very ill. She was sitting in her room. He asked how she felt. "Dying, sir; I am dying," was the reply. "Be calm," said he; "I hope you will yet recover." "No," said she. "If you feel yourself to be dying, how does your spirit feel in the prospect of another world?" "*Not prepared.*" was the answer. He directed her to the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners; but in a few moments she looked around her, reclined her head on his hand, and almost instantly expired.

6240. YOUNG, to be encouraged amid difficulties. When Queen Charlotte was once visiting her nursery a most amiable princess, the Duchess of Gloucester, at that time about six years old, running up to her with a book in her hand and tears in her eyes, said, "Madam, I cannot comprehend it." Her Majesty, with true parental affection, looked upon the princess and told her not to be alarmed. "*What you cannot comprehend to-day you may comprehend to-morrow;* and what you cannot attain to this year you may arrive at the next. Do not, therefore, be frightened with little difficulties, but attend to what you do know, and the rest will come in time."

6241. YOUTH, and a father's influence. Some years ago a gentleman, who was a sincere Christian, died in one of our large cities, leaving an only son. This son was handsome, well educated, and well-bred, but extremely wicked and dissipated in his habits. Before his death his father exhorted him to change his course of life, but it seemed to have no effect. Some days after the funeral a note was handed him which had been written by his father a few weeks before, and which requested him to go to his room alone at some proper time, and read the fifteenth chapter of Luke; but the request was both neglected and forgotten. At length, on a dark and rainy Sunday morning, about a year after, he happened to wander into his father's room. *His eye caught the sight of his portrait*, that hung upon the wall. Immediately the solemn recollections of the past rushed like an avalanche upon his mind. His father's warning and death, and his great and frequent sins, stood up clearly before his view. He remembered the note. He obeyed its request, and read the chapter. The truth was imprinted upon

his heart by the Holy Spirit; and that was the beginning of a change which ended in his becoming a follower of Christ and a faithful labourer in His service.

6242. YOUTH, and a mother's influence. A soldier received a furlough for the purpose of visiting home. When it was given to him he asked that it might be postponed. At the end of two weeks he came to say he was ready for his furlough. Being pressed for a reason for his delay, he said, "I promised my mother that I would be a Christian in the army. I have neglected it up to this time, and I could not go home until I could answer my mother's first question."

6243. YOUTH, and a mother's prayers. A young soldier suddenly embraced religion, much to the surprise of his comrades. One day he was asked what had wrought the sudden change. He took his mother's letter from his pocket, in which she enumerated the comforts and luxuries which she had sent him, and at the close said, "We are all praying for you, Charlie, that you may be a Christian." "That's the sentence," said he. The thought that his mother was praying for him became omnipresent, and led him to pray for himself, which was soon followed by a happy Christian experience.

6244. YOUTH, and books. Dr. Watts' inclination for learning was very early displayed. It is stated that while he was very young, before he could speak plain, when he had any money given him, he would say to his mother, "A book, a book; buy a book."

6245. YOUTH, and Christ in death. Years ago a little boy lay upon his death-bed. Starting suddenly up, he exclaimed, "O mother, mother! I see such a beautiful country, and so many little children who are beckoning me to them; but there are high mountains between us, too high for me to climb. Who will carry me over?" After thus expressing himself he leaned back upon his pillow, and for a while seemed to be in deep thought, when, once more rousing himself, and stretching out his little hands, he cried as loud as his feeble voice would permit, "Mother, mother! the Strong Man's come to carry me over the mountains," and then fell peacefully asleep. The Strong Man had indeed come to carry the little one over.

6246. YOUTH, and Christian duty. During the illness of King Edward the Sixth, who died in the sixteenth year of his age, Ridley, in a sermon which he preached before him, much commended works of charity, and showed that they were enjoined on all men, especially on those in higher stations. The same day, after dinner, the king sent for the Doctor into the gallery, made him sit in a chair by him, and would not suffer him to be uncovered. After thanking him for his sermon, he repeated the chief points of it, and added, "I took myself to be chiefly touched by your discourse; for as in the kingdom I am next under God, so must I most nearly approach to Him in goodness and mercy. As our miseries stand most in the need of help from Him, so are we the greatest debtors. And therefore, as you have given me this general exhortation, direct me, I entreat you, *by what particular act* I may best discharge my duty."

6247. YOUTH, and death. It is related of Ben

Syra, that, when a child, he begged his preceptor to instruct him in the law of God ; but he declined, saying that he was as yet too young to be taught these sacred mysteries. "But, master," said the boy, "I have been in the burial-ground, and measured the graves, and find some of them shorter than myself. Now, if I should die before I have learned the Word of God, what will become of me then, master?"

6248. YOUTH, and education. Peter Cooper, L.L.D., persisted to the last in regarding the lack of schooling as the great misfortune of his life. He used to say, "If I could have had such advantages as we can give the poorest boy now, *how much more could I have done!*" And yet this very want was the secret of his diligence in after-life, and of the high regard he had for the acquiring of knowledge, as well as the cause of his becoming the founder of the Cooper Institute, in order that young people might be saved from what he called "his own misfortune."

6249. YOUTH, and great things. Goethe said to Eckermann, "We must be young to do great things;" and he published the "Sorrows of Werter" when he was twenty-five; but, as if to correct his apothegm, did not complete his "Faust" till his eighty-second year—a year before he died.

6250. YOUTH, and immortality. There is a marvellous prodigality with which we throw away our present happiness when we are young, which belongs to those who feel that they are rich in happiness, and never expect to be bankrupts. It almost seems one of the signatures of our immortality that we squander time as if there were a dim consciousness that we are in possession of an eternity of it.—*Robertson.*

6251. YOUTH and opportunity, passing away. Among the proverbs having to do with a prudent ordering of our lives from the very first, this Spanish one seems well worthy to be adduced—"That which the fool does in the end, the wise man does at the beginning." . . . That purchase of the Sibylline books by the Roman king, what a significant symbol it is of much which at one time or another is finding place in almost every man's life;—the same thing to be done in the end, the same price to be paid at the last, with only the difference, that much of the advantage, and perhaps all the grace, of an earlier compliance has passed away. The nine precious volumes have shrunk to six, and these dwindled to three, while the like price is demanded for the few as for the many; for the remnant now as would once have made all our own.—*Trench (condensed).*

6252. YOUTH, and self-conquest. When Alexander, in his youth, had mastered the horse Bucephalus, his father was so delighted at his victory over so wild and unmanageable a brute that he wept for joy, and kissing him, said, "Seek another kingdom, my son, that may be worthy of thy abilities; for Macedon is too small for thee." And after every conquest over self and sin, in youth and in manhood alike, we may hear the Divine Voice encouraging us to higher things. This victory, if we will only understand it so, is but the earnest of nobler conquests still.—*B.*

6253. YOUTH, and wisdom. Gassendi, a prodigy

of learning in the seventeenth century, had all his books inscribed with these words—"Sapere aude"—"*Dare to be wise.*" At the age of ten he harangued his bishop in Latin, who passed through the village on his visitation, with such ease and spirit, that the prelate exclaimed, "That lad will, one day or other, be the wonder of his age." And what gave a charm to all else, he was as modest as he was gifted.

6254. YOUTH, Choice in. King Nimrod, say the Arabs, one day summoned his three sons and ordered three urns under seal to be set before them. One was of gold, the other of amber, the third of clay. The King bade the eldest of his sons to choose that which appeared to contain the treasure of greatest price. He chose the vase of gold, on which was written *Empire*, opened it, and found it full of blood. The second took the vase of amber, on which was written the word *Glory*, opened it, and found it full of the ashes of men who had made a great sensation in life. The third took the clay vase remaining, opened it, and found it empty, but on the bottom the potter had inscribed the name of God. "Which of these vases weighs the most?" asked the King of his courtiers. The men of ambition replied, the vase of gold; the poets and conquerors, the amber one; but the sages, the empty vase, because a single letter of the name of God was of more weight than the entire globe.—*Lamartine (condensed).*

6255. YOUTH, Dangers of, illustrated. On the coast of Norway there is an immense whirlpool, called by the natives Maelstrom. The body of waters which form this whirlpool is extended in a circle about thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst thereof stands a rock, against which the tide, in its ebb, is washed with inconceivable fury, when it instantly swallows up all things which come within the sphere of its violence. No skill of the mariner nor strength of rowing can work an escape. The sea-beaten sailor at the helm finds the ship, at first, go in a current opposite to his intentions; his vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid; it goes round in circles, still narrower, till at last it is dashed against the rock, and entirely disappears for ever.

6256. YOUTH, Efforts of. West, the painter, declared that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass.—*John Foster.*

6257. YOUTH, Faith of, in death. Some time ago a youth of eighteen, son of a clergyman in the west of England, went out on the beach for a ramble in search of seaweeds. Pursuing his walk, unconscious of all but his immediate object, he at length discovered that the tide had flowed in, and he was enclosed between the cliffs and the advancing waters. Taking out his pocket Bible, he wrote on the fly-leaf as follows:—"In danger—surrounded by water—if help does not speedily arrive I must be drowned. But Jesus, to whom I gave myself five years ago, is with me. I am perfectly happy. May He bless and comfort my beloved parents, and bring my dear little brothers and sisters to Himself, so that we may all meet in heaven." The body was discovered next day, and the Bible was taken from the pocket of his coat.

6258. YOUTH, Folly of. The same Greek word *νῑπτος* signifieth a fool and a child. And the Hebrew word used to signify youth signifieth blackness or darkness, to note that youth is a dark and dangerous age. Few Macarines are to be found, who, for his gravity in youth, was surnamed "the old young man."—*Trapp*.

6259. YOUTH, Influence of. Two young children, with their nurse, were sent to take an airing at the seaside. On the way one of them fell down on his knees, and said to his nurse, "O Bell, I came away, and forgot to say my prayers." A young lady who saw him was conscience-struck, and thought, "Here is a babe rebuking me: when did I pray in all my life?" It was the means which God was pleased to use to awaken her from the sleep of sin.

6260. YOUTH, Influence of, consecration in. A boy about fourteen years of age, who had learned, at one of the schools belonging to the Gaelic Society, the value of his own soul, was deeply impressed with the importance of family religion. As none of the family could read but himself, *he intimated his intention of establishing family worship.* No answer was made, no opposition started, and as little encouragement given. Still, he made the attempt. He read the Scriptures, and prayed for himself, and for all present. The rest of the family looked on. Alone he continued to worship God in this manner for some time, the others being merely spectators; but at length, one after another sank down on their knees beside him, until the whole domestic circle united in the hallowed exercise; the grey-headed father kneeling down beside his child, and joining in his artless aspirations to God the Father of all.

6261. YOUTH, makes the man. Take another man, of a close-fisted temperament—I do not mean to say absolutely stingy, but having the disposition of the two boys of whom the old lady said that if you were to shut them up in a room by themselves they would make a pound a-piece trading jackets. Take a youth like that, with his calculating turn of mind, always looking out for the "main chance." He will probably grow up to be a man something like a member of the church they told me of in Albany. He stood up and began to tell his brethren how cheap it was to be a member of the church; and he said, "I have been a member of the church for the last ten years, and I am thankful to say that the whole expense of my church-membership has been only about two shillings;" whereupon the minister said he hoped the Lord would have mercy upon his poor stingy soul."—*J. B. Gough*.

6262. YOUTH, makes the man. I lost my ring out shooting, with scarcely a hope of ever seeing it again. I offered to give the keeper ten shillings if he found it, and was led to ask God that the ring might be found, and be to me a sure sign of salvation. From that moment the ring seemed on my finger; and I was not surprised to receive it from Sayers on Monday evening. He had picked it up in the long grass in cover—a most unlikely place ever to find it. A miracle! Jesus, by Thee alone can we obtain remission of our sins. Years later he wrote, "This was written at the most worldly period of my existence." (His biographer sees in it

traces of the remarkable faith of after years.)—*Life of Bishop Hannington (condensed).*

6263. YOUTH, makes the man. The boyhood of Nelson was characterised by events congenial with those of his after days; and his father understood his character when he declared that "in whatever station he might be placed, *he would climb, if possible, to the top of the tree.*"—*I. D. Israeli.*

6264. YOUTH, neglected. A gentleman once observed an Indian standing at a window looking into a field where several children were at play. The gentleman asked the interpreter what was the conversation. He answered, "The Indian was lamenting the sad estate of these orphan children." The interpreter inquired of him why he thought them orphans. The Indian, with great earnestness, replied, "Is not this the day on which you told me the white people worship the Great Spirit? If so, surely these children, if they had parents, or any person to take care of them, would not be suffered to be out there playing and making such a noise. No! no! they have lost their fathers and mothers, and have no one to take care of them!"

6265. YOUTH, Our real. An eloquent and aged clergyman was discoursing upon the certainty and nearness of the next world, and mentioned, incidentally, his own few remaining years here below. A sympathising friend arose and said feelingly and with tears in his eyes, "It *does* seem a pity that our dear pastor should be growing so old." "Old!" exclaimed the good man; "why, I have not yet *entered* upon my real youth."

6266. YOUTH, Prayer for. The mother of the Beechers prayed during life and in death, "that her children might be trained up for God." One of her journals contains this simple record—"This morning I rose very early to pray for my children, and especially that my sons may be ministers and missionaries of Jesus Christ." What has been the result? That for all her children her prayers have been answered. Her five sons are all ministers and missionaries of Christ. One of them she has welcomed to heaven; another is now the most powerful preacher in America; and her daughter, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, is, by her writings, not less widely or favourably known.—*Landels*.

6267. YOUTH, resting in Christ. Wilberforce, the son of the late Rev. Leigh Richmond, two hours and a half before his death, went to bed, and laid his head upon the pillow. His father said, "So He giveth His beloved rest." Wilberforce replied, "Yes; and sweet indeed is the rest which Christ gives." He never awoke from his sleep.

6268. YOUTH, Thoroughness in. A young New Englander, whose knowledge was more showy than deep, went many years ago to teach a district school in Virginia. Among the pupils was a small, rather dull and insignificant looking boy, who annoyed him by his incessant questions. No matter what the subject under discussion, this lad apparently could never get near enough to the bottom of it to be content. One very warm August morning the teacher, with no little vanity in a knowledge unusual in those days, began to lecture to the boys on the habits and characteristics of a fish which one of them had caught during recess. He finished,

and was about to dismiss the school, when his inquisitive pupil asked some question about the gills and their use. The question answered, others followed concerning the scales, skin, and flesh. The poor teacher struggled to reply with all the information at his command. But that was small, and the Saturday afternoon's holiday was rapidly slipping away. "The school will now be dismissed," he said at last. "But the bones! You have said nothing about the bones!" said the anxious boy. Mr. Dash smothered all his annoyance, and gave all the information he could command. "What is inside of the bones?" stolidly came from the corner where the quiet boy was sitting. Mr. Dash never remembered what answer he gave, but the question and his despair fixed themselves in his memory. Thirty-five years afterwards he visited Washington, and entered the room where the justices of the Supreme Court were sitting. The Chief-Justice, the most learned and venerated jurist of his day, was a man like Paul, whose bodily presence was contemptible. The stranger regarded him at first with awe, then with amazement. "It is the boy *who went inside the fish-bones!*" he exclaimed. If he had not tried to go inside of every "fish's bones," he would never have reached the lofty position which he held.—*Christian Age*.

6269. YOUTH, Training of. This integrity and tenacity of purpose was instilled into him (Gladstone) by his father, who liked that his children should exercise their judgment by stating the why and wherefore of every opinion they offered; and a college friend of William's, who went on a visit to Fasque, in Kincardineshire, during the summer of 1829, furnishes amusing particulars of the family customs in that house, "where the children and their parents argued upon everything. They would debate as to whether the trout should be boiled or broiled, whether a window should be opened, and whether it was likely to be fine or wet next day. It was all perfectly good-humoured, but curious to a stranger because of the evident care which all the disputants took to advance no proposition, even as to the prospect of rain, rashly. One day Thomas Gladstone knocked down a wasp with his handkerchief, and was about to crush it on the table, when the father started the question as to whether he had a right to kill the insect; and this point was discussed with as much seriousness as if a human life had been at stake. When at last it was adjudged that the wasp deserved death because he was a trespasser in the drawing-room, a common enemy and a danger there, it was found that the insect had crawled from under the handkerchief, and was flying away with a sniggering sort of buzz, as if to mock them all."

6270. YOUTHFUL martyrs, for Christ. In an early age of Christianity there were twin brothers, named Marcus and Marcellus, whose parents were heathens, but they had learned from their teachers to love Christ. During one of the persecutions they were sentenced to be beheaded; but a month was allowed, that their parents might try to persuade them to worship idols. They continued steadfast in the faith, and what they said was blessed, so that their father and some others of their relatives became Christians also. They were at length fastened to posts, torn with nails, and after being left for many hours in great pain they were killed. A boy

named Vitus, twelve years old, had been taught by his nurse to love Christ. His father took him before the heathen governor, and he was whipped, and put to death.

6271. YOUTHFUL piety, and prayer. At Octavoulin, in the island of Islay, there was, in 1825, a boy of fourteen years of age, who was in the habit of searching the Scriptures daily, and was frequently observed by his neighbours to retire to lonely places for devout meditation and prayer. On one of these occasions a thoughtless man contrived, without being perceived, to follow him, and overheard him pray. He was struck with astonishment at the simple yet elevated language he used; he burst into tears, and afterwards acknowledged that he never knew what it was to be humbled under a sense of his own sinfulness until he heard that boy pray at the side of a wall.

6272. YOUTHFUL piety, Influence of. A female who had been some years known and respected for her quiet, consistent, unobtrusive Christian deportment called on her minister to introduce her aged mother. The minister desired them to be seated, and cheerfully said, "Well, Hannah, I suppose this is your good mother; I am very happy to see her." "Yes," replied the mother in broken accents, "her mother and her daughter too. Five-and-twenty years ago I bore her in infancy; and now, *through her instrumentality*, I trust I am born to God."—*John Angell James*.

6273. YOUTHFUL projects, Disappointment in. They tell us that if one seed of every million of acorns should grow to be a tree, all Europe would be a dense forest within a century. Take heart, therefore, about scattered projects; fully their share of them comes to maturity.—*Lever*.

6274. ZEAL, A Christian's, and perfection. The Christian, in his striving after perfection, is like the sculptor Fiamingo with his image, of which the elder D'Israeli tells us. He kept polishing and polishing, till his friend exclaimed impatiently, "*What perfection would you have?*" "Alas!" was the answer, "the original I am labouring to come up to is in my head, but not yet in my hand."—*B*.

6275. ZEAL, A Christian's, does not evade suffering. It was a brave speech of Ambrose: "He wished it would please God to *turn all the adversaries from the Church upon himself*, and let them satisfy their thirst with his blood." . . . So Nazianzen, when contention rose about him; says he, "Cast me into the sea, let me lose my place, rather than the name of Christ should suffer for me."—*Burroughs*.

6276. ZEAL, and ambition. "Athenians! what troubles have you not cost me," exclaimed Demosthenes, "*that I may be talked of by you!*"—*I. D'Israeli*.

6277. ZEAL, and charity. Publia, a widow of great reputation, with a number of virgins over whom she presided at Antioch, sang and praised God, when Julian (the Apostate) was passing by. In particular, they sang such parts of the Psalms as expose the wickedness and folly of idolatry. Julian ordered them to hold their peace till he had passed them. Publia, *with more zeal than charity*, encouraged them, and caused them to sing on another

occasion as he passed, "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered." Julian, in a rage, ordered her to be brought before him and to be buffeted on each side of her face. The effects of passion seem but too visible both in the Emperor and the woman; there is, however, this difference: *the one had a zeal for God, the other a contempt.*—*Milner.*

6278. ZEAL, and confidence. Protagenes, a native of Caunus, lived in the suburbs of that city when Demetrius besieged it, but neither the presence of his enemies nor the noise of arms around him *could induce him to discontinue his work.* The King, surprised at his conduct, one day asked him his reason for this. "I am sensible," he replied, "you have declared war against the Rhodians, and not against the sciences." The King was so pleased with this answer that he planted a guard around his house.

6279. ZEAL and consecration, Reasonableness of. When John Wesley was about to go to Georgia as a missionary to the Indians an unbeliever said to him, "What is this, sir? Are you one of the knights-errant? How, pray, got Quixotism into your head? You want nothing. You have a good provision for life, and in a way of preferment; and must you leave all to fight windmills—to convert savages in America?" He answered willingly and calmly, "Sir, if the Bible be not true, I am as very a fool and madman as you can conceive; but if it is of God *I am sober-minded.* For He has declared, 'There is no man who hath left house, or friends, or brethren for the kingdom of God's sake who shall not receive manifold more in the present time, and in the world to come everlasting life.'

6280. ZEAL and constancy, stimulated by apostasy. Sapricius (during the Valerian persecution at Antioch), suddenly forsaken of God, recants, and promises to sacrifice. Nicephorus (his friend, who had in vain implored his forgiveness on the way to execution), amazed, exhorts him to the contrary, but in vain. He then says to the executioners, "I believe in the name of the Lord Jesus, whom he hath renounced." The officers return to give an account to the governor, who ordered Nicephorus to be beheaded.—*Milner.*

6281. ZEAL and duty, Evasions of. They said to the camel-bird (ostrich), "*Carry.*" It answered, "I cannot, for I am a bird." They said, "*Fly.*" It answered, "I cannot, for I am a camel."—*Freitag's Arabic Proverbs.*

6282. ZEAL, and heaven. When the soldiers of a great general, on their march against the enemy, wished to take a fort that was in their way and supposed to be full of treasure, their commander pointed to Mount Taurus in the distance, telling them that yonder was the fort they were to take, and that, as for those things behind and around them, *they would belong to the conquerors.* So in our way heavenward the main thing lies before us, afar there; and for the rest, all things are ours if we are Christ's, and we shall come to realise it in good time, if we are only faithful unto Him.—*B.*

6283. ZEAL, and its results. To one who appeared astonished at the extensive celebrity of Buffon the modern Pliny replied, "I have passed fifty years at my desk." Haydn would not yield up to society more than those hours which were not

devoted to study. Those were indeed but few; and such were the uniformity and retiredness of his life, that "he was for a long time the only musical man in Europe who was ignorant of the celebrity of Joseph Haydn."—*I. D'Israeli.*

6284. ZEAL, and obedience. I once heard of the driver of a dray saying, "That horse, sir, would pull till it pulled down St. Paul's, if I told it to."—*Rev. Benjamin Waugh.*

6285. ZEAL and painstaking, Results of. Carrissimi, when praised for the ease and grace of his melodies, exclaimed, "Ah! *you little know with what difficulty this ease has been acquired.*" Sir Joshua Reynolds, when once asked how long it had taken him to paint a certain picture, replied, "*All my life.*"—*Smiles.*

6286. ZEAL, and prudence. Two ships were aground at London Bridge. The proprietors of one sent for a hundred horses, and pulled it to pieces; the proprietors of the other waited for the tide, and with sails and rudder directed it as they pleased.—*Rev. Charles Simcon.*

6287. ZEAL, apart from knowledge, illustrated. They put the physician Liberatus and his wife into separate prisons, when somebody informed the latter that her husband had obeyed the king. "Let me see him," says she, "and I will do what is well-pleasing to God." They took her out of the prison to her husband, to whom she said, taking him by the throat, "Unhappy man, unworthy of the grace of God, why will you perish eternally for a transitory glory? Will your gold and silver deliver you from hell fire?" "*What is the matter, wife?*" he replied. "What have they been telling you? I am what I was by the grace of Jesus Christ, and will never renounce the faith."—*Milner.*

6288. ZEAL, Call for. We should aim to be *too active to stagnate, too busy to freeze.* We should endeavour to be like Cromwell, who not only struck while the iron was hot, but made it hot by striking; like the missionary who said, "If there be happiness on earth, it is in labouring in the service of Christ;" like the Blessed Redeemer, "whose meat and drink it was to do the will of God." The vineyard must be cultivated; and the command is, that we enter it and work.—*Christian Treasury.*

6289. ZEAL, Contrast in. At Thessalonica a tumult was made by the populace, and the emperor's officer was murdered. The news was calculated to excite the anger of Theodosius, who ordered the sword to be let loose upon them. Ambrose interceded, and the emperor promised to forgive. But the great officers of the court persuaded him to retract and to sign a warrant for military execution. It was executed with great cruelty. Seven thousand were massacred in three hours, without trial and without distinction. Ambrose wrote him a faithful letter, reminding him of the charge in the prophecy, that if the priest does not warn the wicked he shall be answerable for it. "You discover a zeal," says he, "for the faith and fear of God, I own; but your temper is warm—soon to be appeased, indeed, if endeavours are used to calm it; but if not regulated it bears down all before it." He urges the example of David, and shows the impropriety of communicating with him at the present. "I love you," says he, "I cherish you, I pray for you;

but blame not me if I give the preference to God." On these principles Ambrose refused to admit Theodosius into the Church of Milan.—*Milner*.

6290. ZEAL, Disinterested. Tom Baird, the carter, the beadle of my working man's church, was as noble a fellow as ever lived—God-fearing, true, unselfish. I shall never forget what he said when I asked him to stand at the door of the working man's congregation, and when I thought he was unwilling to do so in his working clothes. "If," said I, "you don't like to do it, Tom; if you are ashamed"—"Ashamed!" he exclaimed, as he turned round upon me; "I'm mair ashamed o' yersel', sir. Div ye think that I believe, as ye ken I do, that Jesus Christ, who died for me, was stripped o' His raiment on the cross, and that I—Na, na, I'm proud to stand at the door." Dear, good fellow! There he stood for seven winters, without a sistance of pay; all from love, though at my request the working congregation gave him a silver watch. When he was dying from small-pox the same unselfish nature appeared. When asked if they would let me know, he replied, "There's nae man leevin' I like as I do him. I know he would come. But he shouldna come, on account of his wife and bairns, and so ye maunna tell him." I never saw him in his illness, never hearing of his danger till it was too late.—*Life of Dr. Norman Macleod*.

6291. ZEAL, Enthusiasm of. When, in his character of professor, he (Barry, the artist) delivered his lectures at the Academy, at every pause his auditors rose in a tumult, and at every close their hands returned to him the proud feelings he adored. Once, listening to the children of genius whom he had created about him, he exclaimed, "*Go it, go it, my boys! They did so at Athens.*"—*I. D'Israeli*.

6292. ZEAL, Evanescent. *The peril past, the saint mocked;* the vows made to God in peril remaining unperformed in safety, and he treated somewhat as, in Greek story, Juno was treated by Mandrabelus, the Samian. Of him we are told that, having under the auspices of the goddess, and through her direction, discovered a gold-mine, in his instant gratitude he vowed to her a golden ram; this he presently exchanged for a silver one; and again this for a very small brass one, and this for nothing at all.—*Trench*.

6293. ZEAL, Excessive. A North American Indian, having heard from a white man some strictures on zeal, replied, "I don't know about having too much zeal; but I think it is better *the pot should boil over than not boil at all.*"

6294. ZEAL, for Christ. For more than fifty years John Wesley generally delivered two, and frequently three or four sermons in a day. Calculating at the lowest estimate, the whole number during this period will be forty thousand. To these may be added innumerable exhortations to the societies after preaching, and in other occasional meetings at which he assisted or presided. His journeys in the work of the ministry, during so long a period, were without a precedent. He travelled about four thousand five hundred miles every year on an average; and thus, in his long course, he passed over two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles on his errand of mercy after he became an itinerant preacher. In addition to

all the publications which he either wrote or otherwise prepared for the press, he had the continual oversight and care of the churches he had founded. What an instance of zeal and consecration to the service of his Master!

6295. ZEAL, for Christ. Whitefield preached upwards of *eighteen thousand sermons*. When advanced in life, finding his physical powers failing him, he undertook to put himself upon what he called "short allowance." He preached once only on every day in the week, and three times on the Sabbath.

6296. ZEAL, for Christ. One of the most distinguished men in New York, now dead, said, "I was riding in a stage-coach in Vermont. In the evening a gentleman got in; he joined in the conversation, and soon led it to a distinctively religious point, and finally asked me, 'Do you belong to Jesus?' I had to answer, 'No.' That whole night, till early in the morning, he spoke of the great salvation. There were nine persons in that stage-coach, and that Christian man ministered unto them." The man who told me of it traced his conversion to that night. The one was Rev. Dr. Cutler, and the other Gen. Wm. K. Strong, who died a few years ago.—*Dr. S. H. Tyng*.

6297. ZEAL, for Christ. A little before his death he (Gregory Thaumaturgus, third century) made a strict inquiry whether there were any persons in the city and neighbourhood still strangers to Christianity. Being told there were about seventeen in all, he sighed, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, appealed to God how much it troubled him that *any of his fellow-townsmen* should still remain unacquainted with salvation.—*Milner*.

6298. ZEAL, for evil. A Scotch proverb, "*He that invented the maiden first hanged it,*" alludes to the well-known historical fact that the Regent Morton, the inventor of a new instrument of death called "The Maiden"—a sort of anticipation of the guillotine—was himself the first upon whom the proof of it was made.—*Trench*.

6299. ZEAL, for God. It is said of holy Bradford, *preaching, reading, and prayer was his whole life*. "I rejoice," said Bishop Jewel, "that my body is exhausted in the labours of my holy calling." . . . "Let racks, fires, pulleys, and all manner of torments come, so I may win Christ," said Ignatius.—*Watson*.

6300. ZEAL, for the truth. Reinerius, their adversary, declares "that a certain Waldensian heretic, with a view of turning a person from the Catholic faith (for such he calls the Romish errors), *swam over a river in the night*, and in the winter, to come to him, and to teach him the novel doctrines."—*Milner*.

6301. ZEAL, for the truth. While he (the Apostle John) resided at Ephesus, going once to bathe there, he perceived that Cerinthus was in the bath. He came out again hastily. "Let us flee," says he, "lest the bath should fall while Cerinthus, an enemy of truth, is within it."—*Milner*.

6302. ZEAL, for God. Mr. Andrew Melville, Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews in the reign of James VI., was a very bold and zealous man for the cause of God and truth. When some of his

more moderate brethren blamed him for being too hot and fiery he was wont to reply, "If you see my fire go downwards, set your foot upon it and put it out; but if it go upwards, let it return to its own place."—*Whitecross.*

6303. ZEAL, Hatred of. The Rev. Charles Wesley had charge of the curacy of Islington; but "he was ejected from it, not so much because of his doctrine, as for the earnestness with which he uttered it."—*Stevens.*

6304. ZEAL, in discovery. When Sir John Franklin applied for the post of commander to the ill-fated expedition in which he was lost, the only thing against him was his age. "I might find a good excuse for not letting you go," said Lord Had-dington, then First Lord of the Admiralty, "in the tell-tale record which informs me that you are sixty years of age." "No, my lord," replied the intrepid and enthusiastic navigator; "I am only *fifty-nine*."

6305. ZEAL, in preaching Christ. When liberty was offered to John Bunyan, then in prison, on condition of abstaining from preaching, he constantly replied, "If you let me out to-day I shall preach again to-morrow."

6306. ZEAL, in rebuke. While Augustine acted as a presbyter at Hippo, under Valerius, his bishop, he was appointed by him to preach to the people, in order to reclaim them from riotous feasting on solemn days. He opened the Scriptures and read to them the most vehement rebukes. He besought them, by the ignominy and sorrow which they brought upon themselves, and by the blood of Christ, not to destroy themselves, to pity him who spake to them with so much affection, and to show some regard to their venerable old bishop, who, out of tenderness to them, had charged him to instruct them in the truth. "I did not make them weep," says he, "by first weeping over them, but while I was preaching their tears prevented mine. Then I own I could not restrain myself. *After we had wept together I began to entertain great hope of their amendment.*" He now varied from the discourse he had prepared, because the present softness of their minds seemed to require something different. In fine, he had the satisfaction to find the evil redressed from that very day.—*Milner.*

6307. ZEAL, in saving from danger. One day, on the sea-coast where I was staying, a steamer with many people on board was reported to be driven on to the rocks on the shore under the cliffs, and the furious sea was said to be fast breaking it to pieces. . . . When I reached the cliff, there, not far away, I saw the unhappy ship, as if herself in great agony, rolling and leaping among the rocks, almost buried in wild foam. On the cliff there were men trying to send a rope out on to the ship, to fix one end to the ship and the other to a firm rock on the shore, and with them they had a chair with pulleys. . . . At length our hearts leaped and shouted for joy. They had succeeded. How excitedly we watched the precarious thing creep slowly along, fluttering in the furious wind, dashed by the clouds of spray! And the rope so swayed and bent with the weight of the chair and the strength of the wind that it seemed as if it must break, or the woman at least fall out of the chair into the awful boiling surf just beneath her and *be lost after all.*

. . . Another minute. She was landed!—*Rev. Benjamin Waugh.*

6308. ZEAL, in seeking Christ. There was a lady came to our meeting in Philadelphia—to the noon prayer-meeting at eleven o'clock; she came early, so as to get a good seat. After the meeting was over we had another meeting for women, and she stayed at that. In the afternoon we had another meeting, and she stayed at that. She had *made up her mind* not to leave the meetings till she had found Christ. She did not find Him at that meeting, but she might have found Him. He was offered freely to every one of them. So she stayed at the afternoon meeting, and still no light came. She stayed at the evening meeting, and went into the inquiry-room afterward. Between eleven and twelve o'clock she took me by the hand and said, "I will trust Him." And she rejoiced in the Saviour's love. There was a woman who came *determined to find Him.* When we search for God with all our hearts we are sure to find Him.—*Moody.*

6309. ZEAL, in spreading the Scriptures. It seems to have been a common practice with their (the Waldensian) teachers, the more readily to gain access for their doctrines among persons in the higher ranks of life, to carry with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress, something like the hawkers or pedlers of our day; and Reinerius thus describes the manner in which they were wont to introduce themselves:—"Sir, will you be pleased to buy any rings or seals or trinkets? Madam, will you look at any handkerchiefs or pieces of needle-work for veils;—I can afford them cheap." If, after a purchase, the company ask, "Have you anything more?" the salesman would reply, "Oh yes; *I have commodities far more valuable than these, and I will make you a present of them, if you will protect me from the ecclesiastics.*" Security being promised, he went on:—"The inestimable jewel I spoke of is the Word of God, by which He communicates His mind to men, and which inflames their heart with love to Him."—*Milner.*

6310. ZEAL, in the study of the Scriptures. The walls and trees of my orchard, could they speak, would bear witness that there I learned by heart almost all the Epistles; of which study, although in time a greater part of it was lost, yet the sweet savour thereof, I trust, I shall carry with me to heaven."—*Bishop Ridley, martyr.*

6311. ZEAL, Missionary. Mary Perth, a black woman, kept an inn at Sierra Leone during the latter part of her life. In her early days she had been a slave in North America, and had to labour from sunrise to sunset; yet during night interval she used, twice or thrice a week, to walk seven or eight miles, with a child on her back, to teach a few slaves of her acquaintance to read, that they might be able to study the Scriptures for themselves.

6312. ZEAL, Missionary. A Moravian who offered himself as a missionary to Greenland, to teach the poor ignorant natives the knowledge of salvation, was asked how he meant to live in that inhospitable climate? "I will," said he, "cut down timber and build me a house." "But," replied his friend, "no trees grow there." "Then," said he, "I will dig a hole in the earth, and live

there, so that I may preach the gospel to save their souls."

6313. ZEAL, missionary, Cost of. I am about to die for the Ba-ganda (the people of U-ganda), and have purchased the road to them with my life.—*Bishop Hannington.*

6314. ZEAL, Misunderstood. A man who declared he thought I was doing more harm than good by speaking to everybody about Christ told me I had seriously offended one of his friends by speaking to him in the street about his soul. Well, it happened in this way. I had not spoken to any one that day, and on my way home I was on the look-out, and saw a man leaning against a lamp-post, looking very lonesome. Thinking he might be a stranger, I just stepped up to him and said, "My friend, are you a Christian?" on which he turned round, and looking at me with a scowl, he cursed me, and said it was not my business. And that was why his friend told me he thought I was doing more harm than good, and setting men against religion instead of making them converts. My answer was, that I was sorry if it was so; but the fault was from the head, and not from the heart. "Well," said my friend, "I believe you are in earnest; but you have too much zeal. What is zeal without knowledge?" "Well," I replied, "I would rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal." Well, months rolled away, and one Sunday morning, about daybreak, a bitter cold winter's morning, I heard a rap at my door. "Who's there?" I said. "It's a stranger," answered a voice which I did not recognise. "What do you want?" "I want you to talk to me about my soul." I got up and let in the stranger, warm and pale. "Do you remember, sir," he said, "meeting a man under a lamp-post three months ago, at ten o'clock at night?" "Yes," said I, "I do." "Well," said he, "I am that man. I have had no peace since that night. I could not sleep at all, and I thought I would come to you and ask you what I must do;" and so I talked to him, and showed him the way to Jesus, and he found peace with God.—*Moody.*

6315. ZEAL, misunderstood. In the course of conversation my uncle said, "I pray God these Methodists may never get the upper hand; if they do we shall have dreadful work." One present replied, "Why, what do you think they will do?" "Do!" said he; "why, they will murder us all."—*John Pawson.*

6316. ZEAL, Perseverance in. Mungo Park's dispatch to Lord Camden with regard to discovering the further course and outlet of the Niger, closes with these heroic words—"Though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, *I would still persevere.*" He perished in the attempt.

6317. ZEAL, restrained for wise purposes. Some of our soldiers (at Waterloo), chafed at being so held in, fancied at times there was fear or hesitation in the breast of their great commander. There was none. But there was a cool and well-weighed estimate of the issue and the *only way to reach it.* He not only allowed but encouraged the French to expend their enthusiasm and exhaust their strength; and while the outwitted Emperor

was complaining that the British—especially the Highland regiments—did not know when they were beaten, the Duke gave his last and longed-for order, "Up, Guards, and at them!" and the cheer that rolled along the lines of our army like a peal of thunder awoke Napoleon for the first time to the master tactics of his foe, and the terrible certainty of his own defeat.—*Dr. Cumming.*

6318. ZEAL, Results of. When Baxter came to Kidderminster there was about one family in a street which worshipped God at home. When he went away there were some streets in which there was not more than one family on a side that did not do it; and this was the case even with inns and public-houses. . . . While some divines were wrangling about the divine right of Episcopacy or Presbytery, or splitting hairs about reprobation and free-will, Baxter was always *visiting from house to house*, and beseeching men, for Christ's sake, to be reconciled to God and flee from the wrath to come.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle, A.B.*

6319. ZEAL, Source of. Somebody has said of Arnold of Rugby that "the central fact of his experience was his close, conscious, and ever-realised union and friendship with the Lord Jesus Christ, and that in the overflowing fullness of his heart every expression of affection which might pass between earthly friends passed between him and the Divine Man, whom, as a Friend, he had in heaven, to whom with an exhaustless enjoyment he clung." And it was this which was the inspiration of his life, the source of his remarkable courage and zeal.

6320. ZEAL, stimulated by adversity. My brother and I were once ploughing corn on a Kentucky farm. I was driving the horse, and he was holding the plough. The horse was lazy, but on one occasion rushed across the field, so that I, with my long legs, could scarcely keep pace with him. I found an enormous chin-fly fastened on him, and knocked it off. My brother asked me what I did that for. I told him I didn't want the old horse bitten in that way. "Why," said my brother, "*that's all that made him go.*"—*President Lincoln (condensed).*

6321. ZEAL, Stimulating effects of, illustrated. As a remarkable effect of the opening of the New Outfall (Nene Outfall, constructed by Telford), in a few hours the lowering of the waters was felt throughout the whole of the Fen-level. The sluggish and stagnant drains, cuts, and leams in far distant places *began actually to flow*; and the sensation created was such that at Thorney, near Peterborough, some fifteen miles from the sea, the intelligence penetrated even to the congregation then sitting in church—for it was Sunday morning—that "the waters were running!" when immediately the whole flocked out, parson and all, to see the great sight and acknowledge the blessings of science.—*Smiles.*

6322. ZEAL, The Christian's. When one desired to know what kind of a man Basil was, there was presented to him in a dream, saith the history, a pillar of fire with this motto, "*Talis est Basilus*"—"He is all on fire, a-light for God."—*Brooks.*

6323. ZEAL, to be concentrated in one direction. Fowell Buxton was accustomed to say that he tried

to be "a whole man to one thing at a time;" hence his success in life.—*Leisure Hour*.

6324. ZEAL, without knowledge. John Pawson had charge of City Road Chapel after Wesley's death, and occupied the adjacent parsonage, Wesley's London home. He expurgated its library with iconoclastic zeal. Wesley's intimate friend and executor, the Rev. Henry Moore, says that "among the books which Mr. Pawson laid violent hands on and destroyed was a fine quarto edition of Shakespeare's Plays, presented to Mr. Wesley by a gentleman in Dublin, the margin of which was filled with critical notes by Mr. Wesley himself. The good man judged them, and the work itself, as 'among the things which tended not to edification!'"—*Steven's History of Methodism*.

6325. ZEAL, Worldly, and its results. Had some of those who are pleased to call themselves my friends been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, I should, in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone.—*Smollett*.

6326. ZEAL, Worldly and missionary, contrasted. A young Brahman put this question to the Rev. E. Lewis, of Bellary—"Do the Christian people of England really believe that it would be a good thing for the people of India to become Christians?" "Why, yes, to be sure they do," he replied. "What I mean is," continued the Brahman, "do they in their hearts believe that the Hindoos would be better and happier if they were converted to Christianity?" "Certainly they do," said Mr. Lewis. "Why, then, do they act in such a strange way? Why do they send so few to preach their religion? When there are vacancies in the Civil Service there are numerous applicants at once; when there is a military expedition a hundred officers volunteer for it; in commercial enterprises, also, you are full of activity, and always have a strong staff. But it is different with your religion. I see one missionary with his wife here, and 150 miles away is another, and 100 miles in another direction is a third. How can the Christians of England expect to convert the people of India from their hoary faith with so little effort on their part?"—*Chronicle of London Missionary Society*.

6327. ZEAL, Worldly, needs to be stimulated. The villager, to overcome his rivals in a contest for leaping, retires back some steps, collects all his exertion into his mind and clears the eventful bound. One of our admirals in the reign of Elizabeth, held as a maxim, that a height of passion, amounting to frenzy, was necessary to qualify a man for the command of a fleet; and Nelson, decorated by all his honours about him, on the day of battle, at the sight of those emblems of glory, emulates himself. This enthusiasm was necessary for his genius and made it effective.—*I. D'Israeli*.

6328. ZEALOT, Excuse of. We are told that when Catherine de Médici desired to overcome the hesitation of her son, Charles IX., and to draw from the wretched King his consent to the massacre, afterwards known as that of St. Bartholomew, she urged on him with effect a proverb which she had brought with her from her own land, and assuredly one of the most convenient maxims for tyrants that was ever framed—"Sometimes clemency is cruelty and cruelty clemency."—*Trench*.

6329. ZION, Beauty of. When I stood that morning on the brow of Olivet, and looked down on the city crowning those battlemented heights, encircled by those deep and dark ravines, I involuntarily exclaimed, "*Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion*. And as I gazed, the red rays of the rising sun shed a halo round the top of the castle of David; then they tipped with gold each tapering minaret, and gilded each dome of mosque and church, and at length bathed in one flood of ruddy light the terraced roofs of the city, and the grass and foliage, the cupolas, pavements, and colossal walls of the Haram. No human being could be disappointed who first saw Jerusalem from Olivet."—*Porter*.

6330. ZION, Love of. From that high point one gets, when coming up by the Bethhoron road, that view of Jerusalem on the distant sky-line which Richard the Lion-hearted refused to gaze upon, saying, as he covered his eyes, "O Lord God, I pray I may never see Thy Holy City if so be that I may not rescue it from the hands of Thine enemies!" That hill of Mizpeh is truly, as old Sir John Maundeville calls it, "a very fair and delicious place;" and he adds, "It is called Mount Joy because it gives joy to pilgrims' hearts, for from that place men first see Jerusalem."—*Henry Harper*.

INDEX OF CROSS-REFERENCES.

- ABASEMENT**, Self-, a source of honour, 2918, 2933
 — Self-, Christian, 2916, 2924, 2927
 — should be thorough, 2914
Ability and industry, 3057
Absolution, desire of, in death, 1497
Acceptance of Christ urged, 856, 887, 892, 954, 955
 Accepted in another, 2298
 — in Christ illustrated, 944, 961
Accident and natural laws, 2820-2, 4491
 — in men's birth, 610
Accidents, God overrules, 723, 2162
Adversity and God's purposes, 2822
 — teaches the value of prosperity, 4482
 — knowledge gained by, 3274
 — zeal stimulated by, 6300, 6320
Advocate, Jesus an, 316, 944, 948, 989
 — success of an, 4941
Affection, avarice overcomes, 380
Affliction, a refuge in, 5689
 — a revealer of character, 5268
 — and Christ, 5533-6, 5687, 5693-7
 — Bible a stay in, 491
 — God a refuge in, 5272, 5695
 — praise in, 4205-6
 — sent of God, 2820, 5273
Afflictions, God's purpose in, 5696-7
 — use of, 2782, 5702
 Age, the, and Ritualism, 4817
Ambition and zeal, 6276
Appearances, deceptive, 3257
Application of knowledge, 3286
Art and children, 786
 — and nature, 3911-13
 — and solitude, 5263
 — God and man's, 2392
Assurance and good works, 4903
 — and the witness of the Spirit, 6037
 — Christian, 28, 4874
 — Christian, and modesty, 3828
 — Christian, and zeal, 6299
 — grounds of, 1193-5
 — in death, 1546
 — with fearlessness, 6278
 — want of, 6029
Atonement and sin, 5197, 2500, 5406
 — in Christ, 5399, 5402-5, 5408, 5427, 5439
 — reconciliation by, 900, 4575
 — results of, 4580
Atonement, the sinner's need of, 3661-5, 4580, 4586
Avarice, sin of, 3833
Awe in listening to the gospel, 2201

BAPTISM and regeneration, 4608
 Baptismal regeneration, 4609
 Battles, cost of, 5891-2
Beauty and God, 2400, 3915
 — and nature, 3911-3, 3932-5
 — and science, 3918
 — of benevolence, 450
 — of naturalness, 3942
Behaviour a sign of character, 736
Belief, a child's, 2052-3
 — and the Bible, 481-603, 4962-4993
 — and the decrees, 1572
 — blessedness of, 2061-2063
 — in Christ, 830-6, 841-2, 870, 889-900, 911
 — in death, 855, 885, 931, 1466-72, 1479, 1504, 1531
 — in God, 2401-3, 4625
 — in God's Word, 4634
 — in the promises, 4465, 4473
Beneficence, delicacy in, 754
 — self-denial in, 761
Benevolence and deception, 748
 — and fashion, 2155, 4782
 — and selfishness, 762
 — Christian, 750-1, 757
Bereavement, comfort in, 5270
 — and fruit-bearing, 118
 — resignation in, 140
Bereavements, influence of, 138-140, 5268, 5271
 — universality of, 143
 — use of, 144-5, 5274
Bible, acquaintance with, 4977, 4984
 — Calvinism and the, 705
 — contentment and the, 1286
 — difficulties in, 4962-3, 4779-81
 — ignorance of, 4964, 4973, 4977, 4982
 — necessity for, 4765
 — not self-contradictory, 4986
 — power of, 4970-1
 — wisdom of, 4972, 4992-3, 4995
Bigotry and ignorance, 2997-9
 — heaven no place for, 2760
 — motives for, 2967, 2999
 — secret of, 3006
Blessedness of giving, 2359
Blessing, bankruptcy sometimes a, 398
 — independence a, 3042
Blessings and afflictions contrasted, 137
Blessings of grace, 2588-93, 2603
 — of holiness, 2832-4
 — of religion, 4657
 — of the Spirit, 2838-42
Books and solitude, 5264
Bounteousness of Christ, 901, 945, 4504-5
 — of God, 2458, 2468
 — of grace, 2593, 2598
 — of nature, 3915-9, 3922
Bravery and honour, 1377
 — and victory, 5889-94
 — and warfare, 5964

CANT and religion, 6050
Carefulness and benevolence, 467
Centre, God the, 2476
Ceremonies and sacraments, 4858
Certainties and doubts, 1709
Chance and utility, 5856
Character and solitude, 5268
 — caution a sign of, 714
 — nobility of, 1672
 — obedience a test of, 3393
Charity and baptism, 405
 — and zeal, 6277
Cheerfulness and humility, 2919
Child, reproof from a, 4688
Children and drunkard, 1738
 — and heaven, 2732
 — and the Sabbath, 4347
 — Christ and the, 848
 — trust of, 5715
Choice, a final, 1564-5, 1569
Christ a foundation, 2285, 4430
 — and afflictions, 117, 5273-5, 5424, 5428, 5436-7
 — and aged, 154
 — and assurance, 307, 4430
 — and charity, 147, 3794
 — and God, 2427
 — and good deeds, 2517, 2523
 — and humanity, 2905, 4934
 — and humility, 2935
 — and judgment, 3194, 4753
 — and justification, 3234, 5399, 5403-5
 — and kindness, 3239
 — and preaching, 2681
 — and revolutionists, 4774
 — and riches, 4783
 — and sinners, 5220, 5227, 5230-1
 — and soul, 5280, 5304, 5307
 — and substitution, 5399-5404
 — and troubles, 5693
 — and truth, 5724
 — and works, 6100
 — call of, 696-7, 3815, 4934
 — child trained for, 780

- Christ, communion with, 3164-7
 — confession outward for, 1184
 — confidence in, 1198
 — cross-bearing for, 1414
 — death of, 1425, 5400-4
 — earnestness for, 1813-4, 6279, 6294-6, 6305-6
 — forgiveness in, 2265-7
 — free grace in, 2293
 — impressions for, 3025
 — kingdom of, interest in, 3259
 — loyalty to, 3570, 6225, 6279, 6299
 — manhood in, 3636
 — mission of, 4934-6
 — missions for, 3794, 6311-13
 — name of, 4937
 — outcast received by, 4049
 — rest in, 4724
 — salvation in, 4885, 4937, 5399
 — self-denial for, 5028-9
 — self-given to, 5016
 — source of life, 3072
 — speaking for, 5329
 — strength in, 5378
 — suffering of, 5276, 5439
 — sufferings for, 4433, 5437, 5440
 — union in, 5784-5, 5807
 — witnessing for, 6039-40
 — world for, 6146, 6150, 6157
 — zeal for, 6294-7
 — zeal in preaching, 6305
 Christian and eternity, 1939
 — and moralist contrasted, 3848
 — birth does not make the, 613
 — death of, a, 1467-8
 — envy in, 1921
 — failure, compromise the secret of, 1170
 — forgiveness of, 2248
 — labour, fruit of, 2309
 — liberty, 3332
 — life and bigotry, 604
 — life and new birth, 3958
 — life, appropriateness in, 273
 — work, 2130, 3353, 2309, 3293
 Christianity and drunkenness, 1739
 — and infidelity contrasted, 3072, 4657
 — and poor, 4161
 — and science, 4951
 — and sinner, 5218, 5232-5
 — broad and narrow, 674
 Christian's ambition, a, 175
 — choice, a, 822
 — duty, the private, 1790
 — humility, a, 2976
 — self-control, a, 5022
 — victory, a, 5887
 — zeal, the, 6322
 Christians and light, 3464
 — courage of, 1365
 — death of, 1529-37, 1545-6
 — inconsistency of, 3036
 — recognition of, 4569
 — separation of, 5079
 — world without, 6170
 Church and baptism, 402-3
 — and controversy, 1303, 5725-6, 5736
 — and doctrine of atonement, 353, 5406-8
 — and humility, 2922
 — and martyrs, 3644
 — and the sepulchre, 5080
 — apparatus in the, 240
 — children in the, 801
 Church, Christ and the, 849, 4887-9
 — divisions drive men from, 1687, 1710-11
 — equality in, 1926
 — union in the, 5788-9
 — unity of the, 5812
 Comfort from God's Word, 414
 Commemoration, Lord's Supper a, 3487
 Commencement, life only a, 3410
 Companionship and wine, 17, 6009
 Company, Bible a test of, 494
 Compassion and bravery, 661
 Compensation, heaven a, 2727
 Confession and conversion, 1324
 — and reconciliation, 4571
 Confidence and zeal, 6278
 Conscience and liberty, 3334
 Conscientiousness and benevolence, 442, 452
 Conscientiousness of forgiveness, 2260, 4903
 Consecration and asceticism, 300
 — and Christian zeal, 6279
 — secret of, 3376, 6279
 — want of, in believers, 437
 Controversy and Christ, 844
 — and truth, 5725
 Conversation and Christ, 845
 Conversion and aged, 156
 — and substitution, 4584, 5145, 5231, 5400
 — and terror, 5534
 — fear a means of, 1501
 — necessity of, 613, 616-7, 4650
 Convert, praise for a, 4203
 Conviction and argument, 278
 Conqueror, Christ a, 829
 Corruption claims the beautiful, 420
 Country, heaven our, 2765
 Courage and fear, 2193
 Creation and man, 3592
 Creature, man a fallen, 3593, 5133, 5193
 Creed, desire shapes the, 1627, 5755-6
 Creeds and prayer, 4232, 4284
 — and truth, 1600, 1708-9, 5726, 5736, 5773-5
 — and the Trinity, 56, 84-8
 Crisis moment in life, 3377, 4891, 4896, 5603, 5607
 Critics and the Bible, 497
 Cross, peace made on the, 3307, 4105, 4575, 4582-4, 4887
 Cruelty and lust, 3576
 Culture and benevolence, 468
 Cure of falsehood, 2136
 DANGER and heroism, 2184
 — and love, 3556
 — and prayer, 4293
 — confidence in, 1194
 Dangers, argument and its, 279
 Darkness, light in, 3457
 Day, evil sufficient for, 1977
 Days, influence seen after many, 3097, 4476
 Dead, praise amid the, 4198
 Death and Atheism, 318
 — and Christ, 885, 5054-7, 5423
 — and confidence, 1188
 — and idleness, 2974
 — and illness, 3007
 — and life, 3355, 3359, 4901
 — and meditation, 3666
 Death and passion, 4075
 — and pleasure, 4155
 — and sect, 4997
 — and the gospel, 2530
 — and uncharitableness, 5765
 — and youth, 794-6, 1804, 2759, 6247, 6257
 — Bible a comfort in, 484-5
 — bravado in, 655
 — Christ in, 913, 931, 1859-80, 2742-3, 3167, 3176, 3194, 4802
 — Christianity in, 1062
 — comfort in, 1140-2, 4809, 5424
 — dauntlessness in, 1454, 2056, 2756
 — desired by aged, 157
 — enlarges our knowledge, 3270
 — hopes in, 2882-3
 — life recalled in, 3421, 4943
 — light in, 3458
 — minister of, 3731
 — not to be bribed, 3844
 — of child, 774
 — preparation for, 2761, 4415, 4616, 4665, 4743
 — ready for, 4559, 4724, 4752, 4801-8
 — reconciliation through, 4575
 — self-consciousness in, 5021
 — stoicism in, 5372
 — triumph in, 5708
 — trust in, 5708-9
 — unity in, 5807
 — victory of, 5896
 — young should be prepared for, 6239
 Decision, necessity for, 1581-4, 5593-7
 Defects, envy magnifies, 1924
 Deliverer, God the, 2477
 Despair and love, 3517
 Determination and duty, 1730
 Devil, deceit of, 4916-8, 4921
 — service of, 4919-20
 Devotions and duty, 1751, 5710-13
 Difficulties and the Sabbath, 4839
 — cheerfulness under, 770, 5713
 — courage amid, 1366
 — perseverance amid, 3807-8, 5694
 — pursuit of knowledge amid, 3283
 — prayer in, 4282
 — worship under, 6199
 Disappointment, man's, in life, 3379
 Discipline and self-denial, 5026
 Divine care, minuteness of, 707
 — mind and beauty, 417
 — regard, afflictions a token of, 142, 5696-7
 — things, no appetite for, 253
 — will and prayer, 4244, 5709-10
 — will, submission to, 5396, 5718-20
 Divinity and Christ, 934
 Doctrine and Trinity, 3684
 Doctrines, teaching and living, 5486
 Doers and hearers, 2679
 Doing good and greatness, 2622
 Doubt, life spent in, 3429
 Drink and sin, 5193
 — and the Bible, 19, 571, 6011, 6015
 Duties and doctrines, 1401, 1693, 5685, 5726
 — knowledge of, 3280

Duty and amusements, 198
 — and brave, 656, 5706, 5713
 — and charity, 746
 — and conversion, 1325
 — and heroism, 2815, 5706, 5711
 — and loyalty, 3564
 — and obedience, 3954
 — and prayer, 4233, 4235
 — and sentiment, 5075
 — and sincerity, 5209
 — and zeal, 6281
 — courtesy in Christian, 1380
 — toward sin, 5196
 Dying hour, vanity in, 5862
 — in faith, 2064
 EARNESTNESS, absorbing nature of, 1908-9, 6276
 — and Christian perfection, 6274
 — and our personal influence, 4191
 — Christian, 6146, 6275
 — and orthodoxy, 4070
 — earnestness for Christ, 6297, 6305
 — in seeking Christ, 6308
 — ministerial, 3755-7
 — missionary, 3807-9, 6311-3, 6326
 — misunderstood, 1917
 — need of, 1913, 4200, 5418
 — power of, 4372, 4376-7, 5295
 — scientific, 1907
 — the secret of success, 5422
 — value of, 1918, 4188, 6318
 Eating, appetite grows by, 254
 Economy and education, 1830
 Education and youth, 6248
 Enemies, Bible circulated by, 512
 Enemies, Christianity and its, 1046
 Enemy, union amid the, 5791-2
 Enthusiasm, Christian, 6294-7, 6303, 6305-6
 — needs to be stimulated, 6327
 — reasonableness of, 6279
 Errors, leniency towards, 2183
 Eternal life, prepared for, 1531-3
 — life, realising, 1475, 4746, 4752-6
 Eternity and time, 5573
 — and sinners, 5239
 — and works, 6135
 — Christian's welcome of, 1546, 1555
 — hearing for, 2691, 4914
 — preaching for, 4358, 4372
 — unprepared for, 1490, 1526, 4616, 6141
 Evil and good works, 2524
 — and woman, 6041
 — good for, 2512-3, 2515
 — prayer a means of testing, 4221
 — zeal for, 6294
 Example amid afflictions, 134
 — Christ a, 943, 951
 — Christian power of, 1045
 — imitating Christ's, 6274
 — looking at, 981
 Excitement, calmness amid, 699
 Experience and adversity, 80, 6137-40
 — and apostasy, 230-1
 — and belief, 430-6, 532, 2064-71
 — and conversion, 1338, 1351
 — and simplicity, 5128
 — and sin, 5151, 5160

Experience, God's dealings with us
 in, 3612, 3617
 — religious, 4630, 4635
 — want of faith in, 5167
 — worldling's, 6138, 6141-2
 Extravagance and charity, 749
 — and riches, 4785, 4796
 Eye, help from, 2693
 FAILURE and success, 5409
 Faith an anchor, 207
 — and agnosticism, 161
 — and encouragement, 1873
 — and feeling, 2208
 — and foresight, 2244
 — and loyalty, 3565-6
 — and missions, 3783, 3809, 6311-13
 — and obedience, 3656, 3985, 5714, 5718
 — and prayer, 3859-60, 4234, 4242, 4248-58, 5709-10, 5739, 6124
 — and repentance, 4668, 5146-7, 5219
 — and testimony, 5531, 5758-9, 5764, 5999, 6039-40, 6127-32
 — and works, 438
 — Christ the author of, 974
 — foundation of, 439
 — in the Bible, 510
 — in the promises, 4465, 4473
 — triumphing in, 480
 — what is, 440
 Faithfulness of a friend, 2300
 Fall, tradition of, 1394
 Family, hypocrisy in the, 2956
 Fashion and eternity, 1938
 Father, God a, 904, 2381-2, 2402-7, 2430-1, 2437-43, 2466-7, 2478, 2575, 2644, 2767, 3016, 3349, 3376, 3525, 3543, 3555, 3612, 3629, 3706, 3995, 4442-6, 4494, 4804-5, 5695, 6167
 — influence of, 2854, 3162, 3261, 4579, 6241
 Father's unkindness, a, 584
 Fathers and the Scriptures, 4976
 Fear and brave, 657
 — and death, 1498-1502
 — of future, 2316
 Fearlessness, a source of, 2060
 Foolish guide, a, 2641
 Fool's moralising, a, 3855
 Forgiveness and anger, 211
 — and sin, 5141, 5197, 5200, 5219-20, 5227, 5235, 5239, 6059, 6132
 — and temper, 5489
 Foundation, Christ a, 966, 4820-2
 Free will and fate, 2162
 Fretting and labour, 3290
 Friendship a test of adversity, 76
 — and conversion, 1327
 Future and earthly danger, 1824
 — doubt as to the, 1705
 — glories of, 2768, 2779
 — of the world, 6148
 GAIN and hearers, 2680
 Genius and intemperance, 3140-46
 Giving and love, 445, 3518
 — known to God, 459, 761
 God, acceptance with, 30
 — and ambition, 184, 5029
 — and duty, 1753, 1758
 — and gifts, 6018

God and heathen, 2715, 3789, 3821, 6146
 — and hindrances, 2820, 2822
 — and impressions, 3026
 — and nature, 3910, 3914-5, 6122, 6167
 — and sinner, 5217
 — and texts, 5539
 — and the heart, 2710, 3524-5, 3533-5
 — and the Trinity, 5684-8
 — and the universe, 5819-20, 6122, 6167
 — appointed the Sabbath, 4832, 4838
 — banishment does not separate from, 396
 — belief in, 432, 2067, 2075-7
 — bereavement from, 471
 — building for, 632
 — call of, 698
 — children a trust from, 785
 — children and the mysteries of, 787
 — Christ must be, 930
 — Christ the power and wisdom of, 986
 — Christians preserved of, 1034
 — Church not to take the place of, 1099
 — confidence in, 1196, 2058-61, 3458, 4270-1, 4469-75
 — disappointments sent of, 1663
 — freedom of access to, 31, 4231, 4279-81
 — hears prayer, 4248, 4257, 4278-9
 — holiness of, 2833
 — humanity in union with, 2907
 — in the Bible, 519
 — indifference in the house of, 3047, 4914-15, 6188-92
 — intuitions come from, 3155
 — knows our good deeds, 453, 459, 464
 — little things keep men from, 3475, 5674
 — man made in the image of, 3621, 3629
 — obligations to, 4000
 — omniscience of, 4015-6
 — our ally, 169
 — our judge, 3205, 3708-9, 4061
 — overrules chance, 723, 2644, 3612, 4501
 — praise due to, 4197, 4201
 — prayer and communion with, 4216-33
 — prayer anticipated of, 4258
 — recompense of, 464-5
 — resignation to, 4702-3
 — response of, to faith and, 2067
 — resting in, 4724-5, 4734, 5708-14, 5722
 — should be served with cheerfulness, 769
 — souls seeking, 5321
 — success depends upon, 5413
 — supplies men's needs, 3945
 — thankfulness to, 4197, 4201, 5345
 — the source of blessings, 619
 — the source of gifts, 2347
 — the source of knowledge, 3273
 — tribulation of, 5673
 — trust in, 5710-12
 — truths come of, 5753
 — unity of, 5811

- God, vengeance belongs to, 5868
 — Word of, 6069-70
 — zeal for, 6299, 6302
 God's care for His people, 708
 — power, and failure, 2043
 — return for giving, 2364
 — Spirit and church machinery, 1092
 Godless, influence over the, 3091
 Good and evil, receiving, 1963
 — deeds and death, 1486
 — influence for, 3085
 — man, faults in, 2182-86, 4653
 Goodness and truth, 5727
 Gospel and joy, 3188
 — and Lord's Supper, 3488
 — and man, 3595, 4879-91, 4894, 4899-4903, 5139, 5219
 — and reprobates, 4684
 — and standard of purity, 4533
 — and young men, 6233
 — Christ's power in, 951
 — congregations and the, 1208
 — missions in the, 3784
 — success of, 3818-20
 Grace and practical religion, 4652
 — and self-denial, 5034
 — cavilling a hindrance to, 715
 — growth in, 2473, 2638, 4869, 5044
 — not a thing of talk, 4646
 Grave, home beyond the, 2708, 2728-34, 2741-3, 2845
 Greed and wealth, 5981
 Guidance and superstition, 5448
 — from God, 723, 3612, 4511
 Guide, Christ a, 834, 941
 HABIT, carelessness a, 709
 Habits, conversion a change of, 1219
 — evil, 1967-9
 Happiness and Christians, 265
 — and wealth, 5409, 5982
 — money does not bring, 3835-39, 4792, 4797-8, 5982, 5986-90
 Happy home, secret of a, 2853
 Health and abstainers, 16
 Heart, a new, 1345-7, 2022, 2267, 4922
 — and honesty, 2863
 — and prayer, 4317
 — Christ in the, 915-6, 1338-9
 — change of, and externals, 2028, 2030
 — God in the, 2428
 — gold in the, 2502-6, 3836, 3839, 5981, 5989
 — sin in the, 2271, 2277, 5168-70
 Heathen and missions, 3783-3821, 6146, 6148, 6150
 Heathenism and love to God, 3563
 Heaven, afflictions make us long for, 136, 1546, 3382, 5434, 5962
 — and earth, 1822
 — and holiness, 2827
 — and sinners, 4822, 4892, 5239, 5613
 — and zeal, 6282, 6299, 6302
 — Bible points to, 554, 6066
 — Bible the guide to, 587-91, 1422
 — children to be reared for, 817
 — kingdom of, 1001-4, 1105, 3259-64
 — no strife in, 5383
 — our home, 1802, 2708, 2728-34, 2741-3, 2845
 Heaven, praise in, 4209-10
 — rest in, 4726-7, 5962
 — treasure in, 5649-51, 5653-58
 Heavenly crown, the, 1424
 Hell, doctrine of, 5161
 Help, lost near, 3504, 3657
 Hero, death of, 1472
 Hindrances sent of God, 1599, 1663
 Holiness, beginnings of, 2586, 2590
 — capacity for, 3629
 — claims of, 3621
 — known and recognised of men, 1018, 4874
 — necessary, 2761
 — power of, 1019, 3383, 4533
 — source of, 901, 5343
 — what is? 4905
 Home, heaven our, 2766-7
 — lost in sight of, 3503-4
 Hope, anchor of, 2074
 — children our, 805
 — Christian's, in death, 1506-10, 1521
 — the Christian's, 992, 1011, 1015, 1017, 5554
 House, Christ dwells in the, 892
 Human nature, Bible true to, 599
 Humility and happiness, 2663
 — and wisdom, 6019
 Husbandry and war, 5943
 Hypocrisy and Scriptural difficulties, 4962
 — and spurious piety, 4150
 — and infidelity, 3061, 3067-9, 3075-6
 Hypocrites and an appearance of religion, 326, 4638-41, 4652-4
 — difficulty of detecting, 1363
 IDEAL, striving after, 3324, 3328, 3379, 3410, 6274
 Idleness and evil, 2138
 — and labour, 3291
 — and pride, 4418
 — in the Christian, 1009
 Ignorance and knowledge of essential things, 3280
 — conceit in, 1174, 3325
 — danger of, 3285
 — ended at death, 3270
 — fear born of, 2198
 — our, longings amidst, 3273
 Ignorant to be remembered in preaching, 3326
 — and ministers, 3742-3
 Imitation of Christ our duty, 895-7, 974, 1013
 Imagination and experience, 2010
 Immorality, experiments in, 2024, 5882
 Immortality and Christ, 913, 977
 — and heaven, 2726-91
 — and life, 3347, 3356-9, 3389, 3428, 3434, 3438, 3455
 — and life-work, 3448-50
 — and youth, 6250
 Imperfection, man's inherent, 3396, 3610-13, 5135, 5148-52, 5179
 Impossibilities and truth, 5728
 Impressions, permanence of, 1806-7
 Imprudence, the sinner's, 5132, 5140, 5151, 5182, 5186
 — the soul's, 5307
 Individual faithfulness, 2111
 Indulgence and carelessness, 1388, 2792, 4789, 5181, 6009
 Indulgence, sinful, 257-8, 1387, 1997, 4778, 4786, 5048, 5193, 5213, 6012
 Infant baptism, 406-9
 Infants, death of, 794-5
 — tenderness towards, 812-3, 818
 Infidels and Christianity, 1045
 Influence, a father's, 2172
 — of Bible, 530, 531, 4970-1, 4983, 4987-9, 6069-71
 — of example, 1982
 — of faith, 433-5
 — of friends, 2303
 Ingratitude and gratitude, 2607
 Insult a humiliation, 2913
 Intelligence in nature, signs of, 3937
 JEWELS, a foolish bargain for, 411
 — children, a mother's, 784
 — decay of, 1557
 — God's way with, 127
 Joy amid afflictions, 133, 4205-7
 — and heaven, 4209-10
 — and sorrow, 5269
 — in self-sacrifice, 445-8
 — in serving God, 2470, 4197, 4200
 — not possessed by worldlying, 2667, 2671-2
 — of believers, 438-9, 4199, 480'
 — tribulation a source of, 480, 5672
 — uses of, 771
 Judgment and Christ, 950
 — and death, 1480
 — and eternity, 1934-50, 3231
 — and pardon, 4061
 — and sin, 5143
 — and the resurrection, realising, 4752-3
 — are we prepared for? 1483, 1554, 1809
 — certainty of, 1703
 — conscience in, 1218-22, 1240-3, 1249-53, 1255
 — day, uncertainty in, 4925
 — fear of, 1862, 1952
 — mercy in, 3708-9
 — no fear of, 100
 — preparing for, 1804, 2761
 — to be prepared for, 4390
 Justification and saving faith, 2080, 2096, 2295, 4061, 4063, 4887, 4892-3
 KINDNESS and benevolence, 453-5
 — and charity, 746-762
 — and controversy, 1301
 — gain of, 456-7
 Kindred, love towards, 665, 667-81, 763, 4871
 — preaching to, 3820, 4395
 Kinship and fatherhood responded to, 2197
 — of Christ, 917
 King, Christ a, 832-3, 850, 870, 904, 938, 973, 983, 1001, 1007
 — Christian to be a, 1007, 1011, 1015
 — sacrifice for the, 4860
 Kingdom of Christ everlasting, 1001-3
 — of heaven and the Church, 1087
 — of heaven, extension of, 1057, 1083, 3782-3821, 6146, 6148, 6150

- Kingdom of heaven, stability of, 1103
 King's clemency, a, 1128
 Knowledge and belief, 431, 2077
 — and experience, 2009, 2011, 2014-18
 — despised, 3327
 — experimental, 2018-24
 — man's, limited, 3916
 — of self, importance of, 5051-2
 — progress in, 3329
 — to be sought continually, 3328
 — zeal without, 6324
- LABOUR and love, 3520, 2521
 — and payment, 4099
 — and perfection, 4123, 6274
 — for eternity, 1943
- Law and chance, 35-6, 719, 3911, 3935, 3937, 4270, 4491
 — and justice, 3217, 31
 — and love, 3522
 — and usage, 5839
 — Christ fulfils the, 900, 982
- Laws, Bible, the foundation of, 586
- Learning and ability contrasted, 4
 — books will not secure, 649
- Liar, devil a, 5638
- Liberty and light, 3463
- Life and education, 1331, 1837
 — and growth, 2637
 — and inspiration, 3124
 — and labour, 3292
 — and possibilities, 4181
 — and redemption, 4586
 — and theology, 5555
 — Bible, and its use in, 498
 — burden suited to, 684
 — certainties in, 717
 — charity in humble, 757
 — Christ the bread of, 975
 — heart controls the, 2699
 — Jesus in this, 3165
 — mistakes in, 3823, 3826
 — noise not, 3975
 — obedience is, 3990
 — sacrifice of, for truth, 713
 — superfluities in, 5447
 — support in, 594
 — trust in, 5713, 5714
 — usefulness the end of, 5847
- Light and guidance, 2646
 — in the hour of death, 1506, 1521
- Little things, effects of, 426-9, 3243, 5041, 5140, 5148, 5151-2, 5173, 5183
 — things, greatness shown in, 2631, 5533
 — things, misuse of, 5626
 — things, observing, 2038, 3239-40, 3285
 — things pregnant for the future, 1569, 1584, 5577
- Living by faith, 2083-4
- Look, apostate reclaimed by, 236
- Love and fear contrasted, 2195
 — and humility, 2920
 — and immortality, 3015, 3708
 — and insensibility, 3121
 — and justice, 3217-20
 — and knowledge, 3266
 — God is, 2430, 2431-40
 — God seeks our, 2404, 2407, 2438-40, 2467, 2698, 2713
 — ministry of, 2558, 3757, 3760, 3802-3
 — obedience the test of, 1040, 2493, 3986, 3995
- Love of father, 2173-4
 — of God seeks men, 3707
 — truth in, 3726, 3755, 5738, 5739, 6059-67, 6318
- Loved ones in heaven, 2775
- MALEVOLENCE and envy, 1896, 1919-20
 — Malice and envy cause disunion, 1680
 — — fruits of, 1922-5, 2674, 6298
- Man and God contrasted, 1872, 2496
 — and prayer, 4289
 — and youth, 6261-3
 — gospel for, 2550
 — greatness must be in the, 2630
 — heedlessness of, 2792
 — honour paid to, 2876
 — mind standard of the, 3725
 — mother makes the, 3876
 — necessity makes the, 3943
- Man's duty and prayer, 4235, 4487
 — knowledge and nature, 3916
- Melancholy, religious, 1617-22, 5269
- Memory and attention, 364
 — and the past, 3201
- Men, ambition destroys the final feeling of, 189, 3716, 5948-9, 5952
 — and moral qualities, 3847
 — and power, 4193, 5376-82
 — earnestness in warning, 13, 887, 1818, 2530, 3726-7
 — — gospel hidden from, 2557, 2719, 2722-4, 3807
 — inconsistencies of, 3037
 — money enslaves, 3837-9, 5979-83
- Mercy and judgment, 3195
 — and law, 3304
 — difficult to realise, 2262
 — God's, 2263, 2267, 2295, 2436-40, 4847, 4899, 4903, 4936
 — man's, 2254-8, 2264
- Message, the gospel's, 2561
- Messiah, Christ the, 983
- Minister and ignorance, 3000
 — and meditation, 3669
 — not to take the place of Christ, 3730
- Minister's time, a, 5572
- Ministers, Bible the one book for, 593
 — comfort of, 1138
 — conversion and, 1352
 — faithfulness of, 13, 887, 1818, 2217, 2218
 — piety in, 4148
- Ministry and intemperance, 3147, 4862
 — and the judgment day, 3196
- Miracles and nature, 3917
- Mischief and false prudence, 4513
 — duty keeps out of, 1782
- Misfortune, how to bear, 82-4
 — men cannot avoid, 5698
 — the common lot, 5668
 — support in, 77, 5667
- Missionary and worldly zeal contrasted, 6326
 — Bible a, 513
- Mohammedanism and Christianity, 1047
- Moment, life reviewed in a, 3424, 3425
- Moments, critical voice in, 824
- Money and industry, 3056
 — and its possessors, 4781, 4785-92, 4800, 5979-86
 — and men, 3687
 — and the Church, 1076, 4776
 — cannot bring happiness, 4797
 — no excuse for extravagance, 4796
- Morals of the Bible, 546
 — purity of, 5881
 — untested, doubtfulness of, 5906, 5908
- Mother's education, a, 1829
 — love, a, 3513-15
- Mothers, faith of, 2057
- NATURE and art, 36
 — and self-knowledge, 5051
 — and the geological growth of world, 6137, 6167
 — beauty of, 1392-31, 1623, 1826, 6131, 6139-40
 — enforces brevity of life, 3365-7, 3370
 — limited conceptions of, 3598, 6143
 — human, sinfulness and degradation of, 3596-7, 5133-5208
- Necessity, prayer a, 4222
 — the doctrine of, and free will, 2162
- Needy, alms are not to be denied to the, 171
- Neglect and carelessness, results of, 709
 — lost from, 1455, 3500
 — of Christ and business, 689, 4021
 — of God's house and business, 686
 — of opportunities for good, 4013-4, 4019, 4025-9
- New birth, the, 616, 617, 1319-52
- Newspaper and Bible, 499
- New Testament and theology, 5556
- Niggardiness, greed of, 378
- Numbers and energy, 1398
- OBEEDIENCE and love, 3522, 3532, 3562, 4810
 — and zeal, 5103, 6284
- Observation, exercise of, 2037, 2041
- Obstacles, overcoming, 1568-9, 1571, 2819, 6146, 6285-6, 6327
- Omission, sins of, 709, 4005, 4025-9
- Omnipresence of God, 2452-4
- Omniscience of God, 2035, 2036
- Opportunity and decision, 824, 1562-71, 3831-2
 — and procrastination, 4436-41
 — and time, 1455, 1458, 5576-8, 5583-8, 5593-7, 6218
 — and youth, 1839-40, 6251, 6254, 6268
- Opinion should not interfere with duty, 5075
- Opinions and patience, 4091
 — change of, 4617
- Opposition to Christ illustrated, 4705
- Opprobrium to be borne in silence, 1963
- Orphan, God the father of, 2478
- Orthodoxy and Unitarianism, 5804
 — narrow conception of, 1036, 1401, 5053, 5078
 — zeal for true, 6301
- Others, care for, 5061-64

- Others, despising, in the Christian life, 1036, 5049, 5053
 — duty toward, 1793, 5057, 5059
 — heaven desired for, 2736
 — regard for, 1865
 — sacrifice for, 4859
 Ourselves, knowledge of, 3231
- PAIN, self-forgetfulness in, 5042
 Pardon, birth does not ensure, 612
 — how obtained, 350, 831, 2264-6, 2267
 — needed by all, 1614-16, 2262-3
 — seeking, 866-70, 2253
 Passion, the ruling, 1539
 Past, controversy a thing of the, 1304
 Patience and forgiveness, 2252
 Pay and duty, 1756
 Payment and war, 5944
 Peace amid danger, 1194, 4551
 — amid excitement, 699-702, 4552
 — and reconciliation, 2253
 — and truth, 5729
 — in death, 841, 992, 1466-73
 — the Christian's, 1193-6, 4548-9
 — world cannot give, 3613, 3873, 5982, 6136, 6142, 6174
 Penitence and repentance, 4669
 People, the, ignorance of, 3002
 Perfection, Christian ideas of, 360-1, 1262-7, 4874, 4905-6
 Perfect man, end of, 1010
 Peril, union in, 5786
 Perseverance and enterprise, 1905
 — of the saints, final, 1859-60, 2135
 Personal appeal, effects of, 241
 Piety and learning, 3823
 — and philanthropy, 4170
 — and wealth, 5984
 — life the test of, 3431, 3433
 — works of, 1014, 3431
 Pleasures, fleeting nature of, 1903
 Poison, drink a, 1721
 Poor and the gospel, 2551, 2552
 — churches for the, 1112
 Possession and desires, 1625
 Poverty, thankfulness in, 5544
 Power, example of, 1980
 — of forgiveness, 2273-4
 — of gentleness, 2338-9
 — of money for good, 3842-3
 Practice and doctrine, 1690
 — and profession, 4451-53
 Practising and preaching, 4348
 Praise amid danger, 838
 — and good works, 2556
 — claimed for God alone, 2347, 2377, 2420, 2458, 2611, 2614
 — in death, 1528, 3458
 — serving God with, 769
 — to Christ, 833
 Prayer and backslider, 386, 390
 — and chance, 720, 2013, 2067, 2474, 4491-2, 5413, 5420
 — and effort for others, 1844
 — and forbearance, 2238
 — and gifts, 2344
 — and meditation, 3667
 — and mirth, 3766
 — and penitence, 4114
 — and works, 6127, 6128
 — and youthful piety, 671
 — in hour of death, 1529
 Prayerless church, a, 1072
- Preaching and Atonement, 337, 338
 — and prayer, 4239, 4240
 — and revelation, 339
 — arrangement in, 283
 — art in, 295
 — brevity in, 666
 — controversy to be avoided in, 1309
 — earnestness in, 1817
 — self-forgetfulness in, 5043
 Precept and example, 1978
 — and power, 4196
 Prejudice conqueror by gospel, 3811-2
 Preparation and heaven, 2761, 2769-73
 — for death, 1481, 1531-37, 1551-4, 1804
 — for eternity, 1950, 1953, 2740
 Pride and humility, 2921
 — and idleness, 2975
 — luxury the sign of, 3584
 — man's foolish, 286-8
 — sin the source of, 5189
 Priest, confession not to a, 1182
 Priestcraft and Bible, 500
 Principles and accomplishments, 37
 — life a testimony to, 3348
 — unchristian, 690, 691
 Probation, life a, 3378, 3389-94, 3428, 5599, 5976, 6217-20
 Procrastination and prejudice, 4403
 — and years, 6218
 Progress and ease, 1825
 — and gospel, 25, 2537, 6146, 6148
 — and learning, 3329
 — heavenwards, 72, 99, 164-5, 1175-6, 1244, 1747, 2746, 2750-7, 2767, 2778, 2784, 6282, 6316
 — of the Kingdom of Christ, 2748
 Promotion, gratitude cause of, 2600
 Propitiation, Christ a, 340, 342-4, 351-6
 Protection, light a, 3452
 — prayer a means of, 4219
 — God a, 2386
- QUALIFICATIONS for office, principles are, 37
 — our actions are, 38
 Quarrels, polemical, danger and folly of, 1070, 1301-6
 — to be avoided, 1113, 1305-9, 1645, 5384
 Question, the all-important, 1483, 3261, 5365
 Quietness and confidence our strength, 4734
 — and thought, 5119
 — after suffering, 4721
 — at last, 4722-3, 4735
 — expressiveness and power of, 5120-3
 — of the grave, 4271
 — false, 1253, 4107
 — impossible to troubled conscience, 1218-20, 1222, 1225
- REASON and belief, 432-4, 436, 2004, 2013, 2019, 2039, 4627
 — and Christianity, 1052
 — and faith, 2066, 2071, 2092, 2101, 4946, 4951-60
 — and Trinity, 5686
 Rebuke, zeal in, 6306
- Reconciler, death a, 1474
 Reconciliation and forgiveness, 2253
 — in Christ, 900, 938, 945, 1035, 4937
 Redemption and Christ, 333-56, 886-8, 2286, 2575, 4902-3, 5399-5408
 — and ruin, 2575, 4828, 5230-1, 5238, 6307, 6318
 — and sin, 5145, 5197, 5200, 5219, 5231, 5238
 — by adoption, 4941
 Reformation and tracts, 5631
 Refuge, Calvary a, 336, 1418
 — Christ the only, 333, 883-40, 985, 2037, 4891, 5304
 Regeneration, baptismal, 400
 Religion and art, 289
 — and kindness, 3238
 — and recreation, 4577
 — and sickness, 5115
 — and temperance, 5501
 — and virtue, 5905
 Religions and Christianity, 1048
 Religious excitement, 1993
 Reprobate, kindness towards, 3256-8
 Reproof and prayer, 4241
 Resignation amid misfortunes, 3773-5
 — and affliction, 116-18, 125, 131-3, 140, 145, 470-4, 476, 479, 1136
 — and prayer, 4242, 4319
 — and sorrow, 5270
 — and the promises, 4465, 4469, 4472-75
 — in death, 1139, 1467, 1476, 1491, 1517, 1555, 3373, 3438
 — to God's will, 4557, 5378
 Rest and duty, 1748
 — and meditation, 3667-71
 — and vigilance, 5900, 5972-5
 — at last, 4721-3, 4735
 — impossible to the sinful, 1218-20, 1222, 1225, 1253, 4107
 Resting on Christ the foundation, 2289
 Restoration and forgiveness, 2254
 Results of faithfulness, 2120
 Resurrection and Rationalism, 4556
 — and the body, 1482, 1541
 — and the Sabbath, 4833
 — glory to follow, 1506-7, 1546, 2731, 2741-2, 2768
 — of body, 629
 — spring a, 5362
 — life, what it is an escape from, 2791
 Revivals and prayer, 4243
 Reward of duty, 1749, 1755, 1759, 1784, 1791
 — of faith, 2092
 — the heavenly, 2735, 2762, 2768
 Rhetorical uses of truth, 5752
 Rich and poor, 3158
 Riches and luxury, extravagance of, 3578
 — are but accessories to the man, 3585
 — contentment the true, 1295
 — do not bring happiness, 2667-72, 3835-7, 3844, 5982-3
 — evanescent nature of, 3582
 — may be consecrated, 3834, 3842-3

- Riches, men become acclimatised to, 5979-80
 — not conducive to piety, 5984
 Ridicule and prayer, 4329
 Ritualistic ideas, absurdity of, 1827
 Rock, Christ a, 840, 2284-9
 Ruin and redemption, 2575, 5230-1, 5238, 6307, 6318
 — interpenetration the secret of, 3147, 3149, 3150
- SABBATH a true rest, 5443
 — Bible and the, 503
 Safety, Christ's cross our, 1418
 — found in Christ, 839-40, 941, 4820, 4887, 4892, 4931
 — liberty a means of, 3333
 — prayer a means of, 4920
 — the Church's, 1101-4
 Saints, perseverance of the, 2135
 Salvation and atonement, 333-56
 — and knowledge, 3235
 — and substitution, 5402-4
 — as by fire, 4922
 — by faith, 2063, 2073, 2079-81, 2104
 — Christ's, tested, 207
 — earnestness for, 1815
 — desired for others, 2169
 — God the giver of, 2477, 2488
 — works do not win, 438, 2517, 2523, 2600, 2937, 3232-4, 3985, 4811-2, 6128-30, 6132
 Sanctification and growth in grace, 2590-1
 — and justification, 3232
 — and progress heavenward illustrated, 2643, 2778
 — comes of the Holy Spirit, 2838, 5341-3, 5346
 — comes through Christ, 945, 3165
 — necessity for, 2830-2
 — unquenchable, 2836
 Sanctified, who are the? 2837
 Sanctity, spurious, 2835, 5361
 Saving and luxury, 3580
 Saviour, Christ a, 348, 831, 851, 888, 3167, 3182
 — Jesus a personal, 3162
 Scepticism, cause of, 2147
 — controversy may help, 1306
 — folly and blasphemy of, 318-27
 Sceptics and the Bible, 501-2
 — death of, 318, 3063-65, 4958
 — hypocrisy of, 3061, 3067
 Science and elevation of mankind, 291, 501, 2408
 — and nature, 2401, 2839, 3918, 5819, 6131
 — and our conceptions of the universe, 3916, 5820
 — and spiritual truth, 267-8, 2744, 6031, 6022, 6029
 — and the world's growth, 3937, 6137
 Scripture and Atonement, 354
 — compliments not found in, 1169
 — use of, 5837
 Scriptures a sealed book, 490
 — and ignorance, 3001
 — and literalism, 3469
 — and men's experience, 481-603
 — and salvation, 482, 4877
 — and the memory, 3679
 — and the truth, 495, 5730
- Scriptures and zeal, 6309-10
 — comfort from, 483-8
 — love of, 537-44
 — search the, 4995
 Scrupulousness, Over-, danger of, 2158
 Secret of failure, 2849
 Sectarianism and union, 732, 1601, 1603, 5777
 — conflicts of, 1401, 1603, 3901-3
 Security, false, 2990
 Seed, harvest from one, 2676
 Self-conquest and youth, 6252
 Self-denial and hope, 2880
 — and self-sacrifice, 5056
 Self-esteem and fault-finding, 2189
 Self-indulgence and ambition, 185
 Selfishness and excuses, 1998
 — bigotry is only concealed, 607
 Self-restraint and benevolence, 446
 Self-sacrifice and benevolence, 448
 Sentence, gospel in a, 2569
 Sentimentality, danger of, 2207
 Separation, religion a cause of, 4621
 Sermon and Christ, 936
 Servants and masters, 3651
 Service, Christian, must be real and true, 1027-9, 1699, 1777-8, 1848
 — union in, 5787
 Shepherd, Christ our, 947, 5112-3
 Shield, God our, 2387
 Sight and faith, 2061, 2063, 2099, 2101
 Silence and conversion, 1316
 — and speech, 5334
 — power of, 4545, 4549, 4551
 Sin and conviction, 1357, 3677, 3707, 3881, 3977, 4013, 4104, 4443, 4774, 4611, 4662-3, 4737-9
 — and death, 1482
 — and experience, 2011
 — and intoxication, 3154
 — and its remedy, 4661
 — and repentance, 4665-4670
 — and mercy, 3705
 — and pardon, 2011
 — and remorse, 4662-3
 — age no cure for, 150
 — anxiety on account of, 223, 5999
 — beauty no excuse for, 422
 — cancelled on the cross, 3307
 — contrition for, 1299, 4114
 — deepest depths of, 1379
 — indolence a, 3052
 — luxury a, 3578
 — punishment of, 2793-8, 3205
 — qualifications for, 5999, 6000
 Sinner and Christ, 857
 — and God's mercy, 3707
 Sinner's heart, the, 2712
 Sins, charity covering, 753
 — little, danger of, 2048-9
 — man dead in, 3596
 Sleeper, Christian, danger of, 2128
 Society in the Church, need of, 5285
 Sorrow, ambition a source of, 181
 — quietness in, 4548
 Soul and Christ, 884-8
 — and conversion, 1319-47, 1351-3
 — and God, 2381-2400, 2415, 2418, 2428, 2435-40, 2463-73
- Soul and ignorance, 2991, 2994-3006, 4464
 — and sin, 3173, 5503, 4465-79
 — and repentance, 4664-79
 — and sin in the world, 6138
 — and war, 5945
 — influence of the, 3090
 — love and the, 922, 3524
 — rest for, 841, 851-2, 855, 857, 861, 870, 949, 4732
 — restoration of, 4740, 4682-4, 5134-5203, 5219-38
 — thought of God passing from, 2481
 Souls and Christ, 924-7, 938, 942-8, 950, 1592-3
 — and controversy, 1302
 — and elect, 1857-63
 — and grace, 2585-94, 2597-2603
 — devotion for, 1641, 3733, 3740, 3742, 3754-6, 3760, 3789-93, 3801-5, 3808-9, 4346-58, 4369, 4394
 — God comes to, 2404-7
 — love of, 2209
 Sowing and reaping, 4561, 4776-7
 Speculations, danger of, 1572
 Speech and silence, 5118
 — earnest, 5323
 — plainness in, 4152
 — thought beyond, 5562
 Spirit, Bible the sword of the, 595
 — God's, coming of, 2838, 2840-1, 3530
 — ignored, 2839
 — influence of, 5313
 — union in the, 5793
 — voice of the, 2842
 Spiritual assurance and experience, 2019-23, 2785
 — assurance and Christ, 307-10
 — declension and experience, 336-395
 — appreciation, want of, 267
 — experience foolishness to natural man, 2020
 — relationship between God and man a fact, 2013
 — religion and luxury, 3581
 Stars a testimony for God, 1103
 State and religion, 4619
 Steadfastness and hopefulness, 2888
 — virtue of, 2223-5
 Strength, union is, 5794
 Strong man and death, 1796
 Substitute, Christ our, 948, 3234-5
 — dying for others, 1800
 Substitution and Atonement, 340, 354, 900, 1416, 1418
 — and friendship, 3217, 3557
 — and justice, 3522
 — and redemption, 4579, 4581
 Success and failure, 83, 2045
 — and knowledge, 3268
 — and preaching, 4349
 — industry the secret of, 3058
 — punctuality the secret of, 4527
 — secret of, 71, 72, 99, 4297
 Suffering and adversity, 73, 89, 116-45
 — unselfishness in, 5829
 Support and love, 3523
 — prayer a, 4227
 Surrender, conversion a complete, 1320
 Sympathy among brethren, 664
 — and anxiety, 221

- Sympathy and love, 3526, 3528-9,
3537, 3560
— bereavement and, 478
— Divine, 684, 2404
— for perishing souls, 2209
— for suffering, 750, 1165
— measuring, 2210
— of Christian brethren, 752
— sentimental, 3207
— taught by experience, 2012
— toward the inconsistent, 751,
753
— want of, 749, 2207, 2211
— want of, in the Church,
1132
Sympathies and our conscience,
1223
Systems, Bible and religious, 501
— of nature and man's limited
knowledge, 3916
- TALK, foolish, 1318
— plain and profitable, 5337-8
Talking and doing, 1699, 1700
— and silence, 1316
— courtesy in, 1317
— to the point, 5330-1
— uninteresting, 5336 5337
— unworthy, repudiated, 5339
Teaching, aptness in, 276
Temptation and avarice, 379-82
— and Christ, 988-9, 1299
— and Christians, 1170-1
— and conscience, 1224, 1239,
1249, 1251, 1355
— and covetousness, 1386-9
— and Divine grace, 1608
— and the Divine purpose, 3634
— and watchfulness, 5186, 5971
— and weakness of man, 5221,
5236
— and woman, 6042
— easily fallen into, 5140, 5188
— of the devil, 4916-21
— pleasures bring, 4155-7, 5181,
5193
Tenderness and strength, 5375
Test, gold a, 2497
Testimony to religion, value of,
2019
Texts and preachers, 4344
Thought and conventionalities,
1315
— and silence, 5119
Time a possession, 6216
— and eternity, 1934-53, 3410
— and eternity, happiness in,
1940
— and immortality, 3015-19,
6217
— and procrastination, 6218
— fleeting nature of, 3384
— improving, 3881
— its stores are being exhausted,
3398
— review of, 3424-5
— the appointed, 1545
— uncertainty of, 3437
— value of, 3832
— vanity of, 3441-43
— wasted in acquiring wealth,
3840, 4785
— work to be done in, 3411,
3414, 3420
Tradition and law, 3305
Training, necessity of, 3723
Treasure in the Bible, 598
— our children are a, 806
Treasures, parting with, in death,
1526
Trial, character developed by, 730
— comfort in, 77, 1143
Trials and obedience, 3986-7, 3990,
3995
Triumph of Christ, 990, 996-8
— of faith, 2093
Trouble a blessing, 85, 88, 116, 118,
120, 125-30, 138-40, 393
— and Christ, 117, 134, 5424-8,
5437
— Bible a stay in, 491
— Christian amid, 396, 469-70,
1008
— comfort in, 5270, 5434
— discipline of, 5426
— God's purpose in, 80-1, 89
— how to escape, 5275
— ill effects of, 472, 474
— riches increase, 4784, 4792
— universality of, 143, 5432
— uses of, 123, 225, 5441
Troubles and God's voice, 2483
— and mind, 3717
— resignation amid, 475-8, 1031,
2061, 4473
— tokens of the Divine regard,
142
Trusting and working, 6124
Truth and its defenders, 734
— Bible the interpreter of, 588
— conversion and the, 1329
— desires cover the, 1626
— inconsistencies hinder the,
3033, 3855
— knowledge of, 3282
— opposition to, 3998, 4032-3
— zeal for the, 6301
- UNCONVERTED and conviction,
1354-8
— and duty, 1325
— and love of pleasure, 1335
— change in, illustrated, 4160
— charity and the, 750
— may not understand the things
of the Spirit, 2020
— necessity of conversion in,
3960, 3962, 3977
— terrors of, 1235-43
Understanding obscured in old
age, 3139
Ungodly, Christ died for the, 886,
887, 948
Union and baptism, 404
— of masters and men, 1361
— with God, 2907
Unity and Christian denomina-
tions, 1600, 1602-4, 4998-5002
— and individual Christians,
1036, 1090, 1095, 5002
— narrowness endangers, 3901-3
— necessary in the Church, 1082,
1113
— the bounds of, 474
Universe and man's limited know-
ledge, 3916
— chance and the, 721
Upright, enemies of the, 1892
Usage of the Church and truth,
585
Usefulness, difficulties point out
new ways of, 1652
Utility of knowledge, 3287
— the test of ability, 10
- VANITY and egotism, 1853-6
Vanity, boasting of, 626
— man's, 68
Vice and virtue, 5906, 5915
— repudiated of Christ, 3574-5
— the secret of cruelty, 3576
— victim of, 2606, 3577
Victory, Christ's, 990, 996-8
— calmness amid, 700, 3187
Virtue a treasure, 4535
— and beauty, 418
— and extravagance, 2031
— Christian, 2224
Vision of faith, 2101
- WAR and ambition, 186
— madness and sin of, 3593
Want of faith, 2103
— touches the heart of God, 4811
Wealth, accumulating, 3833-44
— and Church, 1076
— and industry, 3056
— children our, 807
— consecration of, 3834
— danger of, 4778-4800
Wicked and heaven, 2788
— and the heart, 2711
— no rest for, 1235, 1240-3, 2793,
4728
— prayers of the, 4334
Wisdom and forbearance, 2241
— and God's Word, 536-7
— and scepticism, 4948
— and truth, 5724-54
— and youth, 6253
— given of God, 4-5
— human, light of, not sufficient,
3931
— search for, 569
— taught by nature, 3928-30
— years do not always bring, 6220
Word and conversion, 1330
— conversion resulting from a,
1345
— of God, Bible the, 481-602,
4963-93
— taking God at His, 2095-6
Words and life should correspond,
3357-8
— and works, 6134
Work and Church, 1077
— and resignation, 4697
— and the gospel, 3821
— dislike of, 5334
— reward of, 3297
Works and faith, 2088
— and prayer, 4246
— and salvation, 4903, 4923, 4927
— cannot justify, 3236
— dangerous doctrine concern-
ing, 220
— saved by destruction of, 4923
World, absorbed from, 15
— and man's education, 1836
— and the Christian, 1013
— Christ the hope of, 980
— chosen separated from the,
827
— God governs the, 2422
— memory in another, 3680-1
— wages in this, 5933
World's ingratitude, the, 3108
Worship amid the dead, 4193, 4215
— and Christ, 833, 914, 1001,
1004
— and nature, 2896, 3914, 3919,
3925, 3934
— and prayer, 4222-3, 4227, 4231,
4260, 4298

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>Worship and the Church, 1105
 — and the sanctuary, claims of, 4910-15
 — and work, 6131
 — claims of, 2377, 2474, 4197, 4199, 4201
 — coldness in, 4200
 — imitation is, 3012
 — in affliction, 4205-7, 3890
 — lifelong, 4197
 — punctuality at, 4525
 — spontaneous, 4313
 Wrong, anger a sign of, 212</p> <p>YEAR, beginning the new, 1330, 4415
 Years to be rightly used, 5594-6, 5603
 Yearnings, spiritual, illustrated, 3484
 Young, claims of, 790-3
 — death of, 773-4, 794-6</p> | <p>Young, education of the, 1839
 — influence of, 821
 — trained for Christ, 780-3, 788, 808, 817-20
 Youth and childhood, influence of, 776-7
 — and heaven, 2753, 2756
 — and Sabbath-schools, 4855
 — and the Church of Christ, 801
 — and the mysteries of God, 787
 — bravery of, 3564
 — bring me back my, 3416
 — changes in, 789
 — education of, 798-9
 — impressions in, abiding, 1806-7
 — ministering to, 803
 Youthful indulgences regretted, 1808</p> <p>ZEAL, absorbing nature of, 1908-9
 — against Christ, 903, 911, 939-40, 1054</p> | <p>Zeal and bigotry, 609
 — and duty, 1729-45
 — and enterprise, 1905-6
 — and enthusiasm, 1907-18
 — and missions, 3790-3809
 — and success, 5418-23
 — effects of, 1811-12, 1910, 1912, 1914
 — for Christ, 891, 895, 898, 955, 1004, 1813-14
 — for conversion of children, 1343
 — for salvation, 1815
 — for self-formation, 5044
 — in money-making, 3839
 — in preaching the gospel, 1350, 1817-19, 4358, 4372
 — in warning men, 1818-19
 — makes up for other things, 1377, 1820
 — reasonableness of, 1916
 Zion and Valley of Indecision, 3041</p> |
|--|--|---|

INDEX OF TEXTS ILLUSTRATED.

OLD TESTAMENT.

GENESIS

- i. 1.—2486, 3910, 3916,
4954-60, 6167.
- 3.—3454.
- 5.—1457, 3974.
- 7.—6131.
- 8.—2744.
- 10.—1822.
- 16.—3929, 5442, 5445-6.
- 20.—6137.
- 21.—6121, 6161.
- 24.—6177.
- 25.—3915, 6137.
- 26.—3600, 6167.
- 27.—3593, 3621-9.
- 28.—3314, 3623.
- 31.—1392, 2495, 3915-8,
3921-35, 6121,
6140, 6160.
- ii. 1.—3916, 6153.
- 2.—4831-50, 4852-3,
5443, 6167.
- 3.—4832-53, 5443.
- 8.—4059.
- 17.—3267-88, 2509-10.
- 18.—2940, 5255.
- 19.—3895.
- 24.—3638.
- iii. 3.—1394.
- 5.—5132, 5136, 5150-1,
5166, 5180, 5186,
5443.
- 6.—1394, 2131, 2133,
2509, 3273,
6042-6.
- 7.—3601.
- 8.—5217.
- 10.—843.
- 12.—6041.
- 14.—1637.
- 15.—1394.
- 16.—6041-7, 6052.
- 17.—3592-3634.
- 19.—6105.
- 22.—3360, 3371.
- 24.—3604.
- iv. 8.—4542.
- v. 27.—3428.
- vi. 5.—3592, 3617, 3633,
5132-208, 5216-38.
- 8.—2586.
- 16.—3709.
- 22.—1668.

GENESIS

- vii. 1.—4602-7.
- 16.—4924.
- viii. 2.—6131.
- 21.—3633, 5132-208,
5216-38, 5570.
- 22.—2466, 4474, 4475,
5558.
- ix. 16.—474-5.
- 21.—1436, 1727, 1733,
1738, 6010.
- xii. 1.—6237.
- 8.—6071.
- xiv. 22.—3979.
- xv. 1.—2194, 2387.
- 12.—1453.
- xvi. 8.—1121.
- 13.—1653, 2036, 2419,
2433, 3015-6,
3481.
- xvii. 1.—2445.
- xviii. 12.—1707.
- 19.—4064.
- 25.—2441.
- 27.—3092.
- 32.—4986.
- xix. 3.—3718.
- 7.—1989.
- 16.—3468.
- 17.—1930.
- 20.—1970.
- 26.—3483.
- 27.—1155.
- xx. 2.—2463.
- 4.—220.
- 5.—3116-220.
- 6.—220.
- 7.—220.
- xxii. 14.—33.
- xxiv. 27.—33, 722-4, 1962,
2162, 4487, 4511,
4508-11.
- 63.—3670.
- xxvii. 2.—1469-70, 1478, 1492,
1502-5, 1511,
1516, 1518.
- 19-23.—2137.
- 46.—3441-4.
- xxviii. 12.—2744.
- 18.—1155.
- 20.—5927.
- 22.—2366.
- xxix. 20.—4070.

GENESIS

- xxxi. 13.—2479.
- 42.—3294.
- 43.—815-6.
- xxxii. 24.—1160.
- 28.—6238.
- 32.—6210.
- xxxiii. 4.—665.
- 13.—1954.
- xxxv. 14.—1972.
- xxxvii. 11.—1922.
- 32.—273.
- xxxix. 3.—3694.
- xli. 5.—118.
- 9.—3677-8, 3685.
- 38-41.—6.
- 52.—80, 82-3, 126.
- xlii. 18.—2202.
- xliii. 13.—474.
- 16.—2344.
- xliv. 22.—6030.
- 24.—5798.
- xlvi. 2.—2387.
- 3.—2193.
- 31.—631.
- 34.—6261.
- xlvi. 9.—1137, 3422-5,
3247-8, 6219.
- 30.—1534.
- xlvi. 2.—5381.
- xlvi. 5.—3127.

EXODUS

- i. 12.—82, 118.
- ii. 5-10.—723, 4501.
- 11.—124.
- 13.—3112.
- vi. 3.—2444.
- viii. 15.—4978.
- ix. 1.—2006.
- x. 17.—6214.
- xi. 2.—6197.
- 5.—5967.
- 10.—4003.
- xii. 12.—333.
- 13.—333-4.
- 17.—6214.
- 22-9.—333.
- xiii. 18.—2006.
- xiv. 15.—1648.
- 21.—3911, 4271.
- xv. 1.—2470.

EXODUS

- xv. 8.—3917.
xvi. 3.—5293.
5.—5461.
15.—70.
xix. 6.—4905.
10.—4905.
xx. 2.—1147, 1793.
3.—2979, 2981, 4766.
4-5.—3009.
7.—2399, 2446, 4449,
4685-9, 5302.
8.—5582, 1277, 4832-53.
10.—4852.
12.—3864, 3872, 4066.
14.—4969.
15.—1277, 4360, 4533.
16.—5724, 5756.
xxi. 4.—3810.
19.—5572.
xxii. 21.—4871.
25.—4850, 5852.
xxiii. 2.—5508, 5550.
21.—1201.
xxviii. 11.—6097.
30.—5837.
xxxi. 3.—6268-9.
13.—5582.
xxxii. 13.—1854.
20.—497.
xxxiii. 9.—1160.
11.—2298.
14.—1682.
18.—2435.
22.—4819.
xxxiv. 7.—6280.
8.—5212.
29-35.—3457, 3464.

LEVITICUS

- iv. 20.—354.
v. 17.—2648.
xi. 45.—4905.
xvi. 8-10.—5258.
10.—4816.
30.—5197.
xix. 14.—3601.
30.—6185-99.
xx. 8.—504.
xxii. 25.—420.
xxv. 17.—2361.
35.—2353.
xxvi. 21.—5935.
26.—254, 257, 258.
xxvii. 30.—5609.

NUMBERS

- v. 6-7.—4668-9, 4676.
7.—4672-3.
vi. 2.—5928.
x. 29.—1164, 3093, 4130.
xi. 17.—2405.
18.—5398.
xii. 6.—529.
xx. 19.—6093.
xxii. 23.—2820.
26.—1663.
31.—1599, 2824.
34.—4674.

NUMBERS

- xxiii. 10.—1188, 1525, 2808,
4666, 4802-3.
12.—3079.
26.—1358.
xxix. 5.—5929,
xxxii. 14.—5213.
23.—2649, 2651, 3577.
5132, 5194-5,
5199, 5205-8.

DEUTERONOMY

- i. 16.—248.
38.—1149.
41.—5953.
iii. 27.—995.
iv. 1.—504-5.
4-7.—788, 790, 791-2,
801, 808.
7.—803.
10.—5630.
29.—6230.
vi. 6.—5629.
7.—780.
viii. 3.—8469.
x. 1.—2019.
19.—2008, 2012, 2361.
21.—4201.
xi. 19.—780.
27.—3984, 3995.
29.—1207.
xii. 28.—5490.
xiv. 22.—2359.
xv. 7-11.—4161-9, 4171-5.
15.—4077.
xvii. 16.—3411.
19.—540.
xix. 18.—5526.
xxiv. 14.—677.
18.—5490.
xxv. 15.—1256.
xxviii. 32.—6094.
58.—3897.
66.—3429, 5764.
67.—2005.
xxix. 19.—3615-7, 5132-208,
5216-38.
xxx. 19.—822.
xxxi. 6.—1369.
7.—5373, 5718.
16.—2451.
23.—5373, 5718.
xxxii. 2.—5629-30, 5031-2.
11.—4251.
27.—4053.
30.—1899, 2621.
31.—1066.
32.—6134.
xxxiii. 25.—5436.
27.—1449, 4483, 4607,
4725.
28.—4483-6.

JOSHUA

- i. 5.—5382.
6-7.—5373-6, 5379, 5389,
5410-38, 5416-
34, 5485, 5666,
5667, 5670, 5673,

JOSHUA

- i. 6-7.—5689, 5690, 5694,
5699, 5706-16,
5714, 6232, 6237-
8, 6252, 6306.
ii. 2.—759.
9.—5534.
18.—679.
iii. 16.—1646.
vii. 19.—1173, 2377, 2393.
viii. 33.—1207.
xiv. 11.—6249.
xxiv. 14.—5209.
15.—822, 824-5, 1562,
1569, 1582, 1630.
16.—6228.

JUDGES

- v. 23.—2509.
vi. 10.—2193.
vii. 20.—3657.
viii. 1-3.—218.
ix. 4.—3978.
xiii. 8.—6270-2.
xviii. 10.—5940.
xix. 2.—5551.
xx. 7.—90.

RUTH

- i. 14.—3306.
15.—2099, 3573, 3719.
16.—1278.
21.—2854, 1623.
ii. 3.—32-5, 2162, 1960,
4491.
4.—3648.
iii. 9.—1129, 5838.
11.—5557.
18.—4467, 5714.
iv. 13.—3554.
14.—4579.

I SAMUEL

- i. 27.—3859, 6243.
28.—578, 1829.
ii. 2.—6108.
3.—47.
6.—1484, 1516-8, 1542,
1541.
12-25.—1831.
18.—4964.
35.—4083, 4087.
iii. 1.—578.
6.—801.
10.—4635.
vii. 3.—2982.
x. 26.—3036, 5546.
xii. 20.—1537, 4127-34.
23.—5976.
24.—2713.
xv.—3541.
xvi. 7.—250.
16.—3105.
xvii. 8.—1200.
39.—5991.
xix. 10.—4509.
xx. 11.—3136.

I SAMUEL

- xx. 42.—3136.
xxiv. 4.—5843.
19.—3248.
xxv. 36—8.—41.
xxvi. 21.—3082.
xxix. 3.—6074.
xxx. 6.—6240.
II—12.—1702, 3950.

2 SAMUEL

- vii. 7.—6089.
viii. 15.—3224-7, 3229-31.
xi. 25.—1149.
xii. 6.—774.
16.—477, 3882.
20-23.—221.
23.—471, 2075.
xiv. 32.—3085.
xviii. 14.—2316.
xxii. 2.—2477.
3.—6113.
30.—4001.
32.—6108.
50.—6193.
xxiii. 1.—6285.

I KINGS

- i. 6.—768.
28.—3860.
ii. 2.—5561.
20.—308.
iii. 9-11.—6030.
v. 17.—6098.
viii. 40.—2269.
xvii. 4-7.—4613.
xviii. 19-29.—3041.
21.—1207, 1564-5, 4619.
25.—5442.
29.—2840.
36-46.—4237, 4258.
46.—4258.
xix. 3.—1932.
10.—5314.
11.—5931.
12.—1913.
18.—1170, 3905-6.
19.—38.
xx. 11.—623, 4419.
xxii. 8.—1597.
34.—177, 191, 723, 4501.
52.—3869.

2 KINGS

- ii. 21.—2696.
23.—119.
24.—118.
v. 11-12.—4659.
17.—37.
vi. 10.—5967.
17.—1170.
vii. 4.—991.
5.—2071.
viii. 19.—6242.
x. 16.—6303.
xiv. 17.—4492.
27.—5563.
xv. 1.—9.

2 KINGS

- xv. 4.—4043.
26.—3339.

I CHRONICLES

- v. 10.—4275.
xv. 29.—967.
xvi. 24.—2717.
29.—2335.
xxi. 24.—2351.
xxix. 2.—3101.
11.—2423, 5887, 5894,
5898.
15.—3346.

2 CHRONICLES

- i. 10-12.—6030.
vii. 14.—4670, 4678, 6127.
xii. 14.—6239.
xiii. 7.—5523.
xv. 7.—6109.
xix. 2.—3571.
3.—6074.
xx. 3.—2161.
9.—123, 2804.
xxii. 3.—3857.
xxiv. 4.—3027, 4162.
xxviii. 9.—6722.
13.—5198.
xxix. 20.—1763.
xxxi. 5.—2359.
xxxv. 2.—1149.

EZRA

- viii. 21.—2161.
ix. 8.—4770.

NEHEMIAH

- iv. 6.—1175, 6115.
20.—5960.
vi. 6.—682.
9.—6116.
16.—6076.
viii. 12.—3766, 4577.
ix. 17.—4061, 4063.
xi. 14.—4152.

ESTHER

- i. 13.—5570-1.
iv. 13.—1356.
15.—1129.
v. 11.—1938.
13.—3609.
vii. 10.—3228.
ix. 10.—3118.

JOB

- i. 14-19.—5700.
21.—140, 1683.
22.—1136.
ii. 7-8.—80.
10.—1963, 4702.
11.—3907.
13.—3020.

JOB

- iii. 1.—2282.
3.—2004, 2219.
4.—3462.
13.—1824.
14.—2144, 2260, 2626,
2362.
16.—2886.
17.—4721-2.
18.—1461.
19.—176.
20.—1992.
22.—157.
25.—4181.
iv. 3.—5977.
20.—4616.
21.—6232.
v. 2.—1114.
6.—122, 127.
12.—181, 194, 4498, 4500,
4700.
13.—4502-10.
17-19.—116, 472, 601.
vi. 4.—1219.
14.—5460-77.
18.—2066.
vii. 6.—1511.
15.—157.
viii. 9.—3346.
13.—2960.
14.—1190.
ix. 10.—5564.
19.—5573.
x. 6.—5132-203,
15.—2.
21.—1260.
xi. 7.—322, 3916.
9.—5506.
xii. 6.—1201.
xiii. 15.—140, 1119, 5713.
24.—139.
xiv. 1.—143, 3619, 5033,
5432.
5.—3620.
10.—3632.
19.—1823.
22.—4052.
xvi. 2.—1144.
16.—1514.
xvii. 5.—1169.
xviii. 5.—3073.
11.—1525.
21.—2073.
xix. 25.—1186, 4583-4, 4744,
4745, 4756.
xx. 5.—182, 186, 2962.
15.—1862.
xxi. 6.—3678.
7.—5161, 5175.
14.—5161.
30.—5996.
xxii. 10.—5561.
22.—5629-30, 5631-2.
27.—5929-30.
28.—3463.
xxiii. 10.—108.
xxiv. 13.—2066.
xxvii. 20.—3070.
xxviii. 25.—5344.
xxix. 8.—158, 205.
11-16.—4165-6, 4172.

JOB

- xxx. 23.—1489, 1495, 1500,
1547.
xxxi. 19.—1179, 4179.
24.—2504.
36.—47.
40.—5994.
xxxii. 7.—6220.
8.—3126.
14.—1307.
xxxiii. 24.—4554.
25.—6265.
27.—3077.
xxxiv. 13.—170.
xxxvi. 3.—4621, 4626.
11.—1903.
31.—3125.
xxxvii. 3.—2968.
12.—90.
xxxviii. 4.—325, 2410, 6160.
5.—325.
xxxix. 19.—6284.
xl. 2.—170.
xlii. 6.—1, 81.

PSALMS

- i. 1.—1283-4, 2583, 2593-
9, 3967, 3722,
3998.
2.—539-45, 4977, 4984,
4988.
3.—2590-1, 4643, 4804-
7.
4.—4801, 5872.
5.—4657, 6298.
ii. 1.—829, 1054, 5733,
6303.
2.—829, 1107.
4.—1045, 1088, 1101-4.
6.—1004, 1054, 1057,
1068, 2417, 6329.
7.—889-90, 983.
8.—1001-4, 1057, 1071,
1087, 2714.
9.—1046, 5722.
12.—938, 945, 1035,
4917.
iii. 1.—5689-5703.
3.—2386-7, 2396, 2406.
4.—2396, 2449, 2455.
5.—4000, 5728.
7.—5722.
8.—4876-903.
iv. 4.—2201, 4000.
5.—2052-3, 2056, 2059,
2063, 2065, 2067-
8, 2070-1, 5705-7,
5720-3.
6.—2515.
v. 3.—4269.
5.—5751.
vi. 2.—5249.
5.—1466-1556, 2619-
20.
vii. 1.—32, 2052-71, 5705-
7, 5710-23.
8.—950, 1703, 3192-
216.
11.—5524.
15.—6298.

PSALMS

- viii. 2.—773, 777-8, 814.
3.—327, 1103, 2744,
3934, 5756.
4.—3610, 5756.
5.—3625.
ix. 1.—245-8, 2347, 2556,
2611, 2614, 4197,
4199-200, 4205-
7.
2.—769.
9.—972.
10.—2595.
11.—3890.
17.—2793-8.
20.—4423.
x. 2.—5254, 5997-8, 6298.
4.—2480-1, 5561, 6000.
6.—74-6, 81, 1190-2,
5998.
16.—1001-4, 1054-7,
1068, 2417, 2719,
2724, 6329.
xi. 3.—2287-91, 4225.
4.—2035-6, 4909-13.
7.—4801-7.
xii. 1.—4804, 4806.
3.—7619-28.
6.—108.
xiii. 1.—1859-60, 2450, 2472.
6.—2470.
xiv. 1.—323, 329, 331, 3652,
5758, 6211.
3.—3592, 3617-33,
5132-208, 5216-
38.
xv. 1.—3082-4504.
2.—5725-9, 5734, 5738-
9, 5751.
4.—5727.
5.—5851.
xvi. 5.—4489.
7.—4205.
11.—1154.
16.—92.
xvii. 2.—1434.
11.—190.
15.—175, 195.
xviii. 2.—839-40, 4819.
13.—3925.
24.—2609.
29.—4002.
31.—4819.
xix. 1.—161, 327, 332, 421,
2432, 3610, 3934,
5756.
2.—332, 6188-96.
6.—2414, 3939.
7.—5567.
8.—3131.
10.—1319, 1350-1.
11.—4101-12.
13.—888, 4417.
xx. 1.—3893.
4.—1934, 1942-8, 1951.
7.—5707.
xxi. 1.—3423-4.
xxii. 19.—2799.
26.—255.
xxiii. 1.—137, 947, 4514,
5112-3.

PSALMS

- xxiii. 2.—834, 941, 3924, 3927,
4725, 4733-4,
5007, 5264-5.
3.—4682-4, 4740, 5269,
5273, 5293, 5321,
5536.
4.—483-5, 493, 947,
1136, 1141, 1187,
1471, 1479, 1550,
3453, 3890, 3938,
4945, 6107.
xxiv. 1.—274, 3775-8, 4409.
xxv. 2.—1193.
9.—2646.
27.—4126.
xxvi. 4.—4913.
5.—1140, 1619.
10.—6264.
14.—1157.
xxviii. 1.—1621.
15.—2882.
xxix. 2.—6197-9.
xxx. 1.—6095.
3.—4890.
9.—4198.
xxx. 3.—840, 2239.
10.—6005.
13.—4244.
15.—5599-606.
22.—1713.
23.—4868-74.
xxxii. 1.—260, 5146-7, 5165,
5175, 5190-98,
5200.
2.—5198-200.
5.—1186, 5198-200.
8.—1008, 2644, 4302.
xxxiii. 1.—2470, 4199-200.
3.—3892.
10.—193, 2725.
18.—314, 893.
xxxiv. 1.—2344.
3.—3104.
7.—2321, 3340, 4492.
9.—4373.
15.—893, 4224, 4226-48.
4249-59, 4272-
87, 4312-28.
19.—86, 4864-71, 5424.
22.—1193.
xxxvi. 12.—3281-5.
xxxvii. 1.—1295, 4806, 5701.
3.—2443, 2473.
4.—1624.
7.—2462-3, 4089-98,
5007.
10.—5704-10.
16.—5678.
20.—5997.
23.—6234.
24.—1143.
25.—5116.
26.—6234.
35.—5998.
36.—5998.
37.—1010, 3635, 4803,
5081, 5479, 5834.
xxxix. 33.—24, 5625-6.
6.—2506.
7.—2883-5.

PSALMS

- xl. 10.—1211.
12.—1967.
xli. 1.—1140, 1191.
7.—1976.
xlii. 2.—6.—1119.
7.—1137, 1620.
xliv. 1.—3.—4492.
3.—4926.
xlv. 1.—194, 2150, 2801,
5075, 5525, 5689,
5695.
4.—6066.
10.—2483.
xlvii. 3.—5498.
9.—3832.
xlviii. 2.—6139, 6239-30.
14.—4302.
xlix. 3.—3671.
8.—4583.
9.—2997.
13.—6258.
15.—4753, 4946.
1. 2.—6329-30.
10.—1747.
14.—2607.
15.—1127, 5710.
li. 1.—1126, 4154, 5367.
2-10.—1126, 1320, 3108.
3-8.—1186, 1198.
4.—1299, 1617, 5132-
208.
5.—1614, 5216.
6.—5238.
7.—5139, 5196.
9.—5137, 5146-7, 5196.
10.—400, 1262, 1319-20,
1328, 1334, 1339,
1345.
12.—5137.
13.—5235, 5567.
14.—5132-4.
17.—2745.
liii. 1.—331.
lv. 1.—4515.
4.—943-9.
5.—271.
6-8.—5263-5.
14.—94.
17.—231.
21.—5948.
lvi. 2.—769, 5962.
13.—489-903.
lvii. 1.—4604.
7.—308, 2279.
8.—1155.
lviii. 4-5.—3120.
5.—3121.
11.—4775.
lix. 4.—449-50.
lxii. 1.—4890-7.
8.—1120.
9.—6182.
10.—2281, 2499, 2667,
4780, 4797.
lxiii. 1.—1119, 1155, 1332-3.
5.—841.
6.—1157.
lxv. 1.—6216.
lxvi. 3.—3079.
10.—144.

PSALMS

- lxvi. 18.—1968.
20.—6065.
lxviii. 1.—4515.
5.—2478.
31.—6075.
lxix. 1.—4896.
3.—1158.
5.—2434, 5206.
7.—6290.
9.—6205-302.
1.—2403.
3.—840, 4896.
6.—4724.
22.—3891.
lxxii. 4.—807.
6.—1313.
8.—850.
10.—2281.
16.—10, 57.
lxxiii. 2-3.—1295, 4806.
3.—5998.
4.—100, 555, 4568, 5166.
8.—6000.
11.—5999.
16.—5562.
19.—1525, 3064.
22.—3616.
24.—90-3.
lxxiv. 20.—1064, 1432.
21.—4206.
27.—4312, 4498.
lxxvii. 1.—4896.
lxxviii. 35.—4587.
lxxxii. 10.—5538.
lxxxiii. 18.—769, 3899.
lxxxiv. 2.—1119.
4.—6185-95.
10.—4913.
lxxxv. 5.—137.
6.—4768-9.
7.—4896.
lxxxvi. 5.—2383, 2429.
lxxxviii. 4-5.—8378.
15-16.—1219.
lxxxix. 28-33.—491.
32.—4804.
33.—4901.
34.—491, 3114.
47.—667, 1455, 3371.
48.—3354.
xc. 1.—2386, 2393, 2403,
2422, 2487, 4887,
5710-4.
2.—1944-6, 1952, 2385,
2472, 6153.
3.—1942, 3384, 3427-8,
3617, 3693, 5578.
4.—3428, 6217.
5.—416, 3346, 3370.
6.—416, 2876-7, 3201,
3362-5, 3367,
3370.
7.—3350-2.
8.—2898-904, 4804,
5145-7, 5161,
5997.
9.—214.
10.—3398-9, 5576-8,
5583, 5606, 6216-
8.

PSALMS

- xc. 12.—1455-8, 5052, 5578,
5583, 5585-9,
5593-607.
17.—2400.
xci. 1.—168, 307-17, 2177,
2386, 2402-4,
2462-3, 4472,
4887.
2-II.—4492.
2.—839, 1194-6, 2058,
2060, 2075-6,
3458, 4465-75,
4602, 4819-22.
3.—1588-92.
5.—336.
10.—1964.
11.—209, 210, 2386.
14.—2872, 2918, 2927-8.
15.—4230, 4248-57,
4896-7.
16.—4472, 4887.
xcii. 1.—2615.
xciii. 5.—2832.
xciv. 12.—475.
xcvii. 12.—4200.
c. 3.—708.
ci. 1.—619, 2471, 3893.
5.—5862-3.
cii. 11.—3346.
ciii. 1.—2393, 2426, 2458-9,
2611, 4197-201,
4208-11, 4213-5.
2.—137.
3.—337, 347, 5198-200,
5219-20, 5230.
4.—619, 2085, 2104,
2461-3, 2469,
2473, 2477, 3349,
3378, 3385.
5.—148.
7.—3360, 3388.
8.—2383, 2429-31,
2434-6, 2437-41,
2449, 3705-11.
11.—137, 3522, 3531-36,
3549, 3577.
13.—2168, 2173-5, 2178,
2381-3, 2402-4,
2414-5, 2430-1,
3016, 3349, 3525,
3555, 3612, 4444-
6, 4494, 4804-5.
14.—132, 2379, 2620,
2873, 3365.
15.—2380, 3346, 3370,
3384, 3441, 3619.
civ. 2.—2492.
4.—2611-6.
13-14.—2495.
24.—3911, 6160.
31.—3922, 6121.
33.—2470, 3894.
34.—3666, 5104.
cv. 2.—3890.
cvi. 3.—5589.
4.—4896.
cvii. 8.—2458.
18.—1470.
20.—4897.
29.—5493.

PSALMS

- cvii. 30.—1440.
 cx. 3.—2832.
 cxii. 7.—6078.
 cxiii. 5-6.—2424.
 cxv. 1.—2822.
 5.—2038.
 17.—4198.
 cxvi. 3.—1140.
 4.—1140.
 10.—433.
 11.—5619.
 15.—1188, 6107.
 cxviii. 26.—1593.
 cxix. 1.—274, 4516.
 10.—164.
 11.—545.
 12.—2702.
 14-16.—4688.
 19.—569.
 25.—6055.
 36.—5508.
 41.—3707.
 49.—314.
 50.—132.
 52.—517.
 54.—132.
 57.—4494.
 67.—81-9, 114, 120-8,
 130, 139, 5115.
 82.—6094.
 89.—529.
 92.—132, 483, 491-8,
 4937.
 93.—555.
 95.—511, 544, 3967, 4988.
 96.—674-5.
 98.—557, 3667, 6069-74.
 105.—482-4, 587, 1281,
 3702, 4984-92.
 111.—484, 3966, 6069-74.
 114.—1193.
 115.—1973, 4985.
 117.—1143, 4862-5.
 120.—6103.
 129.—3968, 6069-74.
 130.—486-7, 507-14, 4983,
 5556, 6068-81.
 133.—482.
 136.—499.
 139.—6294-302, 6304.
 140.—582, 6075.
 143.—491.
 146.—4926.
 157.—4125.
 160.—6068-74.
 162.—6075-82.
 165.—6069-74.
 cxxi. 1-4.—1194.
 3-4.—5004-7.
 4.—2060, 2820.
 cxxii. 4.—913.
 cxxvi. 5.—5268, 5273, 5269.
 6.—530.
 cxxvii. 2.—5069, 6267.
 3.—785, 804-7.
 4.—782, 805-14.
 5.—804-14.
 cxxviii. 3.—800.
 cxxx. 1.—1621, 4896.
 4.—2265.

PSALMS

- cxxxiii. 1.—435, 987, 5001, 5776,
 5790, 5798, 5801-
 6, 5814-6.
 cxxxix. 1.—736.
 4.—2442.
 6.—161, 359, 360.
 7-14.—245, 325, 396.
 8.—2452.
 14-15.—2459, 2896.
 17.—5569.
 23.—400.
 24.—400, 4052.
 cxl. 8.—6033.
 cxli. 5.—5135.
 6.—2828.
 cxlii. 7.—4205-7.
 cxliv. 2.—839, 840.
 4.—3346.
 14.—1166-8.
 15.—6257.
 cxlv. 8.—1128.
 18-19.—4219, 4270-80,
 4332-8.
 cxlvi. 2.—4201.
 3.—1190-1, 6079.
 cxlvii. 4.—367.
 9.—4495.
 16.—2822.
 cxlviii. 8.—3925.
 PROVERBS
 i. 2-3.—3129.
 4.—6035.
 6.—6036.
 7.—2418, 3470.
 8.—3865, 3867-8, 3876-
 7, 3883.
 20-22.—6043.
 22.—6031.
 25.—94.
 26.—3115, 6292.
 28.—1332, 1343.
 33.—4863-5.
 ii. 2.—6025.
 3.—3089.
 4.—646, 1610, 6023.
 10.—2031, 6234.
 11.—1669.
 iii. 3.—5725, 5736, 5739,
 5746, 6743.
 4.—5747, 5752.
 6.—834, 2393.
 7.—6022.
 9.—3516.
 11.—1674, 4700.
 12.—108.
 16.—4697.
 17.—6023.
 22.—5412.
 23.—482, 596.
 24.—1241.
 25.—643.
 30.—5414.
 35.—4775-7.
 iv. 1.—799.
 3.—3089, 3872-4, 3875,
 3878, 3881, 3887.
 4.—642.
 7.—6020-1.

PROVERBS

- iv. 14.—5517.
 15.—1964.
 16.—1914.
 18.—3098, 3103, 4944,
 6021, 6274-5.
 23.—639, 2696, 5902.
 v. 1.—645, 6232-73.
 3.—4073.
 3-6.—5879.
 7.—799, 6240.
 8.—5111.
 21.—6232.
 vi. 1.—4186.
 5.—3856.
 10.—5677.
 12.—4074.
 17.—3633.
 18.—2703, 5132-208,
 5216-38.
 20.—1274.
 22.—482.
 23.—482, 596.
 32.—5305-6.
 vii. 7.—6233-6, 6251, 6255
 14.—5930.
 22-27.—5879.
 24.—799.
 25.—639.
 viii. 1.—4886.
 14.—92.
 17.—1155.
 30.—6160.
 32.—799.
 36.—5305-6.
 ix. 10.—6234.
 11.—2238.
 12.—6235-6.
 x. 1.—103, 6233-4.
 4.—1659, 6006.
 18.—5243-5.
 22.—622.
 29.—5833.
 32.—2652, 3855.
 xi. 1.—690-2, 3222, 3231,
 4991.
 3.—5833.
 4.—2280, 2428, 3835,
 4780.
 6.—3224.
 17.—1165.
 20.—3855.
 24.—1081, 2050, 2355,
 4182.
 25.—57, 2366, 4939.
 28.—2670.
 30.—240, 1633, 1641,
 5088-96, 5283,
 5289, 5300, 5303
 5311, 5320.
 xii. 1.—6020.
 7.—177.
 10.—1427, 1433.
 11.—5733.
 15.—2225, 2674, 5711,
 5714-23.
 17.—3338-9, 4826, 5720-
 30, 5742, 5746,
 5749.
 18.—5619-27.
 19.—3338-9.

PROVERBS

- xii. 20.—1558-60.
 22.—3338-9, 5744-9.
 23.—6053.
 xiii. 1.—6234.
 3.—1667.
 4.—1625.
 6.—4801-10, 5132-208.
 7.—4781-800, 5979-80,
 5982-3.
 8.—4785.
 9.—3451-67.
 10.—1301, 1306.
 11.—4782-90, 5981.
 15.—2659-61, 4918-22,
 5132-208.
 16.—5225.
 24.—768, 818.
 xiv. 9.—3615, 4943, 4945.
 10.—469, 2700, 3541,
 3677-86, 4475,
 4462-3, 5268-75,
 5697-702.
 12.—3106, 4071.
 14.—2054.
 16.—1190.
 23.—3295.
 25.—5295.
 28.—2871.
 29.—5491.
 30.—1914, 2695.
 32.—1511, 3082.
 35.—2875.
 xv. 1.—216-8.
 10.—1608-12.
 13.—2035.
 14.—5623.
 15.—1119.
 18.—2661.
 21.—5836.
 23.—5597, 6058, 6065-7.
 27.—2324, 2326.
 31.—2689.
 xvi. 1.—4340.
 2.—47.
 5.—4421-4.
 19.—2627, 2922.
 21.—1286, 1290.
 25.—190, 1484, 1489,
 1500, 1542.
 29.—6104.
 31.—146, 151.
 33.—721-3, 1961, 2162,
 4490, 4493, 4496,
 4502-5.
 xvii. 1.—286, 1293.
 6.—789, 2300.
 17.—5459-77.
 19.—1294.
 27.—5768.
 xviii. 4.—2132.
 6.—1308.
 9.—5516.
 10.—4862-6.
 17.—4168.
 24.—2299.
 xix. 2.—1877, 3283, 4143.
 7.—458.
 11.—2239.
 17.—464, 4168, 6128.
 22.—5749.

PROVERBS

- xx. 1.—391, 1125, 1721,
 1729, 3140-50,
 8009.
 6.—1855.
 11.—778, 787.
 24.—4864.
 xxi. 1.—3117.
 3.—4866.
 16.—1459.
 22.—1197.
 23.—6053.
 xxii. 2.—3693.
 3.—6083.
 4.—2872.
 5.—4944.
 6.—783, 788, 797, 817-
 20, 2373, 4064-
 5, 5633, 5639,
 6266.
 20.—6068-74.
 25.—1163.
 xxiii. 2.—257.
 5.—2283, 3841.
 17.—1921.
 20.—1729-40, 3149-50.
 21.—4186.
 22.—3866, 3870, 3879.
 27.—2713, 3134.
 28-29.—6073.
 29.—729, 1737, 1741,
 6010, 5878.
 30.—3140-7.
 31.—1723, 1725, 1743,
 4427.
 32.—1726, 1730, 1736.
 35.—1727, 3149.
 xxiv. 4.—3471.
 21.—5557.
 xxv. 11.—4479, 6058,
 6063-7.
 21-22.—2274.
 21.—1895.
 22.—1888.
 xxvi. 27.—553.
 xxvii. 2.—4212.
 4.—1724-5.
 6.—2300.
 9.—3100.
 xxviii. 1.—1441, 2199.
 2.—168.
 10.—181, 3587.
 12.—2633.
 27.—2353.
 xxix. 5.—798.
 10.—1314.
 18.—2991, 3001, 4070.
 25.—3607, 4865.
 xxx. 5.—584, 6072.
 8.—2505, 4184.
 15.—379, 381-2.
 16.—2619.
 24.—5681.
 32.—5562.
 xxxi. 1.—3089.
 4.—3142-7.
 10.—4535.
 11.—6004.
 27.—398.
 28.—780.
 30.—2875-9.

ECCLESIASTES

- i. 2.—3375, 5662, 5864.
 2-14.—6182.
 3.—1184, 688, 5447.
 4.—1712.
 8.—256, 2034, 6177.
 9.—3963.
 14.—5861.
 ii. 1.—3767, 6177.
 2.—1145.
 10.—3295, 6177.
 11.—190.
 14.—2236.
 21.—187.
 22.—6177.
 iii. 4.—481.
 7.—5118-21, 5328
 5331, 5334, 5482.
 11.—416-21, 910-1,
 3915-22, 3929,
 3933-5, 6140.
 12.—6140.
 20.—6091.
 iv. 6.—1288, 1295.
 v. 6.—5132-88.
 16.—184.
 vi. 9.—5571.
 vii. 6.—1145.
 8.—4088-9, 4094,
 4096.
 14.—1152.
 viii. 3.—1768.
 5.—5602-6.
 8.—1498.
 10.—2143.
 11.—2701.
 12.—2202, 5225.
 14.—2873.
 17.—5562.
 ix. 5.—1461-3.
 10.—1118, 1175-6, 1655,
 1662, 1750, 1764,
 1772, 1780, 1784,
 4437-41, 4776,
 4935, 5578-607,
 6123.
 14-16.—6092.
 x. 1.—1928, 2186, 5679.
 2-10.—6017-9.
 3.—6029, 6085.
 8.—2141.
 xi. 1.—530, 2949, 3088,
 3331, 5537, 5629,
 6031.
 3.—46, 2650.
 4-5.—2142.
 6.—2321.
 7.—5446, 6140.
 7-8.—5670.
 9.—4488, 6231-52,
 6255, 6258-9,
 6273.
 xii. 1.—4854-5, 6250.
 5.—2845.
 6-8.—3139.
 7.—685.
 10.—4373.
 11.—2115, 6058, 6062-7.
 12.—5555, 6283.
 13.—1776, 1781, 1790.
 14.—3684.

SOLOMON'S SONG

- ii. 3.—878.
- 15.—1970, 5202-3, 5679,
5683, 5846.
- iii. 6.—3100.
- v. 9.—5810.

ISAIAH

- i. 2.—5132-208.
- 3.—2616, 3597.
- 4.—2898.
- 5.—2901, 5703.
- 6.—2897.
- 15.—4009-10.
- 16.—5176-84, 5196.
- 17.—13.
- 18.—4876-903, 5196-7.
- 20.—5197, 5451.
- 22.—3140.
- 25.—1338, 1340, 1346.
- ii. 8.—2983-5, 3010.
- 9.—2921, 3131.
- 18.—2987.
- 20.—2988.
- iii. 9.—1173.
- 10-23.—1717.
- iv. 4.—144.
- v. 12.—6160.
- 13.—6248.
- 20.—4349, 5150-1.
- vi. 3.—5932.
- 5.—5147.
- 7.—3086.
- 8.—3658.
- 13.—1087.
- viii. 8.—785.
- 18.—817.
- ix. 6.—2422, 5733.
- x. 15.—624, 666.
- xi. 6.—775-9, 2618, 4067.
- 13.—1603-4, 1922.
- xii. 1.—1129, 1141.
- 2.—956.
- xiv. 11.—176.
- 17.—1473, 2925.
- xvi. 10.—5214.
- xviii. 4.—5116.
- xxii. 23.—5333.
- xxiv. 15.—4214.
- xxv. 4.—4603.
- xxvi. 7.—5835.
- xxviii. 4.—5149.
- 7.—1742, 6010-4.
- 15.—4604-5.
- 17.—5872.
- xxx. 13.—5150-1.
- 15.—1193, 4551, 4734
- 21.—3411, 4408.
- xxxii. 2.—839-40.
- 17.—4551.
- 17-18.—4934.
- 20.—2949, 3783-90, 3821.
- xxxiii. 15.—3135.
- 17.—842, 2400.
- 17-24.—2775.
- xxxviii. 1.—1117.
- 15.—6219.
- 17.—5196.
- 18.—176.
- 19.—780, 790, 811, 4215.

ISAIAH

- xl. 4.—1413, 5393.
- 6.—2380.
- 6-8.—416.
- 11.—408.
- 12.—6131.
- 30.—3416.
- 31.—1156, 5381.
- xli. 10.—2195.
- 17.—1874.
- 22.—1877.
- 24.—6133.
- xlvi. 12.—2877.
- 16.—902.
- xlvi. 2.—1107, 1143, 1358,
1468, 1509, 1520.
- 7.—3634.
- 25.—4876-903, 5146,
5200.
- xliv. 17.—1052, 2983, 6176.
- 19.—67.
- 21.—3111.
- xlvi. 1.—1117.
- 1-2.—3612.
- 1-6.—3690.
- 4.—1858.
- 13.—3612.
- 15.—4896.
- 22.—920, 4876-7, 4886-
99, 4934.
- xlvi. 5.—1066.
- xlvi. 2.—2223.
- 22.—4107.
- xlvi. 13.—5269-72.
- 14.—2438.
- 15.—3885, 6264, 6266.
- 16.—4475.
- 18.—2472.
- 23.—3889.
- 25.—773, 781, 794, 806-9.
- 26.—4877.
- 1. 7.—3720.
- 10.—5714.
- li. 3-16.—5546.
- 6.—2413.
- lii. 7.—3783-8, 3817, 4883.
- liii. 1.—1755, 4417, 4971.
- 3.—5276, 5427-31.
- 4.—4886, 5339-508.
- 5.—338-50, 5399-408.
- 6.—350, 1615, 4579-86.
- 7.—1885, 4939.
- 8.—339, 343, 348-9, 886.
- 10-12.—881, 948, 980.
- 11.—3234-5, 4487-8.
- liv. 2-3.—2416.
- 10.—4475.
- 11.—125.
- 13.—773, 787.
- lv. 1.—901, 2553, 3093,
4876-903.
- 6.—4879-81, 4894-9.
- 7.—4062, 5167, 5176.
- 9.—4475.
- 10.—3097.
- lvi. 2.—4839-45, 4849.
- 4.—4839-19.
- lvii. 20.—5132-208.
- 21.—4949, 5132, 5134-
208, 5996-9.
- lviii. 11.—4302.

ISAIAH

- lix. 4.—1755.
- 7.—5571.
- 11.—4896.
- 12.—5132-208.
- 16.—927.
- lx. 1.—3451-66.
- 2.—6148.
- 18.—4876-903.
- lxii. 6.—5968.
- lxiii. 4.—927.
- 5.—2904, 4887.
- 6.—3923.
- 8.—4897.
- 9.—112, 131, 134, 141,
170, 4486.
- lxiv. 1.—1189, 4771.
- 4.—2763.
- 6.—6132.
- lxv. 2.—5570.
- 9.—87.
- 17.—2728, 2731, 2753.
- lxvi. 1.—4732, 6190.
- 5.—3078.
- 13.—3058.
- 24.—5161.
- JEREMIAH
- i. 9.—3086.
- 17.—5490.
- 18.—4873.
- ii. 13.—1975.
- 14.—3107.
- 19.—385.
- 21.—5132-208.
- iii. 12.—2174, 2179, 4443-6.
- 14.—385, 1184.
- 19.—2173-9, 4442-6,
6329-30.
- 20.—3077.
- iv. 19.—4442.
- 22.—3689.
- 31.—4442.
- v. 31.—3078.
- vi. 16.—2066.
- 23.—1434.
- vii. 6.—5851.
- 9-10.—1245.
- 16.—4986.
- 23.—3983, 3990-4.
- viii. 5.—387.
- 7-9.—3623.
- 12.—1628.
- 18.—1713.
- 20.—4440, 2675.
- 20-22.—1809.
- ix. 9.—4804.
- 23.—2669, 5859-60, 5866.
- 23-24.—622, 977.
- x. 10.—5753.
- 23.—720, 2162, 4497,
4517.
- xi. 23.—723.
- lxii. 9.—5539.
- xv. 7.—471, 474.
- 16.—5541.
- xvii. 9.—259, 1390, 1607-10,
2711, 5168-70,
5191-99.
- 11.—41.

JEREMIAH

- xvii. 19.—2897-8, 2901-3.
- xviii. 15.—2060.
- 18.—2792.
- xxii. 11.—1260.
- xxiii. 2.—4804.
- 5.—3231.
- 6.—977.
- 24.—2453.
- 27.—5821.
- 36.—8077.
- xxiv. 8.—4252.
- xxv. 15.—3973.
- xxix. 12.—1127.
- xxx. 13.—5207-7.
- 19.—5577.
- xxx. 10.—5505.
- 34.—2600, 3705.
- xxxiii. 8.—3710, 4061.
- xl. 5.—5063.
- xl. 7.—6286-7.
- 1. 5.—5976.
- 34.—4584.

LAMENTATIONS

- i. 12.—475.
- ii. 15.—6329-30.
- iii. 1.—5425.
- 22.—1165.
- 23.—4466.
- 42.—5146-7.
- iv. 3.—1434.
- 6.—3832, 5151.

EZEKIEL

- iii. 14.—6289.
- 17-18.—1817.
- 18.—5965-6.
- 19.—6231.
- iv. 17.—5941.
- x. 8.—2773.
- xiv. 3.—1732.
- 14.—4986.
- xvi. 14.—6099.
- xvii. 18-19.—6289.
- xviii. 30-31.—4829-30.
- 31.—1319, 1321, 1325, 1334, 1347.
- xx. 13.—2087.
- 39.—1630.
- xxvi. 21.—5535.
- xxvii. 8-9.—1026.
- xxx. 4.—5678.
- 14.—3693.
- xxxii. 12.—4812.
- xxxiii. 4.—1817.
- 6.—3731.
- 7.—167.
- 11-12.—167.
- 13.—4811.
- xxxiv. 4.—5495.
- xxxv. 13.—622.
- xxxvi. 23.—860.
- 25.—1344.
- 26.—1325, 4470.

EZEKIEL

- xxxvii. 5.—3372.
- xxxviii. 7.—6278.
- xxxix. 29.—2717.

DANIEL

- i. 8.—16-18.
- ii. 8.—5600.
- iii. 11-12.—1172.
- 16.—1438-9.
- 17.—4125.
- 25.—3645.
- iv. 3.—1001.
- v. 27.—47.
- vi. 10.—1158.
- viii. 9.—6329-30.
- ix. 9.—2267, 2272.
- 14.—5971.
- 26.—5949.
- x. 1.—2387.
- 8.—420, 425.
- 12.—2193.
- xi. 3.—5303.
- xii. 2.—1952-3, 5841.
- 3.—1138, 1151, 5088-96, 5289, 5311, 5414.
- 13.—437, 535.

HOSEA

- ii. 18.—4862-3.
- iv. 4.—5384.
- 6.—2991, 3001.
- 17.—2132, 2980.
- v. 15.—128-30, 1906.
- vi. 4.—1300, 2007, 4677.
- vii. 12.—5911.
- 13.—5161.
- viii. 4.—2980.
- ix. 12.—480.
- 15.—5132-208.
- 16.—2007.
- x. 2.—392.
- xi. 1-3.—1842.
- 4.—1130, 3531-4.
- 7.—386.
- xii. 7.—690-2, 5174.
- xiii. 3.—130.
- 4.—4938.
- 9.—4249.
- 12.—5148-56, 5168-74, 5813.
- xiv. 1.—4683.
- 4.—388-90.
- 5.—5346.
- 6.—2071.

JOEL

- ii. 28.—5350.

AMOS

- iii. 2.—4804.
- 6.—4808.
- 7.—3095.
- iv. 5.—5941.
- 11.—1633.

AMOS

- iv. 12.—149-52, 1480-3, 1501-3, 1551-3, 5087.
- v. 8.—3091.
- 12.—5328.
- viii. 5.—690-2.
- 12.—573.

JONAH

- i. 3-16.—5545.
- 5.—6135.
- ii. 3.—1137.
- 8.—5188-9.
- 9.—5548.

MICAH

- ii. 10.—4729-30.
- 11.—6292.
- iii. 8.—5135-91, 6077.
- iv. 5.—2074.
- 11.—2223.
- vi. 8.—2927-34, 3221-31.
- 11.—3227.
- 18.—4060.
- 19.—5498.

NAHUM

- i. 7.—1140.
- 10.—5502.
- 15.—5103-10.

HABAKKUK

- i. 3.—1303-6.
- 10-12.—898, 2629.
- ii. 1.—5972-3.
- 4.—578, 2071, 2080-3, 3237.
- 5.—2619, 2625, 3146.
- 20.—5120.
- iii. 2.—4651, 4768-9.

HAGGAI

- i. 5.—6177-83, 6254.

ZECHARIAH

- iii. 2.—653-4, 1633.
- iv. 6.—1092.
- 10.—1120, 3477-9.
- vi. 15.—1659.
- x. 7.—814, 6229.
- xii. 10.—940.
- xiv. 7.—1506, 2416, 3332, 3458.

MALACHI

- i. 6.—2166.
- ii. 10.—2332, 2415.
- iii. 2-3.—837.
- 3.—144.
- 8.—4007-10, 6291.
- 10.—4151, 6291.
- 15.—5133, 5183.
- 17.—2438, 3183-4.

NEW TESTAMENT.

ST. MATTHEW

- i. 21.—3161-82, 3896, 4937.
- ii. 17.—1180.
- 22.—32.
- 23.—2062.
- iii. 7.—1818, 4356.
- 10.—1480.
- 17.—5008.
- iv. 1.—3483, 3568.
- 4.—3469.
- i8-22.—897.
- v. 1.—4105.
- 2.—546.
- 3.—414, 2745, 4642, 4648, 4783.
- 4.—5268-73.
- 5.—3674-5.
- 6.—4809, 6082.
- 7.—2263.
- 8.—2709, 3672.
- 9.—4102-12, 5640.
- 11.—5696.
- 12.—3697.
- 13.—1182, 4875, 6170.
- 15.—1846, 3465.
- 16.—2420, 3457, 3461-4, 4136, 4149, 4628.
- 17.—2278.
- 19.—4395.
- 21.—444.
- 22.—4543-4.
- 23-24.—4574.
- 24.—4304.
- 29.—21.
- 30.—21, 4015, 4859-60.
- 34.—3881-2.
- 34-37.—4449-50.
- 37.—3981.
- 39.—214, 218, 2251, 4549.
- 40.—2512.
- 43.—3949-52.
- 44.—217, 443, 1890, 2252-6, 2263, 2268.
- 45.—443, 2436.
- 45-46.—2612.
- 47.—227.
- vi. 2.—2358, 6276.
- 3.—2365, 5119.
- 5.—2965, 3017, 4217, 4218, 4225, 4282-90.
- 6.—1160, 2384, 3097, 4245, 4291-309, 4320, 4596, 5263-5, 5420.
- 8.—4246, 4252, 4256.
- 9.—2382, 2415, 3883, 4165, 4313, 4318.
- 10.—1043, 2493, 2594, 4696, 4700-4, 5396.
- 11.—214, 2249, 2253, 5563.
- 12.—4013, 4266.
- 15.—211, 2271.
- 16.—2966.

ST MATTHEW

- vi. 19.—2329, 2370, 3713, 4785-95, 5155-60, 5987.
- 20.—456, 462, 2731, 2743, 2751-6.
- 21.—2729, 3320, 5652.
- 24.—823, 1565-8, 2219, 3649.
- 26.—3062.
- 28.—417-9, 1392, 1623, 4946, 5702.
- 29.—70, 191.
- 30.—2468.
- 31-32.—5566.
- 33.—4650.
- 34.—1977, 5563.
- vii. 2.—248, 441, 3216, 4763.
- 3.—3216.
- 4.—1221.
- 5.—3216.
- 6.—264, 2310-11.
- 12.—1793, 3216, 4045.
- 13.—575, 676.
- 16.—1399, 3848.
- 19.—1480.
- 21.—2673, 4652.
- 24.—2928.
- 26.—1191, 1193.
- viii. 12.—6901.
- 17.—5402-6.
- 20.—5797.
- 22.—1463.
- 24.—5545.
- 25.—3484.
- ix. 2.—2259.
- 8.—1428.
- 9.—1563.
- 13.—868, 5230-5.
- 24.—5841.
- 30.—6224.
- 38.—3791-3, 3801, 3813-20.
- x. 14.—403.
- 16.—3783-90, 3801.
- 22.—4599.
- 24.—1664, 3245.
- 28.—1896, 2794, 5277, 5317.
- 29.—5019.
- 30.—3245.
- 32.—373, 874, 1184, 6339.
- 37.—926, 973.
- 42.—465, 3253, 3946.
- xi. 1.—2375.
- 4.—49.
- 5.—49, 371, 2552.
- 6.—1673.
- 19.—24, 5227.
- 28.—864-70, 964, 2076, 3297, 3606, 4724, 4876-900, 4934, 5275, 5723.
- 29.—4492, 4734, 6225.
- 30.—5275.

ST. MATTHEW

- xii. 8.—4833.
- 9.—4851.
- 30.—1020.
- 31.—4450.
- 36.—4576, 5482.
- 40.—3721.
- 44.—1901.
- 45.—4588, 5307, 5884.
- xiii. 4-8.—32.
- 19.—1208.
- 20.—673, 4454, 4772.
- 21.—2051.
- 22.—686-7, 6171.
- 25.—4457.
- 29.—4805.
- 31.—2071.
- 32.—426, 428-9, 5252.
- 38.—6110.
- 43.—247.
- 44.—598, 1670.
- 46.—2994.
- 49.—5997.
- 52.—2015, 5485.
- xiv. 1.—1239-41, 1250-2.
- 3.—1709.
- 8.—3857.
- 10.—3686.
- 23.—23, 4761.
- 24.—5545.
- 30.—2069.
- 36.—830.
- xv. 1.—2549.
- 6.—1827, 4973-82.
- 8.—1390.
- 18.—259, 1616, 2706, 2781.
- 18-19.—2902.
- 27.—1619, 2549.
- xvi. 16-17.—6069.
- 18.—2286, 4820.
- 24.—2374, 4034.
- 26.—3302, 4785-6, 5319, 6141-8.
- xvii. 4.—5533, 6221.
- 8.—3173.
- 9.—976.
- 11.—4510.
- xviii. 1.—3959.
- 3.—821, 1338, 1350.
- 4.—2915-23.
- 7.—6147.
- 11.—3504, 3507-10, 4049, 5236.
- 13.—5450-3.
- 15.—2257-8.
- 19.—4471.
- 21.—211, 2270, 5489.
- 35.—2277.
- xix. 13-14.—792.
- 14.—403, 793, 848, 4854, 5444.
- 17.—3341.
- 19.—3949-50.
- 21.—686, 5058, 5066, 5653.
- 24.—3837, 4180.

ST. MATTHEW

- xix. 25.—1863.
 28.—4610.
 29.—3495.
 30.—4419.
 xx. 12.—1132.
 15.—4050.
 28.—4582.
 xxi. 9.—260, 1593.
 16.—1059, 3084, 6259.
 22.—4262, 6065.
 28.—6288.
 38.—384.
 42.—550, 585.
 44.—5872.
 xxii. 26.—2389.
 39.—171.
 42.—4518, 5560.
 xxiii. 4.—3305.
 8.—1926.
 12.—4420, 4423, 5859—
 66.
 23.—3236—7, 5674.
 24.—1221.
 32.—3305.
 33.—2797.
 37.—309.
 xxiv. 13.—1884, 3570.
 14.—6148.
 24.—1858.
 27.—864.
 31.—3212—3, 3220.
 33.—3214.
 36.—3213—4, 3446.
 38.—3215.
 41.—935.
 42.—5831.
 44—46.—4559.
 46.—2106.
 50.—2128.
 xxv. 5.—1703.
 6—10.—5904.
 10.—383, 2094, 2798.
 11.—4403.
 13.—2108.
 21.—272, 275, 1138, 5770.
 25.—929.
 33.—5076.
 35.—444, 454—6, 463,
 468, 764, 3254,
 4163—79, 4179.
 40.—448, 678, 1179, 4162.
 41—44.—749—50.
 42.—447.
 45.—3243—4, 4164—74.
 46.—2201, 3213, 4527—8,
 5077.
 xxvi. 13.—6146.
 26.—1154, 5810.
 30.—5215.
 40.—5832.
 41.—5977, 6189.
 75.—1598.
 xxvii. 2.—4662.
 9.—2153.
 14.—27.
 23.—260.
 32.—1415.
 42.—1800.
 57.—3843.
 xxviii. 6.—998.

ST. MATTHEW

- xxviii. 18.—2536, 4193.
 19.—408, 850, 1184, 2550,
 3744, 3821, 5110.

ST. MARK

- i. 5.—401—5, 1182—3.
 8.—2838—42.
 14.—3259—64.
 16—20.—897.
 ii. 7.—2254, 2272, 2391.
 10.—2272.
 14.—895—7, 941, 1981,
 1985, 1987, 3264.
 17.—857, 4811, 4936,
 5216, 5219, 5227—
 30, 5232.
 27.—4741, 4831—50.
 iii. 13.—697, 827.
 22.—3456.
 23.—1638—9, 4916—21.
 35.—43, 51—2, 1699—1702.
 6119, 6124, 6128—
 30.
 iv. 3.—5325—6.
 9.—2680—93.
 12.—2679, 2685—7, 2698,
 2702, 5201.
 15.—530, 2679—80, 2685.
 16.—4646, 4652.
 17.—4638.
 19.—222, 3837—9, 4786—
 9, 5984, 5986—7,
 5989, 6138, 6171—
 3.
 21.—3451, 3459, 3461—2,
 3465—6.
 22.—3201, 3211—4.
 26.—5325—6.
 29.—2675.
 30.—1002, 3260—262.
 32.—1057, 1068, 1071,
 6148.
 38.—1440, 4928.
 v. 4.—5133.
 13.—4223.
 17.—962, 2903, 5048,
 5065.
 19.—2849—50, 5335.
 23.—773—4.
 27.—867, 932.
 28.—851, 862, 884, 1815,
 2071, 2073, 2038,
 2093, 2105.
 29.—901, 907.
 30.—1180.
 34.—5242.
 vi. 17.—1217—20, 1226.
 1240—3, 1255.
 20.—2679.
 26.—1234, 1239, 1245,
 1249, 1253.
 31.—1165, 4733, 4759.
 34.—1165.
 46.—3667—71.
 50.—931, 994.
 55.—5116—7.
 vii. 6.—2955—68.
 10.—2166, 3862—7.
 11.—1636.

ST. MARK

- vii. 13.—4404, 4931, 5167.
 15.—5132, 5134, 5168—70,
 5173.
 21.—2712, 5132, 5163,
 5183.
 22.—1889.
 28.—1619, 2549.
 viii. 2.—1165, 5057.
 7.—2704.
 29.—1184—5.
 34.—1171, 1672, 5029—35,
 5055, 5057, 5061.
 35.—5026, 5056, 5058,
 5060, 5064, 5066.
 36.—184, 411, 2606, 3448,
 3494, 3495—500,
 3839, 4141, 4778,
 4785, 4793, 5278,
 5299—301, 6141—
 2.
 37.—3616, 3629, 3837,
 4693, 4785, 5068,
 5279, 5283—7,
 5296, 5299—301,
 5305—8.
 38.—1185.
 ix. 6.—2200.
 8.—3173.
 9.—4761.
 29.—2159—61, 4217, 4221,
 4229, 4263, 4283,
 4325.
 30.—4859.
 31.—1960.
 34.—180, 185, 188, 192.
 36.—779, 812.
 37.—812—3, 2915, 3239.
 38.—107, 609, 4882, 5049.
 41.—3253—4.
 42.—810—3.
 43.—21, 4113, 5034, 5161.
 44.—4528—31.
 45.—2793—8, 5161.
 48.—4530.
 50.—1679, 1687, 4875.
 x. 4.—495.
 5.—2701, 2705.
 7.—6002—5, 6041—7.
 8.—2940—6.
 13.—403—4, 406—9, 780.
 14.—408—9, 778, 780, 787,
 803, 812—3, 821,
 3169, 3478, 6245,
 6246, 6264, 6267,
 6270—2.
 15.—801, 821, 851, 867,
 969, 2552, 2566,
 2915—35.
 16.—812—3, 877.
 17.—2080, 2088, 2409,
 2517, 2523—4.
 21.—688—9, 697, 895—7,
 1414—9.
 22.—1822—4, 3837, 3839,
 4783, 4787—95,
 5984—7.
 23.—2503, 2669, 4480—2,
 4779—87, 4795,
 5984.
 24.—1192.

ST. MARK

- x. 25.—4481.
 26.—4923-5.
 27.—2054, 6279.
 28.—3728.
 29.—4801-2.
 30.—4775-7, 4805-6.
 37.—188, 195.
 38.—3753, 4710-4.
 39.—5975.
 40.—175, 178.
 42.—1686, 2759.
 43.—2622, 2633, 2915,
 2921, 2928-36.
 44.—2918, 2924, 2931-2.
 45.—836, 850, 853, 882,
 888, 916, 1024,
 4554, 4581.
 50.—866-70, 3173, 3182.
 51.—871.
 52.—894-7.
 xi. 9.—260, 2899, 2905.
 13.—2590, 6134.
 17.—4911-3.
 22.—2073-4.
 23.—2053, 2067, 2077,
 2089, 2099-101.
 24.—4297, 4301-3, 4308,
 4312, 4320-1, 4330.
 25.—2250, 2253, 2255,
 2265, 2270, 2277.
 28.—376.
 xii. 7-8.—1425-7.
 10.—996-7, 1001-4, 1050,
 1057, 1087-8, 1100,
 1103.
 26.—4745-55.
 27.—1461, 1465, 3347,
 3337, 3410.
 30.—2400, 2405, 2440,
 3550, 3563, 4614.
 31.—3949-53.
 32.—5811.
 33.—3527, 3542, 3561,
 3565.
 34.—2404-7, 2438, 2467,
 2698, 2713, 3261-
 4.
 35.—930, 2427.
 37.—5337.
 39.—176-7, 180-2, 193-4,
 2678.
 40.—2953-4, 2958, 2960,
 2961-4, 2965-8.
 41.—3842, 4007-9.
 42.—459, 2433, 2368,
 4006, 6001.
 43.—2349, 2354, 2360,
 4008.
 44.—445, 459, 761, 3518,
 4008.
 xiii. 11.—232, 4125.
 13.—1882-5, 2117, 2125.
 33.—5972-4.
 34.—1746, 1749-53, 1756,
 1760, 1767, 1772,
 1789-90, 3564,
 3954, 6281.
 35.—1483, 1490, 1531-7,
 1759, 1766, 1780,
 5593-7.

ST. MARK

- xiii. 36.—1542, 1552-4, 1570,
 5589.
 37.—5584-8, 5603, 5606.
 xiv. 3.—3184, 4400.
 4.—4138, 4404, 4406,
 4628.
 7.—2551-2, 2366, 4161-
 74.
 8.—891, 1787, 2360,
 6049.
 22.—662, 3487-9.
 26.—2948-52, 3890,
 4206-7, 5215.
 29.—5025, 5036.
 30.—1596-8.
 36.—4697-703.
 37.—5251.
 38.—1778, 1786, 2231,
 2232, 5186, 5503,
 5968, 5972.
 41.—3302.
 45.—2899.
 49.—2009.
 62.—864, 3205, 3212.
 68.—1596-8.
 72.—1598, 4663, 4669,
 4677, 4682-4.
 xv. 2.—832-3, 850, 983,
 1004.
 5.—4549-51, 5120,
 5123-4.
 10.—1919-24.
 11.—2899, 2901, 2903.
 14.—2905.
 20.—3776, 3827.
 21.—1415.
 23.—3017.
 24.—1425-7, 5400-4.
 25.—336, 348.
 28.—5399, 5403-4, 5407-
 8.
 31.—4044.
 34.—313, 5276, 5439.
 xvi. 3.—1646, 2819.
 6.—4750.
 10.—5271.
 14.—5761.
 15.—2546-8, 2571, 3754,
 3789-92, 3796,
 3800-3, 3809,
 3821, 6146, 6148,
 6150, 6312-26.
 16.—1572.

ST. LUKE

- i. 6.—4807, 4874.
 17.—5368.
 18-20.—5622.
 52.—2412.
 ii. 11.—4937.
 25.—4557, 5934.
 29.—3485, 4208, 4968.
 33.—5527.
 iii. 14.—5933.
 iv. 18.—3742, 5685.
 23.—1148, 1719.
 34.—2062.
 43.—4696.
 v. 1-11.—897.

ST. LUKE

- v. 27.—696.
 28.—882.
 32.—1180.
 vi. 10.—3259.
 19.—867.
 20.—414.
 23.—26.
 27-35.—1891.
 29.—2334.
 31.—1793.
 33.—1773.
 35.—3250, 3258.
 38.—2364.
 39.—1664.
 42.—2964.
 49.—2283, 2291.
 vii. 12.—3861.
 21.—1611.
 35.—24.
 47.—2271, 5680.
 viii. 3.—3834-42.
 14.—394, 4157.
 15.—4093, 4096.
 18.—4092.
 21.—678, 978.
 47.—852, 870.
 ix. 2-6.—4369.
 9.—3686.
 23.—5024-35, 5054,
 5056, 5057, 5068.
 24.—5013.
 25.—6142.
 26.—875, 1185.
 29.—1162.
 31.—4491.
 38.—1923.
 41.—5310.
 47.—779, 812.
 49.—606.
 50.—750.
 55.—5021.
 58.—2117.
 59.—1570, 1581, 1583-7.
 62.—689, 1171, 1566-7,
 1747, 3483.
 x. 7.—3740-6.
 20.—5357.
 21.—4783.
 27.—3951.
 30-36.—1048.
 31-32.—722, 1144.
 33.—453, 459, 460, 759,
 1759, 4904.
 34.—752.
 35.—2330.
 37.—3704.
 40.—224, 1751.
 41.—224.
 42.—2439, 5059.
 xi. 2.—3486.
 3.—5563.
 7.—383.
 24.—4426.
 26.—5884.
 27.—4068.
 33.—3459.
 42.—2158, 4020, 5676.
 44.—4426.
 xii. 2.—2293.
 4.—3430.

ST. LUKE

- xii. 7.—3930.
 8.—968, 1184, 6040.
 15.—1388.
 16—18.—477.
 18—20.—2758.
 19.—3123, 5072.
 20.—41, 68, 359, 1553,
 1554.
 21.—5409—11, 5652—6.
 22.—4473.
 23.—5649—57.
 27.—70.
 28.—1873.
 33.—689, 5651—7.
 35—37.—921, 3355, 3391.
 36.—157.
 37.—3349.
 39.—5832.
 40.—5832.
 46.—2839.
 56.—3222.
 xiii. 3.—13, 3850, 3851,
 4475.
 4.—3216.
 8.—3219, 6215—20.
 14.—2158.
 15.—1363.
 23.—863.
 24.—5760.
 28.—1099.
 34.—6297.
 xiv. 8.—1995—8.
 10.—3829.
 11.—2917—18.
 13.—371.
 18.—392, 686.
 18—19.—4071.
 21.—4130.
 33.—1665.
 xv. 4.—4085, 4696, 5939.
 6.—3497, 3506—8, 4095.
 7.—389.
 11.—4446.
 12.—677, 4442, 5759.
 13.—1579, 4447, 5226.
 17.—2849.
 18.—2851.
 20.—2011, 2174, 2381,
 3525, 4443—5,
 4482.
 21.—2179.
 21—22.—2254.
 25.—1921.
 29.—2856.
 xvi. 8.—395, 6164.
 9.—1177.
 10.—1701, 4737, 5709—
 70.
 13.—1170.
 15.—5014—17, 5025.
 18.—1658.
 19—26.—1482, 1498, 1523,
 1548.
 21.—25, 2191.
 22.—3833.
 23.—2796.
 24.—326.
 25.—3680.
 xvii. 3.—211, 215.
 8.—25

ST. LUKE

- xvii. 10.—1504, 1749, 1771—3,
 1779, 1785, 1787,
 1792.
 xvii. 17.—3739.
 21.—2428.
 26.—3630.
 36.—5077.
 xviii. 5.—3021, 3092.
 11.—3850, 4139, 5052.
 13.—1180—4, 2916, 3425,
 4268, 4319, 4323,
 4936, 5235—6,
 5220.
 16.—408—9, 321, 3459.
 17.—1338.
 21.—3262.
 22.—3849, 5064.
 28.—882.
 xix. 4.—494.
 8.—4936—9.
 11.—3497, 5502, 3504—7.
 13.—865.
 20.—4435.
 22.—40.
 27.—4452.
 40.—5553.
 42.—2276, 2308, 4434.
 xx. 10.—2318.
 35.—4747—8.
 36.—1934, 1938—9.
 38.—4746.
 xxi. 1.—3843.
 2.—459, 2433, 2368,
 4006.
 3—4.—2354.
 16—17.—6270.
 30.—2318.
 xxii. 15.—1153.
 17.—4856.
 19.—4857.
 20.—4856.
 32.—678, 5567.
 46.—6189.
 60—61.—4663.
 61.—236.
 xxiii. 26.—1414—15.
 27.—260.
 28.—5315.
 33.—334, 336, 348, 356,
 1418, 1425, 2205,
 4600.
 34.—355, 2248, 2255,
 2265.
 35.—4047.
 36.—1950.
 43.—4382.
 47.—2215.
 xxiv. 4.—13.
 15.—845, 931.
 22.—1155.
 27.—2076, 5085.
 33.—509.
 45.—535.
 47.—1148.
 49.—2840, 4195, 5350.

ST. JOHN

- i. 1.—328, 353, 930, 3034,
 5803.
 2.—979.

ST. JOHN

- i. 14.—3032, 5085.
 29.—2545, 3300, 4356.
 32.—5008.
 41—45.—1282.
 43.—3530, 3538.
 51.—2730.
 ii. 1.—439.
 2.—49.
 3.—49.
 4.—657.
 22.—513, 601, 602, 2072.
 23.—3764.
 iii. 1.—372.
 2.—3764.
 3.—616, 3960, 6272.
 5.—2027, 4608.
 7.—613, 1336, 1338,
 1343, 2338, 3962,
 5344—6.
 7.—617.
 16.—1141, 3553, 4880,
 6146, 6157.
 18.—1864.
 19.—5222—3.
 20.—3462.
 21.—1671.
 27.—2346.
 30.—2920.
 iv. 10.—6063.
 11.—1125.
 13—14.—3946.
 14.—1041.
 20.—3901.
 24.—3914, 6192—9.
 36.—5933.
 37.—153, 187, 5329.
 v. 9.—563.
 14.—4986.
 22—23.—904.
 23.—103.
 24.—1319, 1330, 1349,
 1350, 3372.
 25.—3086.
 29.—1935, 1941.
 34.—663.
 36.—49.
 39.—483, 506, 525, 544,
 547, 557, 559,
 561, 576, 577,
 580, 602, 1684,
 2993, 4634, 4972—
 4, 4989, 4995, 5390,
 5957, 6271.
 44.—2663, 5063, 6164,
 6186.
 vi. 35.—662.
 36.—866, 1560.
 37.—3162, 3166, 3167,
 3176, 3177—8.
 44.—2607.
 48.—975.
 66.—1630.
 70.—4918.
 vii. 3—7.—6018.
 6.—5574.
 15.—1431.
 19.—3221.
 24.—243, 244, 245, 246,
 250, 251, 3221,
 6202—7.

ST. JOHN

- vii. 37.—6195.
 41—44.—2062. \
 viii. 9.—1215-1222, 1227-
 1242, 1240, 1242,
 5142.
 11.—2134, 5242.
 15.—245, 246, 249.
 17.—5531.
 32.—1871, 2195.
 38.—5736.
 44.—1638-9.
 46.—5726, 5733.
 50.—5064.
 ix. 2-5.—1338.
 4.—3291, 4042, 5577-8,
 6110.
 22.—3749.
 24.—5217.
 25.—5356.
 31.—5233.
 38.—2054.
 x. 3-4.—846.
 4.—834, 922, 941.
 5.—5112-3.
 13.—2821.
 15.—1769, 1775.
 28.—1859, 4128.
 35.—592.
 xi. 4.—473.
 19.—478.
 25.—541, 4749, 4751.
 27.—431.
 28.—6100.
 35.—473, 5276, 5470.
 44.—4749-51.
 50.—345, 5399-403.
 51.—886-8.
 xii. 21.—984, 3177-8, 5089.
 26.—1195.
 xiii. 7.—6117.
 8.—1596.
 15.—835, 1665.
 16.—1981-5.
 25.—1188.
 34.—1146.
 xiv. 1.—431, 894, 4100.
 2.—55, 1767-80, 2733,
 2740, 2766, 2845,
 2858.
 3.—1142, 2176, 2768-
 70, 2788.
 4.—1142.
 6.—944, 1139, 2517,
 3405, 5724.
 9.—993.
 10.—3610.
 16.—1139.
 17-21.—2841.
 23.—892, 931, 2388,
 2404.
 26.—3840, 3679, 4194,
 5684.
 27.—4100.
 28.—1104.
 xv. 2.—118, 1667, 6134.
 4.—3435, 3524.
 5.—1182.
 8.—3087.
 9.—3523.
 12.—1146, 2253.

ST. JOHN

- xv. 13.—1766-9, 1786, 1850,
 2298, 2306, 2437,
 3522, 4859-60.
 15.—2299.
 16.—827, 1858-64, 2311.
 24.—5217.
 xvi. 2-3.—3110, 5503.
 3.—2170.
 7.—1104.
 13.—2645, 2842, 3828.
 20.—476, 480, 3185-8.
 22.—3186-7, 3188.
 23.—4253, 4266.
 24.—4264, 4287-301,
 4312, 4327.
 27.—2175.
 32.—2944.
 33.—996, 4257, 5668.
 xvii. 1.—1156, 2812.
 3.—4465-9.
 12.—1859, 4486.
 13.—3185-7.
 15-21.—827, 6152-61.
 17.—5724, 5730, 5753-4.
 19.—5731.
 20.—4231, 4330.
 21.—71, 605-6, 1600-7,
 4802.
 24.—2376, 2738, 2741-3,
 2751-4, 5653.
 xviii. 9.—1859.
 11.—1049.
 14.—345.
 17.—1927.
 36.—3260, 6178.
 37.—2686, 5732.
 40.—858.
 xix. 30.—6117.
 31.—3292.
 xx. 1-2.—1826, 5080.
 27.—2130.
 29.—2058, 2061.
 xxi. 15.—783-5, 790-4, 803-9,
 3561, 4845, 5444.
 16.—3742-3, 3758, 4084-
 5.
 18.—2644-6.
 21-22.—895-7, 1786-8.
 22.—941-3.
 254.—5531-3.
 24.—532-4.
 25.—481, 534, 562, 641-
 8, 951.

ACTS

- i. 4.—5350.
 7.—5598.
 9.—131, 1140.
 18.—233-5.
 ii. 1.—535.
 4.—4190.
 21.—856.
 24.—147, 4056.
 34.—1654.
 39.—2381.
 40.—6241.
 42.—6194-9.
 44.—4569.
 iii. 6.—2322.

ACTS

- 8.—2613.
 16.—2091.
 19.—453, 5197.
 iv. 10.—856.
 12.—2074, 3896, 4921.
 13.—1914, 6270.
 17.—4705.
 19.—377, 3985-9.
 20.—377.
 22.—145.
 v. 29.—3985-95.
 30-31.—5536.
 39.—2396.
 vi. 3.—1746, 2866.
 4.—3759.
 10.—4346, 4365, 4341.
 vii. 23.—124.
 35.—1593.
 39.—3643.
 55-56.—893.
 58.—1348.
 59.—1159, 1529, 3425,
 4430.
 60.—208, 1162, 1280,
 1477, 1804, 5316.
 viii. 3.—4033.
 4.—4462.
 5.—5560.
 16.—403.
 20.—2541, 3838, 3844.
 21.—3205.
 37.—431.
 ix. 15.—5530.
 16.—6275.
 42.—3542.
 x. 11-32.—2387.
 32.—1152.
 38.—105, 1179.
 43.—987, 3896, 6262.
 47.—3628, 4036.
 48.—406.
 9-17.—3903.
 17.—6253.
 20.—237.
 23.—862.
 29.—2363.
 xii. 2-3.—3644.
 12.—4301.
 22-23.—5045.
 23.—2876.
 xiii. 10.—60, 2806.
 43.—6287.
 xiv. 17.—1393.
 xv. 8-9.—3903.
 9.—1341.
 28.—2029.
 xvi. 9.—1134, 1135.
 15.—406.
 30.—156, 3102, 5219-21.
 33-34.—1043.
 37.—3119.
 xvii. 2.—505-576.
 11.—508, 577-9.
 20.—13.
 23-29.—2382, 2409.
 24-23.—2335.
 26.—3630, 3796.
 27-28.—2401-2.
 29.—2392.
 30.—1174, 3851.

ACTS

- xviii. 9.—1321-3.
17.—253, 266-70.
24.—505, 510, 593, 1867-8.
28.—488, 490, 552.
xix. 15.—1966.
20.—573.
23.—1053.
27.—5568, 6255.
29.—1164.
36.—4556.
xx. 23.—89.
24.—880, 2110, 2225, 3754, 4351.
27-31.—2114, 4739.
28.—2107, 4083-7.
29.—180.
30.—180.
31.—4411.
35.—2369, 3518.
xxi. 13.—5109.
xxiii. 1.—1228-33.
16.—3028.
31.—3026.
xxiv. 2.—4499.
15.—4746, 4753-5.
16.—1128-32, 1236, 3334, 5737-41.
25.—401, 686, 1240, 1250, 1252, 1819, 4437-41, 4589, 4644-5, 5613.
26.—4688.
xxvi. 18.—1319, 1323, 1339, 1348-9.
24.—1716-7, 4082.
25-26.—1819.
28.—3714.
xxvii. 3.—1124.
9.—58.
23-25.—1592.
44.—1590, 4862.
xxviii. 7.—1124.
16.—5598.
23-24.—3076.
30.—632.

ROMANS

- i. 4.—1050.
5.—2598.
7.—2084.
14-17.—56, 4367.
16.—1185, 2565, 1359, 6290.
17.—578, 2071, 2080-3, 3232-7, 3482, 4536.
20.—1393, 2000-11, 4070.
21.—67, 3618.
22-23.—67.
24.—5448.
25.—66-8, 3622, 4072, 5449.
26.—5878.
29-31.—412.
30.—2425.
31.—113, 380.
ii. 1.—1257.
2.—5753.

ROMANS.

- ii. 6.—39, 40.
7.—1650, 1850-1.
9.—1935.
10.—4116-24.
12.—2718.
15.—839, 1215, 1222-4, 1226, 1251, 1255, 2022.
22.—2980.
iii. 3.—585.
9.—1608.
10.—1615.
19.—1854.
20.—3232-3, 3335.
23.—1126, 1609, 1613-6, 2863, 4553, 5167, 5216, 5226, 5245, 5365, 5642.
24.—2577, 26,000.
25.—6340-56, 1047.
28.—3853.
iv. 2-16.—5802.
3.—504-5.
5.—2080-8, 2208, 3237, 4903.
8.—6008.
16.—374.
v. 1.—307-12, 207, 342, 3232-7.
2.—2095, 2294, 2421, 2897.
3.—5664.
5.—2880, 3418.
6.—5771-2.
7.—104-7, 2044.
8.—1050, 2437, 3556, 4880-902.
9.—4941, 5224.
10.—1203, 2460, 4884, 5408.
11.—335, 341-9, 851-4.
12.—999, 4342.
15.—333-45, 3234-7, 4903.
17.—2294.
18.—333-45, 3237.
20-21.—348, 3522.
21.—348-54, 356, 3237, 9149.
vi. 1.—1692-7.
2.—6008.
6.—1269.
8.—430, 6144-5.
10.—5401.
11.—6008, 6144-5.
14.—5132-95.
16-18.—859, 2294, 5151.
17.—2699.
19.—5521.
22.—2834, 5149-98.
23.—1899, 5102, 5761.
vii. 5.—2232.
6-8.—886, 2572.
9-15.—5446-98.
15.—4073.
18.—2018.
19-24.—252.
21.—3396.
22.—2023.
23.—3409, 4074, 4176,

ROMANS

- vii. 24.—432-8, 1418, 2692, 2829.
viii. 1.—3232-7, 4602.
3.—3306, 5156.
5.—2231, 2653.
8-13.—2232.
9.—1028.
10.—3407.
11.—3418.
13.—1144.
14.—2018.
16.—200, 309, 317, 2017, 5344, 6037.
17.—5428-37.
18.—4752, 5691-701.
19.—1913.
21-23.—2292.
22.—4055.
23.—63-5, 1164, 4475.
24.—639, 2880-6.
28.—33, 1962, 2164, 2456, 2723, 3612, 3655, 4486, 4512, 4492-8, 4506-11, 4511.
31.—169, 2455.
34.—95-7.
35.—1371, 5078.
38.—1473.
ix. 1-3.—2713, 1228.
3.—680, 1601.
4.—61.
6.—602.
11.—438.
14.—64.
x. 2-3.—6277, 6311-26.
3.—4783.
4.—4808-13.
8.—6089.
9.—30, 873, 1185.
10.—30, 1184.
14.—3307.
17.—269, 6080.
xi. 5.—3585.
8.—5005.
20.—4419-25.
33.—557.
xii. 1.—418, 872.
2.—5666, 6156.
4-6.—1025.
8.—2356.
9.—13, 5872-3.
11.—3701, 6288.
16.—2303, 5026-7.
17.—2239, 2243, 2860-5.
18.—1675, 4010-11.
19.—282, 5868.
20.—1886-95.
21.—2274, 4405.
xiii. 5.—1244-7.
13.—559, 5384.
14.—5374.
xiv. 7.—44, 1501, 1552.
10.—37, 3768.
12.—1053.
13.—5393.
22.—4991.
23.—5764.
xv. 2.—1828, 1979, 2805.
4.—511, 539, 581-94, 980.

ROMANS

- 5.—2457.
14.—58.
27.—1776, 1782.
xvi. 17.—48.
26.—573, 6260.

I CORINTHIANS

- i. 2.—1430.
10.—2447.
15.—404.
16.—404-8.
17.—5635.
18.—7, 1416, 4764.
19-21.—7.
22.—844.
23.—936, 1272, 4385.
26-29.—3130, 3690.
28.—2237.
29.—4192.
30.—945, 4580-6.
ii. 2.—14, 887, 1266.
4-10.—5351.
5.—5704-23.
6.—4, 4116, 4366, 4565,
4764.
8.—3931.
9.—2733-7, 2747, 2763-
85, 2791, 5360.
10.—3926.
13.—4.
14.—269, 1649, 2020,
2182, 3125, 4765,
5355.
16.—895, 908-9, 937,
1005.
iii. 1.—3697-8, 4362, 4266.
5360.
5.—3, 3730, 3755.
6-7.—5326.
8.—51, 2353.
10.—2287.
11.—1170, 1193, 2285.
12.—2286, 4387.
13.—10, 1480.
14.—10.
15.—3020.
21.—629, 4203.
22.—85.
iv. 5.—1480.
7.—2345.
12.—1264, 3289.
v. 6.—4484, 5675-80.
11.—43.
13.—2890, 3279.
vi. 4-11.—1810.
10.—4362.
11.—4905.
12.—404.
19-20.—872, 877, 2770.
20.—1428, 2420.
vii. 16.—4241.
19.—404.
29.—667, 1445, 3399,
5376.
31.—3375.
32.—222.
33.—6141.
34.—2941.
viii. 2.—4183.

I CORINTHIANS

- viii. 6.—3527.
8.—404.
9.—1735-9, 1741.
ix. 13-14.—5609-17.
17.—1198.
21.—366-9.
22.—368, 1132, 1865.
25.—1204, 1424, 5497.
26.—166.
27.—19, 5067.
x. 4.—4819.
6.—1973, 1983-7.
12.—405, 1094.
13.—684, 5509.
16.—1162-4.
24.—5827.
25-27.—1375.
31.—4145, 5103.
xi. 2.—4976.
16.—1308.
23.—315, 1153-4, 3488,
4856-8.
24.—4824, 5643-8.
25.—4856.
26.—1159, 3437-9.
27.—5763.
28.—5040.
29.—3490.
xii. 3.—3166.
12.—3523.
15.—4993.
23.—5030.
25-28.—4997.
26.—5376-7.
27.—3523, 4991.
31.—977, 3243, 4741.
xiii. 1.—760, 3527.
2.—752.
3.—6129.
4.—752, 2189, 3242,
5612, 3612-4.
5.—11, 752, 767, 5039,
5615, 5765.
6.—759.
7.—755, 1460, 1577,
8133, 3537, 5616.
8.—758, 3529.
9.—883.
10.—4116.
12.—3681.
13.—745, 2387.
xiv. 1.—5617.
8.—4393.
9.—4362-8, 4387-8,
4396-7.
15.—6036.
20.—1108, 3689, 3725,
4121.
26.—5088, 5357.
37.—5357.
40.—1086, 1151.
xv. 1.—4555.
3.—5200-1.
10.—974, 6287.
12.—629.
17-18.—1459, 4746-54.
24-25.—4390.
25.—1068, 5011.
28.—2394.
32.—6174.

I CORINTHIANS

- xv. 33.—1163, 1283, 1284,
1967, 5277.
35-36.—4745-9, 5288.
39-42.—635, 5774.
41.—2735.
42.—5362.
44.—4748.
46.—5361.
50.—2791.
51.—3841.
52.—3212-3.
54.—2791.
55.—1540, 2314, 5278.
57.—5888-9.
58.—5894-6.
xvi. 13.—5959.
22.—847, 1464, 5238.

2 CORINTHIANS

- i. 3.—1139.
4.—1139.
5-7.—5757.
9.—5705-23.
11.—2302.
12.—23, 1259.
20.—4475.
22.—2013.
23.—3293.
24.—936.
ii. 4.—4414, 5617.
7.—1618, 1621-9, 3717.
11.—1123, 1190-1.
17.—528.
iii. 6.—2572, 3744-50.
8.—2100, 3753, 5342.
12.—2121.
14.—1639.
15.—1095.
16.—2027.
18.—931.
iv. 1.—2707-8.
2.—528, 1225-7, 2118,
2124.
3.—2557.
4.—637, 3589, 6156.
5.—4520.
7.—73, 245.
8.—277.
11.—2116, 3562.
13.—433, 5491.
16.—473, 631, 5331.
17.—121-5, 136-9, 144,
479-80, 3770,
5440, 5669-73,
5691-7.
18.—1946, 5426.
v. 1.—554, 629, 3347.
2.—631, 4752.
6.—1747, 2855.
7.—2059, 2063, 4967.
8.—2763, 4698.
9.—4123.
10.—39, 275, 3401,
4711-2.
11.—1227, 1251, 2111,
4379, 4943, 5534.
12.—1149.
14.—102, 111, 2681, 3332,
3530, 3535-6.

2 CORINTHIANS

- v. 16.—3034.
18.—1203, 2021, 2460-5,
2427, 4571-5,
4951.
20.—174, 1812-3, 3726.
vi. 1.—974.
2.—549, 869, 3977.
3.—3755, 3763.
4.—277, 1643, 2122,
3773-4.
8.—1272, 2177.
10.—73.
11.—3744-9.
14.—1161, 3519.
15.—2081.
vii. 1.—2836.
4.—5672.
6.—4476.
10.—1617, 5271-6.
15.—2309.
viii. 2.—6123.
4.—5060.
5.—5066.
7.—2372.
8.—5211.
9.—2422, 3033, 4985.
14.—5942.
15.—2587-8.
21.—2862.
23.—3784-90, 3795.
ix. 6.—153.
7.—2362-4.
8.—2583, 2597.
10.—3097, 5548.
14.—2295.
15.—831.
x. 4.—4049.
12-14.—1.
xi. 12.—5548.
13.—5522, 6280.
14.—5504, 5727.
17.—1190-1.
22-23.—4189.
23.—3753.
30.—3083.
xii. 4.—2643.
5-10.—3083.
9.—2295, 2532, 2593,
2602, 3094.
10.—1901-4.
15.—112.
xii. 8.—5768.
11.—1679.
14.—5793.

GALATIANS

- i. 4.—5057, 5060.
6-9.—2538, 2533.
8-9.—1402, 1464.
23.—4370.
ii. 9.—2720, 4374.
10.—4161-75.
16.—374-5, 440, 3232-7.
19.—139, 1267-8, 5603,
6008.
20.—1420, 2907, 3034,
5055, 5061.
iii. 3.—2030,
11.—578, 3232-7.

GALATIANS

- iii. 20.—3661-3.
22.—1614.
27.—402-3.
iv. 2.—3965.
5.—61-5.
6.—2178, 3376.
14.—1640, 5513.
v. 1.—1871.
4.—2585.
6.—2067, 3557.
7-10.—4120.
9.—5681.
16.—3575.
19.—5345-9.
20.—1923.
22.—740.
23.—3673.
vi. 1.—1132.
2.—1072, 3296, 5031-2.
3.—5859-63.
5.—4113.
7.—39, 40, 50, 153, 3695,
4561, 4743, 5009,
5325-6.
8.—420, 1847, 4562,
5358.
9.—4129, 5995.
10.—25, 2303, 2511.
12.—1419, 2029.
14.—15, 139, 336, 1266,
1270, 1419-25,
1909-12.
15.—3296, 3955.

EPHESIANS

- i. 5.—62-4.
6.—836.
7.—1605, 4580.
8.—2600.
13.—2013, 2019.
ii. 1.—52, 1333-4, 1456,
1678, 3596, 5823.
3.—444, 4649.
4-7.—3706.
5.—2585, 2595, 2598-9,
5081.
7.—2596-9.
8.—1589, 4923.
9.—438.
10.—1345, 1351.
12.—1203, 1528, 2884-
90, 4953.
16.—5478.
18.—2421.
21.—823.
iii. 13.—6275.
17.—915.
20.—4230.
iv. 1.—1589.
3.—435, 4997-9, 5777-
98, 5812.
4.—1839, 5812.
6.—2332, 2415.
11.—4086.
12.—3761.
13.—1108, 5002, 5812-
17.
15.—280, 1321, 4690,
5044-7, 5743-8.

EPHESIANS

- iv. 18.—1189.
21.—5750.
22-5.—4664.
23.—4392, 5730-43.
26.—281, 4545, 4572-3.
28.—391.
29.—1832, 2684, 3741.
30.—2013, 2839.
31.—1976, 4648.
32.—2238-40, 2266, 2277,
2383, 3240-5,
3255, 4019.
v. 5.—1385.
6.—4906.
8.—3099, 3457, 3464.
9.—5343.
16.—5573-87.
18.—1726, 3593, 5605.
20.—2614.
22-5.—2942.
25.—2944, 5055-9, 6047.
26.—4532-4.
vi. 1.—1264, 1642, 3984-
95, 6226.
3-13.—4865.
4.—792, 2171, 3123.
9.—4712-26.
10.—5413, 5794, 6301-18.
11.—98, 497-21, 4863.
12.—5377.
13.—4363, 4401, 5261.
14.—1414, 2127, 3573,
5369, 5832, 5963,
6317.
15.—4640, 5529.
17.—595.
18.—1989.
19-20.—3734, 6296, 6305-13.
20.—632.
21.—3734-7.
24.—5211.

PHILIPPIANS

- i. 5.—1153.
10.—418, 5199, 5210.
12.—34.
13-14.—1123.
15.—32, 302, 3033.
21.—3034, 3480, 4693.
22.—923.
23.—157, 303, 636, 1281,
1494, 1504-26,
1531-6, 1540-6,
1567, 2763, 5106.
ii. 3.—3328, 5828.
4.—4043-8, 4696, 5059,
5825-9.
7-9.—889, 3033.
8.—2929.
10.—3161, 3171-2, 3182.
12.—5363.
13.—5351.
15.—3465.
17.—1090.
21.—4159.
iii. 1.—1271.
2.—6274.
6.—4459.
7.—1266, 1267, 4623.

PHILIPPIANS

- iii. 8.—1901.
- 9.—4602, 4811-2, 4887.
- 10.—4808, 5427, 5876.
- 11.—1435.
- 12.—2973, 4117-9, 4122, 5044.
- 13.—72, 99, 164-5, 1175-6, 1741, 1846, 2247, 2969, 4536.
- 14.—72, 162, 1815, 4537.
- 15.—3636.
- 19.—101, 1635.
- 21.—628-9, 685.
- iv. 1.—5959.
- 2.—3.
- 3.—6049-51.
- 4.—769, 6200.
- 6.—222, 1706.
- 7.—4106.
- 8.—2863, 4618, 5549, 5832, 5908.
- 9.—1605.
- 10.—1123.
- 11-15.—361, 442, 1118, 1121, 1287, 1290.
- 12.—470.
- 13.—1019.
- 18.—2320, 4433.
- 19.—689, 2588, 2593, 3703, 3706, 3711, 3945, 4230.

COLOSSIANS

- i. 7.—4521.
- 12.—1326, 1331, 2746.
- 18.—967.
- 19.—1203.
- 21.—5478, 5641.
- 22.—2837.
- 23.—2089.
- 27.—949.
- 28-29.—1818, 1845-59, 2106, 2118, 2123-4, 2088, 3726, 4375.
- 29.—2107, 2113.
- ii. 1.—11, 99.
- 8-9.—1897, 2029, 4980.
- 15.—990, 2284.
- 23.—5404.
- iii. 1.—52-7, 52756.
- 2.—57, 114-5, 1675, 2665, 2670, 2728-9, 2751-5, 2834.
- 5.—111.
- 9.—1327.
- 10.—4649.
- 12.—631, 1127, 1132, 1857, 2837, 2919, 2934, 3246-7, 3343, 5370-1.
- 13.—2241, 2277.
- 14.—2222, 3673.
- 15.—770, 1969, 2605, 4106, 5348, 5542.
- 16.—58, 2948.
- 17.—4145, 5044.
- 20.—622.
- 22.—2697, 3756.

COLOSSIANS

- iii. 23.—2976.
- 24.—4716.
- 25.—4720.
- iv. 1.—4712-6, 4726.
- 3.—3733.
- 5.—5580, 5586.
- 6.—4655-6, 5329-31.
- 14.—754.

1 THESSALONIANS

- i. 3.—3545, 6111-24.
- 4.—1858-64.
- 5.—953, 2529-79.
- ii. 1.—4191.
- 2.—1309.
- 4.—2558-9, 2576.
- 6.—2376-80.
- 11.—6241.
- 13.—487-8, 511, 519, 532, 537, 4970-93, 6068-74.
- 19.—2880-2, 3692.
- iii. 3.—82, 5273-4, 5426-33, 5440, 5690-1, 5700.
- 4.—1196, 5436-8, 5696-702.
- 5.—5039-40, 5493, 5959.
- 8.—3407, 3433.
- 9.—3188, 5547.
- 12.—3518, 3523, 3544, 3551-4.
- iv. 6.—1259, 5868, 5872.
- 7.—2761, 2827-36, 3621, 3629.
- 11.—178, 693, 1168.
- 12.—2860-8.
- 13.—796, 1477.
- 14.—4745-55.
- 15.—1477, 1510.
- 16.—3194, 3213.
- 17.—2040, 2743, 2779, 2791.
- 18.—6054-56.
- v. 1.—5594-5.
- 3.—1602-4, 1632, 6235.
- 5.—3453, 3458, 3464.
- 6.—1074, 5972-4.
- 8.—1722, 1739, 1746.
- 9.—4657, 4805, 4882-5.
- 11.—4653.
- 13.—6114.
- 14.—1195.
- 16.—3186-8, 3766, 4197, 4200.
- 17.—4232, 4259, 4316-39.
- 18.—161, 2607, 2610-6, 5541-8.
- 19.—4436, 541-49.
- 21.—5526-8.
- 22.—242, 250.
- 23.—4905-6.
- 25.—1072, 4147.
- 28.—5237.

2 THESSALONIANS

- i. 11.—1869, 1863.
- 12.—895, 904, 914.

2 THESSALONIANS

- ii. 10.—4924.
- 13.—4874.
- iii. 10.—172.
- 11.—2974-8.
- 12.—4552.
- 13.—2204, 2209, 4131, 5995.
- 14.—3990-3.
- 15.—58.
- 16.—699-702, 1193-6, 4101, 4548-51, 6142.
- 17.—1655.

1 TIMOTHY

- i. 4.—3738.
- 5-6.—3682, 4905, 6246.
- 6.—3067.
- 7.—4343.
- 13.—4684.
- 15.—430, 2408, 2534, 2531, 4570, 4684, 4930-3, 5200, 5235, 5554, 6061.
- 16.—5229.
- 18.—2535.
- 19.—659, 2103, 2166.
- ii. 2.—4104-12.
- 4.—4922.
- 5.—93-7, 3664-5.
- 6.—4554, 4582.
- 8.—1715-7.
- 10.—4652.
- iii. 1.—6118.
- 3.—19, 391, 1847.
- 4.—4064-6.
- 7.—4919.
- 15.—1206.
- 16.—4974, 4995, 5085.
- iv. 2.—320-6, 1214-21, 1230-53.
- 4.—1160.
- 5.—83.
- 6.—1522, 3731-2, 3752, 4331, 4372-9, 6113.
- 10.—394.
- 12.—1978.
- 14.—3, 1666, 3831.
- 15.—263, 1157, 3668-9, 3670.
- 16.—504.
- v. 4.—6200.
- 6.—198-209, 1902, 3492, 4156-7.
- 8.—3080, 4956.
- 13.—398.
- 16.—769.
- 18.—3729-45.
- 22.—2350.
- 23.—19, 6015.
- vi. 2.—664, 4977.
- 4.—4817.
- 5.—2323.
- 6.—128-9.
- 7.—4489, 5142.
- 9.—2833, 4481.
- 10.—201, 394, 1385, 3789, 3839, 6158.

1 TIMOTHY

- vi. 11.—4718.
 12.—42, 160, 357-8, 656,
 1373, 2137, 4030,
 5955-90.
 16.—2435, 3454.
 17.—201, 1263, 4480-1,
 4781-8.
 18.—52, 4019, 4782.
 19.—456-62, 1822, 4481,
 4790-8.
 20.—4344-52, 4397,
 4547, 4817.

2 TIMOTHY

- i. 5.—1666, 2057, 3880-6,
 6041.
 6.—4037.
 10.—2530, 3016, 3358-9,
 3018.
 12.—30, 309-436, 992,
 2068, 2600, 4630.
 13.—1032, 4717.
 15.—545-8, 4661.
 ii. 1.—2818.
 2.—1603, 4039.
 3.—1761, 2815.
 4.—1037, 2095, 5368.
 12.—4125, 5440.
 13.—857.
 14.—2680-1, 4039-40.
 15.—2996, 3000, 3952,
 4977.
 18.—5752.
 19.—2289.
 22.—3577, 4854-5, 5444.
 24.—1669, 5022.
 25.—1821, 3674-5.
 26.—4921.
 iii. 2-7.—3604.
 3.—98, 113.
 4.—4180.
 6.—3605.
 7.—53, 825, 1879, 1911,
 3002.
 11.—1882.
 12.—1620-2.
 13.—1558, 2999, 3002-6.
 15.—506-87, 1839, 2171,
 2072, 3024, 4979,
 6247.
 16.—520-600, 1835,
 3124, 5703-81,
 2072, 4977.
 iv. 1.—376.
 2.—52, 241, 548, 1220,
 1993, 4020-7,
 4263, 5597.
 3.—262, 1694-6.
 4.—324, 516, 2997.
 6.—149-54, 631-7, 1466-
 90, 1531-7, 1644,
 2154, 2286, 2289,
 2295, 2812, 3733,
 4996, 5103-9,
 5955, 6299.
 7.—42, 160.
 8.—1204, 1423, 2101,
 2064, 3081, 6282.
 10.—76-8, 639, 6016.

2 TIMOTHY

- iv. 13.—637, 2826.
 16.—76-8.

TITUS

- i. 2.—314, 1953, 3015-6,
 3410.
 7.—19.
 9.—2996-3000.
 10.—53, 2999.
 15.—1003, 1234-5, 1250,
 2709.
 16.—53-4, 2999.
 ii. 2-9.—3050.
 4.—6049-51.
 6.—6279.
 8.—2995.
 9.—3050.
 11-14.—4732.
 12.—5034.
 iii. 3.—3587.
 5-6.—3956, 4609, 4876,
 5176, 6130.
 7.—3232-7.
 9.—1070.

PHILEMON

- i. 2.—1282.
 5.—3560.
 11-16.—5097.

HEBREWS

- i. 2.—6184.
 3.—6153.
 7.—1918.
 11.—2413.
 14.—209-10, 3360.
 ii. 2.—2792.
 3.—963, 4881-98.
 5.—256.
 6.—3610.
 7-9.—3032.
 9.—117, 5231.
 10.—74, 5430.
 11.—664.
 13.—783, 795, 806, 817.
 14.—3033.
 15.—1729.
 17.—74, 1129, 3039, 4046.
 18.—989, 3967, 5441.
 5460-70.
 iii. 2.—549.
 7.—3977.
 8.—2700, 3023.
 8-13.—2700-12.
 13.—392.
 14.—392, 3594.
 iv. 1.—188, 3394, 3496,
 3503-5, 3021,
 4029, 4886-907.
 7.—2894, 4028.
 8.—3606, 3698, 3722.
 9.—4727-80.
 11.—3297-99, 4024.
 12.—532, 537, 595, 694,
 1354, 2698, 3115,
 4627, 5096, 6072,
 6076.
 13.—1363.

HEBREWS

- iv. 15.—688, 5465-7.
 16.—1188, 4216, 4260,
 4270-88, 4312-
 4336.
 v. 2.—5387, 5461.
 7.—4931.
 8.—5441.
 12.—3742-3.
 13.—6060.
 14.—3697.
 vi. 4-6.—2135.
 6.—879.
 8.—2138.
 10.—3545.
 11.—1660, 2135.
 12.—238.
 15.—1883.
 18.—1195, 2883, 3493,
 4606, 4725.
 19.—207, 2074.
 vii. 3.—4962.
 25.—938, 2405, 3898,
 4931-2, 5465.
 viii. 1.—3660.
 6.—3662, 3760.
 ix. 2.—1251.
 12.—4581.
 14.—2397.
 15.—660.
 22.—338.
 27.—5511.
 28.—5402-6.
 x. 8.—2029.
 10.—4906.
 13.—800.
 20.—4216, 4288.
 21.—307.
 22.—2397.
 23.—3090.
 24.—183.
 25.—3075, 4907-13,
 6194-200.
 29.—393.
 32.—82, 1118, 135, 5954-
 56, 6101.
 38.—394, 578, 1236-7.
 39.—229-30, 2135.
 xi. 1.—2101-4, 5820.
 3.—1397, 5918-20.
 6.—430.
 8.—3406, 3412.
 13.—569, 2092, 2100-1.
 14.—110, 2245, 5822-4.
 16.—631, 1281, 2726,
 2742, 2750-53.
 18.—5824.
 25.—84, 123-4, 135, 397,
 4125, 6180, 5428-
 37.
 27.—1886, 2243.
 35.—6136.
 36.—108-9, 3040.
 37.—3641, 5513.
 38.—3642-3.
 39.—2064, 2844.
 xii. 1.—134, 2049, 2525,
 3020.
 2.—117, 943, 996, 1907,
 3166-7, 4939,
 5304.

HEBREWS

- xii. 4.—5386.
 6.—75, 80, 122.
 7.—75, 80, 122, 768.
 8.—75, 80, 122, 971.
 9-11.—75, 80, 122, 139.
 14.—1680, 1688, 2827,
 2831.
 15.—2700.
 16.—5205.
 17.—233, 236, 4025.
 18.—31.
 22.—31, 1128, 2731-49,
 2790, 4216, 4288.
 24.—3161, 3178, 4807.
 25.—4801.
 xiii. 1.—3539, 3772, 4135,
 4871, 5374.
 4.—3638, 4153.
 5.—1288, 2558, 1706.
 6.—2193.
 9.—4539.
 13.—42, 3132.
 15.—2474.
 16.—1051, 1763.
 17.—3984-94.
 18.—1216, 1223, 2861.

JAMES

- i. 3-4.—5499.
 5.—263, 2343.
 6-8.—3613, 4303.
 8.—5312.
 9.—1178.
 12.—108, 1204, 5507.
 13.—5421.
 15.—5143-95.
 17.—265, 619, 2343,
 2347, 4238.
 18.—15, 71, 1587, 3957,
 4608-9.
 19.—1680, 4572, 5488,
 5619.
 20.—6126.
 21.—6061.
 22.—2679, 2692, 4355-64,
 4399, 6055.
 23.—3812.
 25.—2683, 2685, 2690.
 27.—454, 746, 1093,
 4038, 4140, 5116-
 17.
 ii. 1.—246.
 2-3.—2682.
 4.—6096.
 10.—3308, 5224-6.
 13.—2277, 4763.
 14.—43, 1700.
 15.—171.
 16.—171, 378, 451, 756,
 762, 1179, 1631.
 17.—1690, 4233.
 18.—43.
 19.—1708.
 20.—461, 4235.
 iii. 2.—3324.
 5.—625, 3472, 5624-26.
 6.—4942, 5482, 5619-26.
 7.—5124, 5625-8, 6087.
 9.—5123.

JAMES

- iii. 10.—1990.
 12.—630.
 13.—2339, 2426, 5621.
 14.—1919.
 17.—1922-3, 2238, 2340-
 1.
 iv. 1.—3593.
 2.—3576, 4244, 4247,
 4252.
 3.—4310, 4314.
 4.—2305, 6144.
 5.—572.
 6.—2924-30.
 7.—4697-4704.
 8.—4667-72, 5312.
 10.—2236, 2933-5.
 13.—1941, 1959.
 14.—3340, 3362-5, 3384.
 15.—5618.
 v. 1.—3836.
 2.—2500.
 5.—98, 200.
 7.—6213, 6227.
 8.—2398.
 10.—120.
 11.—133, 446.
 13.—4230, 4250, 4255.
 14.—4233-4, 4248, 4255.
 15.—2096, 4270, 4325.
 16.—1180, 4211, 4220,
 4248, 4249, 4252,
 4262, 6212.
 17.—4362.
 20.—3692, 3705.
 I PETER
 i. 3.—137.
 4.—457, 5058.
 5.—5881-917.
 6.—5500, 5599.
 7.—4097.
 10.—982, 5735.
 12.—430.
 13.—314.
 15.—1045.
 18.—338, 855.
 19.—946.
 20.—1693.
 21.—432.
 22.—664.
 23.—531, 3958.
 24.—410, 2316-9, 2877-8.
 25.—898.
 ii. 1.—1194.
 2.—5754.
 2-4.—338.
 6.—957.
 9.—1007, 3465-7, 4203,
 4633.
 11.—3578.
 17.—3520.
 19.—6227.
 21.—134, 835, 896-7.
 23.—2239.
 24.—5399, 5408.
 iii. 4.—4734.
 5.—5711.
 6.—3096.
 8.—1124, 1379, 1383.
 10.—5725, 5750.

I PETER

- iii. 11.—2511
 16.—1256-7.
 18.—2603, 2638, 5401.
 21.—1216, 1223, 1229.
 iv. 2.—114.
 8.—5206.
 11.—2049, 3735-6.
 12.—4699, 5520.
 13.—4993, 5433.
 15.—273.
 16.—132, 5496.
 17.—132.
 18.—132, 2777, 2927,
 4925.
 19.—132, 955, 4704.
 v. 2.—1205, 1202, 1206,
 1212, 1756.
 3.—3050.
 5.—5486, 5494.
 6.—1897, 2914, 5450-
 51.
 7.—225, 1437, 2469,
 2489, 6124.
 8.—4920, 5510, 5512,
 5519.
 9.—138.
 10.—4358.

2 PETER

- i. 8.—3848.
 14.—5845.
 16.—2166.
 19.—1709.
 20.—504, 608, 4478.
 21.—4479.
 ii. 1-2.—703, 4641.
 2.—1697.
 10.—5501.
 14.—2032.
 19.—425, 1958.
 iii. 3.—4479, 4635.
 4.—4947.
 8.—1941, 1952, 6217.
 9.—13, 3001.
 14.—3565, 5532.
 16.—1645.
 18.—2590-1, 5044.

I JOHN

- i. 1.—3032.
 3.—1162, 3164, 3175-80.
 7.—342, 861, 1153, 1162,
 5139-98, 5200,
 6064.
 8.—1126, 5134-98.
 9.—1126, 1182, 1184,
 2262.
 ii. 1.—25, 95, 97, 3161,
 3182.
 2.—324, 335, 344-9, 351,
 6—909, 1024.
 10.—1731.
 15.—394, 687, 6142-66,
 6171-9.
 16.—3582, 3585-6.
 17.—3542, 3577, 3584,
 6180.
 24.—219.

1 JOHN

- ii. 26.—5514.
- 27.—2842.
- 28.—3823.
- iii. 1.—1141, 2936.
- 1.—3.—3544.
- 2.—842, 1007, 1876.
- 5.—5404.
- 7.—9.—5224.
- 8.—5153-98.
- 16.—1767, 4694, 5219.
- 17.—459, 748-9, 2210.
- 18.—378, 4646.
- 19.—309.
- 20.—29, 3826.
- 21.—28, 1189.
- 22.—28.
- iv. 2.—3176.
- 5.—6183.
- 6.—2841.
- 7.—1146, 1546.
- 8.—226, 1643-4, 2430.
- 9.—2293, 2467, 3536.
- 10.—340-2, 4351-6.
- 11.—2440, 4645.
- 12.—3528.
- 13.—28.
- 14.—4939, 6069.
- 15.—1184, 3176.
- 16.—3138, 4627, 4630.
- 19.—853, 3526, 3535,
- 3540, 3559, 3563.
- v. 1.—29, 3127, 3175.
- 10.—28, 309, 3175.
- 14.—4242, 4266, 4273-
300, 4315.
- 20.—310, 316.
- 21.—2980.

2 JOHN

- 7.—219.
- 10-11.—48.

3 JOHN

- 8.—2802.

JUDE

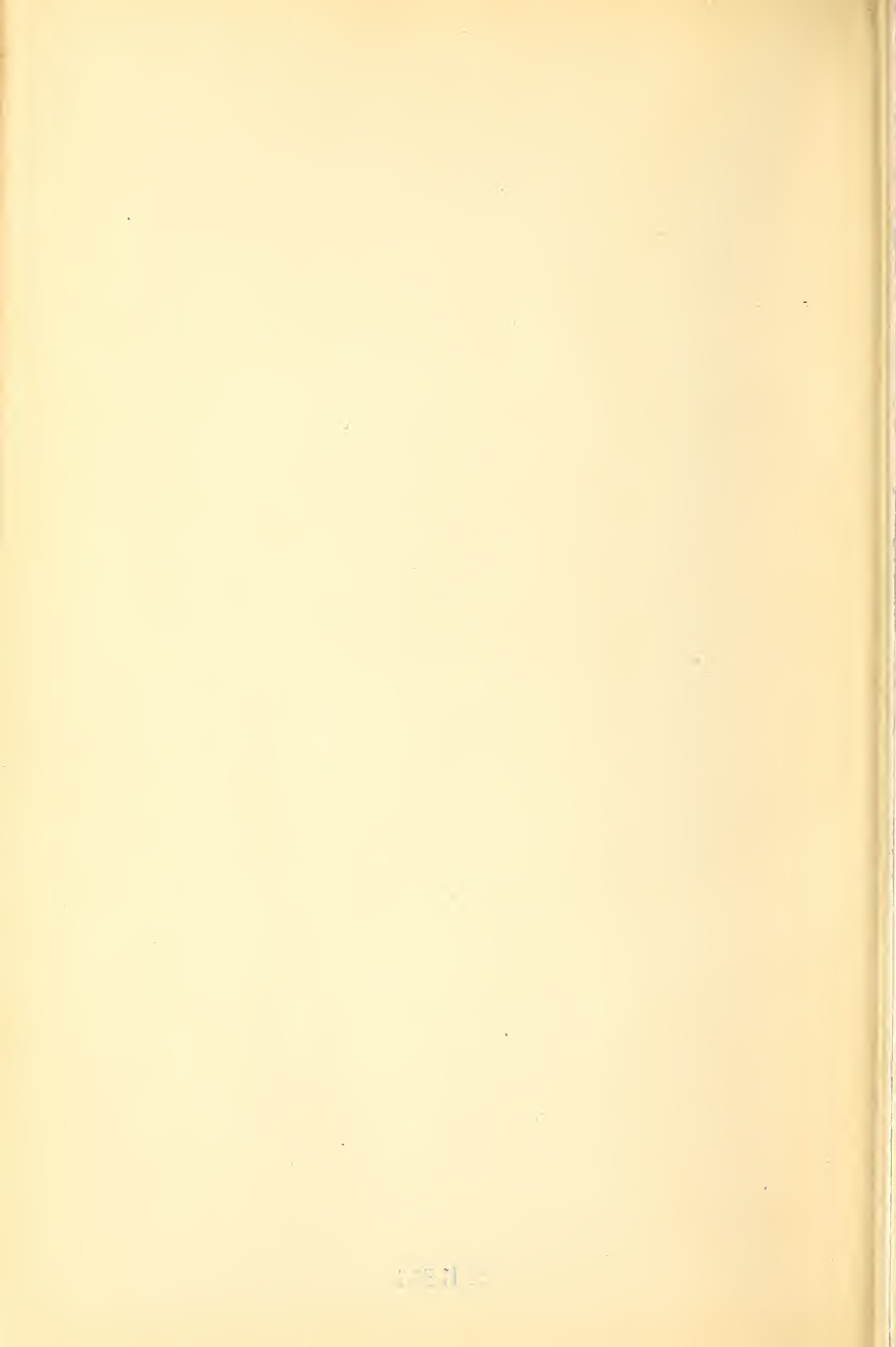
- 2.—3706.
- 2-10.—1297.
- 3.—1310-11, 1313,
1576-8.
- 4.—1694.
- 10.—5218.
- 12.—1459, 5208.
- 12-13.—6209.
- 13.—5366.
- 16.—3002.
- 19.—4641.
- 22.—751-2, 4901, 4932,
5228, 5463-70.
- 23.—365, 639, 1631, 3049,
4625.
- 24.—3602, 3636.

REVELATION

- i. 2.—6223.
- 6.—1015, 1422, 4718.
- 10.—3846, 5687, 6221.
- 17.—906.
- 18.—829, 971.
- ii. 4.—1138.
- 10.—123, 670-1, 2125,
2126, 2869, 3564,
3568-9, 3572,
3659, 5434, 6282.
- 11.—3566.
- 14.—1727.
- iii. 1.—1459, 3900.
- 2.—45, 1422, 5975.
- 5.—3565-9, 3572, 6039-
40.
- 8.—49.
- 12.—4874.
- 17.—5053.
- 18.—144, 2497.
- 20.—1698, 6222.
- 21.—1011, 1475.
- iv. 1.—2101.
- 8.—4201.
- 11.—3634.
- v. 12.—946.
- 13.—833, 4210.

REVELATION

- vi. 2.—6252.
- 9.—527, 5532.
- 15.—3839.
- 17.—3212-3, 3220.
- vii. 9.—5070, 6032.
- 14.—145, 5239.
- ix. 6.—4728.
- x. 6.—1935-6, 1945-9.
- xii. 9.—4916-19.
- 11.—4859-60.
- xiv. 6.—3810.
- 7.—2377.
- 11.—4728.
- 13.—3299, 4802, 4932,
6132.
- 15.—4376.
- 16.—3792-803.
- xv. 4.—1428.
- xvi. 6.—3644.
- 14.—3765.
- xvii. 6.—3644, 4595
- xviii. 13.—5248.
- 17.—5545.
- xix. 5.—4209.
- 6.—4211.
- 20.—3765.
- xx. 4.—527.
- 6.—4750-1.
- 12.—650, 3383, 4576.
- xxi. 1.—57, 2741, 3919-24.
- 3.—2743, 2790.
- 4.—4054.
- 8.—2790.
- 24.—4868.
- 27.—5385.
- xxii. 1.—4889.
- 12.—4775.
- 15.—2788.
- 16.—3763.
- 17.—696, 866-70, 2842,
3156, 3608, 4899,
4934, 5481.
- 18.—504-5.
- 18-19.—1032.
- 19.—495.





44

46

52

73

81

82

108

118

127

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 672 874 9